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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 20, No. 09): August 31, 1866

Maxham & Wing

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## SONG IN PRAISE OF WATER.

["The old Greek poet, Anacreon," says Rev. John Pierpont, "lived to the age of eighty years and more, and made songs in praise of wine; I, too, am over eighty years of age, and will make a song in praise of water."]—

When the bright morning star the new daylight is bringing,  
And the orchards and groves are with melody ringing,  
And away to and from them the early birds winging,  
And their anthems of gladness and gratitude singing,  
Why do they so twitter and sing do you think?  
Because they've had nothing but water to drink.

When a shower in a hot day of summer is over,  
And the fields are all smiling with white and red clover,  
And the honey bee, busy as plundering rover,  
Is tumbling the blossom leaves over and over,  
Why so fresh, clean and sweet are the fields do you think?  
Because they've had nothing but water to drink.

Do you see that stout oak on its windy hill growing?  
Do you see that great halibut that black cloud is throwing?  
Do you see that stout war-ship its ocean-way going,  
Against trade winds and head winds like hurricanes blowing?  
Why so strong are oaks, clouds, and war-ships, do you think?  
Because they've had nothing but water to drink.

Now if we have to work in the shop, field or study,  
And would have a strong hand and a cheek that is ruddy,  
And would not have a brain that is addled and muddy,  
With our eyes all "bunged up" and our noses all bloody,  
How shall we make and keep ourselves so, do you think?  
Why we must have nothing but water to drink.

[From Harper's Magazine.]

## MISS INGERSOLL'S PRIDE.

## III.

Louisa, sitting near the window the next afternoon, saw her brother-in-law go out at the gate again, and entering his carriage, go riding forth toward Meriden Centre. "There he goes to see Miss Ingersoll, I'll bet," she thought, but she did not give utterance to her thoughts this time. Yes, he went to see Miss Ingersoll, yet Louisa little guessed his errand.

Miss Ingersoll herself did not guess it as he stood before her. She was surprised to see him, after the conversation they had had, and her face showed it, if not her tone of greeting; but there was no lack of cordiality in her tone. So far from that, it seemed as if the surprise was so sudden a pleasure that she had not time to conceal it as he had cared to. His heart leaped as he met that glance, and something shone in his eyes as he put out his hand that brought a little flutter of color to her cheek.

"You did not think I would come so soon again, did you? You thought you had sent me away for good and all perhaps."

"Oh no, not so bad as that, I hope, Mr. Chatham," she answered, with a new constraint upon her.

He stood with his hand upon the back of a chair, looking thoughtfully down at she spoke. He waited a moment thus in silence, and then in the same voice:—

"If you send me away again it will be for good and all, for I have come to say what will either banish me entirely from your presence or give me a right to it forever, as your answer may be. I have come to ask you to be my wife—you know that I love you with my whole soul."

As he said this, lifting his eyes in that full tender gaze, she did indeed know that he loved her. A sudden rapture lit her face, then faded.

She put out her hand to him, but, only said, in a swift, anxious way,

"Your mother?"

He knew what she meant—he knew that she had read his mother's character, and anticipated her opposition. A dark flush mounted to his brow as he answered:—

"My mother has some old-school fancies and prejudices which are scarcely American; but our lives must not be marred in consequence. We are mature enough, we are reasonable enough to make our own choice."

"Yes—I know, but I cannot enter a family unwelcomed; I should not be happy."

"But a prejudice; an old whim of a past-day, which we utterly disagree in every belief and principle that we have. Think, Emily; think what is to sacrifice a whole life, perhaps, for that?"

"A whole life?—yes, I think what it is; yet I do not see that I can do otherwise."

As she said that, musingly, in a soft, tender tone—"a whole life," his face glowed, for well he knew what she meant. By those words, so uttered, she had confessed her soul to him.—

When he spoke again, it was with new vehemence, and eloquent was the suit he urged.—

"The tears were in his eyes when he concluded, but still she shook her head."

"You think this is poor pride, or morbid sensitiveness. It may be; but listen to me.—If I married you with this knowledge, and under these conditions, that to your own mother I was an alien, an unwelcome guest, that she held me beneath your choice; spite of my philosophy, spite of my entirely different principle of belief, I should become embittered, and the bitterness would enter into my daily life, and gradually affect my relations with others."

"Worst of all, I think it would, perhaps, make me suspicious where I had no right to be suspicious. This is a weak and pitiful pride, I dare say; but I know that it is the grain of my character, and I dare not let it have opportunity to run riot as it would have under the circumstances you propose. Do not blame me too harshly for this; do not hate me for this decision," she concluded, sadly and tearfully.

"Hate you? hate and you can never come together in my mind, Emily. I believe you are making a grievous mistake for us both, that is all."

She was quite silent for several moments after this; then, with a new flush upon her cheek, and a little quicker tone:—

"I do not know—it might make a difference with your mother if she were aware of the facts of my story. Still, I think I understand the quality of her pride. It is the old name only she holds worthy of alliance with hers, and my father was a self-made man. It is in this day and generation that John Ingersoll's name was noted, and that only for wealth and commercial transactions, I suppose she would say; though I am sure she could not have found a truer gentleman."

"So your father was John Ingersoll the merchant prince, Emily? Know him? not personally, but I knew of him as every man of the world did, by reputation, and that was as a true and honorable gentleman. Whatever my mother's opinion might be in regard to an alliance with such a man, I should feel honored by it. To make a good name I hold to be a greater grace than the simply bearing one."

"Whatever her mother's opinion might be," unwittingly he had by this sentence admitted her suppositions concerning his mother's opinion to be correct. Emily felt this at once; but there was no more time for further words, even if she had not seen that further words were only a useless trial, for voices and footsteps sounded outside upon the doorstep, which warned her that the conference was over. She turned to the newcomers—her landlady's young daughter—with a heavy heart, for she had just bade adieu to a great joy. But George Chatham, as he rode down the road, carried a hopeful spirit. He had scarcely realized the truth of his unwitting admission as yet. John Ingersoll's daughter! That ought to be enough

for anybody. He went straight home with this idea, and up to his mother's room, where he knew she would be sitting at this hour, quite alone. Last night she wanted to have a little talk with him; to-night he wanted to have a little talk with her; and he sat down there before the fire, and told her the whole story of the evening. Of his rejection and the grounds of it, winding up with the one grand climax of her parentage, John Ingersoll's daughter! But omitting—I dare say for the moment he really forgot it—Miss Ingersoll's last supposition, of the quality of old family pride that would still look down upon so new a name. But he remembered soon enough. Mother Chatham heard him through in grave silence, and then she said, quietly:—

"I do not see how the fact of her being John Ingersoll's daughter changes the matter. Who was John Ingersoll, George?"

"Mother, you certainly have heard of Ingersoll, the great merchant?" answered George, a little indignantly.

"Oh yes; he made a sudden fortune and lived lavishly to the end of his life, and lost it then, it seems. 'Up like a rocket and down like a stick,' George; just like such new people."

"Mother, John Ingersoll was an honorable gentleman. In the commercial world his name is famous. Dying suddenly in the midst of his enterprises was his misfortune, not his fault; and if he lived lavishly, it was generously, too. Many a poor man had come to bless the name of John Ingersoll."

"He may have been a worthy man enough; I dare say he was, George; but he was a man of money—that is all I can recall; and he was of low origin. The book of merchants, I remember, says he started a news-boy."

"Oh, mother, mother! your prejudices are not Christian."

"Oh, George, I see how it is! I know you want me to favor this match. You want me to say I like it, that I think this girl a fit mate for you; but I don't, and I can't. I think she has shown herself a nice, sensible person, in many ways; but if she had been a lady, and the daughter of a gentleman, as you say, she must have chosen a different means to support herself. I have known a great many poor gentlemen, but I never knew one who did not take a higher grade than this."

What was the use of combating such prejudice? Alas, none! And George knew it. He gave one heavy sigh and rose up from his chair, feeling very bitterly, though he did not give utterance to it.

## V.

As soon as twilight approached the next day he again sought Miss Ingersoll's presence, and again vehemently pleaded his suit. Not a word escaped him, however, of his interview with his mother. But Emily Ingersoll was not to be deceived; she knew by his very avoidance of the subject that an interview had taken place, and that it had been unsatisfactory. Simple and straightforward in every thing she did, she answered his impassioned pleading with this knowledge. Once more that dark flush mounted to his brow, and once more he brought up his former arguments against the prejudice they could not hope to overcome. She interrupted him at last very gently, but with the old, sad, inflexible tone.

"Stay a moment," she said; "in our personal loss I think we have put aside another and not less weighty consideration. If I could not for my pride enter your family an unwelcome guest, I am sure I ought not for another feeling—that of honor and duty. It is your own mother who thus opposes your inclination. How could I in honor deliberately sow dissension between you two? How could I stand between mother and son?"

"Good Heavens! Emily, you do not suppose my mother is so vindictive or so unreasonable as that? It is true she does not favor my inclination—you know for what reason—but you do not know the limit of her disfavor. She simply objects to our marriage on the ground of worldly position; objects, mark you! She gives this objection frankly, as her right—the expression of her feeling; but she does not question my right to rule my own action; and once my wife, Emily, I make no doubt that she would unlearn her ancient prejudice even, in learning how true a woman and lady she had found in you."

This was a fair and eloquent statement; but still Emily Ingersoll shook her head, still she maintained her sad inflexibility. Pride, and Honor, and Duty. It was a formidable trio. Against it all urging and argument were vain. Not that she was unmoved by what he said.—

Ah, no! Tears were in her eyes; they choked her utterance and almost betrayed her into sobs as he went on. It was so hard, so very hard, to fight against him, when her heart ached for his sympathy and companionship.—

He saw all this—her tears and her struggle; yet he saw, too, that he would conquer. Pride, and Honor, and Duty. These three he had recognized only the first, and at last grew bitter under it. And as he rode back, in the still, splendid night, he felt sorely used on every side.

"So," he mused, gloomily, "she can sacrifice her love for her pride. I thought she had too large a nature for this. I thought I had found one woman above such weaknesses. Pride to part us two! What comes next, I wonder?"

He was both angry and bitter as he contemplated his defeat; but it was the anger and bitterness that grows out of wounded feeling and sharp disappointment. Later, he learned to do better justice. Now, in view of her determination, he could not see that she suffered more deeply than he did himself. He could not see, if it was hard for him it was harder still for her—a woman almost friendless and alone, and working for her daily bread.

Day after day to toil there, and think of the love she had put away. Day after day, year after year, perhaps, to struggle against the dreams that would arise, and know that she was doomed to a lonely life. This was the prospect that presented itself to Emily Ingersoll, as she worked mechanically over a gay party dress, on the morning after this last interview. How many times her deft fingers had helped Madame Arles to decorate her own dresses in just this way? Yet she did not think of this now; there was no regret for the costly garments. It was for the desolate existence that she must support; and for the first time a doubt assailed her as to the wisdom of

the step she had taken in choosing her present occupant. Never before had she realized how it had separated her from her class. Perhaps it would have been better if she had turned governess, or starved on the "pretty pictures," as Julia had suggested, for evidently she was at odds with society now. These thoughts stung her for a moment, then were followed by a swift scorn of herself for the entertaining of such thoughts. "Alas, have I no more courage than this?" she cried, bitterly. "Has my pride no deeper virtue than to be shaken by the first trial?"

But even as she asked this sad question she knew that no sorer trial could come to a woman's life.

Perhaps the sharpest pang of this trial was when the news reached her that George Chatham had sailed for Liverpool without seeing her again. "I should not have served him so," she meditated; "I should at least have gone in person from one I loved with a good-by!" and a "God bless you!"

Most women would, but most men would have done precisely as George Chatham did.—

Afterward, when he smoked his pipe under the shadow of the old palace roof where he lived a traveller's life, gentler thoughts came to him, and he repented of his bitterness. He saw her toiling alone, day after day, with no hope, no consolation, but with the ghost of a vanished happiness perpetually before her—for he could do her justice now—and he knew that she loved him. These meditations filled him with other thoughts than those of self-commiseration.

He began to think of her with a yearning sense of pity. He was learning to be friend as well as lover—that rarest union of ties. And out of this new feeling arose a desire to serve her as a friend might. There was surely one way; he might now and then write to her, calmly and kindly, assuring her of his never-fading interest and watchfulness over her welfare. And no sooner did this occur to him than he acted upon it. It was a manly letter that he wrote, full of honest, earnest cordiality, though a little sad and solemn in its earnestness, as was natural under the peculiar circumstances, but entirely devoid of complaining or sentimentality.

It came to Emily Ingersoll like a message from heaven. The dreary weight of desolation that had oppressed her now lifted. Not as a hope did she welcome it, but as a renewal of faith. In his hasty departure there had been more than the disappointment of the external good-by to her. It was the disappointment in the man whose generous nature she had trusted. Now she had it back again—the faith which was a comfort in itself. As friends they corresponded with each other, neither ever alluding to the subject that had parted them, because both instinctively recognized that to have done so would have been to have fed the fever, which had already seared them with its consuming fire.

Weaker and less assured characters would not have allowed themselves this consolation of friendship. The terse old French motto, "*Tout ou rien*," would have been their watchword.—

But these two were of different mould. A little of the heroic element mingled in the blood of both of them, perhaps, and where they had cast the anchor of duty or determination they must pegel abide, however storms might shake or sirens sing. They had not been lovers only, but friends. If one relation was impracticable, why should the other be given up? Friends were not so easily found that they could be thus put aside. And with this faith in themselves, and something like this reasoning the correspondence began and went on—went on through months, which lengthened into years.

In the mean time the proud old dame that had parted them lived in her stately mansion upon the hill, and gave no sign. It must have been a dreary state she kept, and grievously she must have missed the genial presence of this favorite son.

Three years; three summers and winters, springs and autumns, and still the wanderer did not return. And still the old life was kept up at Meriden Centre and Meriden Hill. Still Emily Ingersoll worked steadily through all the changes of the seasons, keeping up a brave, steady heart, thanking God for one friend and for the health and strength that was vouchsafed her to hold her place. It was not always easy to keep this brave heart, and to feel thankful for health and strength. Sometimes, at lonely twilight hours, the bitterness of these lonely days would smite her, and before her vision the long, long future would stretch in desolate, dreary mockery. But a gentler mood would follow, and bending over the rich silks or delicate muslins, she would think: "I have certainly prospered in my undertaking, and by-and-by when I get old I shall not have to work, but like good little Madame Arles, I will have a store laid by to live upon. And then, and then—but there is no use to perplex myself about that future! Heaven, who fits all things, will send me peace and perhaps pleasure then."

And this was all the comfort Emily Ingersoll dared give herself, and she did not mix with it either bitterness or sarcasm. If she dared give herself no more comfort, she certainly dared give herself no less by tainting her philosophy with bitterness and sarcasm. I think the sharpest pang that struck her in these days was when sometimes in her walks she met "Mother Chatham." The old lady's face was very like her son's, lacking however his genial, pleasant look.

Her greeting to Emily was grave, and civil, wanting no courtesy, but it some way seemed to frost the air and chill the currents of her life. After these meetings she would feel more lonely than before, and as if friend as well as lover were put far from her. Occasionally, too, gay little Mrs. Louisa would flash in upon her, and her easy ways were hardly less trying than the cold, grave dignity of the mother. For it the former was unconscious, she ran against so many remembrances in her heedless mention that the sore heart bled. But "Patience, patience," whispered the angel of consolation;—"there must be 'sweet fields' somewhere beyond these swelling floods!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

When the postmaster at Oskaloosa, Iowa, received Randall's circular for the Philadelphia convention, instead of approving of the call, as requested, he returned it endorsed: "I am not a slave."

## PEOPLE WITH NOTHING IN THEM.

Mistakes as to the outward signs of there being something within a man are less important than the principles on which the nature of this most desirable of internal qualities is commonly estimated. It is the usage to treat dullness and inability to appreciate great ideas as an unforgivable offence against which it is impossible to be too severe. Hence the wholesale contempt with which, traditionally and in the mass, a coxcomb is wont to regard women. Women, as a rule, are so badly educated that they do not furnish to the world powerful reasons, or brilliant discoveries of truth, or profound scholars. Therefore, the conclusion runs, they have nothing in them, for the capacity of moral patience, the instinctive desire to do beneficent works, the diffusiveness of sympathy, all count for as good as nothing. And it is not only the coxcomb who falls into this supreme blunder. It is the tendency of even the ablest men to suppose that there is no side of character of much value but that on which they themselves are strongest. They know how blank and dimly empty their own lives would be if robbed of the exercises of thinking and reasoning and balancing, and hence they attribute a like blankness and barrenness to every other life in which they do not see the same faculties in constant and vigorous exercise. Just in the same way, anybody who relishes the delights of books is apt to think that the less studious mind must inevitably be wholly without savor. The truth is that, as innate shrewdness and mother wit in one case may compensate for lack of book-learning, so, in the other, gentleness and delicacy and depth of moral sympathy more than make up for the absence of intellectual acuteness. And even where only the blindest partiality could pretend to discover anything like this exquisite delicacy of perception and width of moral sympathy, there may still be a fund of kindly graces and honest good will. Is simple affectionateness of character no recommendation? Is it not a weightier quality and a larger social influence than any amount of second-rate cleverness?

The broad course of public transactions is regulated, or ought to be, almost entirely by considerations that may not spring from, but are the least conformable to, the reasoning side of men. But the life of the family and the individual receives its choicest elements less from the intellectual than the moral side, and, except in rare cases, from the moral side in its least grandiose aspect. Let the coxcomb, or the man who insists upon measuring everything by a narrow intellectual standard, and everybody by his intellectual height and grasp, reflect how much is contributed to the stock of happiness by poor kindly old ladies, and warm-hearted, impulsive men who never reasoned a thing out in their lives, and have no notion how things are reasoned out. Even feather-headed sisters and old gray mothers may be worth more to a family than the brilliant son who likes to deplore that they are not clever and learned, and have so little in them, and are so incapable of taking interest in intellectual topics. The absence of intellectual brilliance is not so much felt in a life where good offices and encouraging, sympathetic words, and graciousness and gentleness, can diffuse such a glow of tender light over existence. Men and women who have nothing in them but these excellent qualities are not so very badly off after all. It is a mark of real high-mindedness to be able to tolerate intellectual commonplace when it is accompanied by these minor virtues. A man of ordinary thinness of nature, contented by a more or less learned training, is simply revolted and angry with people who cannot argue, and will not enter into all the newfangled ideas of the hour. No amount of any other qualities will reconcile him to this defect. But the salt of character, with those of richer nature or wiser culture, is not thought to dwell only in intellectual power or intellectual attainments.

"KEEP OUT OF THE UNION."—Ten States knocking at the doors of Congress, and refused admittance. This is the burden of the song at Philadelphia. By what act, by what foul wrong practised upon them, were they placed in a position where their right to representation could be questioned? For more than four years they had been trying to fight their way out of the Union, putting into practical operation the lessons that their leading statesmen, their trusted counsellors, had been teaching them for a generation. After vilifying the Union, and weakening it by all the means in their power, they passed their ordinances of secession, they declared that the separation was final and forever, they took up arms to make good their declaration, they fought four years, not only with the ordinary weapons of civilized warfare, but deliberately starving their prisoners, inoculating them with loathsome and fatal diseases in the shambles they called hospitals, spreading fever infected clothes over the country, among non-combatants, and acting more like infuriated demons than civilized men. They were flogged, they surrendered. They gave up the contest when they had been beaten at every point. And now they come back, their hands dripping with the blood of our brethren, and demand immediate, unconditional admittance into Congress, with the same pestilential theories of State rights on their lips, professing their readiness to take again the oaths that they have so often violated, and in all respects they are prepared to try the same thing over again. And the loyal people, staggering under the debt they have created in putting them down, mourning their sons and brothers and fathers slain in the contest, are reproached as traitors, because they hesitate to take them in, and accept as their masters, the men whom they have just put down with the strong arm of military power.—[Providence Journal.]

PRETTY GOOD.—"Warrington" writes to the Springfield Republican:—

"I hear of a good thing said by Gen. Butler within a day or two. A Johnstone was making congratulatory observations to him on the touching scene at Philadelphia, and remarked that 'extremes meet.' 'Yes,' said Butler, 'so they do when a dog chases his own tail,' but both extremes belong to the same dog!"

Many believe Friday to be an unlucky day. In the case of the Atlantic cable, Friday proved to be a very lucky day, for they commenced laying on Friday, July 13th, and landed it at Newfoundland on Friday, July 27th.

## THE UNION MEN OF LOUISIANA.

AN APPEAL TO CONGRESS AND THE NORTH.

New Orleans, Wednesday, August 22, 1866.

The subjoined important petition from the loyal citizens of New Orleans, asking protection from Congress and the loyal citizens of the nation, has been signed by nearly every union man in the city, and is now on its way north.

We, the undersigned union men of the State of Louisiana, respectfully represent that after four years combating the armed forces of the rebels and traitors, we are not prepared nor yet willing that these same rebels and traitors should return among us, assume authority, maltreat with contumely and contempt, or otherwise abuse us. The facts are patent and beyond question, and it is well shown that the real union men in this State are in the minority. The returned rebels and traitors have the balance of power in their hands, and it is publicly avowed that the confederate element must rule. Matters have assumed such a phase, that if not strangled in the birth, we, the union men, will have no security for life, property or honor. The returned rebels and traitors are daily growing more powerful, and daily insults and abuses are heaped upon us by them. They no longer find a return to power than they commence a series of abuse of us. They come to our residences, and upon all occasions use vile epithets toward us. Our residences are marked, and attempts have been made to fire the dwellings of some of us who are not conspicuous. We are told that we are spotted, and daily threats are heard against us. They not only abuse and curse us in private, but publicly scorn and vilify us. Newspapers, of which we have but two in our interest, cannot be brought on the streets, but, like private papers, during the days of the inquisition of old, are passed from hand to hand. We would infinitely prefer to return them their arms and fight them in open field than thus to permit them, under the protection of our government, to assume to dictate to us and govern us. Our government, under a misapplied mercy, grants to prisoners of war, guilty of the highest crime against the State—treason—the privilege, hitherto unknown, of dictating to their conquerors the terms upon which the conquerors may be permitted to live in the land of their birth with unpunished traitors, against all of which we protest. We protest against being termed rebels and traitors by those whose hands are yet reeking with the blood of union men, and who boldly and with unrepented effrontery, not only in private, but throughout the daily papers, term us rebels and traitors, and style themselves the union men of the South, and this too while they are keeping up their confederate organizations, and utterly ignoring that they are prisoners of war to our government. We protest against being ruled by prisoners of war under parole. We protest against being abused by them. We protest against being made to feel the vengeance of traitors. We protest against being used as the lamb of the sacrifice to conciliate rebels and traitors. Knowing our spirit would be short if once these assassins gain power, as they have proved conclusively by their acts of premeditated cold-blooded butchery of union men on Monday, the 13th of July, the Saint Bartholomew-day of New Orleans, we protest against being left to the tender mercies of the assassins, who use the knife and pistol. We protest most emphatically against being made the slaves, so to speak, of these prisoners of war, who hate us with unutterable hate, who despise and curse us. Was it for this hundreds and thousands of our union soldiers perished? Was it for this we waged a war for the Union? Was it for this we have imbrued our whole land in taxation? Was it for this we spent millions of treasure? Was it for this we have made invalids and cripples of our thousands of union men? Was it for this we elected Andrew Johnson to the office from which ill-starred events caused him to become President? Was it for this we conquered? We therefore call upon the conquerors and loyal citizens of the nation to protect us. We not only petition, but demand protection from the Congress of your country, as we are in duty bound.

Two French peasants were discussing the continental war, when one attempted to explain to the other the nature of the telegraph. After repeatedly failing, he was struck with a brilliant notion, and exclaimed: "Imagine that the telegraph is an immense long dog—so long that its head is at Vienna and its tail at Paris. Well, tread on its tail, which is at Paris, and it will bark at Vienna. Do you understand now, stupid, what the telegraph is like?" "Oh, yes!" replied the other, "I have an idea now what a telegraph must be."

Some of the copperhead newspapers are publishing a list of military men who are supporters of "My policy." Why don't they complete the column? More "Generals" than they have named are with the President. Here are some of the avowed supporters: Jefferson Davis, Gen. R. E. Lee, Gen. Beauregard, Gen. Early, Gen. Stewart, Gen. Longstreet, Gen. McClellan, Col. Mosby, Andersonville Wirtz and Wilkes Booth in spirit, Heister Clymer, C. L. Vallandigham, Robert Toombs, Garrigue Morgan, Every Southern Rebel, Every Northern Copperhead, Deserter, Skedaddler, ad infinitum, The Democratic party, Bread-and-Butter-Brigade.

The Augusta Constitutionalist comments upon the statement that thousands of unionists are leaving New Orleans, by exclaiming: "A good riddance. If they had gone a twelve-month ago, and all such fellows as Horace Greeley, Sumner and Stevens, had been hung about the same time, there would have been no disturbance in New Orleans at all," which is probably true.

Rev. J. W. Horton, who was killed in the New Orleans riot, was a son of the Rev. Jonathan Horton, a Methodist minister of Nantucket, and a graduate of Newton Theological Seminary. He was for some time pastor of the Baptist Church at Milford.

A gentleman just returned from a visit to Culpeper county, Virginia, says that when the news of the result of the Philadelphia convention reached that section, rebel flags were displayed in honor of the event. Very few Union flags were hoisted.

VERBAL ANOMALIES.—The English language, perhaps because it is so rich in words for all ideas and shades of ideas, is also peculiarly abundant in ambiguities and inconsistencies. The number of common and accepted significations to one word is often marvellous. I notice in the dictionary that one definition for the word "fast" is "firm, immovable," and another is "swift, moving rapidly." Besides these there are "tight, close, deep, sound," etc. Suppose, for the sake of example, that a fast young man was driving a water-cart, and that the water-cask was completely fast. This would merely signify that the young man was dissipated, and that the cask did not leak; in other words, that the cask was tight and the young man was tight. If the young man were handcuffed, it would be quite proper to call him fast—or tight either; but that would not be the common phrase. A fast horse might be attached to the cart, and the word there would either mean that he was moving swiftly, or that he was immovable on account of being tied. Accepting the latter statement, he might be standing fast by a little stream; the fast young man might be lying fast asleep, holding fast by the seat, and the occasion might be fast day. I make no puns, and strain after no unusual senses.

I need not be meagre of illustrations; and I lay aside the incongruous mass of slang words and significations that are in use for everyday purposes. The language is full of paradoxes.

"Show me a fire," said a traveller to the landlord, "for I am very wet. And," he added, "bring me a mug of ale, for I am very dry."

"You walk very slow," said a man to a constabulary. "Yes," he replied, "but I am going very fast." Breaking both wings of an army is almost sure to make it fly; a general may win the day in a battle fought at night; a lawyer may convey a house and yet be unable to lift a hundred pounds; a room may be full of married men and not have a single man in it; a traveller who is detained an hour or two may recover most of the time by making a minute of it; a man killed in a duel has generally one second to live after he is dead; a fire goes out and does not leave the foot of a lady may wear a suit on the first day she gets it, and yet put it away at night in as good condition as ever; a schoolmaster with no scholars may yet have a pupil in his eye, the blindest man in business is often the sharpest one; Atlantis, it is said, told a lie, and yet he was borne out by the bystanders; caterpillars turn over a new leaf without much moral improvement; oxen can only eat corn with the mouth, yet you may give it to them in the ear; food bolted down is not the most likely to remain on the stomach; soft water is often caught when it rains hard; high words passing between men are often low words; steamboat officers are very pleasant company, and yet we are always glad to have them give us a wide berth; a nervous man is trembling, faint, weak; a man of nerve, and a nervous style, are strong, firm, vigorous.

Sydney Smith says, a perfect pun should have two distinct meanings, one common and obvious, the other more remote. These examples are not puns according to that definition, for both meanings are quite common and usual.

Our phrases are not designed so to be construed too literally. Punch tells of a man who was arrested for attempting to damage the River Thames. What was the man doing? He was trying to pull up the stream. So Joseph's brethren have been excused for putting him into the pit because it is supposed they thought it was a good opening for the young man. A person who holds fast to the truth so literally that he never lets it escape him, is no more to be commended than the man who takes the part of a friend when the action refers to a pudding and not to a quarrel. Daphne of old was frequently turned into a field. There is a liability to misconception when we say, for instance, that a dumb girl has speaking eyes; or that raw soldiers have not been exposed to fire; or that a man went into a brown study; or that a savage girl, discovered in the woods, who had always subsisted on nuts, etc., was found to have filbert nails, hazel eyes, and chestnut eyes.

[Galaxy.]

ANECDOTE OF DANIEL WEBSTER.—A correspondent of the Rochester American, adds the following to the host of anecdotes of the great statesman, which his decess called forth:—

When Mr. Webster was Secretary of State some years ago, under another administration than that of Mr. Fillmore, he wrote to one of the proprietors of the Astor House, in New York, saying that he would reach that house on such a day, and begged that some of his friends should be invited to dine with him the same evening.

There were about twenty at the table, and Mr. Webster seemed wearied by his travel, and speaking but little, if at all, plunged into a careless sort of reverie, not well calculated to enliven his friends. This at length became so apparent, and the situation of all so unpleasant, that one of the company urged upon a very distinguished man present, a warm friend of Mr. Webster, to get into conversation. He only needed to be jogged, to become as lively as they wished.

The friend consented, and spoke aloud to Mr. Webster asking him some question that in ordinary men would have led to conversation, but it failed in the present instance. The dark Secretary of State merely raised his head and answered, and crept back into his cave again. Again the gentleman, frightened at his failure, was urged to renew the attempt to draw him out. He summoned courage and said, "Mr. Webster!" (Mr. Webster looked out of his cave) "Mr. Webster, I want you to tell me what was the most important thought that ever occupied your mind."

Here was a thumper for him, and so everybody thought at the table. Mr. Webster slowly passed his hand over his forehead, and in a low tone said to a friend near him, "Is there any one here who does not know me?"

"No, sir, they all know you—all are your friends."

Then he looked over the table, and you may imagine how the tones of his voice would be on such an occasion, giving answer to such a question.

"The most important thought that ever occupied my mind," said he, "was that of my individual responsibility to God!" upon which, for twenty minutes, he spoke to them, and when he had finished, he got up from the table and retired to his room; and they, without a word, went into an adjacent parlor, and when they had gathered there, some of them exclaimed, "Who ever heard anything like that before?"

What Mr. Webster said in advocacy of this most important thought, I do not know—no one has ever repeated it, and I presume no one can.

The Richmond Times gives Mr. Johnson the following gentle nudge:—

"There are cheering indications that it is the purpose of the President, before long, to bowstring a number of the military satraps of the radical party, and to put conservative soldiers from West Point in their places. The Augean stable of the Freedmen's Bureau stands sadly in need of cleansing."

## Waterville Mail.

E. M. MAXHAM, DAN L. R. WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... AUG. 31, 1866.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

F. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York, are Agents for the WATERVILLE MAIL and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office. S. R. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us. Advertisers abroad are referred to the Agents named above.

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

Mrs. BURNHAM'S CONCERT, last evening, was met with the most emphatic stamp of approbation by a choice though not large audience. To her friends—among whom everybody is happy to be classed—it was gratifying even in the extreme. Never in Waterville have we known a musical entertainment so faultless in every point, or that received so unanimous and hearty applause. With the cultivation of the best instruction, and the polish that comes from practice in the choicest musical circles, it is no disparagement to our former favorite, "Miss A. M. Bates," to say that Mrs. Burnham is much her superior—aye, even in manner and person. Old and young, the whole audience were too marked in their praise to leave her any doubt that their high expectations were more than met. She was well sustained by the rich, dignified and highly cultivated voice and manner of Mr. Burnham, and by the smooth, sweet and flexible tone of Mr. Morgan; the piano accompaniment of Mr. Robinson getting very emphatic praise from good judges. As a whole, we may repeat with emphasis, it was one of the most charming and elegant musical entertainments with which our music loving citizens have ever been favored; and we are happy to know that many who heard it will exert themselves to have it repeated at an early opportunity. It secured a crowded audience at West Waterville, and will do so here if another opportunity is offered.

We hear that our two fire companies, Ticonic Ones and Waterville Threes, are talking about an excursion to Winthrop, on some fine day not a great way off. They deserve a good time such as this would be. Our entire fire department, from Chief Engineer to torch boys, without any warning alarms to prompt them, are kept in prime condition for any emergency. Winthrop is a good place for a real honest good time; and when the narrow policy of the Railroad gets widened out to the broad-gauge system of our friend Stanton, of the Winthrop House, excursions to Amherst will draw larger crowds than any others. The time will come when our railroads will see their interest in low fares for festive occasions. Higher and higher, for ordinary travel, we expect to see them, under the sharp policy of consolidation, and especially as their shares consolidate from the hands of the many to the few; but for Sabbath Schools and other festivities of their class, a portion of the profit should be abated—and for good reasons that might be given.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Mr. Abner Pitts, of West Waterville, died very suddenly on Saturday evening last. He was an employee of the M. C. Railroad, and spent the moonlight evening in doing some chores about his garden and yard, as was his custom. His wife supposed him to be still occupied in this way, till her attention was called to the lateness of the hour, and search was made for him. He was found dead, in a position that indicated that he had dropped upon his knees and fallen forward upon his face, probably in a fit. Mr. Pitts was 43 years old—an industrious, genial, upright man, and a good neighbor and citizen.

A few days before his death Mr. Pitts called at the office of a lawyer in this place and directed him to draw up his will—adding in his peculiar way, that though in good health he might "drop off some time," and having no children, he desired to provide for his wife and mother more to his own mind than it would be done by the usual course of law if he died without a will. The will was duly drawn and executed. We mention this incident as a hint to others who may also "drop off some time," and who ought to "go and do likewise." Our laws are eminently unjust to widows.

SUICIDE.—Mrs. Richardson, wife of Alonzo Richardson, Esq., of Clinton, committed suicide last week by hanging herself with a skein of yarn. Her pulse continued to beat after she was taken down. Cause, hereditary predisposition to insanity.

REPUBLICAN MEETING AT KENDALL'S MILLS.—The friends of Congress and the repudiators of "My Policy" met Tuesday evening of this week in Philbrick's Hall to listen to a speech from Hon. W. A. P. Dillingham. Simco S. Brown, Esq., was chosen chairman. After a few remarks, in which he unfolded the object of the meeting, as well as the policy of the loyal party, he introduced to the audience the speaker of the evening. Mr. Dillingham called to notice, that when Abraham Lincoln was alive, he and his cabinet were at one with Congress, and by that firm union the rebellion was conquered. He marked, also, that at first, when Booth's bullet had given us another President, that President and Congress seemed at one. Gradually it has come to pass that they no longer are in unity. There has been a change somewhere. Is it in Congress? The orator here showed that the stand of Congress had not varied; but Mr. Johnson had been converted, or at least he had changed his attitude toward the friends who had elected him, and to whose party he had belonged.

With great force and ability the change of Andy Johnson was verified by pointing out the character of his present adherents. Three classes—the rebels of the South; the rank and file of the army which laid so many thousands of our brave soldiers low; the traitor generals from Lee downwards to Wade Hampton; the civil officers by whose authority this hellish work at Fort Pillow, Salisbury and Andersonville, and in these days at New Orleans and Memphis, has been joyfully done. The copperheads of the North led by such foul traitors as Vallandigham, banished with leaching from his country, and Fernando Wood, his oily and unscrupulous brother in treason, and others as worthy. A third section of Mr. Johnson's friends Mr. Dillingham could hardly find words to speak of, and the men were so small it was hardly possible to see them. There were two or three in Portland, one or two in Waterville, perhaps one at Kendall's Mills. We were not told by the speaker, but it seemed as if it were these loving ones, who, with childlike trust, fall down on their knees for some of Andrew's bread and butter. These are the kind of friends who in-tinatively uphold the President, and to whom he alone gives his favors.

Seeing thus the attitude of the chief magistrate, seeing it also by the deadly character of his Convention at Philadelphia, where these poison ingredients were compounded for the death of the republic, it was asked, what was the duty of loyal men? While he could not doubt the result of the ballot, yet he felt that all Johnson waited for before proceeding by force to usurp wholly the government, was for the returns from the elections, that he might know if his policy was sufficiently encouraged. Here was the clear duty of each man who loved his country defined. This bold man who anxiously feels of the public pulse; he watched keenly signs of the times, to know if his cold, fiendish work by killing his wronged, suffering country, can safely be done. Let the people beware! let every true man be awake and at work. For trust, that Andrew Johnson is wholly unscrupulous, and will not hesitate before any black deed that furthers his policy. He is governed by no lofty principle; he is a strong man, with an iron will, a powerful brain, an unflinching courage; he is a demagogue, a traitor and a despot. Let the people not trust him at all, not in the least, that anything will deter him from crushing out all that is worth living or dying for of our dear republic. The liberty which is the vital life of our nation's life will be no more if "My policy" succeeds. See where it has ruled, that such is the result! Allusion was forcibly made to the silence forced upon the convention at Philadelphia, where, because of the padlock of Johnson upon the lips of his friends, not one speech was made, except a few remarks unprovided for by the crafty managers, who did all they could to conciliate the "mistaken" brethren, so that the incarnation of selfishness in the Presidential chair might gain his treacherous ends.

But we cannot give an adequate report of the able and eloquent words of Mr. Dillingham. They could not fail to convince any one who had doubts as to the need of a political stand being at once taken against Andrew Johnson; that every voter of the Birago State should not fail to remember that a ballot for Gen. Chamberlain, a week from next Monday, would tell for God and humanity.

Before Mr. D. sat down he called upon Hon. Lewis Barker, of Stetson, who aroused the audience with a stirring speech of half an hour; in which, by a series of points, he answered with pungency and wit the question as to what a ballot at the next election would mean. Space forbids giving a report of this telling address, which so well showed up the dark course of the President and the need of industry on the part of the loyal party. The doctrine of impartial suffrage, for black as well as white, was nobly advocated, the success of such a policy argued on the ground that in this way alone lasting peace could come to the land.

While the audience were content to hear much more, Mr. Barker bade them good night. [Com.]

CURIOUS.—On Tuesday forenoon, about 9 o'clock, two men with a horse and buggy called on Mr. Joseph A. Dingley, a farmer on the West Waterville road, and asked for a baiting for their horse, which was badly jaded and hungry. While the horse was eating, one of the men strolled away and was not seen again. At noon the other was invited to dinner, after which he said he guessed he would go out and look for his companion. He, too, strolled away, and neither of the two have been heard from since. The horse, buggy, harness and robe remain with Mr. Dingley. (See his advertisement.)

## OUR TABLE.

FRANK LESLIE'S LADIES' MAGAZINE for September has the usual gorgeous array of fashion plates, one of them beautifully colored, and a host of minor engravings, for cutting, and also of course with basque. "The Lady's Mile," by Miss Collins, is continued, and "Armada," by Wilkie Collins, is continued. Several other good stories will be found, with the usual amount and variety of agreeable miscellany. Published by Frank Leslie, New York, at \$2.50 a year.

BEADLE'S MONTHLY, a Magazine of Today.—The September number is filled with agreeable reading, including an illustrated article on "Oregon and Washington Territories," the conclusion of "The Dead Letter," an interesting story which has run for several months; a continuation of "The Romance of the Green Sea," a weird and thrilling tale; "Personal Recollections of Major-General Sheridan," a seasonable article on "Croquet and its Laws," illustrated; "The Five Senses—Taste and Smell;" "Art Lines—How to Criticize Pictures," etc. etc. Published by Beadle & Co., New York, at \$3 a year.

YOUTH'S CASSET AND PLAYMATE.—The July number of this popular juvenile, which has just come to hand, is full of good stories and other interesting reading for the little ones, from which they may derive both pleasure and profit. As usual, also, there are several illustrations. Published by William Gould & Co., Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

A SMART OLD LADY.—Honest John Tozer, whose home is on the sunny slope of Irish Hill, in the vicinity of which he has lived, boy and man, for seventy years at least, tells us that he has recently visited his mother at Athens, and finds her in good health and spirits, able to do her own housework, although the 15th of last June was her hundredth birthday day. He brought home with him a sample of her handiwork—some nice stocking yarn, several pounds of which she has spun and twisted during the past summer in addition to her other work. She is the widow of Benjamin Tozer, one of the first settlers of Fairfield, and the sister of John and Benjamin Rose, well known early residents of Waterville.

"THE GOSS HORSE." A very welcome call from Mr. Charles S. Goss, well known as one of Waterville's genial men twenty years ago, and now a resident of Dayton, Ohio, reminded us to inquire about a noted horse he introduced here from Canada in 1846, just twenty years ago. He was known as "The Goss Horse," and his famous trot against "Blue Dick," a noted horse then owned here by Mr. R. W. Pray, will be remembered by all who were then boys or fast men. "Goss Horse" won, as was his fashion, and thus became a lion. He was sold to a Mr. Page, of St. Albans, who in '52 sold him to Samuel Wilshire to take to Cincinnati. We drove the old hero the last time he was harnessed here. His gait was a mongrel trot-and-run, which he loved to exhibit as well as a cat to catch mice. We next heard of him through the Cincinnati Gazette as having enabled his owner to be arrested for fast driving; and a second time, by another source, as escaping a similar fix by distancing the police. Mr. Wilshire, then one of Cincinnati's live men, passed the old horse to his heirs several years ago; and now, at the ripe age of twenty-six years, hale and hearty, he still lives, the pet of the family.

BURNED BY LIGHTNING. We are sorry to learn that during the slight shower on Thursday afternoon the barn of Mr. Nathaniel B. Page, of this town, was struck by lightning and burned. It contained between twenty and thirty tons of hay, and a large quantity of oats. No insurance. The loss is a hard one for Mr. Page, and will probably be partially made up by his thrifty neighbors and townsmen.

No frost yet—weather warm and fair—corn ripening rapidly—potatoes many and big—apples a fair crop—all other crops ditto

REMEMBER! that Hon. Albert G. Jewett, of Belfast, an eloquent speaker and an earnest opponent of traitors high and low, is to address the people at Town Hall on Monday evening next. Other speakers will also be heard from; and arrangements will be made for a large gathering of the people of Waterville and neighboring towns.

METAMORPHOSIS.—It will be seen by the advertisement of Messrs. Gallert, in another column, that the fine business stand, corner of Main and Silver-sts, has been raised to a neat and well filled dry goods and shoe store, in well tried and worthy hands. Long may it hold its present position.

In the Supreme Court now in session at Augusta, on motion of E. F. Webb, Esq., Wm. H. Lambert, of Waterville, was admitted to practice in the Courts of this State.

The afternoon train from Portland on Tuesday, says the Kennebec Journal, met with an accident in Augusta which narrowly escaped being a very serious and fatal one. Just as the engine was entering the railroad bridge, and when it was directly over Water street, a bolt which had sprung up lifted the front wheels of the engine off the track. The bridge at this point makes a very sharp curve, and had not the speed been very slow at the time, and quickly reduced down to nothing, the consequences must have been fearful.

HENRY W. PAINE, well known as a consistent opposer of the war and the principles of the party that waged it, presided at the recent meeting in Faneuil Hall, called to endorse the recent course of President Johnson. Who has changed, Paine or Johnson.

REV. JOHN PRESTON, the well known orator, poet, and reformer, died suddenly, on Monday morning, at his home in Medford, Mass.

Spain is getting alarmed about Cuba, now that France has determined to abandon the kingdom of Maximilian to its fate.

An excursion came up from Bowdoinham this morning and rendezvoused on the College grounds.

UNFORTUNATE, BUT PLUCKY.—One day last week, as we are informed, a Mr. Eldridge, of Somerset Mills, went into the lower part of one of the mills at that place to grind an axe; and in throwing off the belt after he had finished, his arm was caught in the gearing and he was carried twice around the shaft, crushing his right arm horribly and injuring him otherwise. Thinking that another revolution would kill him, he then, with great presence of mind and by a violent effort, disengaged himself from the machinery, leaving his arm entangled; after which he walked a plank eighteen feet long and only a foot wide, and mounted a long flight of stairs, unaided. His arm was again amputated above the elbow by Dr. C. H. Rowell, of Kendall's Mills, and he is now doing well.

The black gelding Bruin, owned by Father L'Hiver, of this place, won the fifty dollar purse at the trot at Bangor, last Wednesday; best time 2:42.

THE BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.—We have had it in our mind, of late, to say a word for this excellent journal, and gladly copy the following from the Boston Herald which we heartily endorse:—

"We do not often say anything for or against our contemporaries, but we must be permitted to give utterance to our views of the Daily Advertiser as a newspaper. It is full of enterprise, and leads all its competitors in the fullness of its commercial and financial reports.—Its editorials are able and dignified, and as a general thing free from any party rancor or personal abuse. It is fully up to its news department, and we are gratified to learn that the public, especially the merchants and business men of Boston, appreciate the efforts of its gentlemanly conductors to give them a first-class paper. The Advertiser has a large circulation, which is growing constantly, as it is looked upon by business men generally as being perfectly reliable."

Governor Cony, Gen. Chamberlain, Hon. Samuel E. Spring, and Ex-Governor Abner Coburn are the delegates at large from this State to attend the convention of Southern Unionists at Philadelphia, Judge Tenney and Edwin Noyes, Esq., are delegates from this district.

NEW BOSTON ADVERTISEMENTS.—A column and more, from the agency of George P. Rowell & Co., will be found in this week's paper. Read them.

THE NEW ROUTE TO BOSTON.—The railroad and steamboat line to Boston, by the way of Bath, is gaining in popularity every day, as it becomes better known, for it enables people to save both time and money. By this route, one may leave here in the afternoon, have a day in Boston for business, and arrive home on the morning of the third day—securing two nights' sleep on board of the boat, and saving hotel bills almost entirely. Mr. T. W. Howard, the gentlemanly conductor on the train, will deliver you safely in Bath, where you can step from the cars to the boat without any carriage fare, and Capt. Roix or Capt. Prince will be answerable for your comfort and safety beyond. As a freight line, too, this route has superior advantages, which people are learning every day. See advertisement in another column.

POLITICAL MEETINGS.—A. B. Farwell, Esq., and J. T. Woodward, Esq., will address Union meetings as follows:—Albion, at the Universalist Church, Wednesday, Sept. 5th, at 2 o'clock P. M.;—North Vassalboro, Wednesday evening, Sept. 5, at 7 o'clock. Gen. J. L. Hodsdon and A. B. Farwell, Esq., will speak at Belgrade Hill, Thursday, Sept. 6, at 2 o'clock P. M.; and at West Waterville, at 7 o'clock in the evening.

John S. Sayward, Esq., and J. H. Manley, Esq., will speak at Riverside, Vassalboro, Saturday evening, Sept. 1, at 7 o'clock; at Belgrade Depot, on Tuesday, Sept. 4, at 2 o'clock P. M.; and at Belgrade Mills at 7 o'clock same evening; at South China, Thursday, Sept. 6, at 2 o'clock P. M.; at Clinton Town House, Saturday, Sept. 8, at 2 o'clock P. M.; and at Kendall's Mills, Saturday evening, Sept. 8, at 7 o'clock.

CATTLE MARKETS.—The Boston Advertiser says the receipts at this market this week were over 3100 cattle and 12,365 sheep and lambs, with a good supply of hogs, etc. Prices for best qualities of beef and mutton are well sustained, while the poorer grades of cattle and sheep are lower, and sales lower.

President Johnson has gone to Chicago to lay the corner stone of the Douglas Monument, but improves the opportunity to advocate "my policy" in speeches all along the route.

The following call for the Soldiers' and Sailors' National Convention, which is well endorsed, has been issued by the committee of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Central Union of Washington:—

In pursuance of a resolution passed at a meeting of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Union, held at the city of Washington, D. C., on Monday evening, Aug. 20, 1866, we invite all soldiers and sailors who served in the Union army and navy during the late war for the suppression of the rebellion, and who believe that treason should be made odious and traitors punished, who are opposed to the restoration of rebels to power and to offering premiums for treason and treachery, and who are in favor of the proposed constitutional amendment, and of continuing Congress as the law-making power of the government, to meet at Pittsburg, Penn., on Tuesday, Sept. 25, 1866, at twelve o'clock, noon.

A CHICAGO WIFE.—In the Police Court at Chicago, a wife thus ingeniously explained away serious charges of harsh treatment of her poor husband:—

One day when she was running across the room, with a fork in her hand, he jumped in the way and struck his wrist against the fork, wrenching it from her grip by the tines, which he ran into his wrist. Then he undertook to

strike her, but she held up a pan full of hot dish water between them, and he spilt it all over his head. Then he got still more angry at this accident, and started to jump at her, but his head came against her hand, and he fell down. She took hold of his hair to raise him up, and the hair was moistened by the hot water so that it came off. Then she saw it was no use to reason with him any longer, and she left the house.

A prominent unionist, in transmitting the proceedings of several enthusiastic union meetings in Western North Carolina, writes from Raleigh as follows:—

"The storm of obloquy and denunciation, both social and political, now beating upon the devoted union men of this State, is heavier than it was in 1860. It is regarded as worse to sympathize even with a republican than it was to urge the people in 1860 to submit to Mr. Lincoln. But the true union men are firm and undismayed. The fire of loyalty burns in their hearts, if with a smothered, yet with an undying flame. We are looking with the utmost interest to the pending Northern elections. We implore the true unionists of the North to stand firm, as their triumph will be ours."

THE NEW ORLEANS RIOT. The "Times" New Orleans special says that the commission appointed by Gen. Baird to investigate the late riot have completed their labors, and the report will show that the first shot fired from a revolver was by a white man at the procession of freedmen.

Twenty minutes then expired before any further disturbance took place. When the procession reached the place where the Convention was in session the police interfered with it, and attempting to make arrests fired upon the freedmen who returned the fire.

A mob of citizens then joined the police and a great massacre commenced. It also shows that several policemen hid their badges so as not to be recognized, and after entering the hall they disregarded the white flag and fired indiscriminately upon unarmed members of the Convention and spectators. Some citizens wore badges indicating an organization. Those in the room then with chairs, &c., drove the police and attacking party out and barricaded the doors.

After the barricade was established not a single person in the room escaped unharmed, and about thirty were murdered. While credit is given to the police for saving the lives of all who were in the building and are not now dead, the force is found guilty of nearly all the murders that were committed.

The evidence shows that the policemen killed freedmen when they could have arrested them without trouble, and that wounded negroes were thrown into carts and killed while struggling to free themselves from the dead bodies which had been placed on the top them.

The commission will report that the riot was caused by bitter feeling on the part of the citizens and police toward the radical unionists and freedmen. They will also probably report that it was preconcerted, inasmuch as it is in evidence that it was talked of previously for several days.

It is the opinion of the Commission that if the military had not appeared at the time it did the riot would have progressed to the extermination of all the Unionist and Freedmen in the city.

The city press are attacking Gen. Sheridan for what he reported in official dispatches, charging him with untruthfulness.

The tremendous pressure which has been brought to bear upon the President and the inspiration and confidence he received through the proceedings of the Convention recently held in Philadelphia, it is generally thought has at last forced him to yield, and that he will shortly grant Davis a parole on about the same terms as C. C. Clay received. Davis's physician states that his patient's health is not so precarious as his friends represent.

An organization with the name of the Central Homeopathic Association of Maine was formed in Augusta, Aug. 22d, by a meeting of the physicians of Bath, Lewiston, Richmond, Gardiner, Augusta, Winthrop, Waterville, Vassalboro and Liberty, by the choice of the following officers: W. E. Payne, M. D., Bath, President; H. C. Bradford, M. D., Lewiston, N. G. H. Pulsifer, M. D., Waterville, Vice Presidents; J. B. Bell, M. D., Augusta, Secretary.

A considerable number of Southern delegates to the Loyalists' Convention at Philadelphia have already arrived. They unite in saying that the course of the President in regard to the New Orleans riots, has exercised a most disastrous influence upon the sentiment of the South, and that unionists who now express their sympathy with the course of Congress, or hold meetings for the election of delegates to the Loyalist Convention, do so at peril of their lives.—[Boston Advertiser.]

Last March there was a meeting in Paris, composed of Protestant ministers and Catholic clergy, in which it was resolved to prepare a new edition of the French Bible for circulation among the people. The papal authority interposed, however, and the clergy of the Catholic Church taking part in the meeting have been obliged to withdraw from the enterprise with humble apologies.

The Turks have begun hostilities against the Christians in Candia. Several consulates, especially those of Holland, Sweden and the United States, having suffered much damage, have protested. The insurgents, 25,000 strong, hold important points.

IN A WORD.—The Providence Journal thus defines the position of the real Unionists and the real peace-makers of the country: "Those who believe in a vigorous prosecution of the war believe in establishing peace and union upon such conditions that we shall not have the war to fight over again."

SOUTHERN LOYALTY AND UNIONISM.—On one side is the report of Commissioners Steadman and Fullerton; on the other, this four line despatch from Mobile:—

"The project for establishing a Radical paper here has been abandoned, as the editors would be mobbed, they having received several anonymous written letters."

MORTALITY.—There seems to be a great deal of Dysentery and Cholera morbus about just now, and our list of deaths is much larger than we are usually called upon to record. Eating unripe or decayed fruit seems to be the principal cause.

Coe's Dyspepsia Cure will be found an invaluable remedy for all such troubles, and should be kept in the house and immediately used at the first attack. It is also a sovereign cure for dyspepsia, in its worst forms. Those who have tried everything else and failed, will rejoice that an infallible remedy has been found.

FOREIGN.—Despatches from Europe confirm the announcement of the conclusion of peace at Prague. It is stated that Venice is ceded to Italy without any reservation. The King of Saxony has instructed his ministry to co-operate with the Prussian authorities. The Prussian Chamber of Delegates have passed an address to the King, which was presented to him on Saturday. Our naval officers in Russia are still receiving courtesies from the government and the people.

LATER.—Napoleon consents to clothe the Mexican soldiers from his military stores, but declines to loan 10,000,000 of francs for that purpose. The time for the withdrawal of the French troops, it is said, has been extended, as well as the time for the payment of the ten millions of francs now due. The Prussian headquarters have been withdrawn from Prague to Toplitz, on the northern frontier of Bohemia. Austria has paid the indemnity demanded by Prussia for war expenses, which was one of the stipulations of the treaty.

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

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

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

Before the fall elections, appointments to office will be made from the renegade Union men; after the elections, the copperheads and rebels are to have the inside track, and thereafter to the end of the dynasty, which will be in just two years from the 4th of March next. This arrangement of the offices is a secret article of the treaty, but is well understood by the copperheads, who are now grinning at the corners of our streets as they have not been seen since the day succeeding the first battle of Bull Run. Their jubilee will be but for a brief season, however. Whether Johnson's treachery is temporarily successful or not, a day of stern reckoning is approaching. If these gentlemen suppose the people will consent to have this government thrown into the hands of rebels and copperheads, they are mistaken.

[Bangor Whig.]  
Rev. H. G. Jackson, who was wounded in the New Orleans riot, is one of the stationed Methodist clergymen of that city, and at the time had the charge of the New Orleans Advocate during the absence of Dr. Newman.

One of the lay speakers in a Methodist conference down East illustrated his readiness to fraternize with the Southern brethren, and his feelings towards them, by the story of "the two men that would not speak to each other; but one having been converted at a camp-meeting, on seeing his former enemy, held out his hand, saying, 'How'd ye do, Kemp? I am humble enough to shake hands with a dog.'" This brought down the house, from its venerable President.

A letter from Capt. Brigham, a Southern Unionist in Texas, states that the former rebel leaders have been elected to the State offices, and unless protection is given by the troops, there will not be a union man in Texas in six months.

Public taste has decided that Phalen's "Night-Blooming Cereus" shall reign supreme among the perfumes manufactured on this continent—a fact of which the unprecedented increase in its sales during the past six months is proof unanswerable. Sold everywhere.

We have tried DR. BICKNELL'S Syrup, and know it to be all that it is recommended to be. Cases of Diarrhea, Dysentery, &c.; also pain or distress in stomach or bowels, are readily cured by it. It is very palatable and contains no opiates.

A soap charged with an undue proportion of water may be recognized in two ways; first, by its warping and shrinking when kept in a place even moderately dry; and secondly, by its "melting away" in the wash tub without making a strong suds. Those who purchase Messrs. Leathe and Gore's Soap will not buy water for soap.

The annual show of the old Kennebec Agricultural Society is to be held in Readfield, Oct. 3d and 4th.

The London Punch announces that Artemus Ward has been secured as a regular contributor to its columns.

A special despatch states that the names of 60,000 deserters from Pennsylvania regiments have been obtained for use in the coming election, such persons being disfranchised by the State laws.

The town of Mariposa, California, was destroyed by fire on the 25th. Five or six buildings were saved. Estimated loss \$100,000.

Colonel D. H. Strother of Virginia, "Porte Crayon," who lately declined a foreign mission tendered him by President Johnson, is a delegate from West Virginia to the loyal convention which meets next week at Philadelphia.

Vallandigham is stamping Ohio for the President's party.

A despatch from Raleigh, N. C., states that the proposed new constitution of that State has been rejected by 1982 majority, with one county to hear from.

The Somerset Musical Convention will be held September 23d, at Skowhegan, under the direction of Solon Wilder, Esq., of Bangor.

The Oxford Democrat says: "It is really amusing to see the old war horses among the copperheads, pricking up their ears and starting off in the direction of the Johnson crib."

The J. Monroes Taylor Gold Medal Soap, we are happy to say, justly stands at the head of the long list of Soaps. We do not hesitate to pronounce it the greatest dirt, paint, oil and tar extractor on this continent. It is a luxury to use it, and one of the greatest discoveries of the age, for housekeepers. We are anxious every body should use it, for it is as near perfection as it is possible to get any article. Try it.

Gold Medal Saleratus is making a great sensation among consumers, as they find their health depends upon its use. It will strengthen weak stomachs, cure dyspepsia, save one-half in the quantity of shortening, make one-eighth more Bread, Cakes or Biscuit from the barrel of flour, and withal is perfectly healthy. Try it. The Grocers and Druggists sell it. Depot 112 Liberty Street, New York.



