




9-28-1866

The Waterville Mail (Vol. 20, No. 13): September 28, 1866

Maxham & Wing

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville_mail

 Part of the [Agriculture Commons](#), [American Popular Culture Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 20, No. 13): September 28, 1866" (1866). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 161.
https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville_mail/161

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Waterville Materials at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby.

THE MUSIC OF THE RAIN.

When I hear the night wind fretting
Round my close-shut cottage door,
Telling over all its story of the Autumn gone before,
I can smile, almost forgetting,
As the hoarse winds fly along,
Bearing with it doubts and fancies that to darker moods belong.

When I see the sweet sun shining
On the crimson forest leaves,
And I read there the fair story that its light and shadow weaves,
When I hear the tender rhyming
Made by robins in their nest,
When their love is all the sweeter by but being half confessed.

When I hear the gentle purling
Of the tiny meadow brook,
Telling over its old story to the hidden mossy brook—
When I see the faint smoke curling
Up from many a happy home,
And remember that to-day we are living, each alone,

Still I look and sigh and listen—
Yet the sigh is not of pain,
As I linger for the music of old days to come again;—
Half remembering, while tears glisten
In these eyes, unused to weep,
That I never more may hear it save it rings out in my sleep.

But sleep a day! What nightfall
Brings the sobbing Autumn rain,
Then I live the days of sweet anticipation o'er again;
Woman's grief and bitter wailing
Come to me in their night—
Few and brief have been the moments when this curse was out of sight.

Oh, my eyes are dim with weeping,
Of the voices choked with sighs,
That drift out upon the night-wind toward the chilly
midnight skies;
While we sit beside our hearth-stones,
Thinking o'er the happy past;
Thinking of days and hours that were all too bright to last.

Yet the rain has music in it
For the hearts that laugh to-night,
For glad souls that watch the future shining ever clear
and bright;
For the happy ones that always,
In the sun or in the rain,
Listen for a vanished footstep that is sure to come again.

But for us—the future looms
Toward the night when stars depart,
When the drifting clouds shall gather all the darkness
o'er the heart;
So the rain falls in the twilight
Of this gloomy Autumn night,
Dashing out the faint uprising of the new moon's holy light.

While it sings of olden fancies
That hope and love and trust
Sings of love and trust and quiet that seemed once so
surely mine;
Sings of summer sunshine falling
And the far-off forest path;
And the humming of the joyous, honey-laden little bees.

Of the brook, and of the rhyming
Of those bird-songs in the mist,
On the day when by the river our young love was first
confessed;
And I bow my head in sorrow
For the dream that died away,
Among the tender shadows of my youth's bright early day.

[From Harper's Magazine.]

MISS STUYVESANT.

[CONCLUDED.]

"July 22.—The worst is over. I think I shall not lose more than one or two cases now, and have started the rest up hill. How much I have to do with it I don't know. There is no rain yet, but a brisk west wind is fighting with those snake-like hazes. Possibly what Miss Stuyvesant would call Providence is at work somewhere. David Guest has come out of the crisis a live man. His wife's face is worth walking ten miles to see.

"Now that the intense pressure of responsibility and terrible strain on my sympathies are lifted a little I begin to feel the reaction. I sit here in the cold, gray dawn and write on and on, because I have not the courage to stop and think.

"I suppose unconsciously I have written all these pages for the same reason—a Model Doctor you are, Enoch James! Our profession ought to be left to men with delicately-constructed pebbles in the place of nerves and heart.

"I rests me to write to-night, for I have something rather pleasant to write about.

"Miss Stuyvesant and I left David Guest's at about half past eight. She proposed going rather suddenly. Annie was taking a nap, but she woke her. I was surprised for the moment till I noticed—that I had been too busy with the man to notice before—a grayish pallor about the young lady's mouth.

"I hurried her out into the air, cursing the luck that had not predestinated me to ride this evening. Every other evening this week at that time my carriage has been standing there in the square.

"You are not fit to walk!" I exclaimed, smothering an exclamation between my teeth which I fancy she must have heard, for faint as she was, her eyes twinkled.

"I am fit to walk. The greatest kindness you can do me is not to talk to me if you please."

"We walked on slowly and in silence, her hand upon my arm, the ribbon of her hat fluttering now and then against my cheek, the wind catching the faint perfume of the laced handkerchief she had thrown about her throat. She spoke only once to say:

"I am afraid I tire you."

"She was leaning somewhat heavily on my arm, and not a house in sight where a vehicle could be procured. I did not dare to leave her long enough to get one. At last she drew away her hand and sank slowly to the ground.

"I believe I am a little faint."

"The welcome lights from my hall-door were just in sight across the road; but they might as well have been across the Atlantic for her inability to reach them.

"I am afraid you will have to let me take you in."

"No! oh, no! I shall be better in a minute. It is nothing. I will just sit here till this dizziness passes off."

"Miss Stuyvesant, you will not sit here, and you cannot walk a step, try as hard as you like."

"I spoke in a tone I do not often use; and in a tone this young lady is not used to hearing. But I was proud enough, or foolish enough, or wicked enough—for there was not a particle of color in her face now—not so much as to touch her hand without permission. She looked up into my eyes. I don't know what she saw there, but I fancy she respected me at that moment—for the first time probably since she came to Dunkirk.

"She held up her hands to me like a child in the dark. I carried her in, gave her a tremendous dose of Cognac with one hand, and rang for the housekeeper with the other—There are few women or few men to whom I would have given precisely that dose. That was precisely what Miss Stuyvesant needed. I knew. It brought the color to her cheeks, her lips, her temples as if one were painting a statue. She sat up on the sofa and asked for her hat and gloves as if nothing had happened. I hurried old Billy in a hurry and drove her rapidly home.

"Miss Stuyvesant, are you going to have that fever?"

"Doctor James, I have not the slightest thoughts of it."

"She will not."

"July 26.—How easy it is to say 'The worst is over!' Even such kings and counsel-

lors of the earth as Doctor James know precisely as much about it as a baby.

"I saw a pretty, womanly picture to-day. One of the McKays children had been sent for me with the simple message that I was wanted. I went as soon as I could get away. Miss Stuyvesant met me at the door with Mrs. McKay's baby in her arms, its little pink hands thrown up on her cheek.

"My work is here now, Dr. James. They are waiting for you up stairs."

"My inquiries revealed the fact that one of the little boys, straying away from his mother a few days ago, had wandered off with some ragged playmate picked up in the street into the very heart of the infected region, had spent two hours there before he was found.

"Mrs. McKay moved away from the bed as I came in, her eyes on my face. I wish I could forget the look of those eyes.

"I knew at once how it would be—the child was already in delirium. I gave some orders in a rapid way, which that woman saw through as well as I did.

"Doctor?"

"She said that, and that only, coming up to me presently, her hand on my arm.

"I will do what I can, Mrs. McKay."

"A slight shiver ran over her down to the tips of the fingers on my arm. She turned away and kissed the child with a sudden kiss.

"My little Frankie—mother's own little boy!"

"If she had wailed or sobbed a fellow could bear it. Miss Stuyvesant came in softly and took her hand. It seems as if I must save that child.

"July 28.—I may say 'I must' as much as I choose. I may spend half the night studying the case. I may—and I am not ashamed to write here that I did—get down on my knees and ask, in my blundering way, for the little fellow's life. What is the use? I have had a consultation from Burlington, but we can do nothing. It is one of those mysterious cases that baffle everything; that come like a thief in the night and do their work, and are gone. I thought I had brought down the pulse once with acetic, but it was only a temporary relief.

"McKay is perfectly stunned. He sits with his face in his hands moaning the child's name over and over. His wife comes up and just touches her lips to his forehead softly, and leaves him quiet. She sheds no tears; she seldom speaks. She bears him up on the strength of her great love and her great stillness, and I believe, actually suffers every throbbing of his pain twice over where she is once conscious of her own. I always thought that fragile woman had the soul of a hero in her somewhere; she is more of a man than he, but she seems to love him all the more for that.

"Miss Stuyvesant is everywhere, does everything. She keeps the children away out of sight and sound nobody but herself knows where. The baby's clinging arms are about her neck all day. She is cook, housemaid, seamstress, nurse, and withal finds time and ways to manage to slip into the sick-room now and then, and let Mrs. McKay steal out for a nap. I see her often through the kitchen window, as I pass up the yard, in a kitchen or calico wrapper and checked apron, her delicate hands in dough or gruel, her face flushed and weary and beautiful, the children playing softly about her. I hear her womanly voice, low and still about the house, falling like a strain of sweet music on its pain and its dread. I hear it when I come and when I go. I hear it long after I am in my solitary room at night.

"Sometimes, too, I go out and help her about her work, if I have a few moments to spare. We have cooked meat, and baked biscuit, and stirred gruel together. I thought myself learned in these departments from my experience camping out in the Yosemite; but I find this city-bred heiress is a woman after all, and knows something of the where-withal shall we be fed, in spite of her dividends. She is quiet and courteous; her eyes are right womanly, and her smile is always kind. Why not? Only the family physician—a such a grave, unassuming man, with a rusty-respectable hat, and the edges of his necktie frayed so perceptibly! To be sure, why not?

"My German Bible lies on the table, open by some chance at the forty-second Psalm. I caught a line that I can't get rid of—'Was betrübst du dich, weine Seele, und bist so unruhig in mir?'"

"Later.—Received a sudden summons to-night from Mrs. McKay. Her niece met me at the door, and led me up stairs without a word.

"One or two of the children were sobbing in the corners of the room; McKay in the old attitude, his face buried in his hands, his wife leaning over the bed, her back to the door. She was speaking as I came in; her voice was low and still.

"Will Frankie kiss mamma once—just once?" "Can't?" "Well, mamma will kiss him, and that will do just as well—won't it, Frankie?" "Dark?" "Frankie needn't be afraid of the dark. Mother is close by him. Hold her hand so—no, she won't go away."

"Sing?" "Well, she will try." And the quiet voice broke into chanting—some children's hymn that the little fellow was used to.

"She sang it without a tremor, and she sang it through to the end.

"I did what I could, but it was soon done, and the singing dropped softly away into silence, and the woman kissed the little dead face, and turned around, stretching out her hands in a curious way.

"Frank! Frank!"

"McKay groaned aloud.

"Frank! why, Frank! I have each other left, you see—don't you see, Frank? I have you, and you have me, and we—"

"She crept up into his arms with a stifled cry. We took the children out and shut the door.

"We stood there a moment in the entry, quite still, we two, with our unmarried, lonely lives stretching out into an unknown future, and I believe one thought was in the heart of both. I believe we envied that man and woman in their grief—in any grief, in any agony.

"August 15.—Miss Stuyvesant left for New York to-day at five o'clock. [Observation: How easily words are written!]

"I went up to the house to bid her good-by. It was an intrusion, of course, and I knew it, but I went.

"The carriage was already at the door, and

I walked down the path with her to carry her little bag. The sweet graciousness of those days when death was in the house, and we struggled against it together, had given place to a certain hauteur in her manner, or embarrassment. I conclude the former. Her stylish travelling-suit—its soft drabs and blues suited her face so wonderfully—the complete return to the elegance of her city life which showed so utterly in her dress (a woman's dress trims a face much of her unspoken history) dazzled me at first. I doubted for the instant—or rather I tried to doubt—whether the entire woman were not thus transformed into a thing of art.

"I doubted no longer when we reached the gate. She turned her face up to me with her rare, womanly smile, putting her little gloved hand frankly into mine.

"Dr. James, I have a confession to make to you."

"I stammered some protest.

"I grievously misjudged you once—so grievously that I cannot tell you how."

"She was turning away at that, the bright scarlet color in her laughing lips; she has a curious way of showing emotion by the tint of her lips. I stepped before her in the path, caught her eyes, and held them.

"Miss Stuyvesant, I have learned something from you. May I tell you what? I have learned that to be wealthy is not always to be shallow; that position and accomplishments are not necessarily pride or vanity, or unchristian scorn of manhood and womanhood which God has not blessed with this world's gifts. I have learned from you what I have doubted all my life. And I have learned—"

"God knows what words were on my lips—I had words that were burning on my brain, and scorching my tongue, and crying like souls in pain to be uttered. What they were I believe I do not know. I do not wish to know. What they were, remember, Enoch James, you did not say them—no, you have not said them. They are yours, and yours only; they are hushed with a great silence, until the day when the sea shall give up its dead, and hearts give up their mysteries.

"N. B.—Moral reflections spoil the beauty of a narrative, particularly when it is of a cheerful nature. Where was I? Oh, yes; Miss Stuyvesant dropped her parasol suddenly and the coachman swore at the delay *sotto voce*.

"I picked up the parasol. I handed her to the carriage. She threw back an impulsive, girlish kiss at Mrs. McKay, who was standing in the doorway in her black dress, with her restful smile; fluttered her handkerchief a moment at the window, and was driven rapidly away.

"I believe I went among the trees back of the house, and watched the train whiff off into the sunset, and listened to its long, loud shriek. But I am not quite sure. There certainly could have been no reason for such a procedure. I seldom do a thing without reasons."

"Four o'clock, A.M.—The faint dawn is brightening; the gray hills outlined with crimson; the shadows turning green. How long have I paced this room? God help me!—I can form no idea...."

.... He had found her at last.

He had fled from her over seas, over mountains, over trackless prairies, over burning sands. He had stifled the vision of her face in Alleghany mists. He had dimmed it in the skies of the sunset lands—had drowned it in the beat of eternal waves—had ruled it out of his dreamings by the vagaries of a savage life. He had placed the will of a world between it and him. In the hospitals of Paris, in the caravans of Arabia, in scorched valleys of India, among nameless horrors of his profession, under blazing skies, under scalding winds, in jungles lighted by the glare of tigers' eyes, on shores where the alligator leered, and roystering flowers breathed rare poisons, and the slow, slow haze crept and rose over miles of purple, doomed solitude, stretching away and dimming into "places where no man is, or hath been since the making of the world"—he had struggled with this face, this womanly, gracious face, that neither time nor space could conquer; that no will of his could blur or blot from the place which it had chosen, forever bright and bleak beside him, with great, still eyes, and a smile upon its lips.

As he had fled from it, so he had come back to it—as one commanded.

And so on this night he had found her, in this fitting place, in this fitting way—the great, gay room filled with its splendor and its lights, its jewels, its costly draperies, its haughty smiles, its merry words; himself a stranger and estranged within it, with his bronzed face and rusty coat, and awkward silence, tolerated there by the courtesy of a careless boy whose life he had saved in the horrors of a plague at Delhi—enduring the toleration, and gnawing his proud lips unseen, for the picture of the bright, bleak face that might be here among his like. Here, with no wealth, with no fame, where wealth and fame were all; with no passport but his manhood, where simple manhood was nothing, going back to-morrow to the old, dead days at Dunkirk into his future of lowly toil, into years that the picture-face had left forever solitary—here, to-night he had waited for her, and she had come.

A voice at his side started him roughly, as he stood half-hidden there in the curtain, his eyes on her as she came into the room.

"You are ill, Sir? Let me open this window. The room is close."

"Ill? No—oh, no!"

His questioner, a flaxen-haired, wide-eyed belle, caught in that chance moment, in the strangeness of a crowd, a look that no human eyes had ever seen on the face of Enoch James. She remembered it to her dying day.

Miss Stuyvesant crossed the room in her swan-like way, her face rising like a statue's from her high-throated velvet dress, turned suddenly in the blaze of a chandelier, and saw him.

Her lips turned scarlet and paled.

Doctor James bowed gravely and stood still. Only the width of a mirror separated them. It might have become in that moment the width of a lifetime. He neither moved nor spoke. She neither moved nor spoke.

"Latest style from the Ganges! Voyez vous?" said a careless whisper from somewhere at the country doctor's elbow.

Miss Stuyvesant crossed in front of the mir-

ror, her splendid length reflected in it, her eyes ablaze.

"Doctor James, will you give me your arm? I am tired of this room."

They crossed the gorgeous room, conspicuous in the gorgeous crowd, her gloved hand upon his arm, her velvet touching his rusty black, her head like a queen's. At the conservatory door she stopped.

"We will go in, if you please," he said, his voice strange to himself, speaking as one who had a right to command.

She went in.

In a tangle of ivy leaves and fuschias, where the perfume of unseen heliotrope was faint and sweet, he faced her suddenly, with folded arms.

"You see I have come back. Do you know why I have come back? Do you know why I went away?"

She bent her head, a curious, listening look about her mouth.

"You know why I went away. You know why I have come back. I fled like a coward from that which has dogged me like my shadow. I turn to-night and face it. If it stabs me through all the slow years till I die, I face it. At its best or at its worst I face it. It is the love of a man to whom there is but one woman in the world; nor will ever be; nor can be."

He stood erect before her, with his head thrown back, with his folded arms—a man with his manhood only to offer her.

That listening look about her mouth sharpened like the look of one in agony. If he had said but a word to her of his poverty, of his obscurity, of the contrast of his toil against the gorgeous dreaming of her life; if he had said so much as one word of it, she would have raised her haughty lids, wished him good-evening, swept out of the tangle of ivy leaves and left him. But he said no such word. Nor did he speak of that judgment with which she might have bitterly misjudged him—that judgment which in its possibility had, in certain silent hours of this man's life, almost wrung prayers from his lips that Heaven would decree her penitence and friendless. With something grander than pride he passed tiffs by. In a silence more voiceful than any speech it hushed itself.

He loved her. That was enough for him and for her. He gave as much as he could receive from princess or beggar. The equality was accepted and simple.

"I think you know," he said, speaking very quietly and gravely—she could not see his hand clenched like iron out of sight—"I think you know what such a love may be. If it is worth anything to you."

That listening look quivered out of her lips, their scarlet color shooting over them. She threw back her head, her face upturned to his.

"For the first time in my life I am rich. For the first time in my life I am proud—so very proud. Will you look into my eyes and see?"

He looked into her eyes and he saw.

HONORABLE.—The following published in the Portland Argus soon after the great fire, shows that some corporations have souls:—

INSURANCE.—Mr. Editor:—Much has been said heretofore, in this State, to the prejudice of Foreign Insurance Companies, and at times a vigorous war has been waged against them in our Legislature. But I think that the prompt and liberal manner in which those companies have met their liabilities in this city during the present week, must have disarmed all such opposition. Allow me to state one case within my own knowledge as an illustration:—A gentleman died a few years since, leaving a widow and one child, the heir to what little property was left after paying the debts of the estate. The property consisted of a lot of land, upon which were two houses. The widow, not understanding that the fee was in the child, took out a policy of insurance for \$1,600 in her own name. The fire swept the lot. She went to the agent sent here to settle losses. He saw at a glance that if entitled to anything, her legal claim could only be to the amount of her interest under her right of dower, not more than \$400 probably. He could not have been compelled to pay more. He merely said that his company never took advantage of any legal exemption from their liabilities where the party assured, had acted in good faith, but had lost their right to enforce payment through ignorance or mistake. And he sent away our widow with a draft for sixteen hundred dollars in her pocket. This was the Home Insurance Company of New York. And this is not the solitary instance of a noble liberality in the dealings of that company with our citizens.

A CITIZEN.

WHITE HOUSE ANECDOTES.—Some good stories are told of the Irishman "Edward," for many years doorkeeper at the White House.

Edward went with Fillmore to look at a carriage which the necessities of some Southern magnate had thrown upon the market.

"Well, Edward," said the President, "and how will it do for the President of the United States to buy a second carriage?"

"And sure, yer excellency, and yer're only a second hand president, ye know."

Mr. Fillmore took the joke but not the carriage.

This anecdote was told me by Mr. Lincoln, and was called up by the following:

One dark and rainy evening we had got as far as the door, on our way to Gen. McClellan's headquarters, without an umbrella, and I Edward went back after one, the President telling him where he might find it. In a few minutes he came back announcing a fruitless search, and adding:

"Sure, yer excellency, and the owner must have come for it."

The President laughed heartily, and Edward found us another umbrella.

The Bishop of Carlisle recently asked a youthful scholar if he had read the thirty-nine articles.

"No," said the boy, "but I've read the 'Forty Thieves.'" "You may stand down, sir," said the Bishop.

—A lady in Washington, in memory of kindness shown to her brother by Dr. Payson and others in Portland, after he was wounded in a naval battle in the war of 1812, has given \$300 to help build the Payson Church, and \$300 to help Portland sufferers.

ADDRESS

OF THE NATIONAL UNION COMMITTEE, TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

Fellow Citizens:—Very grave differences having arisen between your immediate representatives in Congress and the President who owes his position to your votes, we are impelled to ask your attention thereto, and to suggest the duties to your country which they render imperative.

We shall avoid the use of hard words. Of these, there have already been too many. And that the matters in issue may be brought within the narrowest compass, let us first eliminate from the controversy all that has already been settled or has never been in dispute.

The republic has been desperately assailed from within, and its very existence seriously imperilled. Thirteen States were claimed as having withdrawn from the Union, and were represented for years in a hostile Congress meeting at Richmond. Ten of these States were, for a time, wholly in the power of a hostile confederacy; the other three partially so. The undoubtedly loyal States were repeatedly and furiously invaded by rebel armies, which were only expelled after obstinate and bloody battles. Through four years of arduous, desperate civil strife, the hosts of the rebel confederacy withstood those of the Union. Agents of that confederacy traversed the civilized world, seeking allies in their war against the republic and inciting the rapacious and loyalists, hundreds of thousands of our countrymen were conscripted into rebel armies and made to fight desperately for our national disruption and ruin. And though, by the blessing of God and the valor and constancy of our loyal people, the rebellion was finally and utterly crushed, it did not succumb until it had caused the destruction of more than half a million precious human lives, not to speak of the property to the value of at least five millions of dollars.

At length the rebel armies surrendered and the rebel power utterly collapsed and vanished. What then?

The claim of the insurgents that they either now renounce or had never forfeited their constitutional rights in the Union, including that of representation in Congress, stands in pointed antagonism alike to the requirements of Congress and to those of the acting President. It was the Executive alone who, after the rebellion was no more, appointed provisional governors for the now submissive, unarmed Southern States, on the assumption that the rebellion had been "revolutionary," and had deprived the people under its sway of all civil government, and who required the assembling of "a convention, composed of delegates to be chosen by that portion of the people of said States who are loyal to the United States, and no others, for the purpose of altering and amending the Constitution of said State." It was President Johnson who, so late as October last—when all shadow of overt resistance to the Union had long since disappeared—insisted that it was not enough that a State which had revolted must recognize her ordinance of secession as null and void from the beginning, and ratify the constitutional amendment prohibiting slavery forever, but she must also repudiate "every dollar of indebtedness created to aid in carrying on the rebellion." It was he who ordered the dispersion by military force of any legislature chosen under the rebellion which should assume power to make laws after that rebellion had fallen. It was he who referred to Congress all inquiries as to the probability of representatives from the States lately in revolt being admitted to seats in either house, and suggested that they should present their credentials, not at the organization of Congress, but afterward. And finally, it was he, and not Congress, who suggested to his Gov. Sharkey of Mississippi, that

"If you could extend the elective franchise to all persons of color who can read the Constitution of the United States in English and write their names, and to all persons of color who own real estate valued at not less than \$250 and pay taxes thereon, you would completely disarm the adversary, and set an example that other States will follow."

If, then, there be any controversy as to the right of the loyal States to exact conditions and require guarantees of those which plunged madly into secession and rebellion, the supporters respectively of Andrew Johnson and of Congress cannot be antagonist parties to that contest, since their record places them on the same side.

By thus agreed that conditions of restoration and guarantees against future rebellion may be exacted of the States lately in revolt, the right of Congress to a voice in prescribing those conditions and in shaping those guarantees is plainly incontestable. Whether it take the shape of law or of a constitutional amendment, the action of Congress is vital. Even if they were to be settled by treaty, the ratification of the Senate, by a two-thirds vote, would be indispensable. There is nothing in the Federal Constitution, nor in the nature of the case, that countenances an Executive monopoly of this power.

What, then, is the ground of complaint against Congress?

Is it charged that the action of the two houses was tardy and hesitating? Consider how momentous were the question involved, the issues depending. Consider how novel and extraordinary was the situation. Consider how utterly silent and blank is the Federal Constitution touching the treatment of insurgent States, whether during their flagrant hostility to the Union or after their discomfiture. Consider with how many embarrassments and difficulties the problem is beset, and you will not wonder that months were required to devise, perfect, and pass, by a two-thirds vote in either house, a just and safe plan of reconstruction.

Yet that plan has been matured. It has passed the Senate by 33 to 11, and the House by 138 to 36. It is now fairly before the country, having already been ratified by the legislatures of several States and rejected by none. Under it the State of Tennessee has been formally restored to all the privileges she forfeited by rebellion, including representation in either house of Congress. And the door thus passed through stands invitingly open to all who still linger without.

Are the conditions thus prescribed intolerable, or even humiliating? They are in substance these:—

I. All persons born or naturalized in this country are henceforth citizens of the United States, and shall enjoy all the rights of citizens everywhere; and no State shall have power to contravene this most righteous and necessary provision.

II. While the States claim and exercise the power of denying the elective franchise to a part of their people, the weight of each State in the Union shall be measured by and based upon its enfranchised population. If any State shall choose, for no crime, to deny political rights to any race or caste, it shall no longer count that race or caste as a basis of political power in the Union.

III. He who has once held office on the strength of his solemn oath to support the Federal Constitution, and has nevertheless forsworn himself and treasonably plotted to subvert that Constitution, shall henceforth hold no political office till Congress, by a two-thirds vote, shall remove or modify the disability.

IV. The national debt shall be nowise repudiated nor invalidated; and no debt incurred in support of the rebellion shall ever be assumed or paid by any State; nor shall payment be made for the loss or emancipation of any slave.

V. Congress shall have power to enforce these guarantees by appropriate legislation.

Such, fellow-citizens, are the conditions of reconstruction proposed by Congress and already accepted by the loyal legislature of Tennessee. Are they harsh or degrading? Do you discern therein a disposition to trample on the prostrate or push an advantage to the uttermost?

Waterville Mail.

E. H. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, SEPT. 28, 1866.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

R. M. PATTENGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and St. 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," at "WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE."

A WORD TO THE WISE.

Our 19th volume closed on the first of July, and our great need of money has been increasing ever since. We urgently request all indebted parties to that time to give us speedy help; and the few real friends who are disposed to make advance payments can do us a great favor by helping us to work our way to a system of advance payments.

KENNEBEC BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.—This body held its annual meeting at West Waterville, Sept. 18th—20th. It was emphatically a stormy time, outside—raining almost without interruption during the entire three days, a circumstance almost unheard of in the history of associational gatherings. Of course the attendance was small; but both the number present and the interest manifested gave assurance that, had the weather been favorable, an unusually large, as well as interesting, meeting would have been enjoyed. As it was, there was no lack of interest, no time wasted, and no regret expressed only that so few were able to enjoy what all pronounced a pleasant and profitable meeting.

Rev. E. Pepper, of Farmington, preached the annual sermon, Tuesday P. M. Other sermons were preached during the session by Revs. S. S. Brownson, J. F. Eveleigh, S. S. Parker, W. Tiley, and G. B. Venable.

The several subjects of Foreign and Domestic Missions, the Freedmen, Sabbath Schools, and others of general interest, received their due share of attention, calling forth interesting and animated speeches from several brethren. The sentiment of the body on the state of the country was expressed by the cordial adoption of a series of patriotic resolutions presented by a committee of which Rev. Dr. Champlin was chairman.

This Association comprises sixteen churches, eight of which have been destitute of pastors during the past year. All but two of the churches have reported by letter or delegate or both. Six reported an aggregate increase of membership of 41; five a loss of 6. The others reported the same number as last year, thus showing a net gain of 35.

It was voted to print the Minutes this year in connection with those of the State Convention, instead of in separate form as heretofore.

The time of holding the annual meeting was changed, and the session next year will be with the church in Sidney on the first Tuesday in Sept. (instead of the third Tuesday.) Preacher of annual sermon Rev. A. Drinkwater; Alternate Rev. W. H. Kelton; Writer of Circular Letter, Rev. C. E. Harden; Preacher of Doctrinal sermon Rev. Dr. Wilson.

FILL UP THE HALL, next week. Bring in the pretty and curious things you may have about the house, that they may afford pleasure to others beside yourself. Bring in samples of goods, useful and ornamental, from the stores and shops on the street; for you thereby advertise what you have for sale, and may secure good customers. Of course, the wives and daughters of farmers need no urging to their duty, and we shall see heaps of butter and cheese, and mountains of household manufactures, knick-knacks, &c. Do not compel us to look at blank walls, but cover every foot with pictures, rugs, quilts, bed spreads, &c. &c.

AFFLICTIVE NEWS.—By a brief telegraphic dispatch, on Saturday last, Mr. E. C. Getchell, of this village, was informed that his son, George C. Getchell, had died at New Orleans the day previous. The deceased was a young man of good promise, a brave soldier, and a genial companion, esteemed by all who knew him, and grief for his early death is not confined to the circle of his relatives. He entered the service as Orderly Sergeant of Co. A. 20th Maine regiment, and at the time of his death was Major of the 81st regiment of U. S. Colored Infantry, and Brevet Lieut. Colonel.

Rain, rain, rain!—It does seem as though the earth would never get fairly dry again. In ten days past we can hardly assert three days of sunshine—and in three months the proportion has not been much better. Who ever knew such a summer before?

ACCIDENT.—Miss Abbie Eaton, of Winslow, was seriously injured on Sunday last, by being thrown from a carriage while returning from church.

TRIAL FOR THEFT.—In our municipal court, on Saturday last, Justice Stackpole presiding, William Soule, of Winslow, was charged by Wm. Brown with stealing a coat from the Continental House on the 13th of July. It appeared in evidence that Soule worked for Brown at the time of the alleged theft; the lost coat being the property of one Greenough, of Boston, then stopping at the Continental. No trace of the lost coat was discovered at the time; but it appearing afterward that Soule had disposed of a coat which he claimed to have found, Brown, the plaintiff, assumed the power of an officer, and arrested Soule at— and brought him before His Honor. The coat disposed of by Soule was found and produced in court. Soule testified to having found it at a certain time and place, and brought two witnesses to confirm his testimony. Brown asserted that the lost coat was of striped or ribbed cloth, dark color, lined with silk, and "slit up behind." The coat admitted to be the one testified to as found by Soule was produced in court and identified by Brown as the identical one he had lost. The coat, on examination, proved beyond question to be not striped or ribbed, but plain beaver cloth, not lined with silk, but with flannel, and not "slit up behind," and never had been! It also gave tokens of much better fitness for the use of Soule, who is a lumberman, than of Greenough, who is represented as a Boston merchant. The Justice bound the defendant in \$200 to appear at a higher court! Health for State, Webb for defendant.

[We have reported this case to show the indefatigable perseverance as well as the "glorious uncertainty" of the law. The fate of the defendant in the Supreme Court,—which His Honor facetiously called the lower court,—if he lives to have any fate beyond, we promise to report.]

THE FARMER'S LEVEE, on Tuesday evening next, at Town Hall, ought to be fully attended. We trust there will be many pretty things to be seen, and arrangements have been made for some good music during the evening. But above all, let everybody come prepared to contribute their share to make it a pleasant social occasion.

A very cheap paint can be made by using Porphy Oil, instead of Linseed, in mixing with Leads, or the various colors used in painting. We would call attention to the advertisement of Burgess, Forbes, & Co., in another column, and advise our readers who are in want to give them an order.

NORRIDGEWICK, SMITHFIELD, and adjoining towns, will hold a cattle show and fair at South Norridgewick, on Tuesday, Oct. 9th.

CORRECTION.—In the premium list of the N. Kennebec Agricultural Society, as published, the premiums for Woolen Mittens, Woolen Yarn and Stockings were accidentally omitted, but they are offered, as usual.

Wendall, of the Waterville Green House, has beaten all competitors in Tomatoes this season. He had them early, and of mammoth size, and those who bought plants of him found them hardy and prolific.

THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' CONVENTION, at Pittsburg is a great success. The attendance is very large, and the reception by the people, and the loyal demonstrations of the delegates, are alike enthusiastic, and in marked and significant contrast to the fizzle at Cleveland.

CORN at the west has been injured in some localities by frost and freshet, but there is a great abundance, and the price would be low if it were not for the advance in freights on the railroads, which institutions have the people by the throat.

Dr. Charles M. Sweet, of Kennebunk, died suddenly on Sunday night, from an over dose of morphia, administered by his wife, who has been arrested, charged with poisoning him.

DR. FERRIS, a United States Mail Agent, who had during the war rendered himself obnoxious to the secessionists of Kentucky while acting as provost-marshal, was seized by a sheriff's posse a few days ago, and delivered to the authorities of Kentucky, to be tried for acts while in government service. Nobody but rebels are to be pardoned, it would seem, while Union men are to be followed to the death.

The Maine Central Railroad Company are adding about fifty feet to the length of their passenger depot at this place. The addition is at the westerly end, and will prove a great convenience especially in stormy weather.

THE CATTLE MARKETS, this week, were well supplied—4000 cattle and 120,000 sheep being reported. First class beef sold at last week's prices, but other grades lower. There was no change in mutton. Our State sent to the market 678 cattle and 1485 sheep. A good many cattle remained unsold, and were kept over. Extra beef sold for 14 1-4 to 14 1-2; first quality, 13 1-2 to 14; second quality, 12 1-2 to 13; third quality, lighter young cattle, cows, &c., 10 1-2 to 11 1-2. "Gideon Wells," says the Boston Advertiser, "thought trade ought to be reported as sticky and hard, judging from his own experience. He had sold workers at from \$160 to \$235. Had one pair, 7 ft. 8 in., for which he asked \$400, but the lucky purchase had not yet appeared."

Brown, of Portland not only allowed himself to be beaten by Ward in the Springfield boat race, but he was last of all; and as the Portlanders did not bet a dollar on him, it looks a little tricky, and somebody was badly sold probably.

OUR TABLE.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for October, says the *Advertiser*, will be found rather a solid than a brilliant number. The first paper, "Childhood, a Study," is anonymous; the poem which follows, "Her Pilgrimage," by General H. B. Sargent, with Mr. T. B. Aldrich's Indian Legend, "Miantowana," constitutes all the poetry in this number. The solitary story, "Farmer Hill's Diary," is by Mrs. A. M. Diaz; the historical essay, "The Norman Conquest," by C. C. Hazewell; the political paper, "The Usurpation," by Mr. George S. Boutwell; and the criticism of "The Novels of George Eliot," by Henry James, Jr. There are three miscellaneous articles, "The Darwinian Theory," by Mr. Charles J. Sprague; "Various Aspects of the Woman Question," by F. Sheldon, and "Scraps of the Past," by W. J. Stillman. The quotations from Hawthorne's diary are continued, and "Griffith Gaunt," reaches its penultimate number.

Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$4 a year.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received the following piece of new music from Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston:—

"Where is our Moses?" Song of the Freedman. Poetry and music by J. H. Naughton.

"Where is our Moses that once was to be? To lead us after through the deep? Red Sea?"

"Where is our Moses who once made a row To lead us after—where, oh where is he now?"

"Where is our Moses, where is our Moses, Where is our Moses that once was to be? Here now stand by the deep? Red Sea? Oh where'll lead us thro' into sweet liberty?"

For sale by all music dealers.

MISS C. M. BARNEY of our place, was present at the Fair of the Sisters of Mercy at Norumbega Hall, in Bangor, last week, and sang several pieces, the *Times* says, "to the manifold delight of those present."

AHA! sits the wind in that quarter? The Gardiner Reporter darkly intimates as follows:—

A word for Br. Nash of the Hallowell Gazette—Look out for squalls.

First Morrill and then Nash. We congratulate our fortunate brethren, and only hope their business will increase accordingly.

The editor of the Republican Journal makes merry over his political reverses. Hear him:—

The sixteenth of September marks the date when a little fire in our sanctuary became necessary to take the chill off the air. There was a cooling blast on the 10th, from the radical point of the compass, but a good many on our side of the house "clothed themselves with cursing as with a garment," and thus kept tolerably comfortable.

Bring in your entries for the Cattle Show, and thus avoid the inconvenience of doing things in a hurry on the morning of the Show.

Read the "Address of the National Union Committee," on our first page.

CANADA is undergoing another Fenian scare.

THE WIND HARD TO RAISE.—Joseph R. Flannigan, chairman of the Johnson State Central Committee of Pennsylvania, recently addressed a letter to the postmaster of Wellsborough, informing him that he had been assessed \$45 to defray the expenses of the campaign. The answer which he received was rather independently couched; it concluded as follows:—

"I have no doubt that funds are greatly needed" by the N. U. S. C. Committee; if for their private pockets, they will need all they can get; and if needed for buying up the people of this Commonwealth to support 'My Policy,' they will need more than they can get, even if every postmaster should be assessed his entire salary for ten years.

"But postmasters are not all veridant, even if many of them do live in the country. Not long ago a fellow of your class wrote me that he would send me a prize ticket for \$10,000, if I would only tell all my neighbors that I had drawn it in his lottery, and send him just \$10 to pay for the ticket in advance! You may think it strange, but it is a fact that I didn't do it! Very likely you can find some hungry fellow about here who will send you the \$45 you want, and tell all his neighbors what a nice 'policy' it is that produces massacres of unionists in the South, if you will only promise him this little postoffice for a prize (\$810 a year for doing \$1500 worth of work,) but you must excuse yours, respectfully, 'Hugh Young.'

MR. VALLANDIGHAM ON THE STUMP.—Mr. C. L. Vallandigham is making speeches in support of the Johnson candidates in the Western Reserve of Ohio. One of his speeches, at Warren, was interrupted by some expressions of dissent from veteran soldiers. The orator became somewhat excited:—

"Mr. Vallandigham said: 'I have borne that insult and outrage for twenty minutes. I don't intend to submit to it any longer, at the same time shaking his fist in the direction of the shouting.' If there are not democrats enough in the crowd,' he continued, 'to take those men and clean them out, I will not speak another word.'

Quite a disturbance ensued. When quiet was in some measure restored the speaker continued. The report of his remarks closes as follows:—

"He said he knew from the fact that Johnson was no supporter of the union republican party in sentiment; that he had not deserted them, for he never was with them. He had this from Johnson's own mouth. That republicans knew it, and only put him on their ticket to make possible a doubtful election. He exults over the discomfiture of the republican party, and urges democrats to profit by their tribulations."

Private letters from prominent North Carolina unionists say they are sure of polling from thirty-five to forty thousand votes at the next election, and a much greater number if the Northern elections result in a republican triumph. An effort will be made by the union members of the next legislature to secure the ratification of the amendment to the Constitution.

Gen. C. H. Smith, formerly Colonel of the 1st Maine Cavalry has been appointed Colonel in the regular army. He received intelligence of the fact just in season to decline the nomination for re-election to the State Senate, of which body he was a member at the last session. On Friday before the annual election, Partman Houghton of Eastport, who was a member of the house of Representatives last winter, was nominated for the Senate and elected.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—Narrow Escape.

On Saturday evening, when the passenger train on the Maine Central was about two miles this side of Carmel station, the engine struck a horse and, with the tender, baggage car and smoking car, was thrown from the track. After running a short distance, the engine tipped over on its side and the train was arrested with a violent shock, but providentially without any material injury being done, either to the passengers or cars. The train at the time of the accident, was going about twenty-five miles an hour, we understand, and it is wonderful that great damage and loss of life did not occur. The horse of course was killed. A large proportion of the passengers were ladies, and we learn that they exhibited very little fear or trepidation, although the shock was quite severe when the train stopped, throwing some of them from their seats. A hand car was sent in after another engine, and the passengers and mails arrived here in a baggage car about two o'clock Sunday morning. —[Bangor Courier.

SHERIDAN'S METHOD OF TREATING THE "CHIVALRY." The Alexandria (La.) Gazette says that Rufus King Cutler of New Orleans, aggravated by Gen. Sheridan's despatches, and remarks, sent a friend to the Commander of the Gulf to inquire if that great military personage would accept a challenge, and the General said that if Cutler or any of his friends called on him for any such purpose he would kick them out of his quarters.

THE MEMPHIS DESPATCH TO CLEVELAND.—The despatch in which "soldiers of the late confederate army" greeted the Cleveland Convention was signed first by N. B. Forrest of Fort Pillow infamy, and this fact has been very generally commented upon at the North. In connection with one sentence in the despatch another name is also notable. The sentence is:—

"On our part we pledge security of life, person, property and freedom of speech and opinion to all."

The name is M. C. Galloway, the third on the list of signers. This personage is the editor of the Memphis Avalanche, a paper more virulent than almost any other in the South, which has for some time published daily a "black list" of the merchants of Memphis having union sentiments, for the instruction of the rebel ruffians who figured in the recent massacres and are ready for more work of the same kind. Many venerable citizens of Memphis have been publicly notified in this man's paper that they could not continue to do business there, because they had attended union republican meetings. It is easy to see what kind of "freedom of speech and opinion" is guaranteed by such men as Forrest and Galloway.

REMARKABLE.—On Monday of the present week—just fifty-three weeks from the day of the great fire in this city in September last—the workmen, in clearing out the ruins of the Stanley House, for the purpose of erecting the Deering & Holway block, found that the brick at the bottom of the cellar were so hot as to render it impossible to handle them with the hands. The coal that was in the cellar was also alive with heat, and could not be handled. Pieces of the latter, and also of the brick, were, when brought into our office, too hot to be retained in the hands. —[Maine Farmer.

The statement contained in a recent number of the Portland Star that a purchase has been made of the water power property in this city by the Messrs. Sprague of Providence, is unauthorized and premature. No sale has yet been consummated, although it may be stated that the company have assented to the terms proposed, which involves the assumption on the part of the city of a portion of the purchase price. But the contingency upon which the successful issue of the negotiations mainly depends, is the acceptance by parties owning the land which is required for the contemplated improvement of the water power, of the terms of purchase offered. The negotiations are yet in progress, the result of which will be made known in a few days. —[Maine Farmer.

Gen. Howard has been notified of a sad affair in Loudon County, Va. A number of white citizens entered the house of a negro, and after eating and drinking their fill, began an indiscriminate slaughter among the inmates, shooting the negro so that he died two days after from the effects of the wound. They destroyed the house, furniture, outbuildings and garden. The civil authorities have taken no steps to secure the murderers.

THE CHARGES OF OUTRAGE BY SOLDIERS IN TEXAS. Brevet Colonel Mason, of the 17th Infantry, has investigated the Brenham (Texas) riots. He doubts whether the United States soldiers broke up the negro ball, and thinks the two soldiers were afterwards wounded without provocation, and he declares that the subsequent burning of the stores was done by men in undress uniform of the United States army, but cannot say positively that they were soldiers. Captain Smith of the 17th Infantry, the commanding officer there, and the four soldiers charged with burning, refuse to surrender to the process.

THE DISASTER AT JOHNSTOWN, PA.—The Pittsburg GAZETTE states that by the falling of the bridge at Johnston, Pa., about five hundred persons were more or less injured, over two hundred seriously. Among the contributions received for the relief of the sufferers are the following: From President Johnson, \$500; Cambria Iron Company, \$100; Gen. Geary, \$200; and various others for smaller amounts.

ALTHOUGH Hotels on the European plan have been for some time in vogue in this country, there are a great many who do not wholly understand the advantages of patronizing houses of this kind, where lodging can be had with or without meals, which are paid for only as separately ordered. Such a house is the Hancock, of Boston, advertised in another column; and we would recommend all merchants and others visiting Boston to give it a trial.

A serious state of affairs exists at Brenham, Texas, where the unrepentant rebels have armed themselves to drive out the United States troops. The officer in command of the detachment at this point—sixty men—has fortified his quarters and believes he can repel an attack. General Sheridan has set out from New Orleans for the scene of this contemplated outrage.

An ordinance has been adopted by the city legislators of Chicago, Ill., making eight hours the limit of a day's work. It takes effect on the 1st day of January next. The City Fathers have petitioned the State legislature in behalf of an eight-hour system for the State.

THE STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

We are pleased to learn that the Trustees of this Institution have decided to open the College for students in the spring. A careful examination of the farm, by the Board of Trustees has proved highly satisfactory. The soil is proved to be well adapted to the making of brick, and for plastering, and to be in this respect equal, if not superior, to any in the State. This is an important discovery, as it will enable the Trustees to procure all the premises the most costly material essential to the construction of the College buildings at small expense. Improvements have already been made on the grounds. Some four hundred pear trees were set out last spring and a few other trees. These trees, and those previously upon the Farm, the committee pronounced in a flourishing condition, superior to anything they have seen in the State.

Bangor Times.

—The Petersburg (Va.) Index says the grave diggers at the Crater have unearthed, a short distance in front of that famous place, the body of a white woman dressed in Federal uniform. The body was found in an excellent state of preservation. The features, pallid with the hue of death, revealed the delicate cast of her woman's face, and her hair, though cut short, possessed a gloss and softness which alone might have excited a suspicion of her sex. She had been shot through the head, she was carefully placed in one of the new coffins provided for her comrades, and taken off to be buried among them.

The President has appointed Gen. Dix, Minister to France; Brigadier-General Hugh Ewing of Kansas, Minister at Hague; and W. J. Valentine of Massachusetts, to be commissioner to the Paris Exposition of 1867.

—The Portland Argus tells a story of one Mr. Hanscomb and one Mr. Wiggins, living at the West End of that city, who went together to a recent political celebration and drank to much champagne. They came home very jolly, and arriving first at Mr. Hanscomb's dwelling, called out in a loud voice "Mrs. Hanscomb! Mrs. Hanscomb! Please come and pick out Mr. Hanscomb, because Mr. Wiggins wants to go home."

—The Ohio floods enabled gentlemen of a quiet turn of mind, in Columbus, to fish out of their upper story windows.

—A new Methodist church at Hunter's Mills, Clinton, is to be dedicated on Thursday next.

—The famous "Brick" Pomeroy is speaking in behalf of the Johnson Democracy in Indiana. He is the second who said in 1864, in his paper, the La Crosse (Wisconsin) Democrat:—"If Lincoln is elected for another four years, we trust some bold hand will pierce his heart with dagger point for the public good." Man and party are well mated.

—A Chicago tailor named Rosencrutz was accused, the other day, of a theft. He declared his innocence, and, if guilty, called on God to strike him dead. He had scarcely spoken the words before he dropped to the floor a corpse.

An Eastern editor, walking along a street in Milwaukee one day, was a little puzzled by what appeared to be a kind of motto, painted in large letters on a window. It ran thus:—"Nolite Res Regere." He pondered a long while, unable to make out the meaning of the strange motto, which appeared to be in Latin; but at last he discovered that the window, which had probably been taken out to be washed, had been put in wrong side out, and that he had consequently read the inscription backward.

The late Judge F—, of Connecticut, was not remarkable for quickness of apprehension. At a certain time, Mr. R. W. Sherman was arguing a case before him, and in the course of his remarks Mr. S. made a point which the judge did not at once see. "Mr. Sherman, I would thank you to state the point so as I can understand you." Bowing politely, Mr. S. replied in his blindest manner, "Your Honor is probably not aware of the task you are imposing upon me."

—A Canadian newspaper contains the following plaintive advertisement:—"Will the gentleman who stole my melons on last Sabbath night be generous enough to return me a few of the seeds, as the melons are a rare variety."

An artist invited a gentleman to criticize a portrait of a Mr. Smith, who was somewhat addicted to drink. Putting his hand towards it, the artist exclaimed, "Don't touch it, it is not dry." "Then" said he, "it cannot be like my friend Smith."

It is midsummer madness to suppose that any genuine transatlantic perfumes are for sale in this country, and moral insanity to purchase the wretched imitations when Phalon's "Night-Blooming Cereus," the rarest scent in Christendom, is sold everywhere, at one dollar per bottle.

We do not allow ourselves to disfavor an article from beyond State, simply because it is from beyond State. But in the case of an article manufactured at home, as for example, the soap of Messrs. Leath & Gore, unequivocally superior to anything brought into the State, we do allow ourselves to discriminate in favor of the home-made manufacture, and advise all our readers to do the same.

Sold in Waterville by J. O. Drummond under the Mail Office.

HOPE.—The Scripture saith, that "Hope is an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast." It is the unfortunate's only comfort in adversity, and the star of promise which urges forward the struggling poor man. What is it that gives contentment to that mother who sees her

A PLATFORM DEFINED.—The Eastport Sentinel tells a good thing of our newly fledged Johnson friend, "Mel" Weston—which is certainly characteristic, if not true. Having been asked his opinion of the platform of the Johnson Convention, he replied that "it was an excellent platform," and that its purport could be sententiously expressed in the sentence, "Polly wants a cracker." —[Bangor Whig.

darling child attacked by the ghost of the deadly croup, or suffering from the effects of a consuming cough or violent cold. What is it that wreathes in smiles the lips of that patient consumptive who, though she knows she cannot live, yet murmurs her silent and thankful prayer for ease and relief. What is it that has become a nation's hope? From North to South, from East to West, comes but one joyful response—Give us Cough Balsam.

We unhesitatingly recommend the J. Monroe Taylor Gold Medal Soap to all our readers, as being the best soap in the market, and with one trial, we doubt not it will ever after be the only Soap for the kitchen. Its superior qualities for making clothes look so white and clean, will always commend it so strongly, that it will be the fixed Soap for family use. One trial is all that is necessary to convince the most skeptical.

Jefferson Davis, in reply to some friends who, offered to appeal to the President for his release, thanked them for their kind intentions, but informed them that their efforts would be futile; that his counsel had made a like effort, but had failed, the President telling him that he must be tried before both a military and civil tribunal.

If you are so far behind the times as not to have used Herick Allen's Gold Medal Salerbrute, put it off no longer, but get immediately, and purchase a paper. Every body who has ever used it, proclaims its good qualities. It takes less in quantity, is a saving in flour and shortening, and will make weak stomachs strong. Do not fail to try it. Most of the Grocers and many of the Druggists sell it. Depot 112 Liberty Street, New York.

LAWYER JONES AND JUDY BLAKE.

A young lawyer of much eminence, Stephen Jones he bore the name, Loved and beloved he was by all, Fast aspiring to fame.

He fell in love with Judy Blake, Among the girls 'twas whispered round That Stephen was doomed, for why, A greater coquette ne'er walked the ground.

In eighteen hundred sixty-three, They pronounced him man and wife, Expecting that in coming years, To lead a happy life.

But love, you know, is fickle stuff, Not always running even, And so it's proved in many a case, And thus it proved with Stephen.

For Stephen loved a social glass, Would get a little mellow; Yet for that the neighbors said He was a clever fellow.

But Judy she thought otherwise, And to lead the wound that smarted, She raised a general noise, And so they two have parted.

But C. H. Redington, you know, Works hard both day and night, To sell molasses for sixty-three, I'll knock him higher in a kite.

And napes and fins and mackerel, Of which are all the go; A little new cider I have on tap; But don't let Josiah know.

Call in, my friends, I'll sell goods cheap, You'll find it no mistake; And I will introduce to you, For the original Judy Blake.

NEW GOODS. JUST ARRIVED.

AT MAXWELL'S.

a superior quality of

LADIES' BOOTS,

and of the latest

NEW YORK STYLE.

Consisting of the following:—

Ladies' Fine Glove Calf Boots, B. 12

" " " " " " " " " " " "

" " " " " " " " " " " "

" " " " " " " " " " " "

" " " " " " " " " " " "

" " " " " " " " " " " "

" " " " " " " " " " " "

" " " " " " " " " " " "

" " " " " " " " " " " "

" " " " " " " " " " " "

" " " " " " " " " " " "

" " " " " " " " " " " "

" " " " " " " " " " " "

" " " " " " " " " " " "

" " " " " " " " " " " "

" " " " " " " " " " " "

" " " " " " " " " " " "

" " " " " " " " " " " "

" " " " " " " " " " " "

" " " " " " " " " " " "

" " " " " " " " " " " "

" " " " " " " " " " " "

" " " " " " " " " " " "

" " " " " " " " " " " "

