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Maxham & Wing

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THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES.

He who reads the ancient fable,
Marvelling at the plot,
Sees in it no resemblance
To life's common lot,
Reads in an unknown language,
Comprehending not.

Over every human being
Hangs a sword in air,
From mysterious heights suspended
By a single hair;
Watched, or feared, or disregarded,
Hangs it ever there.

Like the Damocleian weapon
On the palace wall,
Hangs Fate's falchion, stern and threatening,
Everywhere to fall—
On the lofty, on the lowly,
On the great and small.

On thy head, O child of folly,
With the sword of shame;
On thy heart, unconscious lover,
With the smile of shame;
On thy dreams, ambitious dreamer,
Leaving not a name!

On thy gray hairs, weeping mother,
Ere they bring thy dead;
On thy pale face, girl of passion,
Ere the night hath sped;
On thee, priest before the altar,
Ere the prayer is said!

On thee, maiden, with blue eyes shaded,
Waiting at the gate;
On thee, young man, ripe and earnest,
Come to thy estate;
On thee, weary one, who crieth—
"Why so late—so late!"

Fall it may with swift-winged vengeance,
Bidding evil cease;
Fall it may with wearying anguish,
Ere it bring release;
Fall it may with angel summons,
Like a voice of peace!

[From Harper's Magazine.]

A MAY-BASKET.

[CONCLUDED.]

It flashed upon him in a very odd manner, and at a very odd time and place—for it was at the Mayos. He had dropped in to lunch—as, somehow, he had lately got out of the habit of doing—and Miss Julia was pouring tea for him, and chatting away in her brightest manner, and full of cordial inquiries of where Mr. Ridley had been all this while; and Dick, that splendid fellow, was in his best and most brilliant vein, sending forth from behind that great moustache startling suggestion and witty sallies—when a small face-like of Dick, a younger member of the family, whom everybody supposed was abed by this hour, came bursting into the room, as boys of twelve are apt to do, and insisted upon a private conversation with his elder brother. Whereupon Dick, after listening to a whispered word or two, rose with a good-natured laugh and went out with him. He was gone but a few moments—about long enough for Julia to remark, in her slightly annoyed tone, that "Dick always spoiled Harry," and for Mrs. Mayo to offer a little mild defense; and then the door opened, and he appeared again with the good-natured laugh yet lingering on his lips.

"Dick, you spoil Harry indulging him in plunging into a room, pell-mell, like that!" said Julia, reprovingly.

"Do I? Well, never mind now," Dick answered, with that careless air of indifference which was more trying to Julia than his roughness. "Never mind that now; but look here! Isn't this pretty well, Ridley, for a twelve-year old?" and he held out, between his thumb and finger, a little fluttering object which to Ridley was an utter mystery.

"What is it?" he asked.

"What is it? Why, man, have you entirely forgotten the time when you were a youngster? What is it?"

"It is a May-basket, Mr. Ridley, don't you see?" and Julia leaned forward as she spoke, and transferred it from Dick's thumb and finger to the shining silver door-knob. And then she said, laughing: "Not so exclusively a juvenile matter either, as Dick would have you suppose, Mr. Ridley—Julia had taken a little state upon herself of late, and dropped the title of 'cousin' for last May-day this was left at my door, filled with the loveliest flowers." And Julia lifted up from a little burlt table the quaintest conceit of a basket—a costly trifle of frosted silver and mother-of-pearl.

"And last May day I hung a May basket at somebody's door, and much good came of it," confessed Dick, suddenly, in that reckless, jocular way of his. And at once Tom Ridley felt that he meant, and knew the 'door' had been Anna Dearing's; but while a thought of kindly sympathy went through his mind for this good fellow, another, and far more absorbing and exciting thought, was flashing through his mind. This was his "way"—the way that he had been looking for all these weeks. For what could be a prettier stratagem than this; to leave at Anna Dearing's door some charming little toy of a May-basket, like the one he had just seen, of silver and mother-of-pearl? And what if beneath the burden of flowers there should lie another offering? It was what many a friend might do—certainly the simplest thing in the world—a festival gift or remembrance, no more; and she could scarcely reject that. Thinking thus, he scarcely heard Dick tell his story of Master Harry's little pink and white token, which that young gentleman had adorned him to ornament with certain arabesques and other dainty picturing, in which Dick's hand was known to excel. No, Tom Ridley scarcely heard this, nor Julia's half gay and half-veiled badinage upon his abstraction. And when very shortly he rose to go, he did not see that Dick's clear, keen eyes were upon him with a thoughtful observation. Nor, perhaps, if he had seen it would he have cared, nor even have minded much, perhaps, if he had known Dick's shrewd guess at a partial truth; for it can be denied that Dick Mayo had by those shrewd instincts of his come at this partial truth in his observation—that he had said to himself, "Ridley has taken a hint from this May-basket talk; he's certainly going to follow my last year's example. I wonder—I wonder if it can be Anna Dearing!"

But little as Tom Ridley would have minded this knowledge on the part of such a manly fellow as Dick Mayo, he did not even suspect or think of its possibility, because his mind was utterly absorbed in what he was to do.

"How stupid and disagreeable Tom Ridley has become!" Julia exclaimed, in a huff, as the door closed upon him. "He was really quite a charming person when he first came home!"

"Ridley's something better than charming," her brother answered, thoughtfully. "And then, in a more mischievous tone: 'And staying away from here certainly doesn't make him stupid, though it may be disagreeable!'"

"I saw him walking the other day with Anna Dearing; perhaps he goes there," said Mrs. Mayo, innocently.

"Perhaps he does—perhaps he does," Dick uttered slowly, and there came into his eyes that keen, clear look again—a look of conviction touched with a mortal sadness. But Julia's face was dark and haughty, and there was a sneer upon her lip which was not pleasant to see. And while she idled away that balmy April afternoon, and speculated and pondered with angry disdain upon the conquest she thought she had missed, Anna Dearing, little

VOL. XX.

WATERVILLE, MAINE. . . . FRIDAY, OCT. 12, 1866.

NO. 15.

Waterville Mail.

thinking that she could be an object of envy or disdain; was hard at work over her daily tasks. And those daily tasks were no light matter.—There were several pages of copying to do—she would have been glad if there had been more in their present need—a few finishing strokes to put to some little sketches in oil—small undertakings, yet full of great importance to her—and then a long walk, which might or might not prove successful in the end. This was enough to fill one afternoon—to fill it with anxious thought, too, and weary, weary care! And when night came she was very tired and very sore at heart, for success had failed her again, as it does seem to fail again and again, at the darkest points of life sometimes. So she put the pretty unsold pictures aside, and tried to keep her courage up by saying to herself that she should certainly have better luck next time; but this was sooty comfort, and did not help her much! It was the last day of the month—the last of April—a soft and summerish night; so soft that she had sat down by the open window as she came in, to cool the fever of her weary brain.

"What were they to do?" she wondered, vaguely, as she sat there. In a few weeks they would be homeless—or, at least, with only such a chance home as her slender earnings could give. Alas, it was very bitter! And as this bitterness surged through her mind, the balmy breeze blew in with an almost forgotten scent of arbutus—that special flower of May. And looking out she saw a little group of boys and girls returning from the woods, with hands and arms full of this blossomy treasure. Waiting in to her, too, came their blithe, eager voices, talking gayly of their spoils and merry plans of pleasure. To a less noble person than Anna Dearing this happiness, in which she had no share—and which, indeed, offered contrast to her own sad lot—might have brought added bitterness. But, instead, it was as if the soft spring-time wind had come to her with some tender whisper of comfort. "I know what I will do," she said, gently, to herself. "I will go away somewhere into the country. Mother will like it better than any place here now. And there I will work as I can. I can certainly find something to do." And this thought went with her to her couch that night, and followed her in her dreams, and altogether made her more tranquil than she had been for days before. Throwing up her window the next morning, there beneath she saw in the early sunshine another youthful party wending their way toward the country. And there across the street—it was a quiet, old-fashioned street—a little flock had just hung one of those parti-colored paper baskets, and were now scampering off—after a prodigious pull at the bell—for safe but not unseen hiding. It was like a picture torn out of her own child's-book of life and held up before her. "And it wasn't so very long ago that I enjoyed all this just as they do!" she said, softly, to herself, with a breath of color blown into her cheeks and a faraway look in her eyes. And it was at this moment that somebody gave a prodigious pull at her bell, which startled her not a little, and put to flight her pleasant memories.

"It's the man I spoke to yesterday about taking those things to the auction room, I suppose," she explained to her mother as she went down. But she was mistaken. It was not the man to whom she had spoken yesterday; it was an express courier with a package for her—a box marked definitely with her name and residence, so there could be no mistake. Who could be sending her a box? And she stood studying the handwriting of the direction, as people will a letter sometimes. And then she bethought herself and opened it, when in a breath the mystery was clear. Violets, and arbutus, and every wild or garden scent that ever grew, wafted up to her their heavenly odors. Somebody had sent her a May-basket! She lifted it out. The prettiest May-basket she had ever seen, looking as though it had been woven by fairy fingers, and filled by fairy hands. Could it be that the M'Leans had returned, for who else would remember her like this? And last year they had sent her just such choice dainties. It must be the M'Leans. They had come back sooner than they had intended, and this was the token of their presence. For a moment all disappointment, care and anxiety were banished in the pleasure of being thus remembered.

"See, mother!" she said, brightly, as Mrs. Dearing entered the room. And Mrs. Dearing looked and admired and confirmed the opinion of her daughter: "Of course it was the M'Leans."

"And then it was that Anna prepared to remove the flowery treasures from their delicate receptacle."

"The sender never meant they should remain here; that is certain, mother, for see how frail this work is, and how white!—like those little East Indian baskets of ivory Aunt Ellen used to talk about." She took the flowers out, one by one, and laid them in a glass dish filled with water. One by one, and there, at last, she comes to a white inclosure lying seal upward.

"Ah, mother! here at the bottom is a note; that is so like Mrs. M'Lean. Now we shall know the whole story."

Mrs. Dearing was busy over her coffee-making, and waiting to hear the contents of the note.

"Well, what is it, Anna? why don't you read it?"

"There is nothing to read, mother; look here!"

There was a change in Anna's voice, a hushed tone as it were, and in her face a pale wonder which instantly arrested her mother's attention.

"Anna, you frighten me, what is it?"

"And then Anna Dearing came round to her mother's side, and showed her the contents of that white inclosure. It was no note, no written word from Mrs. M'Lean, but a roll of bank bills that met her astonished gaze. She took it from her daughter's hands and counted it over mechanically. Then she looked up with a new light in her eyes.

"Anna, it is enough to pay off the mortgage. Mr. M'Lean was your father's oldest friend.—We can surely accept this from him."

"And only think, mother, but last night I was fancying that we hadn't a friend in the world." They looked up at each other a moment, and then neither could see for tears. It was a blessed relief, and not for one instant did they question its source. Full of delicate reserve and tact themselves, they thought they understood the whole matter. They thought it was very plain that this "old friend," ascertaining their strait on his arrival, had at once acted upon it in this manner without heralding his own presence in any way. He was always a little eccentric, always disposed to do things quietly and differently from others. So they would bide his time, and wait his pleasure to thank him. In the mean time no hearts could be more thankful than theirs. And in the mean time down the lakes of Lucerne Mr. M'Lean and his party were sailing, with no thought of them, and no knowledge of their strait.

It was well they did not know this at the time—that they fully believed in the agency of "this old friend;" for thus unquestioning, they made use of the help that was sent them, and the little home was saved. A poor little home enough, scarcely worth the amount of mortgage, perhaps, but it was their own.

Of course the time must come, sooner or later, when the truth would be discovered to them—when they would know that, on that lovely day of May, the friends they had supposed so near were still on a foreign shore, with no knowledge of their strait, and perhaps with little thought of them. Sooner or later this time must come. And it did come very suddenly and curiously, as such things almost always will. The money, as I have said, had been made use of in a happy, unquestioning spirit, with the supposition that it came from her father's oldest friend; and then they waited for further sign of this friend. Day after day, week after week went by, without bringing it. It looked for sign, until at last both Mrs. Dearing and Anna felt a vague uneasiness in the midst of their surprise. It was so odd of the M'Leans. And out of this surprise Anna spoke one evening to Tom Ridley, who, after a brief absence from the city, had resumed his old habit of dropping in upon them. It was a perfectly commonplace inquiry, and conveyed no particular meaning to him. Had he seen anything of the M'Leans since their return, for he believed he was a particular friend of theirs?

"The M'Leans! when did they return?" You certainly must be misinformed, Miss Dearing, for I had a letter not long since from them, dated at Lucerne; and they could not be here unless they started at once, which, however, I am sure they did not do, for Mr. M'Lean makes mention, now I think of it, that they were going on to Rome for a week or so, and then would return to Lucerne for the summer."

"When was your letter dated?" Pardon me, but I have special reasons for asking," she inquired quickly. Entirely unsuspecting of her reason, he hunted, first in one pocket, then another, and finally handed her the letter open at the page of dating. It was the first of May. For a moment she was silent through intense astonishment. Then in a bewildered tone she murmured, as if to herself, "The first of May. I can not understand it."

Still unsuspecting, he said, "What is it you cannot understand, Miss Dearing? Perhaps I can help you."

"No, it isn't likely, thank you," she replied, recovering herself in a measure. "If they were in Lucerne the first of May, they could have known nothing—I beg your pardon, they interrupted, confusedly; "but something came to me on that day which I was sure could only come from the M'Leans."

As she finished speaking she looked up into his face. So utterly taken by surprise was he that a fiery flash sprang to his very brow, and his eyes fell beneath hers. In an instant she saw it all—the long desire to serve her, the May-day artifice, and the little absence from town till the matter was tidied over. Startled, bewildered, and excited, she rose up from her chair, hesitated a moment, and then sitting down again, bent her head into her hands and burst into a passion of tears.

"Anna, Miss Dearing, forgive me! I know I have deceived you—have been intrusive, presumptuous perhaps; but how else could I serve you?—how could I? And here all his long reserve was borne away upon a more resistless tide. He did not stop now to consider success or failure. His mind was clear only upon one point—to open his whole heart to her, and let her judge him as friend or lover. His words were not many, but they were very eloquent. Listening to them, Anna Dearing could not fail to appreciate that he meant what he said, and that he was capable of serving her as he averred, either as friend or lover. No woman, after such hearing, could refuse such friendship as this, but how would it be with the other? How would it be?

She lifted her head as he ceased speaking and looked up into his face. His heart thrilled as he met that glance, for there was something in her eyes he had never seen there before.

"Forgive you," she said, in a low, intense voice—"I have nothing to forgive. I have only to acknowledge the most generous and delicate friendship."

He rose from his seat now and came round to where she was sitting. "And is there nothing else," he asked—"nothing else than friendship?"

Again she lifted her eyes, and again for one moment he caught that glance. Soft, tender, and impassioned it shone through her tears.—And suddenly he knew that, though she had given no sign before, she had loved him all the while!

It was one of those "Faust nights," and a great crowd was assembled, waiting for the curtain to rise, while the orchestra's flute, violin, bassoon, were making that dulcet music to which hundreds of little hands and feet always keep time. So Julia Mayo's slender fingers went beating out the measure half unconsciously, as her eyes ranged the house. At her elbow was that young dandy—Arkwright; the handsomest man of his day. And leaning out upon the cushioned bar her brother Dick hummed the orchestral changes.

Altogether Julia was pleasantly situated, and enjoying herself according to her wont when suddenly something jarred the music all out of tune for her. This something was—"Look there, Miss Julia. There's Ridley—Tom Ridley and his fiancée, and Mrs. Dearing. Julia

Mayo was never in love with Tom Ridley.—This handsome fellow at her elbow was much better suited to her. Why, then, should that cloud pass over her face, and the music be out of tune for her? Ah, why? Can any body answer? Can any body tell why ambition rules half the world, and conquest seems better than constancy sometimes?

And can anybody tell why Miss Julia, in a moment more, smoothed out that ruffled brow and turned with that radiant air to her brother, saying: "Oh, Dick, Mr. Arkwright says that Mr. Ridley is engaged to your old favorite, Anna Dearing. Isn't it nice?"

Dick Mayo gave a great start. Then he answered, grimly:

"Nice? Well, I shouldn't have thought of it in that light."

Arkwright did not understand this, and he leaned forward, asking: "Why, Mayo, don't you like Ridley? Don't you think him worthy of Miss Dearing?"

Dick Mayo lifted those deep-set, searching eyes of his to the questioner. "Think him worthy? I think Miss Dearing worthy of the first gentleman in the land. And I think Mr. Ridley worthy of Miss Dearing!"

Arkwright looked a little astonished, and Dick settled himself in his seat again; and sent those brave, kind eyes across the house in a glance of greeting. And as Anna Dearing and her lover met that glance—that cordial smile just touched with melancholy, they said to each other, as if with one mind: "He is a grand fellow." And that was all they ever said. But Tom Ridley, sitting there, thought again of those words: "If Shakespeare loved me, and I did not love him, how could I marry him?"

HOW AND WHAT TO READ.—In an age of many books there is danger of reading for mere amusement, with little profit. Great readers are not always intelligent or wise, and the cautions of Sir William Hamilton are worthy to be diligently heeded:

Read much, but not many works. For what purpose, with what intent do we read? We read not for the sake of reading, but we read to the end that we may think. Reading is valuable only as it may supply the materials which the mind itself elaborates. As it is not the largest quantity of any kind of food taken into the stomachs that conduces to health, but such a quantity of such a kind as can be digested; so it is not the greatest complement of any kind of information that improves the mind, but such a quantity of such a kind as determines the intellect to the most vigorous energy.

The only profitable kind of reading is that in which we are compelled to think, and think intensely; whereas, that reading which serves only to dissipate and divert our thoughts, is either positively hurtful, or useful only as an occasional relaxation from severe exertion.—But the amount of vigorous thinking is usually in the inverse ratio of multilateral reading. Multilateral reading is agreeable, but, as a habit, it is, in its way, as destructive to the mental as dram-drinking is to the bodily health.

"Our age," says Herber, "is the reading age; and he adds, 'it would have been better, in my opinion, for the world and for science, if, instead of the multitude of books which now overlay us, we possessed but a few works, good and sterling, and which, as few, would be therefore more diligently and profoundly studied.'"

ECONOMY IN FRANCE.—Americans have not the first notions of economy. They make money with little trouble, and spend it without counting. Not how they shall make money, but how they shall contrive to live on what they have, is the question with Europeans; how, by hook and by crook they shall make the ends of the year meet. They have no false shame about exhibiting all these books and crooks. If one takes a house, all of his acquaintances ask how much he paid it, how much income he has, how much it cost him for dress, food, and all the various necessities of life; and then they calculate to see if he can save anything. An American feels insulted by one such question.

We happened to make the acquaintance of a cook who was seeking a situation, and asked her in what kind of a family she wished to live. Oh, she lived always in *belles maisons*, rich families where they had a great dinner every day; and having lived long enough in the land of politeness to have learned to ask questions, we demanded what she called *la belle maison* and a grand dinner. "Oh, it is a *bonne maison*, where they have five different dishes for dinner. Very rich families do not have more. These consist of a soup, a roast or equivalent, a side or made dish, one vegetable and salad. In addition, there is light cake or pastry for dessert, cheese and black coffee, that is, strong coffee, without milk." We were much gratified to learn these details, as now we know what distinguishes a rich family.

We know families in American cities who do not think it possible to have a good dinner for less than two dollars each person; but we know families in Paris who keep two or three carriages, two coachmen, two valets, two cooks and three chambermaids, who allow only sixty cents each person her day for food, and live very well. The chief cook is told how much he may spend for the table, and no professed cook takes a place where he can't make a good profit with the sum allowed him. There are thousands of families in Paris who live on salaries, of four, six and eight hundred a year, who never spend more than ten dollars a month on the table. This will seem incredible, but we have lived in such families and shared these meals, which were sufficient and good. Not a single item is provided until the cost has been counted. But the most important article with English and Americans is never reckoned by the French people. This is time. They turn and putter all day in a half bushel, while an American would prefer some hard labor that would yield him more money, and save him the necessity of such economy.—*Paris Cor. Chicago Rep.*

TRIAL AND FRIENDSHIP.—Herrick Allen's Gold Medal Saleratus has had a trial among three million families, and is pronounced the best Saleratus in the known world. Its use always brings a smile to the household; it keeps them in health; it helps make the weak strong, and saves hundreds from that dreadful disease, dyspepsia. As you value health, use it. Most of the Grocers sell it. Depot 112 Liberty Street, New York.

HON. CHARLES SUMNER'S ADDRESS at Music Hall, which every citizen ought to read, concludes thus:—

In this cause I cannot be frightened by words. There is a cry against "centralization," "consolidation," "imperialism," all of which are bad enough when dedicated to any purpose of tyranny. As the House of Representatives is renewed every two years, it is inconceivable to suppose that such a body, fresh from the people and about to return to the people, can become a tyranny, especially when it seeks safeguards for Human Rights. A government, inspired by Liberty, is as wide apart from tyranny as Heaven from Hell. There can be no danger in Liberty assured by central authority; nor can there be any danger in any powers to uphold Liberty. Such a centralization, such a consolidation,—aye, Sir, such an imperialism would be to the whole country a well-spring of security, prosperity and renown. To find danger in it is to find danger in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution itself, which speak with central power; it is to find danger in those central laws which govern the moral and material world, binding men together in society and keeping the planets wheeling in their spheres.

Often during the war the cause of our country seemed to appear in three different forms, each essential in itself and yet together constituting one unit. It was like the shamrock, or white clover, with its triple leaf, originally used to illustrate the Trinity. It was Three in One. These three different forms were first, the national forces; secondly, the national finances; and thirdly, the ideas which entered into the controversy. The national forces and the finances have prevailed. The ideas are still in question, and even now you debate with regard to the rights of citizenship. Nobody doubts that the army and navy fall plainly within the jurisdiction of the National Government, and that the finances fall plainly within the jurisdiction of the National Government; but the rights of citizenship are as thoroughly national as the army and navy or the finances. Obviously, you cannot without peril cease to regulate the army and navy; nor without peril cease to regulate the finances; but there is equal peril in abandoning the rights of citizens, who, wherever they may be, or in whatever State, are entitled to protection from the Nation,—the very least as feeling her care and the greatest as not exempted from her power. An American citizen in a foreign land enjoys the protecting hand of the National Government. He should not enjoy that protecting hand less at home than abroad.

OUR PRESENT DUTY.

Fellow-citizens,—As I am about to close, allow me to gather the whole case into a brief compass. The President, wielding the *One Man Power*, has assumed a prerogative over Congress utterly unjustifiable, and has undertaken to dictate a fatal "policy" of reconstruction, which gives away to rebels, puts off the blessed day of security and reconciliation, and leaves the best interests of the Republic to jeopardy. Treacherous to party—treacherous to the great cause—and treacherous to himself, he has set up his individual will against the people of the United States in Congress assembled. Forgetful of truth and decency, he has assailed members as "assassins," and has pronounced Congress itself as "a revolutionary body, called or assuming to be Congress," and "hanging on the verge of government;" as if this most enlightened and patriotic Congress did not contain the embodied will of the American people. To you, each and all, I appeal to arrest this madness. Your votes will be the first step. The President must be taught that usurpation and apostasy cannot prevail. He who promised to be Moses, and has become Pharaoh, must be overthrown, and the Egyptians that follow him must share the same fate, so that it shall be said now as of oldtime, "And the Lord overthrew the Egyptian in the midst of the sea."

SECRET SOCIETIES OF REBELS.—A despatch from New Orleans says some important disclosures will soon be officially made in reference to secret rebel societies throughout the entire South. These organizations are said to have branch circles in New York city and the West, principally composed of men who served in the rebel army, and all of whom are armed with improved weapons, ready at a moment's notice to renew the struggle for their lost cause. The same despatch says that Gen. Sheridan is concentrating troops in New Orleans for important purposes, which will soon be made apparent.

Among the anecdotes of the poet Percival in Mr. Ward's new biography is one of the effect that when Dr. Percival occupied rooms in the State hospital at New Haven, "a showy gentleman with some extra airs," who was showing a pair of ladies the sights, called on the janitor and asked to be shown the way to the distinguished man's apartments. The janitor pointed out the way, and watched the encounter. Percival answered the stranger's knock, and opening the door, beheld the gentleman with a lady on each arm. "I am extremely happy and rejoiced," said the intruder pompously, "that I have the honor of addressing the poet Percival!" "Boo!" responded the doctor, instantly shutting the door and bolting it. The visitor did not tell the story, but the janitor did.

THE CASE BRIEFLY STATED.—Harper's Weekly states the position of the two parties very clearly and briefly:

"The Democratic party holds that, having laid down their arms, the States lately in rebellion are exactly where they were before. The consequences of such a doctrine are plain. It assumes that a combination of States may attempt to destroy the Union by war, and that the people of the loyal States who defeat the conspiracy in the field can rightfully take no further step whatever to secure the victory they have won. The Union party claims that loyal citizens, after so long and vital a war, have exactly the same right to secure their victory that they have to win it, and consequently, that when the attempt of a combination of States to wrest themselves from the authority of the Union fails, none of those States can resume their full functions in the Union except upon such conditions as a truly sagacious policy shall determine."

THE GRASSHOPPERS IN KANSAS.—On Monday last, Sept. 10, we were astonished by a sight that exceeds anything that we have ever seen before. We have read accounts concerning such things, but words fail to convey anything like a good description. At about 10 o'clock in the morning we heard a buzzing noise, like bees swarming, and then some one said, "come and see the grasshoppers," and on looking upwards towards the sun, the air seemed full, thick as snowflakes, coming from the southwest and travelling northeast. In a very short time every green leaf was loaded with the insects, and, walk where you would, you were surrounded by clouds of them. They commenced immediately on the corn fields, stripping the stalks of the leaves, eating down into the leaves, completely devouring cabbages, turnips, &c., and as our people were many of them engaged in sowing fall wheat, the grasshopper eat the seed as fast as it fell to the ground, and those pieces that had been planted long enough to have made its appearance above the ground were a favorite article of diet, and two or three hours were sufficient time for it to be eaten. Not even fruit escaped their ravages. Many have been compelled to gather their peaches before ripe, as the grasshoppers in one night will ruin the crop, eating a peach completely to the stone.—[Burlington (Kan.) Correspondence of the Lawrence Journal.]

Mr. John Forsyth, the editor of the Mobile Register, is writing letters to his paper from New York, detailing his interviews with Mayor Hoffman and other Johnson leaders, and giving as follows his theory of the coming attempt at a *coup d'etat*,—for which, it will be noticed, he makes the mistake of not considering democratic gains necessary:—

"But the final struggle in the great national contest will be at Washington in the organization of the next Congress. If the conservatives hold their own, the South will be 'counted in the organization, and the two will constitute a quorum. Washington will be the battle-ground—whether a bloody one or not, will depend on the fighting temper of the radicals. The true union men do not regard the present rump as a Congress of the United States in the meaning of the Constitution, and their purpose is to organize a Congress of the Constitution. If the struggle resolves itself into an issue of force, the war of revolution started at the centre will widen its circle, and soon set the whole North in a blaze."

WHAT IS PROGRESSIVE AGRICULTURE? The New York Observer answers this question in few words but very comprehensively as follows:

Under its influence spring up tasteful and convenient dwellings, adorned with shrubs and flowers, and beautiful within with the smiles of happy wives, tidily children in the lap of thoughtful age—broad hearts and acts, as well as words of welcome. Progressive agriculture builds barns and puts gutters on them, builds stables for cattle and raises roots to feed them. It grafts wild apple trees by the meadow with pippins or greenings—it sets out new orchards and takes care of the old ones. It drains low lands, cuts down bushes, buys a mower, horse tools and wagons, keeps good fences and practices soiling. It makes hens lay, chickens live, and prevents swine from rooting up meadows. Progressive agriculture keeps on hand plenty of dry fuel and brings in the oven wood for the women. It plows deeply, sows plentifully, harrows evenly and prays for the blessing of heaven.

The biography of the poet Percival contains an anecdote of his meeting with the novelist James. Mr. James had all the airs of a man of society; and Percival was specially shrinking and modest in the presence of a stranger, making his worst impression at first. The parties were introduced, and an attempt was made at conversation, but they did not get on at all. Percival showed a decided repugnance. Mr. James a genteel contempt. Soon entering the cars, they took different seats, and Mr. James said, "My friend, who is that Mr. Percival?" It was replied that he was a distinguished poet, when Mr. James said, "A little cracked, isn't he?" The gentleman with him met Percival a few days after, who inquired, "Who is that Mr. James?" "G. P. R. James, the novelist," was the reply. Said Percival, "A little drunk, wasn't he?"

A Scotch minister in a strange parish wishing to know what the people thought of his preaching, questioned the beadle. "What do they say of Mr.—?" (his predecessor).—"Oh," said the beadle, "they say he's no sound." Minister: "What do they say of the new minister?" (himself.) Beadle: "Oh they say he's no sound!" The conversation went no further.

An excellent turn was made at a dinner-table by Judge Hoar, of Massachusetts, to good to lost. A gentleman remarked that—, who used to be given to sharp practice, was getting more circumspect.—"Yes," replied Hoar, "he has renounced the superlative of life—he began by seeking to get on, then he sought to get honor, and now he is trying to get honest."

A good thing. A loving heart, a pleasant countenance, a pleasant word, and a few bars of J. Monroe Taylor Gold Medal Soap, are commodities which a man should never fail to take home with him. The four together will season his food, keep his clothes clean, soften his pillow, and give him many pleasant thoughts, besides, having his good wife and children say of him, that he has done his part in making a happy household, all by patrolling the Gold Medal Soap.

The London Times says it is not to be dissembled that the Empire founded by Napoleon III, has withered away without so much as taking root in the soil.

Some specimens of red sandstone were recently broken open in a lead mine at Memphis, Tennessee, and one was found to contain a petrified human hand, in a perfect state of preservation. In other cases parts of animals were found, and one black snake some five feet long, was found, of the consistency and weight of the stone.

Mr. Seward has experienced a relapse, having resumed his official duties before he has entirely recovered from his illness. The Assistant Secretary, Mr. F. W. Seward, has been appointed Secretary of State until his father can again enter upon the duties of the office.

Hoop skirts, like gun barrels, are not dangerous unless they have something in them; but when the former are charged, powdered, wadded, and water-filled-capped, they should be handled with the greatest caution. In many instances it is dangerous to look at them.

Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, in a speech at Philadelphia on Wednesday, said, "We honor labor because labor is the base of our system of government. We honor the man that shovels the dirt, but despise the man that eats it."

