




11-2-1866

The Waterville Mail (Vol. 20, No. 18): November 2, 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. 18): November 2, 1866" (1866). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 166.
https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville_mail/166

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.

MY BABE AND I.

We sit on the nursery carpet,
My babe and I,
And top-shop and gingerbread market
Our wants supply;
O the houses that fall in the making!
O the treasures that dottle in breaking!
Kings may envy the fettle we're partaking,
My babe and I.

We're out in the soft May weather,
My babe and I,
We roll on the sward together,
When none are by;
Let no fashionist peep—it would fright him;
No philosopher—how we should spite him!
But an artist—oh, sure we'd delight him,
My babe and I.

We're down in the buttercup meadows,
My babe and I—
By the brook where the sycamore shadows
Fall tremulously;
We fear the young May-birds' twittering;
To find if a "fairy" lives under—
Looking up at each other in wonder,
My babe and I.

We're up at day's earliest glinting,
My babe and I,
To watch the first hyacinth tinting
The orient sky;
And when the young eve-star comes peeping;
To see why the roses are weeping,
Soft watch at the window we're keeping,
My babe and I.

We nestle both heads on one pillow,
My babe and I,
And a launch on the Lethian billow
In union try;
But ever sweet slumber is nearest,
To the eyes that are blinest and clearest;
Ah! we know which to angels is dearest,
My babe and I.

We may talk in the future with sorrow,
My babe and I;
Yes! I'll ever say to-morrow
I shall pity our sky;
The wing that the tempest has driven,
Sorely whistled and thrust to heaven;
We will trust till the covert be given,
My babe and I.

While thus life's blessings we cherish,
My babe and I,
One hope that can fail not or perish
Is fixed on our high;
When ended life's strife and endeavor,
We will rest where no evil can sever,
In the arms of the Father forever,
My babe and I.

THE SPINNING WHEEL.

There stands, or rather stood, for the Giant Improvement may, for ought I know, have run a double railway over the spot, or excavated a canal; or divided the beautiful farm into town lots; but there did stand at the date of my story, in the loveliest of New England valleys, a large, old-fashioned, rumbling, nutty-winged house, which every attempt to modernize would have rendered less picturesque. One high-peaked, gable end fronted the road, and on each side of a latticed porch over the door, a hardy vine had clambered upward, clinging by its root-like fibres, until the whole grey and weather-beaten front was covered by a drapery of the richest green. Here and there the luxuriant screen was parted away from the small, narrow windows, which peeped out like bright eyes from among clustering pearls. At the other end of the house, a venerable willow of immense size, spread its branches protectively abroad, while the summer wind muffled sweet music through its waving top. Everything around bespoke comfort of the most substantial kind, but had the proprietor yielded to the superior taste of his wife and eldest daughter, the shady old homestead that had sheltered its four generations, would soon have been improved, as far as possible, into a mere Chinese pagoda. But considering all improvement as innovation, and acquiescing moreover by a sincere veneration for the home of his fathers, Mr. Mason stoutly resisted the entreaties of Miss Malvina that the vines might be torn from the old wall, whose imperfections they had so long and lovingly concealed, and a coat of white paint substituted; or that an unsightly wing might be pulled down, or the shrubbery cut away, and rows of poplars planted to form an avenue, and afford a prospect; or even that the garden beds might be changed from the triangles, quadrangles, and all sorts of angles, which they exhibited, to the more ornamental figures of a plan she had drawn.

But it is time the reader was more particularly introduced to the family inhabiting the mansion we have described, which consisted of Mr. Mason, his wife, his aged mother, a stately relic of the olden time, and two daughters.—On the eldest of these, Mrs. Mason, who had just been reading "The Children of the Abbey," bestowed the twice romantic name of Malvina Euphrasia; while Mr. Mason claimed the paternal privilege of naming the youngest Charity. Mr. Mason himself was a fine specimen of a New England farmer, some years ago. His father, a sharer in the revolution, had well nigh impoverished himself by his devotion to the cause of liberty, and at his death left his son little more than the house, in which he was born, and a few acres adjoining; but during his lifetime, he had endowed him with that which no vicissitudes could take from him, a treasure of greater value than houses or lands—a contented disposition, sound and correct principles, and frugal, industrious habits; by the exercise of which he had added field to field—built barns and filled them, and secured to his family every comfort of life. At middle age he found himself the independent owner of a large and valuable farm, on which it was no longer necessary for him to labor. As is not unusual in these latter days, there was a division in the family of Mr. Mason; for while he strove to perpetuate the good old primitive habits of his ancestors, his wife, whose only dowry when he married her was a pretty face and abundance of pride, contended that her daughters ought to be exempt from all labor, go to a fashionable, that is, expensive boarding school, and dress as well as other young ladies in the institution; in no other way she declared, could they ever become fitted for society. By dint of perseverance, she carried her point, so far as to obtain her husband's consent that Malvina should receive what her mother called the "advantages of education," while Charity was to remain and attend a really excellent day school in the next village.

With this arrangement Mrs. Mason was fain to comply, for, as she said, it was labor lost, to try to make a lady out of Charity, but in reality she was unwilling to dispense with the active, efficient aid rendered by her youngest daughter in all household affairs. The result of these different systems was, that when, after two years, Malvina returned thither over with showy accomplishments, Charity had laid up a treasure of the sterling ore of knowledge.—Malvina, who was her mother's favorite, inherited many of her peculiar traits of character, and had profited so well by her instructions, that she looked upon the necessary avocations of a farm-house with sovereign contempt. To her father's expressed desire that she should assist about the house, she pleaded delicate health, and to establish her plea, never arose until after the family had breakfasted.—But sweet Charity Mason—no wonder that she was the life and soul of the place, as blooming with health, her round face dimpled with smiles and her blue eyes beaming with cheerfulness, she performed not only her own, but her sister's share of the household duties. The earliest carol of the lark was sure to be answered by

VOL. XX.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... FRIDAY, NOV. 2, 1866.

NO. 18.

her blithe voice from the garden, where there was some spray to be tied up, that had broken loose through the night; or from the dairy, where she was superintending the disposal of the brimming pans of milk; or from the orchard where she was gathering the early ripe apples that had fallen, before the pigs and poultry had devoured them; or from some other place where she was making herself useful.—And no wonder that she was the pride and comfort of her father, and the idol of her doting grandmother.

The southern end of the house, containing two rooms, was appropriated to the use of the elder Mrs. Mason, and a more delightful retreat for age, could scarcely be imagined. On each side of a door opening into the garden, were rose bushes, whose branches, weighed down with their fragrant blossoms, met above, while the room was almost darkened by the pink and purple morning glories which the old lady delighted to train across the windows. Within, the exquisite neatness and order were refreshing—indeed, grandmother's room was the favorite resort of the whole family. And ah! how kind—how cheerful—how sunny-tempered; how intelligent and instructive—a companion—how judicious as an adviser—how soothing and affectionate as a friend, was Mrs. Mason; and how lovely is age when free from the querulousness that so often attends it!—There is mingled with the wisdom and experience of years, the cheerfulness of youth.

It was a bright, pleasant afternoon, and the shadows were falling westward, when the sisters found themselves in the only place where they met on common ground. Charity was resting from the labors of a busy day, in a large, old rocking-chair, listening to the monotonous hum of her grandmother's spinning wheel, and Malvina, leaning out of the window, began pulling off the half-closed buds of the morning-glory, and making prisoners of the bees who had lingered too long in their honied cells. "There to, sit Mrs. Mason before the open door, just where the pleasant sounds of the hay-making could reach her ears, now and then stealing a glance at the laborers as they tossed about the new-mown clover, and the distant hills dotted with cattle, turning at the same time by a quick motion of her foot, the small wheel by whose agency was twisted and wound up, the fine continuous thread which her well-skilled fingers drew from the bright, silvery flax on the distaff. At last Malvina said—

"I wonder you do not tire of that eternal spinning, grandmother! I am sure I should fall asleep over it, for the very sound makes me drowsy."

"Any constant employment might produce the same effect," replied Mrs. Mason, smiling. "But perhaps you think it a waste of time?"

"Indeed I do," said the young lady, "and I verily believe I should starve if I had to get my living in that way."

"Don't you know," said Charity, "that father often wishes we were back to the primitive times when women spun and wove the clothing for their families, and made it up besides?"

"It's a very few such garments I would wear," said Malvina, scornfully, let alone making them. And as to being primitive, I don't think we need go far back for that, when I am obliged to make the beds like a chamber-maid and you, who will suffer yourself to be imposed upon, wash, bake, and scrub, till your hands are not fit to be seen."

"Never mind, sister," replied Charity, "I fancy I shall get through the world with these hands," holding up a pair, which, if they were not soft and white as those of her sister, were nevertheless small and well-shaped, with the pink glow on the palms which Mrs. Hale thinks quite requisite to beautiful hands.—quite as well as Grace Doolittle, who wears gloves with sweet skin woven on the inside, to keep them soft. But about the spinning, grandmother—I wish you would teach me to spin; I am sure I would like it."

"But it would in fact be a waste of time for you or any other young woman to sit down to spinning in these days," said Mrs. Mason.

"Tut! tut!" exclaimed Malvina, triumphantly, "I knew grandmother would agree with me in thinking that I have more important things to attend to."

"Certainly we have," said Mrs. Mason, gravely. "You, Malvina, whose delicate health forbids you to inhale the morning air, must lie in bed until the sun has dispelled the noxious vapors; then you have your hair to put in papers, which in the afternoon must be taken out; your numerous dresses must be re-modelled after the latest fashion, and it is highly important to write often to your score of school correspondents. Besides, you must spend several hours every day practising, as you call it, on your piano; of course to you, spinning would be an unpardonable waste of time."

Malvina pouted, and Mrs. Mason continued—

"And if you, Charity, were to devote your time to it, the comfort of the whole family would be diminished without an adequate return."

"But father says men were more prosperous and happy when their wives and daughters manufactured the linen and woolen cloth for their families, and a surplus to dispose of—than they are now."

"That they were equally happy cannot be disputed," said Mrs. Mason. "If they had fewer sources of what is called enjoyment, that is, if they were less refined and intellectual, they had fewer of the artificial wants which are a fruitful source of unhappiness to the present generation. As to wealth, many a man who were nothing but homespun, had a good substantial leather bag well filled with hard dollars, laid by in case of emergency, which cannot be said of thousands who, to judge by their outside show, might be called rich. There was great virtue, too, and often heroic self-denial, practised by those whose industry clothed their families; had they not done so, many would scarcely have been clothed at all, but such sacrifices brought their own reward in a consciousness of duty performed. Where much is given, much will be required; and the females who are reaping the benefits of the wise regulations and wonderful inventions of the last half century, will be highly culpable, if they misimprove the time thus placed at their disposal."

"And then again," said Charity, "father says that girls ought not to be married till they

have made and laid by a large quantity of linen for themselves and household purposes, that they might do very well with one silk dress for winter, and a muslin one for summer, and that they should milk the cows, make butter and cheese—in short do all the work, and save the expense of hired help."

"Your father forgets," replied Mrs. Mason, "in his attachment to old customs, that the occupations which were necessary and laudable fifty years ago, would now be a mere waste of time, and that a young lady of the present day, engaged in spinning or weaving, would be as much out of her proper sphere of action, as a buxom, rough handed farmer's daughter of the olden time, learning painting and embroidery. The truth is, it is the abuse of what is called 'fashionable,' that makes men so bitter against the present state of things, and causes them to revert to the days when they were not teased for money to be spent in frippery, nor their sleep haunted by visions of tradesmen's bills; to pay which, mortgages must be given on their property; for to this very strait have many been reduced, by the extravagance of their families. Your father is a rich man, nor would he like to see you doing any kind of laborious work constantly; it is the principle he contends for, he fears you may be drawn into the vortex of fashionable folly, with others."

"No danger while he holds the purse strings," remarked Malvina, who had listened in silence to the conversation.

"As a proof of what I say," continued Mrs. Mason, "he has sent you, Malvina, to the best school in the country,—suffered you to acquire accomplishments which he no doubt considers useless, and has purchased a piano for your gratification; and now, my dear child, he expects you will not devote all your time to these things, but assist your mother and Charity about the house."

"It is not content for a lady to do housework," said Malvina Euphrasia, affectingly.

"It was not thought ungentle in the time of our own Governor Wolcott," replied her grandmother, "whose amiable and accomplished wife and daughters assisted regularly in the work of the house, and I have seen them wearing fine thread stockings, spun and knit, with their own hands. No one ever disputed their right to the title of ladies, in every sense of the word."

"But about the spinning, grandmother," said Charity, returning once more to the starting point, "why do you sit all day at your wheel, when there is no necessity for it?"

"I am old," replied Mrs. Mason, and can be of little help in any other way. Besides, it calls up pleasant recollections of days long past, and while I sit at my humble employment, I retract again and again the threat of my life, and when I find a rough, uneven spot, I endeavor to remember whether it was caused by my own wilfulness and passion, and if so, try to atone for it by deep and heartfelt penitence, and that I am quietly preparing for the great change that awaits me."

There was a pause, but at length Mrs. Mason continued—

"I cannot have my favorite spinning wheel fall into disgrace because the time is past when it can be profitably employed; it must be honored where it rendered important service to a whole family."

"Oh, pray relate it," cried Charity; and even Malvina seemed disposed to listen.

"I am afraid, Malvina," said Mrs. Mason, "that the tale of a 'Spinning Wheel,' sounds very unpromising, after the high-flown novels you read; but it may do you good, for it will show what patient industry can accomplish for those we love."

It was long ago, that two young girls were walking along the dusty street of a very small village, engaged in earnest conversation. One, whose name was Gemima Eldridge, was short and thick, with plump, red cheeks, and very white teeth, which she was exceedingly fond of displaying; her person was loaded with finery of every kind, put on in defiance of all taste, and total disregard for harmony in colors. The other—Hester Wilson—was tall and slender, with delicate complexion and blue eyes, in whose depths the very spirit of kindness seemed to nestle, while on her expressive features there rested a shade of sadness, as if trouble had already fallen on her young heart. Her dress was plain and simple in the extreme, yet far more becoming in its beautiful neatness, than the gaudy apparel of her companion. "Do you know," said Gemima, "that school begins to-morrow? The new master has come, and father says he is such a nice young man—only a little reserved. I am going, and who knows but I may make a conquest. Are you going?"

"No," replied Hester, "I do not think father can afford to send us all, and the children need more than I do. What nonsense," exclaimed Gemima, tossing her head; "there are a pack of young ones at our house too, but I am not going to give up my privileges to them. I assure you. You had better leave yours at home and go to school with the rest of the girls."

"I cannot leave them all and go myself, for I have no mother, as you have, Gemima, to look after them," returned Hester, sorrowfully. "Well, I would not give it up so; I always tell father until I have my own way, and dare say you could do the same." Hester made no reply, and having arrived at the point where their roads separated, the two girls bade good-night, and each walked quickly homeward, Gemima to assert her determination of going to school, and Hester to prepare the frugal evening meal for her father and his motherless children.

Mr. Wilson sighed as he rounded on his little flock, and felt that many and bitter are the trials of those who, having known prosperity, endure its reverse, and through that ordeal he was now passing. The death of his wife, which followed the birth of little Molly, was the beginning of a series of misfortunes which Providence sends like the rain, on the just as well as the unjust. Loss succeeded loss, until Stephen Wilson was a poor man, with a debt of considerable amount, contracted during the long illness of his wife, which he knew not how to pay. For a long time, after the youngest children had gone to bed, he remained with his arms crossed on the table, and his head resting on them.

"Hester," he said at length, looking up at his daughter, who sat opposite, busily plying her needle, "I have heard all about the school, and that all the girls of your age are going. It grieves me that you cannot go too."

"Do not let that distress you, father," returned Hester, but at the same time she turned away her face to conceal the tears that would start in spite of herself. "You know I went to school a good deal before mother died, and now I must let the rest go."

"I fear they will be disappointed too, for Mr. Johnson must be paid; he has waited already longer than he could expect. There is a way by which you can go, and pay for your own schooling, if you choose, Hester. Mr. Eldridge has raised a quantity of the finest flax, and his wife says, that as Gemima is going to school, she shall be obliged to hire it spun; and if you will spin forty yards of table linen, you may set your own price on the work."

There was a temptation for poor Hester still as she had never met with before. She thought of her ardent desire for learning, and the limited means afforded for its gratification, and then she thought of her young brothers and sisters. Henry, a tall, sickly boy of fourteen, had never been more than a year at school; with a little more learning he might get a situation in a store, for he would never be able to work. Jack, sturdy little fellow of ten, could but just read; and little Molly was still in a—k—r—r. And could she selfishly appropriate the offered opportunity, while they were growing up in ignorance? Oh! who can tell the love of an elder sister for the dear ones bequeathed to her care by a dying mother?

"Father," said Hester, in a steady voice, "I will take the spinning, but the children shall go to school."

When Stephen Wilson rose up and kissed the fair brow of his first-born, ere he blessed her and bade her good night, he felt that one treasure at least was yet spared to him. Lonely, indeed, would have been the home of the bereaved husband, but for the daughter who had grown up in the beauty of early womanhood by its health, whose sunny smiles so often dispelled his gloom when cares pressed heavily on his heart, and whose sweet voice cheered and consoled him.

"Do not let that distress you, father," returned Hester, but at the same time she turned away her face to conceal the tears that would start in spite of herself. "You know I went to school a good deal before mother died, and now I must let the rest go."

"I fear they will be disappointed too, for Mr. Johnson must be paid; he has waited already longer than he could expect. There is a way by which you can go, and pay for your own schooling, if you choose, Hester. Mr. Eldridge has raised a quantity of the finest flax, and his wife says, that as Gemima is going to school, she shall be obliged to hire it spun; and if you will spin forty yards of table linen, you may set your own price on the work."

There was a temptation for poor Hester still as she had never met with before. She thought of her ardent desire for learning, and the limited means afforded for its gratification, and then she thought of her young brothers and sisters. Henry, a tall, sickly boy of fourteen, had never been more than a year at school; with a little more learning he might get a situation in a store, for he would never be able to work. Jack, sturdy little fellow of ten, could but just read; and little Molly was still in a—k—r—r. And could she selfishly appropriate the offered opportunity, while they were growing up in ignorance? Oh! who can tell the love of an elder sister for the dear ones bequeathed to her care by a dying mother?

"Father," said Hester, in a steady voice, "I will take the spinning, but the children shall go to school."

When Stephen Wilson rose up and kissed the fair brow of his first-born, ere he blessed her and bade her good night, he felt that one treasure at least was yet spared to him.

Lonely, indeed, would have been the home of the bereaved husband, but for the daughter who had grown up in the beauty of early womanhood by its health, whose sunny smiles so often dispelled his gloom when cares pressed heavily on his heart, and whose sweet voice cheered and consoled him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS.

"They're going to hang Snap," said Frisk, my lady's Blenheim, as she stood wagging her tail with great animation on the top of the kitchen steps, looking out into the yard.

"Well, who'd have thought it!" said Growler. "But I'm not surprised when I reflect that was what master and the groom were talking about yesterday, no doubt; for they looked at him."

"They're measuring his neck for a rope," said Frisk, scampering off.

"Snap's going to be hanged," said Growler to Tray.

"Indeed! Well, I thought he looked very low spirited all day yesterday. I'm not surprised at all; but are you sure?"

"Oh! I fancy he has the rope round his neck already."

"Only think of snap!" said Tray to Lion, the Newfoundland dog.

"What about him?" said Lion, apparently more inclined to think of something else.

"Going to be hanged, that's all."

"And enough, too," said Lion. "When?"

"Oh, I doubt if he's not hanged already; I fancy the rope was about his neck some time ago."

"Poor fellow! what's it for?"

"I can't exactly tell. The groom's been complaining of him to master, I believe, from what Mr. Growler says."

"I thought he was a great favorite."

"Ah! but we've all seen a great change lately."

"When did you notice it?"

"I don't know that it was spoken of till this morning; but any one might have seen it long ago."

"I never saw it."

At this moment Snap ran into the yard with a new collar on.

"Hey, what's this?" said Lion, as Snap trotted from out to mother to show his finery; while Frisk looked down from the top steps, and whispered rather sheepishly to Growler,

"Who'd have thought they were measuring him for a collar?"—Original Fables.

THE LATEST MUSIC.—An amusing incident took place at a music store the other day, which is worth relating. A fair young woman, who was dressed more like one of our young Mississippi country-lasses than a city belle, entered the store in question, and asked the salesman to show her the latest musical publications.

The young clerk, mistaking her for a "green 'un," handed down for her inspection "Ben Bolt," "Annie Laurie," "The Last Rose of Summer," and "The Old Arm Chair."

"Are these the latest publications you have?" she inquired.

"Yes, madam, these are the latest publications issued," replied the salesman.

"Do you know what I wish you to do with them?" asked the woman.

"Wrap them up for you, madam?" said the clerk.

"No," said she, "I haven't time to take them now."

"I will do what you wish with them, madam," said the young man politely.

"Well, then," she responded, "you may place this 'Old Arm Chair' aside, seat 'Annie Laurie' on it, give her 'The Last Rose of Summer' to use as she pleases, and put old 'Ben Bolt' to kissing her, and let them kiss away until I return."

It is said that the system by which the Prussian authorities gained information as to military matters in Austria before the late war broke out was very effective and complete. For several months before hostilities began, a photographer was travelling through Silesia and Bohemia, taking pictures of peasants and journeymen at a very moderate price. When the Prussians entered Bohemia, a tailor, one of the photographer's customers, met him as colonel at the head of a regiment. "For Heaven's sake, how have you become a colonel?" exclaimed the surprised tailor.

"Rather ask, my friend," smilingly replied the colonel, how did I become a photographer?"

A railway accident lately occurred caused by the axle of a tender giving way, detaining the train several hours. A lady inquired of a gentleman passenger why it was so delayed; he gravely replied, "Madam, it was occasioned by what is often followed by serious consequences—the sudden breaking of a tender attachment."

LAW AND LOVE.—You are called into a religious life in which you are free—that is, in which you do from motives that are spontaneous things that are higher than human law tells you to do.

Law says to me, "Speak the truth."

I say, "You did not get up early enough, Law: I spoke it long before you were up!"

Law comes to me and says, "Take not your neighbor's property."

I say, "I did not want to take it. I have a higher law which makes me honest." Law day by day comes to me saying, "Thou shalt not bear false witness."

I say, "That is a dead branch on the tree of duty. Long ago Love told me that I should not bear false witness."

Law says, "Pay thine honest debts."

I say, "Fool, Law, why not say something original? I pay my honest debts because I like to do it."

Law says to me, "Confess thy fault."

I say to Law, "My own conception of mankind told me to do that long ago, and I am bound to you yet."

And so Law, like an overlaid wagon, is always behindhand, is always repeating truths; while nothing is so fresh and new, nothing is so on the alert, nothing goes beforehand so perpetually as the spirit of love. A man that is born into the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ is a man that performs his duty. To be sure, if he is dull, he does not always do this, and is caught by his conscience; but if, according to the measure of his privilege, he is living in a sphere higher than his conscience, it is the ample, radiant sphere of love, where all motives are liberty; where all the inspirations are facile and easy; where all performances are natural and graceful; where the life is a life of the utmost liberty, and not at all of bondage.

NEW ENGLAND DYING OUT.—About three-fourths of all the children born in Boston, during 1865 were of parents born in a foreign land; therefore, argues one of the papers, "the Yankee stock will in time die out in New England." We think by that time, Yankee stock will have perished, will be the predominant stock of this continent from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific shore. Because Yankee intelligence knows how to rear children to maturity, while foreign ignorance at fifteen kills, almost as soon as born; for out of every hundred children dying, eighty-eight are of foreign parentage, and this has been the rate for the last five years in New York city, where the native population is forty-nine per cent, and the foreign fifty-one, or nearly equal, and it is presumed that the same proportions hold good in all our large cities. Hence if sixty-two per cent of all the children born in Boston are of foreign parents, and eighty-eight per cent die, it is very easy to see that they might as well have not been born at all, and a great deal "mightier," as far as the question of the foreign outstripping the Yankee stock is concerned. The fact is, neither Yankee nor non-Yankee principles, nor Yankee thrift, will die out, while this planet is inhabited and if it is ever depopulated by a conflagration, the last survivor of a smouldering world will be Jonathan, at the death singly and alone, resolutely trying to put out the fire; or by famine, the last loaf of bread will be owned by a Yankee.—[Hart's Journal of Health.]

If the hours get weary, in travelling in this country there is a fund of amusement in studying the old characters the passengers are made up of, from the old lady who is travelling alone, and who is sure the engineers drink, and that the boilers are going to burst, to the emigrant who has left his fatherland for a home in the New World. We made lots of acquaintance, but one old gentleman rather got the "dead wood" on us. Wishing to open conversation with him, in an artless and unaffected manner we asked him: "Who he thought wrote 'Junius'." He looked at us a moment. "Young man," said he, "I do not think it was you, but it was probably some other fool." We did not make his acquaintance.

The world judges of religion by the conduct of individual Christians. Each professor is a light; either a beacon covering sunken rocks of which he has made shipwreck of faith, or a star of the bright constellation which clusters around the points to the polar Star, the Lord Jesus Christ. The pulpit must preach and publish the truth, and the press diffuse it, and effect the conversion of those around them, by so shining that men may see their good works, and thus be led to "glorify their Father which is in heaven." Thus may they unfold and embody religion in living form—thus make it touch life in all its departments. Thus shall Christ, with his ennobling principles, be manifest in the senate-chamber, the court-room, the shop, the manufactory, the busy mart of trade, as well as in the pulpit, the sick-room, or a death-bed.

An Austrian chemist, M. Leinbrock, has discovered a way of enclosing electricity in small glass capsules, which will explode under the influence of the slightest shock. The capsule is enclosed in a steel cone, so that if shot from a rifle it will enter the flesh, and the explosion which follows is sufficient to kill a man. Experiments have been made on oxen and horses with perfect success, these animals having fallen down as if struck with lightning.

HORSE FAIRS.—We believe that Fairs, having for their object the improvement of horses, if properly conducted, are worthy of patronage and should be encouraged by all lovers of that noblest and most intelligent of animals; but we fear that most of these shows have sadly degenerated. The most respectable part of community are disgusted with them and driven off by the crowds of professional horse-bettors and black-legs. If the Horse Fairs held the present year are specimens of those to follow in coming seasons, the sooner they die out, the better.

[Gardiner Reporter.]

Mr. George F. Harrington, the Southerner who wrote the novel called "Inside" for Harper's Weekly, is writing another for Harper's Monthly, called "The Virginians in Texas." Its publication will begin with the December number.

Much attention is given in Georgia to the raising of tea. Samples of black tea, of fine quality, of native growth, have been exhibited, and it is said the plant flourishes remarkably well on the coast.

DIVINE RETRIBUTION.—When human laws fail to punish conspicuous offenders, it happens not unfrequently that an avenging Providence follows their steps, and even vitally men seem to recognize the blow of Divine Justice. It is fresh in the mind of many how Mr. Brooks, after his cowardly attack on Mr. Sumner, was fated by his constituents, but soon died a horrible death. The Christian Press gives the following striking account of the suicide of one of the prominent actors in the recent massacre at Jamaica:

Col. Hobbs was one of Gov. Eyre's prominent instruments in perpetrating cruelties on the poor colored people of Jamaica during the late rebellion. Ever since his examination by the Royal Commission in reference to his share in those atrocious cruelties his mind has been sadly deranged. When his wife would go to him he thrust her away, saying,

"Go away, I don't want you near me; you are Paul Bogle's widow! Go away, go away!"

Accordingly by advice of friends, and accompanied by his family and physician, he embarked on board a steamer for England, and the result that followed we give in the extract from the paper referred to:

The doctor saw his patient to his cabin on the main deck, laid him quietly down on his couch, placed a sentry at the door, and came again on deck, believing that the Colonel would fall into a sleep, to which his tranquil condition seemed disposed.

In less than five minutes the cry was heard, "Man overboard!"

The paddles stopped, were reversed, and then stopped again. The chief officer was first in the boat that was lowered; and his steady and collected behavior encouraged the crew to prompt attention as well as willing activity.—In the wide track of foam curling and creaming in our wake, the face turned towards us—

Waterville Mail.

EPI MAXHAM, DAN L. R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . NOV. 2, 1866.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

R. M. PITTENGER & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York, are Agents for the WATERVILLE MAIL and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

E. 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 department of this paper, should be addressed to "MAXHAM & WING," at "WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE."

THE ELECTIONS.—On Tuesday next the following States hold their annual elections—New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Delaware, Illinois, Maryland, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nevada, Wisconsin, Colorado, Kansas—on Monday, Louisiana, and on the 4th Monday in Nov. South Carolina. On the results of these several elections rest questions that involve the peace and prosperity of our country, in a degree almost unknown in its history. If these elections change the balance of power in Congress, as some of the President's supporters profess to expect, we hardly dare predict the events that seem inevitable—and if, on the contrary, Congress shall be fully sustained in its present position, words fail to describe the scenes of horror and bloodshed threatened by the leading papers which support the President. The hopes of the combined rebel party, clinging almost solely to New York. If they elect their governor in that State, even though the congressional strength remains the same as now, they promise an attempt to force upon the country all the enormities embraced in the "policy" of the President.

Before we issue another paper the great question before us will be virtually settled—To us it seems settled even now, as we have hardly a shadow of a doubt that New York partakes too much of the spirit that pervades all other States, to be found standing almost solitary and alone in this great national emergency. Her voice will be heard with that of Massachusetts, confirming the declaration already put forth by the States which have held their elections. The wave of victory that first moved in Vermont and was magnified in Maine, will roll with unbroken strength over the entire country.

A POTATO DIGGER.—Those farmers who noticed, among the implements at the late fair, a machine for digging potatoes, invented by Mr. J. C. Richardson, of Benton, probably had some doubt whether the hoe is quite ready to be thrown away. This was only a rough sample of what the well finished machine proposes to be; but on witnessing its operations in the potato-field—as we have—the test proved much better than we expected. With a boy to ride the horse, and two men to manage the machine, it will undoubtedly be found of good advantage in a suitable soil. The inventor proposes to manufacture a few of them, in next style, that will sell for \$25 or \$30, and have them thoroughly tried next season. We venture to predict that the test will show that they can be used to great saving of labor, in favorable circumstances. Several machines have been ordered by those who have witnessed its operations among the potatoes.

SEE TO THE LAMBS!—If you would have good sheep, take good care of your lambs. Much depends on the first winter. Take them early to the barn, before the grass loses its nutriment, and feed them the best hay you have; never failing to add a few roots of some kind—carrots, turnips, potatoes or beets. A few oats, or a little meal or shorts, should be given daily. Don't fear that this will create a necessity for what you call "high feeding" hereafter. The better you feed your lambs, the better they will bear abuse when they become older. A moment's thought will convince you that the well developed frame and vigorous constitution attained through good feeding, will prepare them to endure the accidents and necessities that are too apt to assail even the best flocks. If you have doubts, take the sensible course of settling the question by actual experiment. Select your best ewe lambs as carefully as you would select a horse or milch cow, and by all means yard separate from the old sheep. Try this for once, feeding as above directed, and you will secure at least one of the secrets of getting a flock of "improved" sheep.

A young woman named Sarah Russ, belonging in Woodstock, and visiting at Boothbay, drowned herself in a pond at the latter place one day this week. She had been employed at Lewiston, where she was robbed of all her savings, recently, by the application of chloroform, and it is supposed that her mind was thereby disordered.

THE OLD FARMER'S ALMANAC, for 1867, by Robert B. Thomas, or his representation, published by Brown & Tilton, Boston, is promptly on hand.

A VIOLENT SOUTHEASTLY STORM commenced on Monday, which continued until Tuesday night, the wind blowing a gale and the rain falling freely. No damage was done in this vicinity beyond the prostration of fences, but in other places, more exposed, we hear of buildings unroofed and some blown down.

The water in the Kennebec rose very rapidly about fifteen feet, disturbing our French population at the Head of the Falls.

On the coast the storm was awful, but we learn of no disasters. The steamers either remained in port or fortunately made one in good season, with the exception of the Lewiston, of the Boston and Portland line, which went through in safety on Monday night. She is evidently a staunch vessel.

BAPTIST MINISTERIAL INSTITUTE.—We learn from the Rockland Gazette that the Baptist denomination of this State deem it important to the interest of the cause to establish and maintain a Ministerial Institute, which shall have annual sessions of at least eight or ten days continuance, at which all the ministers in the State may assemble and listen to lectures from the ablest men of the denomination upon theological subjects, conduct friendly discussions and engage in other exercises for the promotion of their spiritual and intellectual improvement. A two days' session was held at Saco as an experiment last June, which was a decided success.

Arrangements are now being made to hold a similar session in this village, to commence Nov. 13th and continue eight or ten days. Drs. Conant and Hovey have been secured, and other eminent instructors are expected. Arrangements have been made at Waterville to provide board as cheaply as possible, and the K. & P. R. R. will give return tickets to all attending the Institute.

LECTURES.—Rev. Dr. Sheldon gave the second lecture of his course of Sunday evening lectures in answer to the question, "What do Unitarians believe?" last Sunday evening, to a full house. The subject of the next lecture is "The Christ of the New Testament." These lectures are at least favored with a very "liberal" attendance from other denominations.

HOTEL CHANGE.—Mr. Geo. H. Atkins, formerly of the Williams House, has become the proprietor of the Continental House, in this place. With a thorough dressing up of rooms and furniture, and Mr. A.'s well known liberality in furnishing his tables—his familiarity with the courtesies and general details of a good hotel considered—the patrons of the Continental have fallen into comfortable quarters. Mr. Brown returns to his former business enterprises, that have so long contributed to the industrial prosperity of our village—and in which we wish him his former success.

Three stores in Carmel were broken open on Thursday night last, but nothing of value was taken, the robbers evidently being only anxious for money.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT.—Mrs. Ingalls, an aged lady, living on Front Street, was thrown down stairs by coming in collision with a large house dog, a few days ago, by which accident one of her arms was broken. She was otherwise but little injured, and is doing well.

Several Fenian prisoners who have been on trial in Canada, have been sentenced to be hung, and the military strongly oppose any suggestions of mercy, and are especially indignant that our government has interfered in their behalf. As might be supposed, Irishmen on this side of the border are very much excited, and unless the British authorities are wisely merciful, another outbreak may be confidently expected.

A movement is on foot to erect a suitable monument over the grave of the late Edward Kendall, the celebrated musician. Who that ever listened to Ned's wonderful bugle would hesitate to throw in his mite? and a small sum even from each of his old admirers would build him a proud monument.

THE BOWDOINHAM ROBBERIES.—The three men charged with robbing the Bowdoinham Bank have been examined at Bath, and ordered to recognize in heavy sums for their appearance for trial at Bath in April next. At present they are safely lodged in Augusta Jail.

S. or T.—The sessions of the Grand Division of 1867 will be as follows:—

January Sessions at Vassalboro', April sessions at Wilton, July at Calais, and October at Bangor.

THE CATTLE MARKETS, this week, show a large decrease in the amount of live stock and without material change of prices; trade favored the buyer, and the yards were pretty thoroughly cleared. Maine sent 231 cattle and 728 sheep. First quality beef is quoted at 13 1/4 to 13 1/2; second quality, 12 to 12 1/2; third quality, 10 to 11 3/4. Brown and Piper sold 10 Maine steers at 42c, 38 sk; and 6 pair of stags for work, 6 ft. 8 in. for \$160. Sheep sheared, Northern, 4 to 6 1/2 c; in lots 2 to \$4.50 per head.

REV. SYLVANUS COBB, D. D., an eminent Universalist clergyman, died at East Boston, on Wednesday morning. Dr. Cobb was born in Turner, Maine, and in his early manhood lived and preached for awhile in Waterville. His age at the time of his death was sixty-eight years.

BUY CHEAP!—See notice of I. Marston, among our dealers in W. I. Goods and Groceries. We think the Colonel honestly intends to sell goods at a little less profit than his neighbors—and he gives good reasons for his ability to do so. Try him and see.

OUR TABLE.

THE JUBILATE! A collection of Sacred Music for Choirs, Singing Schools, Musical Conventions, etc., by L. O. Emerson, Author of the "Harp of Jubah," "The Golden Wreath," "Merry Chimes." Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

Of this new singing book, a copy of which has been sent us by the publisher, a good authority says: "It contains the greatest variety of Music of any book we know of. The 'Singing School Department' is excellent; the 'Hymn Tune, and Anthem Department' all that can be desired—and taken as a whole the book is superior to everything else for the purpose for which it is designed."

For sale in Waterville by C. K. Mathews.

FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE for November has a profusion of embellishments in the fashion department, including a large and very handsomely colored plate with numerous figures, and accompanied by a tissue pattern, full size for cutting, of the Andalusian Paletot. This magazine is a leader in the fashionable world, and by consulting it one may know what is in vogue among the best dressed people in the country. The miscellaneous department abounds in good stories and other interesting reading, and is also handsomely illustrated.

Published by Frank Leslie, New York, at \$3.50 a year.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE for November contains its usual interesting variety. The publishers repeat that they regard literature as something higher than a simple art, and consider its crowning excellence to be its power for good. They have therefore sought to make the Home Magazine the teacher, whether by story, poem or essay, that only as men live by the Golden Rule, can they be wise or happy.

Published by T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia, at \$2.50 a year.

GODLEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—We need only say of this old favorite that the November number is as good as the average issues, and that the leading story engraving, "Out of an Engagement," is a very fine one. "Good wine needs no bush," and the Lady's Book needs no puffing.

Published by L. A. Godley, Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

THE LADY'S FRIEND for November has a pretty steel engraving, "Feeding the Swans," and the usual fashion plate and engraving, with good stories, and other interesting reading. Four attractive novels, by popular writers, are announced for the coming year. Handsome and valuable premiums are promised to those who get up clubs, and each single subscriber will receive a beautiful steel engraving, 26 by 20 inches, entitled, "One of Life's Happy Hours."

Published by Deacon & Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2.50 a year.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—The October number contains the following articles:—

Sir Brook Fossbrooke, part 17; Light and Dark Blue; Nina Balat, a part 4; Alton's History of Europe, 1815-52; Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church; and articles by Cornelius O'Dowd.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 38 Walker Street, New York, the terms of subscription being as follows:—For any one of the four Reviews, \$1 per annum; any of the two Reviews, \$1.50; any of the three Reviews, \$2.00; all four Reviews, \$2.50; Blackwood's Magazine, \$4; Blackwood and one Review, \$7; Blackwood and any two Reviews, \$10; Blackwood and any three of the Reviews, \$13; for Blackwood and the four Reviews, \$15—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works will be delivered free of postage.

New volumes of Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works under the new rates will be but 56 cents a year.

THE AMERICAN PIRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for November contains portraits of the King and Queen of the Belgians, and all the leading Mormons, with other engravings, and is full of interesting and valuable reading.

Published by Fowler & Wells, New York, at \$2 a year.

THE STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE for November has another chapter of Oliver Optic's new story, "The Club Boat, or the Fairy Archers of Irlington;" the commencement of "The King of the Play-Ground," by Horatio Alger, Jr., with several other good stories, a dialogue, piece for declamation, etc., all handsomely illustrated.

Published by Joseph H. Allen, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

THE ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL OF PHRENOLOGY AND PSYCHOLOGY for 1867 is a valuable little volume published by Fowler & Wells, of New York, and for sale by all book and periodical dealers we suppose.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR, a magazine for the little ones, is about being started in Philadelphia by T. S. Arthur, to be ready by November 1st. The proprietor promises that it shall be as handsome and good as anything of the kind published in the country, and there are few men in whom we should have greater confidence for a work of this kind than in Mr. Arthur.

The price of the new journal will be \$1.25 a year.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.—We learn that Mr. C. A. Hendrickson, of the New Bookstore, will open a circulating library for the accommodation of the reading public, about the first of December next. He will commence with about eight hundred volumes, and add all the new works as they appear. An enterprise of this kind will no doubt meet with good encouragement.

The Concert of Misses Carroll and Hawes, on Monday evening, secured a good audience and gave the very highest satisfaction. Such a feast of sweet songs has rarely been heard here, and never met a more kind reception. Each performer was in turn most heartily "encored,"—even the accomplished pianist, so generally neglected, sharing fully in the compliment. In Waterville, if nowhere else, our musical "prophets" find their best honors at home, where best known.

LEVEE.—The ladies of the Unitarian Society have arranged for a levee, for Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Nov. 21st and 22d.—The avails are to go for the fixtures of their new church.

The ladies of the Baptist Society in this village are arranging for a levee, to be held at an early day.

THE RIVERSIDE ECHO, a good literary and temperance paper, published at Bucksport, will hereafter be issued weekly instead of monthly.

Look out for a shower of meteors on the nights of Nov. 12th, 13th and 14th.

Thanksgiving in Maine, by appointment of Gov. Cony, comes on Thursday, Nov. 29—the same day with the national, and with the other States, so far as arranged.

The Rev. Henry A. Neely of New York was elected Bishop of Maine at a special meeting of the diocese held in Gardiner.

THE STEAMBOAT TRAIN on the Portland and Kennebec Railroad, has been discontinued above Augusta; but a train will leave Augusta daily except Saturdays and Sundays at 3.00 P. M. for Bath, being a mixed train, (passenger and freight) and leaves Bath every morning except Sundays and Mondays for Augusta, at 6.00 A. M.

A CHANGE.—The Boot and Shoe Store opposite the Post Office, it will be seen by advertisement, is in new hands. Rice & Hamlin are new comers and will of course do their best to please the public.

NEW ENGLAND FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE.—We have received a copy of the Eighteenth Annual Report of this institution, from which we extract the following paragraphs relating to the progress of the movement:—

"The study and practice of the healing art have now become recognized branches of female education and employment in our own country, and our example is beginning to be followed in Europe."

Some years ago a letter came to the officers of the college from the duchess of Fleury, in the kingdom of Sardinia, asking for particulars respecting the plan and course of education in the institution. A medical college for women was opened in London in 1864; and the first graduated doctor in England, having received her degree from one of the examining and licensing corporations of the profession, has recently been installed with much ceremony as physician in a hospital for women and children. A young woman in Paris, having achieved the position as Mistress of Arts, has been allowed by governmental authority to enter upon the attainment of a full medical education. Two ladies have been regularly admitted at the Medical School in Zurich, Switzerland; and some months since a medical officer in the Russian service made particular inquiries in New York in reference to the medical education of women in this country, having been requested to do so by the Emperor in consequence of the desire of the ladies in St. Petersburg to obtain a medical education.

There can be no better evidence that female physicians are a natural and legitimate part of society than the ready response to the idea in our own and other countries. The New England Female Medical College, opened in Boston in 1848, is the oldest institution of the kind in existence; and to our city and Commonwealth is due the credit of having initiated this great and philanthropic movement. In no part of the world is there a better field for the success of the enterprise than in New England, for nowhere is there a higher grade of female education.

THE DUNN EDGE TOOL COMPANY, of West Waterville, have just finished a new building on the site of the old one burned July 20th.—It is 155 ft. long and 28 wide—will soon be underway, and is to employ 30 hands in the manufacture of axes, scythes, etc.

The Biddeford Journal and Portland Press move to amend the law in relation to the publication of Non Resident Taxes, chapter 6, section 114 by striking out in the section named the words "the State paper," and inserting instead, "a newspaper published in the county where such property is assessed, if any, otherwise in the State paper." We second the motion.—[Bath Times.]

We say ditto to that, and do not doubt that the parties most interested, the owners of the property, will heartily endorse the change.

THE PORTLAND FIRE.—We learn from the Portland Press that since the fire at Portland, on July 4th, there have been between six and seven hundred buildings erected, including fifteen three-story brick and granite blocks, containing in all twenty-four stories. So far from Quebec having been more generous in proportion to her population than New York, the Press says that they have never received a dollar in money or in any other form from that city.

Official advices from Arkansas state that twenty-nine murders of freedmen, during the months of August and September, are on record, and that many more have probably occurred which are never heard from on account of the sparseness of the population. Not a single case of an arrest by the civil authorities for these crimes is reported.

According to returns received at the Department of Agriculture, in Washington, the corn crop is larger than ever; the wheat crop shows a decrease, which is made up for by the superior quality of grain. The estimates from the South point to 17,000,000 bushels in eleven States, or five twentieths of the crop of 1859. The yield of oats is said to be extraordinary. Hay is less in quantity, but better in quality, than last year. The estimate for cotton is 1,750,000 bales.

THE MORMON OUTRAGES AT SALT LAKE. The Salt Lake Vedette of the 3d contains an editorial account of the outrage committed upon the person of Mr. Weston, the editor of that paper, some account of which we have had by telegraph. Mr. Weston's assailants numbered some twelve, and were thickly disguised and heavily armed. They dragged him to a remote part of the city, and with four revolvers pointed at his head, obliged him to promise that he would immediately leave the territory, and take with him Capt. Brown and Dr. Williamson, two prominent Gentiles, the former of whom was some time before taken from his house and threatened with drowning if he did not leave the city. Mr. Weston says that he considers his promise to leave the territory invalid, as it was extorted by force, and he shall stop as long as he pleases, and talk more plainly about the Mormons than ever. He offers to fight the Mormons singly with whatever weapon they choose, if they will come to his office and make known their grievances. The result of this difficulty between the Mormons and Gentiles, which seems now to have come to an open issue, will be of the greatest importance, and the government will have to act with rare delicacy but with no questionable firmness. Gen. Connor is the principal owner of the Vedette, and he has had too much acquaintance with both Mormons and Indians to be likely to be intimidated by the turn affairs have taken.

HOME MADE VINEGAR.—Every family may make its own vinegar. The Maine Farmer publishes the recipe for making it, furnished by a lady. She took the parings and cores of apples, poured on boiling water, with a little molasses and yeast, put it all into a large stone jar and kept it where it was moderately warm. In three weeks it was good sharp vinegar.

RAYMOND ON THE OCTOBER ELECTIONS. It will be recollected that Henry J. Raymond was one of the master spirits of the Johnson Philadelphia Convention; that he wrote the address which was adopted by that body, in which he said the Southern States would not and ought not to accept the Congressional platform. The October elections have made him a wiser man. His present opinion is thus expressed:—

"The result of the recent elections is entitled to very grave consideration in all the States and by all the parties to be effected by it. It announces the verdict of the people upon the great political question which awaits solution—the restoration of the Southern States to their share of political power in the General Government; and it establishes the political character of Congress throughout the whole of President Johnson's term of office. It has decided that the democratic party as such shall not decide when, nor how, that restoration shall take place; and it has also decided, though with less directness and emphasis, that it shall not take place upon the President's policy of admitting members from those States into Congress, as a matter of right, and without conditions to be imposed by law. It has also decided that the amendment to the Constitution proposed by Congress ought to be ratified and become valid as part and parcel of that instrument, before this restoration takes place at all.

In our judgment, the public welfare demands that this decision should be accepted and represented by the whole country—by the North and by the South, and by the President himself, as a final solution of a complicated and perilous problem. The very necessity of the case seems to be a strong reason for such a course. It is a decision from which there is no appeal."

PRUSSIA AND THE UNITED STATES.—A correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing from Berlin, describes what took place in three interviews with Count Bismark, who appears from the writer's account to have met him on a somewhat confidential footing.

On one occasion the conversation touched briefly on American topics, and the correspondent represents Bismark as saying:—

"In our relations with the United States, I never had a doubt. The jury party in Prussia, to which I am supposed to be belong, at the outbreak of your war besought the King to recognize the South. I opposed it inflexibly. To me it was clear that the North only could be the true ally of Prussia; with the South we had nothing in common. The government of Prussia never wavered in its friendship for yours. [The sentence was uttered proudly, and the burning eyes flashed brighter than ever.] It is a traditional policy with us. Frederick the Great was, I think, the first European sovereign to recognize your independence. I am heartily glad to know that America understands and reciprocates the friendly feeling we have steadily maintained."

"And here [the writer continues] follows a curious statement—a fact not known to me before, and I think unpublished in America. 'At the beginning of our war,' said Count Bismark, 'Austria was stronger than we on the water, and Italy was not sure to us. It was proposed to me that the leading Southern naval officers should join us with 5000 men and suitable vessels. They were not to come at all as the confederate navy, but as individuals, and the most eminent officers among them were included in the offer. I consulted your minister to know whether an acceptance of this offer would be offensive to the American government. Mr. Wright was in doubt, and wrote to Washington. He received instructions to oppose the scheme, and I at once declined having anything to do with it. Semmes made the proposal.'

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN ON WHISKEY.—George Francis Train withdraws from the canvass as a candidate for Territorial delegate to Congress from Nebraska, for reasons which are thus set forth:—

"I am told to day that money is wanted for carriages to bring up voters, and to scatter among the beer shops and the groggeries. Any spare money I may have I prefer to devote to education and Christian charities. Purchasing votes debases the franchise and demoralizes the people. I have lectured too often for the Irish Father Mathew societies to go back on them by treating voters. No wife, no little children, husband or father on election day on my account. Whiskey is the curse of our time. It is ruining our young men, and hurrying our old men into the grave. Rich and poor, high and low alike are being destroyed under its blighting influence. When we have fewer breweries, fewer distilleries, and more Christian churches, more universities, and more schools, the law courts will be less patronized, and the world the better for it."

A SINGED HUNSMAN.—The Philadelphia Gazette says a hunt by the name of O'Rourke on Saturday undertook to go shooting. In reaching for his powder flask he dropped it into a tub of water. He poured the water into a frying pan and dried it over the fire. The result can easily be guessed at. Mr. O'Rourke was blown into the yard, with his head so singed that he looked like a prize fighter. Luckily for him he received no bodily injury. His hair, beard and eyebrows were taken off as closely as if by a razor.

The Methodists of Skowhegan are building a fine church, which will be finished another season. It has two spires, one 55 feet high and the other 137. A correspondent of the Star says it is one of the most imposing churches in the interior of the State.

THE UNITARIAN PATRIOTIC. The annual Conference of the National Unitarian Association, recently held in New York, adopted a series of patriotic resolutions. They declare sympathy with the suffering Unionists of the South, both white and black, and take ground for impartial suffrage.

The well known soap manufacturers, Messrs. Leatha and Gore, have recently made extensive additions to their Works, embodying all the improvements known in the art, and are now prepared to supply consumers with a large variety of hard soaps of the very best possible quality.

Samuel Johnson, of Middletown, Conn., writes to the Maine Farmer of wonderful geological discoveries in that neighborhood. A sandstone basin just across the Connecticut river "is believed to be of the same geological age as the basin of Paris, France," and the rock is full of fossils, revealing the existence of a race of pre-Adamite giants "twelve feet high," among other curiosities. Dr. Burritt, of Middletown, who has studied the region with great care, declares that "man trod this valley at least 90,000 years ago, but not our race." The giants had as a rule "three fingers and a thumb and four toes. Now for a geological battle.—[Port. Press.]

NAPOLEON'S TOMB.—A correspondent in Paris writes as follows:—

Yesterday we visited the tomb of Napoleon, certainly the grandest monument ever erected over the remains of mortal man. It is almost overpowering in its solemn magnificence—the lofty dome with its gorgeous frescoes overhead, and below the immense crenelated parapet, in which he lies, with admirably sculptured figures standing round, each face wearing an expression of stern sorrow, the old battle-flags in groups between the figures. You go with a guide, (making no payment), walk about, linger as you like, and have nothing to jar upon the thoughts and feelings inspired by the place. I could not help recalling Mrs. Browning's beautiful poem, "Crowned and Buried."

"Since he has the genius to be loved, let him have the justice to be honored in his grave!"

A letter-writer from the plains relates that one of his acquaintances once started on a tour among the mountains with Colonel Pfeffer, who is represented to be a second Kit Carson. As they rode along, the Colonel gave him various directions as to his conduct in case of a fight with the Indians, and finished by saying: "And now, don't forget, if I am wounded so as to be unable to fly, you must kill me at once; for I must not fall alive into their infernal hands; they torture me horribly. And if you are wounded, I kill you, you see. Don't fail." That gentleman didn't go into any Indian fight.

In the numberless nostrums of the day that profess to eradicate the root of each disease to which the body is heir, we have little faith.—Like Peter Pindar's razors—they are made to sell—and the purchaser not unfrequently finds himself shaved. "We have, however, the honor of a long and intimate acquaintance with Dr. Knights, of Melrose, whose researches in Scientific world, and we are prepared to endorse, fully and heartily, any preparations which may come before the public bearing his name. Dr. Larokah's Pulmonic Syrup, and Dr. Larokah's Sarsaparilla Compound, emanating from his laboratory are approved and prescribed by the faculty, being the best as well as the cheapest remedies of their class which have been placed within its reach. For the speedy cure of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, and all affections of the throat and lungs we always provide by the timely use of Dr. Larokah's Pulmonic Syrup, while in the Spring we purify the blood and arouse the sluggish appetite by a few doses of Dr. Larokah's Sarsaparilla Compound. This Sarsaparilla being double the strength of any other in the market, has established its reputation as the only sure and safe remedy for diseases arising from an impure state of the blood.—[Morning Press.]

Counterfeit fractional currency in considerable quantities is regularly redeemed and cancelled at the Treasury Department, showing that the counterfeiting business has been brought to a high degree of perfection.

DEAR READER:—Would you have your food set well upon your stomach, your digestion regular, and no trouble with sick headache, sour stomach, constipation; in short would you be cured of dyspepsia? Then use Cod's Dyspepsia Cure. It is a certain remedy in all such cases.

Braime, the rebel who seized the steamer Chesapeake, has been indicted by a New York grand jury for murder and piracy.

Official despatches have been received at the Mexican Legation at Washington, showing that the government of Juarez has been established at Chihuahua. General Lozada, it is stated, has abandoned the cause of Maximilian, and advised his countrymen to do likewise, that causing in a falling condition.

SAD ACCIDENT.—A Mrs. Smart, living in Bucksport, near the town of Dudham, was fatally shot by her son a few days since. The gun was slung behind the door, the lad thought unloaded. He took it up carefully, when it went off, sending the bullet through his mother's neck, killing her instantly. Mrs. Smart was about thirty years of age, and her son thirteen.—[Bangor Whig.]

To the question of Mr. Seward: "How many stars do you wish on your flag?" George W. Curtis, in an article in the New American Review, says: "As many as you please, but no more shooting stars."

Great masses of rock in the middle of the American fall, at Niagara, have fallen away, so that it now is almost as near the shape of a horse shoe, as the other side.

Miss Fanny Seward, only daughter of the Secretary of State, died Monday morning in Washington.

E. G. Coffin, of the firm of Coffin & Pitman, Skowhegan, has sold a valuable horse to parties in Boston for \$1,400.

Dr. Holmes' new story for the Atlantic Monthly called out an offer of \$5,000 from a rival magazine, which was refused.

The New York Tribune makes the pertinent inquiry: "Does the right to make laws for the people of the United States reside in a Congress elected by the ballot, or in a President elected by a bullet?"

The freedmen took up in the months of August and September 11,564 acres of land in Florida under the homestead act of the last session of Congress.

CASH
Paid for Round Hogs,
BY
O. H. REDINGTON.

DROP TRIMMING
NEW and desirable styles—several varieties may be found at the MISSISS FISHERS.

NOTICE.
SELF SEWING, a very useful article, adapted to all sizes of Machines, for sale by MISS FAIRBANK, over Thayer & May's, please call and examine. 17

ETNA SEWING MACHINE.
NOISELESS! NOISELESS!
THIS MACHINE is warranted to hem wide or narrow, lock, fell and gather; ruffle and sew on the same time; also to give satisfaction. It will pay to examine this machine before buying elsewhere. It is used for Family Sewing, School Sewing, Trimming, Tailoring, &c. REDINGTON and FISHERS for all kinds of machines for sale. W. S. OVER, Agent, 165 Middle St., (up stairs), Portland, Me. Machines sold at retail, and sent to any part of the State free of charge. 18

FRISH LAMB, Beef and Pork, at REDINGTON'S.
CASH paid for Oats, at REDINGTON'S.

VELVET HIBBONS, all colors, just received and for sale by the MISSISS FISHERS.

FINE SETS, pretty and cheap, at the MISSISS FISHERS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of STEPHEN T. BLAISDELL, late of Waterville, in the County of Kennebec, dec'd. Intestate, and has as duter that trust by giving bond as the law directs. All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said dec'd, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement, at all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to said Administrator, on or before the 1st of October 2d, 1866. SAMUEL BLAISDELL, 19

Kennebec County.—In Probate Court at Augusta, on the 28th March, 1866.
J. W. McADDEN, Administrator on the Estate of DANIEL J. BROWN, late of Clinton, in said County, dec'd, having presented his first account of administration of the Estate of said dec'd for allowance.
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks in advance, prior to the fourth day of November next, in the Mail, a newspaper printed in Waterville, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed.
Attest: J. BURTON, Register. H. K. BAKER, Judge. 20

