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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 20, No. 20): November 16, 1866

Maxham & Wing

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THE LOVE LESSON.

Maggie, the milkmaid, went down to the dingle;  
Down to the dingle where daisies dripped dew,  
Daintily lifting her skirt gaily-plaited,  
Just over the clover her feet waded through;  
Oh, pretty white feet!  
How they shone amid the dewdrops they feared not to meet!

Maggie, the milkmaid, went down to the dingle;  
Swinging her light little pail on her arm;  
Calling the cows through the mist of the morning,  
Never sweet robin had voice of such charm;  
Oh, happy young maid!  
As free from all care as the sun is from shade.

Maggie, the milkmaid, is down in the dingle;  
Milkmaid, the cows with a steady young hand;  
While the gay carols of birds in the bushes  
Have some sweet meaning she don't understand;  
"Oh, what do they sing,  
Each bird to the other, this heart-gauding spring?"

Oh, how the little birds laughed when they heard her!  
"Peeping so naively out of their nest!"  
"Well, to be sure! now what can have brought her,  
So fair yet so simple a maid for our guest?"  
Love is life's sweetness, so song is love's hidden!

Then out of plying the birds 'gan to sing to her,  
All in a chorus as loud as could be,  
Such trillings, such warblings, such carols and celts;  
That the air trembled with wild melody;  
And each little bird  
From its heart to the tips of its feathers seemed stirred.

Maggie, the milkmaid, went out from the dingle;  
Thoughtfully posing her snow-faming hand;  
While the warm sunlight that played with her blushes,  
Made her the loveliest flower in the vale.  
But to her young heart  
Came a new thought that morn, all too sweet to depart.

Next spring, when Maggie went down to the dingle—  
Down to the dingle through dew-laden clover—  
Some one went with her to hear the sweet singing,  
And a little bird whispered in news of a lover.  
And oh, with what glee  
The birds sang around them as glad as could be!  
Well Maggie now knew  
Their wondrous sweet meaning that thrilled her heart through,  
Ah, well, gentle maiden,  
Love is life's sweetness, so song is love's hidden!

IN OUR BOAT.

It was a still night,  
Stars trembling o'er the dark forest depths;  
Mountains in shadow and forests asleep;  
Down the dim river the boat went on;  
Speak not, ah, breathe not—there's peace on the deep.

Come not pale sorrow, flee till to-morrow,  
Don't sadly fall o'er the dead that weep;  
While down the river we float on forever,  
Speak not, ah, breathe not—there's peace on the deep.

As the waves cover the depths we glide over,  
So let the past in forgetfulness sleep;  
While down the river we float on forever,  
Speak not, ah, breathe not—there's peace on the deep.

Heaven above us, bless all that love us,  
All whom we love in thy tenderness keep;  
While down the river we float on forever,  
Speak not, ah, breathe not—there's peace on the deep.

TWO WAYS OF TELLING A STORY.

Who is this? A careless little midshipman, idling about in a great city, with his pockets full of money. He is waiting for the coach; it comes up presently, and he gets on the top of it, and begins to look about him.

They soon leave the chimney tops behind them; his eye wanders with delight over the harvest fields, he smells the honey-suckle in the hedge-row, and he wishes he was down among the hazel-bushes, that he might strip them of their milky nuts; then he sees a great wain piled up with barley, and he wishes he was on the top of it; then the chequered shadows of the trees lying across the white road, and then a squirrel runs up a bough, and he cannot forbear to whisper or halloo, though he cannot chase it to its nest.

The coach stops; the little midshipman, with his hands in his pockets, sits rattling his money and singing. There is a poor woman standing by the door of the village inn; she looks care-worn, and well she may, for in the spring her husband went to London to seek for work. He got work, and she was expecting soon to join him there, when alas! a fellow workman wrote her word how he had met with an accident, how he was very bad, and wanted his wife to come and nurse him. But she has two children, and is destitute; she must walk up all the way, and she is sick at heart when she thinks that perhaps he may die among strangers before she can reach him.

She does not think of begging, but seeing the boy's eye attracted to her, she makes him a courtesy, and he withdraws his hand and throws her a sovereign. She looked at it with incredulous joy, and then she looks at him.

"It's all right," he says, and the coach starts again, while, full of gratitude, she hires a cart to take her across the country to the railway, that the next night she might sit by the bedside of her sick husband.

The midshipman knows nothing about that—and he never will know.

The passengers go on talking—the little midshipman has told them who he is, and where he is going. But there is one who has never joined in the conversation; he is a dark-looking and restless man—he sits apart; he sees the glitter of the falling coin, and now he watches the boy more narrowly than he did before.

He is a strong man, resolute and determined; the boy, with his pocket full of money will be no match for him. He has told the others that his father's house is the paragon at Y—, the coach goes within five miles of it, and he means to get out at the nearest point, and walk, or rather run, over to his home, through the great wood.

The man decides to get down, too, and go through the wood; he will rob the little midshipman; perhaps, if he cries out and struggles, he will do worse. The boy, he thinks, will have no chance against him; it is quite impossible that he can escape; the way is lonely, and the sun will be down.

No. There seems indeed little chance of escape; the half-fledged bird just fluttering down from its nest has no more chance against the keen-eyed hawk, than the little light-hearted sailor-boy will have against him.

And now they reach the village where the boy is to alight. He wishes the other passengers "Good-evening," and runs lightly down between the scattered houses. The man has also got down and is following.

The path lies through the village churchyard; there is evening service, and the door is wide open, for it is warm. The little midshipman steals up the porch, looks in and listens. The clergyman has just risen from his knees, in the pulpit, and is giving out the text. Thirteen months have passed since the boy was in the house of prayer; and a feeling of pleasure induces him to stand still and listen.

"Are not two sparrows," he hears, "sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are numbered. Fear not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows."

He hears the opening sentences of the sermon; and then he remembers his home, and comes softly out of the porch, full of a calm and serious pleasure. The clergyman has reminded him of his father, and his careless heart is filled with the echoes of his voice and of his prayers. He thinks on what the clergyman said of the care of our Heavenly Father for us; he remembers how, when he left home, his father prayed that he might be preserved

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through every danger; he does not remember any particular danger that he has been exposed to, excepting in the great storm; but he is grateful that he has come home in safety, and he hopes wherever he shall be in danger, he will suppose he shall be some day, he hopes that then the providence of God will watch over and protect him. And so he presses onward to the entrance of the wood.

The man is there before him. He has pushed himself into the thicket, and cut a heavy stake; he affixes the boy to go on before, and then he comes out, falls into the path and follows him. It is too light at present for his deed of darkness, and too near the entrance of the wood, but he knows that shortly the path will branch off into two, and the right one for the boy to take will be dark and lonely.

But what prompts the little midshipman, when not fifty yards from the branching of the path, to break into a sudden run? It is not fear—he never dreams of danger. Some sudden impulse, or some wild wish for home, makes him dash off suddenly after his suitor, with a whoop and a bound. On he goes, as if running a race; the path bends and the man loses sight of him. "But I shall have him yet," he thinks; "he cannot keep the pace up long."

The boy had nearly reached the place where the path divides, when he puts up a white owl which can scarcely fly, as it goes whirling along, close to the ground before him. He gains upon it; another moment and it will be his. Now it gets the start again; they come to the branching of the paths, and the bird goes down the wrong one. The temptation to follow is too strong to be resisted; he knows that somewhere, deep in the wood, there is a cross stake by which he can get into the path he has left; it is only to run a little faster, and he shall be none nearly as soon.

On he rushes; the path takes a bend, and he is just out of sight when his pursuer comes where the paths divide. The boy has turned to the right—the man takes the left, and the faster they both run the farther they are asunder.

The white owl still leads him on; the path gets darker and narrower; at last he finds that he has missed it altogether, and his feet are on the soft ground. He flounders about among the trees and stumps, vexed with himself, and panting after his race. At last he hits upon another track, and pushes on as fast as he can. The ground begins sensibly to descend; he has lost his way—but he keeps bearing to the left; and though it is now dark he thinks he must reach the main path sooner or later.

He does not know this part of the wood, but he runs on. Oh, little midshipman! why did you chase that owl? If you had kept in the path, with the dark man behind you, there was a chance that you might outrun him; or if he had overtaken you, some passing wayfarer might have heard your cries, and come to save you. Now you are running straight on to your death, for the forest water is deep and black at the bottom of the hill. O that the moon might come out and show it to you!

The moon is under a thick canopy of heavy black clouds, and there is not a star to glitter on the water and make it visible. The fern is soft under his feet as he runs and slips down the sloping hill. At last he strikes against a stone, stumbles and falls. Two minutes more and he will roll into the black water.

"Heyday!" cries the boy, "what's this? Oh, how it tears my hands! Oh, this thorn-bush! Oh, my arms! I can't get free!" He struggles and pants. "All this comes of leaving the path," he says; "I shouldn't have cared for the rolling down if it hadn't been for this bush. The fern was soft enough. I'll never stray away in a wood at night again. There, free at last! And my jacket nearly torn off my back!"

With a good deal of patience, and a great many scratches, he gets free of the thorn which had arrested his progress when his feet were within a yard of the water, manages to scramble to the bank, and makes the best of his way through the woods.

And now, as the clouds move slowly onward the moon shows her face on the black surface of the water, and the little white owl comes and hoots, and flutters over it like a wandering snowdrift. But the boy is deep in the wood again, and he knows nothing of the danger he has escaped.

All this time the dark passenger follows the main track, and he believes that his prey is before him. At last he hears a crashing of dead boughs, and presently the little midshipman's voice not fifty yards before him. Yes, it is too true; the boy is in the cross track. He will pass the cottage in the wood directly and after that his pursuer will come upon him.

The boy bounds into the path; but, as he sees the cottage, he is so thirsty, and so hot, that he thinks he must ask the inhabitants if they can sell him a glass of ale.

He enters without ceremony. "Ale?" says the woman, who is sitting at his supper. "No, we have no ale; but perhaps my wife can give thee a drink of milk. Come in." So he came in and shut the door, and while he sits waiting for the milk, footsteps pass. They are the footsteps of his pursuer, who goes on with the stake in his hand, and is angry and impatient that he has not yet come up with him.

The woman goes to the dairy for the milk, and the boy thinks she is a long time. He drinks it, thanks her, and takes his leave.

Ever and fast the man runs on, and as fast as he runs the boy runs after him. It is very dark, but there is a yellow streak in the sky, where the moon is plowing up a furrowed mass of gray clouds, and one or two stars are blinking through the branches of the trees.

Fast the boy follows, and fast the man runs on, with the weapon in his hand. Suddenly he hears the joyous whoop—not before, but behind him. He stops and listens breathlessly. Yes, it is so. He pushes himself into the thicket, and raises his stake when the boy shall pass.

On he comes, running lightly, with his hands in his pockets. A sound strikes at the same instant on the ears of both; and the boy turns back from the very jaws of death to listen. It is the sound of wheels, and it draws rapidly nearer. A man comes up, driving a little gig. "Hilloa!" he says, in a loud, cheerful voice. "What, benighted, youngster?"

"Oh, is it you, Mr. D—?" says the boy; "no, I am not benighted; or at any rate, I know my way out of the woods."

The man drew farther back among the

shrubs. "Why, bless the boy," he hears the farmer say, "to think of our meeting in this way! The parson told me he was in hopes of seeing thee some day this week. I'll give thee a lift. This is a lone place to be in this time of night."

"Lone?" says the boy, laughing. "I don't mind that and, if you know the way, it's as safe as the quarter deck."

So he gets into the farmer's gig, and is once more out of the reach of the pursuer. But the man knows that the farmer's house is a quarter of a mile nearer than the parsonage, and in that quarter of a mile there is still a chance of committing the robbery. He determines still to make the attempt, and cuts across the wood with such rapid strides that he reaches the farmer's gate just as the gig drives up to it.

"Well, thank you farmer," said the midshipman, as he prepares to get down.

"I wish you good-night, gentlemen," says the man, when he passes.

"Good-night, friend," the farmer replies.

"I say, my boy, it's a dark night enough; but I have a mind to drive you on to the parsonage, and hear the rest of this long tale of yours about the sea-serpent."

The little wheels go on again. They pass the man; and he stands still in the road to listen till the sound dies away. Then he throws his stake into the hedge and goes back again. His evil purposes have all been frustrated—the thoughtless boy has baffled him at every turn.

And now the little midshipman is at home; the joyful meeting has taken place; and when they have all admired his growth, and decided whom he is like, and measured his height on the window-frame, and seen him eat his supper, they begin to question him about his adventures, more for pleasure of hearing him talk than any curiosity.

"I suppose you got down at the cross roads?" says his elder brother.

"Yes, and through the wood. I should have been here sooner if I hadn't lost my way."

"Lost your way!" says his mother, alarmed.

"What did you stray from the path for?"

"Only to chase a little owl, mamma; but I didn't catch her, after all. I got a roll down a bank, and caught my jacket against a thorn bush, which was rather unlucky. Ah! three holes I see in my sleeve. And so I scrambled up again, and got into the path, and asked at the cottage for some beer. What a time the woman kept me to be sure! I thought it would never come. But very soon after Mr. D— drove up in his gig, and he drove me up to the door."

They did not know, any more than he do, of the dangers that hourly beset us. Some dangers we are aware of, and we do what we can to provide against them; but for the greater portion our eyes are hidden that we cannot see. We walk securely under His guidance, without whom "not a sparrow falleth to the ground;" and when we have had escapes that the angels have admired at, we come home and say, perhaps, that nothing has happened.

It is not well that our minds should be much exercised about these hidden dangers, since they are so many and so great that no human art or foresight can prevent them. But it is very well that we should reflect constantly on that loving Providence which watches every footstep of a track, always balancing between time and eternity; and that such reflections should make us both happy and afraid—afraid of trusting our souls and bodies too much to any earthly guide or earthly security—happy from the knowledge that there is One with whom we may trust them wholly, and with whom the very hairs of our head are all numbered. Without such trust, how can we rest, or be at peace? but with it we may say with the Psalmist, "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep, for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell safely!"

**NICE LITTLE CHILDREN.**

If the first-born of Egypt were lively children, with a tendency to ask questions, I look upon Herod as a benevolently wise man, whose acts have been misconstrued, and whose memory has been vilified. A vast amount of non-sensical interrogatives, which would have bothered the patriarchs, and perhaps stopped the wheels of that parental style of government, he spared that generation.

The other day, in an unguarded moment, I accepted the charge and custody of a young gentleman who wore half gaiters and a Charles II. hat and feather. His sponsors in baptism had given him one name—circumstances another. His latter appellation, "Buster," his age, as he informed me, was "going on 7." When he had made up his mind that we were to be left together, he eyed me malevolently a moment, and immediately commenced the following system of torture:

What was my name and my brother's and my father's name and why? Did I have any little boys? Why didn't I have any little boys? What was the reason, if I didn't have any little boys, didn't have any little girls? All this put as one question, with no stops, and a gradual rising inflection.

Was then buttons gold in my sleeve, and why? How much did they cost? Did they cost one hundred and fifty-five dollars? If they didn't cost one hundred and fifty-five dollars, what would be the price of a gold house with gold furniture and gold staircase? Did I ever see a house with these auriferous peculiarities?

No.

What then would be the cost of a silver carriage and a gold harness? What then would be the cost of a laden carriage with iron harness? And why?

Did I know why the flies walked on the ceiling? Could I walk on the ceiling? Not if I had one man to hold my head and another my legs? Why couldn't I? Couldn't I if I was a giant? Did I ever see a giant? Was I personally acquainted with any? Did I ever see them eat?

How far was it to New York? Was it a million of miles? Fifty million of miles? If he (Buster) had a balloon, and should start off, would he get there to night? Nor next night, nor another night, nor next week?—and why?

I soon found out that this was simply a form of closing all questions, like the usual note of interrogation.

What was my business, and did I know any stories? and why?

This afforded a plan of relief. I instantly started into an animated history of my previous life and adventures. I invested all my relations and friends with supernatural attributes, and made myself a creation something between a Genie and Robinson Crusoe. I made the most astonishing voyages and saw most remarkable occurrences. I drew liberally from the Arabian Nights and Baron Munchausen. Whenever I saw the open mouth "address itself to motion, as though 'twould speak," I brought in a Roc or a Genie or a casket of diamonds, and took away the unhappy child's breath! In the midst of an animated description of my last voyage to the Hoarhound Islands, and my adventures in the damp caves, where the candles hung in long stalactites, the parents happily returned. I hurriedly received their thanks and left. But I have the secret satisfaction of knowing that all that pent-up torrent of questions burst on the unhappy father; and that geographical inquiries regarding the locality of "Floating Island," the "Blanc Mange Archipelago" and "the Valley of Cream Cakes" will be henceforth his dreadful lot to meet and answer!

**A REBEL DEFINITION OF LOYALTY.**—The Unionism of many of the rebel leaders has singular expression, and is scarcely of the kind that loyal men are inclined to trust, without proper guarantees that it will not run back into something equivalent to rebellion. Gen. Wade Hampton recently made a speech in South Carolina, in which he said—

"For four years the South was the victim of a cruel and unnecessary war—a war marked on the part of her opponents by a barbarity never surpassed, if equalled, in the annals of civilized warfare. The sword failed to conquer her, for on nearly every battle-field she was victorious, and her enemies were forced to resort to weapons more congenial to their nature—fire and famine. The torch was applied with an unsparring hand. The mansion of the rich, the cottage of the poor, peaceful villages, thriving cities, even the temples of the Most High God, fell before the ruthless destroyer, leaving to mark the spots where once they stood but ashes and blackened ruins."

Gen. Hampton then assumes, without the slightest reason, that the rebels surrendered upon the pledge that they should at once resume all their privileges in the Union, and bitterly denounces the North for withholding what he calls their rights. Such men seem to have no perception of the wrong they committed. Gen. Hampton says that "shame would cling to us forever if we admit that we have been guilty of treason," and affirms that "the South is, and ever has been, loyal in the proper sense of the word." What then, was the object of the war? Was it loyal to fire on the flag, to throw off all allegiance to the Constitution, to seek to destroy the Union? No! if these men so boldly justify rebellion and treason, we cannot trust them. If the "South has ever been loyal in the proper sense of the word," and we admit rebels unconditionally to power, what security do we possess against more of that loyalty which takes the form of rebellion and civil war? Now, when rebels and copperheads talk of "loyalty," it will be well to inquire if they understand it to mean that the War for the Union was "cruel and unnecessary;" that the soldiers of the United States displayed a barbarity never surpassed in the annals of warfare; that fire and famine were the weapons of the Union; that the rebels were always better patriots than the Union men of the North. Of this kind of loyalty, which we fear is the only kind which men like Gen. Hampton possess, we had enough in four years of war, and it is certainly not fit to govern the nation in Congress.

[New York Tribune.]

**NEGRO HUMOR.**—A Virginia rebel, who has issued a book giving his experience as a prisoner in the hands of the Fed-er-als, at Point Lookout and Elmira, tells the following story:

The boys are laughing at the summons which S, one of my fellow Peters-burgers, got to-day, from a negro-sentinel. S. had on, when captured, and I suppose still possesses, a tall beaver of the antique pattern, considered inappreciable from extreme respectability. While wandering around the enclosure, seeking, I suspect, what he might devour, he accidentally stepped beyond the "dead line," and was suddenly arrested by a summons from the nearest negro on the parapet, who seemed to be doubtful whether so well-dressed a man could be a "rob," and therefore whether he should be shot at once.

"White man, you b'long in dar?"

"Yes."

"Well, ain't you got no better sense dan to cross dat line?"

"I did not notice the line."

"Well, you had better notice it, and dat quick, or I'll blow half dat nail bag off!"

**MORE DISCOVERIES OF THE SIR JOHN FRANKLIN EXHIBITION.**—The captain and part of the crew of the American whaling ship Antelope, which was lost at Niantick Island on the 6th of October last, recently arrived at St. Johns, in steamers from the Arctic Ocean.

The St. Johns Commercial Journal says:

The officers of the Antelope bring interesting information of discoveries made by Mr. C. F. Hall respecting the Franklin expedition. Mr. Hall has in his possession a gold watch, some silver spoons and other relics supposed to have belonged to the Franklin party. He also learned that the remains of some of Franklin's men were lying under a boat in Committee Bay, where they had been placed by the natives after death. The natives would not permit Mr. Hall to go on to examine them, but as several vessels will winter in Repulse Bay, it is believed Mr. Hall will secure assistance and push his way to where the remains are situated.

**MR. SEWARD'S PROPHECY.**—Some of the papers are wickedly printing Mr. Seward's declaration at Niagara Falls:—

"I want the republicans to nominate the man (Fenton) they intend to nominate for governor of the State of New York, to test their principles, and in the election now some weeks off, if he is not defeated by a majority of forty thousand, do not call me a prophet."

The 12,000 or so majority for Fenton has made no difference after all. Even Mr. Seward's best friends had already ceased to "call him a prophet," well remembering his efforts in that line.

[Boston Adv.]

"Thomas, my son," said a father to a lad, in my hearing, the other day, "won't you show the gentleman your last composition?"

"I don't want to," said he. "I wish you would," said the father. "I won't," was the reply; "I'll be goy-blamed if I do!" A sickly, half-approved smile passed over the face of the father, as he said in explanation of his son's brusquerie—"Thomas don't lack manners generally, but the fact is he's got such a cold he's almost a fool!" Kind parent! happy boy!

You often say, "How much good I would do with my money if I were as rich as this man, or the other." How much good do you do now with what you have? "Oh, if I had only time, what would I not learn," says another. How do you spend the time you have?

A young man recently wrote to his sweet heart, saying: "There is not a globe of blood in my heart which does not bear your photograph." He had it very bad, hadn't he?

**EUROPEAN MATTERS.**—Now that the elections are over we can glance across the Atlantic. It is sufficiently evident that those who imagined that the brief struggle between Prussia and Austria, which closed with the battle ofadowa, would be a finality will find themselves grievously mistaken. Austria will not consent to give it up so. She is proverbially tough and tenacious, and can stand a drubbing with more philosophy than any other power in Europe. Austria is quietly nursing her wrath and arming herself with the improved firearms of the day for another trial of strength. Prussian supremacy in Europe cannot be purchased at so cheap a cost as a few weeks fighting. Austria has a larger population than Prussia even now. The Prussian government is next to Russia the most perfect despotism in Europe. It is a drumhead, ramrod regime and has been from the beginning. But Bismark has not dared to apply the rigid Prussian military system to the States which he has absorbed. Every Prussian, whether rich or poor, owes his government so many years military service, and he cannot compound by furnishing a substitute. Personal service is in all cases required. Austria, having ceased to tyrannize over Venice, is all the stronger for her withdrawal from that State. When the Emperor Franz Joseph has called home the truant Maximilian from Mexico, the outside world will have no cause of complaint against him. He will then be at liberty to pick a bone with Prussia.

Now that Venice has become part and parcel of the Italian kingdom, Rome is the only remaining obstruction to Italian unity. The Pope's temporal sway, old as Pepin and Charlemagne, cannot stand much longer.

The letter writers say that the Emperor of France is anxious to be on good terms with this country, and to that end will withdraw his troops from Mexico immediately, leaving no further cause of offence between himself and our government. Gen. Dix, when he arrives in Paris, will find smooth sailing and meet with a cordial greeting. He will have no occasion for much diplomacy, but can devote himself to the enjoyment of Parisian life. Meantime, when Max has taken his departure in the steamer which his brother has sent to bear him back to Mirami, and the last French soldier has shaken the dust of the land of the Montezumas from his feet, and the Mexican people are left to their own self-control, what will happen in that beautiful land, where only man is vile? What vagabond on horseback will assume sway? Of course democracy in Mexico is a sheer humbug. We have insisted that the French should not give Mexico a stable government and the responsibility for the future of that country is evidently on our shoulders. So the French say. It behooves us, therefore, to prove that Mexico, left on our hands, will be better taken care of than she would be by any European intruder.

[Com. Adv.]

**RECIPE FOR CURING MEAT.**—To one gallon of water, take 1-2 lbs. of salt, 1-2 lb. of sugar, 1-2 oz. of potash, 1-2 oz. of saltpetre. In this ratio the pickle is to be increased to any quantity desired. Let these be boiled together until all the dirt from the sugar rises to the top and is skimmed off. Then throw it into a tub to cool, and when cold, pour it over your beef or pork, to remain the usual time, say four or five weeks. The meat must be well covered with pickle, and should not be put down till at least two days after killing, during which time it should be slightly sprinkled with powdered saltpetre, which removes all the surface blood, etc., leaving the meat fresh and clean. Some omit boiling the pickle, and find it to answer well, though the operation of boiling purifies the pickle by throwing off the dirt always to be found in salt and sugar. If this recipe is properly tried, it will never be abandoned. There is none that surpasses it, if any so good.

Scientific American.

Dr. Paul Merrill, of this city, when a boy on his father's farm in Parson's field, often interested himself in planting apple seeds about the granite boulders scattered about the farm; and, as the trees became of suitable size, he employed himself for a few days every spring, in grafting them with choice fruit scions, obtained of the neighbors and elsewhere. The present season the crop of fruit, free of all expense of harvesting and marketing, has yielded the sum of seven hundred dollars. This is an item in the way of encouragement to young farmers, and even farmers' boys, to do something every year in aid of the fruit crop, as the reward is sure to come with its joyous welcome and satisfactions.

[Augusta Journal.]

**RHEUMATISM CURED BY LIGHTNING.**—During the great storm of lightning, thunder and rain in this place, on the 10th, it will be recollected that James Danson of this place, who was engaged in fixing a water spout, was severely stunned by the lightning, and could not speak for eight or ten hours. Previous to the time he had been a great sufferer from rheumatism—prostrated in bed for a month at a time. It appears now he is free from the disease, and attributes it to the action of the electricity. We like the cure, but don't feel inclined to try the remedy.

[Fredericksburg Herald.]

**A HORSE-CHAUNTER.**—A fellow being being called d as a witness in one of the English courts, the judge demanded:

"What is your trade?"

"A horse-chaunter, my lord."

"A what? A horse-chaunter? Why, what's that?"

"Vy, my lord, aint you up to that ere trade?"

"I require you to explain."

"Vell, my lord, I goes round among the livery stables—they all on 'em knows me—and ven I sees a gen'man bargaining for an 'orse, I just steps up like a tee-total stranger, and says I, 'Vell, that's a rare 'un I'll be bound,' says I. 'He's got the most beautiful 'ead and neck as I ever seed,' says I. 'Only look at it open nostrils—he's got wind like a no-go-motive, I'll be bound; he'll travel a hundred miles a day, and never once think on't; them's the kind of legs vat never fails. Vell, this ticks the gen'man, and he says to 'imself, 'That ere 'onest countryman's a rare judge of a 'orse'; so, my lord, he buys 'im and trots off. Vell, then I goes up to the man vot keeps the stable, and I axes 'im, 'Vell, vot are you going to stand for that ere chaunt?' and he gives me a sovereign. Vell, that's vot I call 'orse-chaunting, my lord. There's rare little harm in't; there's a good many sorts on us. Some chaunts camels, and some chaunts railroads."

We have the same character in this country, though known by another name, and a ring of jockeys will "blow" up or down, as the occasion requires.

Prof. Agassiz says that America is the old world. From the fishes in its interior lakes he learns that it has been undisturbed by geological revolutions for a longer period than Europe. The Indians were not the aborigines. Before them existed here a more civilized people; and a long way back before those were monstrous animals not now known on the continent.

## Waterville Mail.

F. M. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... NOV. 16, 1866.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

F. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 35 Park Row, New York, are Agents for the WATERVILLE MAIL and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office. S. R. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Southway Building, Court Street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisements are referred to the Agents named above.

## ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS

relating either to the business or editorial departments of this paper, should be addressed to MAXHAM & WING, at WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE.

## THE ELECTIONS.

It is gratifying to find that full returns show better results, in nearly all the States, than were indicated by first reports. Congress gains strength in the Senate, while the house stands numerically as it now is. After the 4th of March the Senate gains four republicans. The republicans lost three house members in New York city, one in New Jersey and one in Missouri, making five; but gained two in New York country districts, two in New Jersey and one in St. Louis—the gains balancing the losses.

The republican majority in the State of New York is 16,000; Massachusetts 65,000; New Jersey 2,000; Illinois 60,000; Michigan 30,000; Wisconsin 20,000; Minnesota 15,000; Iowa 40,000; Kansas 12,000; Missouri 25,000; Nevada 2,000.

Maryland gives 10,000 democratic majority, and Delaware 1,000.

Six States remain to elect members of Congress, which now send 16 republicans and 10 democrats. If they remain in the same proportion, the next house will stand 145 republicans and 47 democrats.

The Illinois Senate will stand 16 Republicans to 9 copperheads. The House will stand about 56 Republicans to 29 copperheads.

Wisconsin has repudiated Johnsonism by a popular majority double that given President Lincoln in 1864. Mr. Doanville's services are needed at home.

The New York assembly, so far as ascertained, will stand 83 Republicans to 45 Democrats. The Congressional delegation remains 19 republicans to 12 democrats and conservatives.

The election of F. P. Blair to the Missouri legislature will be contested. A Republican will be elected to the Senate of the United States in place of B. Gratz Brown.

**UNDERGROUND WORKS.**—The good works of good men are not always known unless somebody tells of them. We like to reveal secrets of this kind. Just now the Road Commissioners are doing an underground work in the most needy section of Main St., between the Mail Office and Marston Block, that promises great comfort in muddy times. We hope their best expectations will be met. If they, or the Selectmen, or any other mortal authorities, shall ever undertake the truly christian enterprise of establishing a permanent water trough near this locality, they will deserve the prayers of a million men—to say nothing of the thanks of suffering horses. It needs but little expense. Some six years ago the object seemed to have been effected, and for a time thirsty horses luxuriated at a beautiful fountain. By-and-by something interrupted the flow of water, and the perishing trough still stands a living rebuke to man's ingratitude, in the name of all that is noble and generous in horse flesh. The walled channel and lead pipe still wait in their bed, all the way from the trough to the fountain near Hanscom Building. Will anybody, ever, secure enviable immortality by renewing and giving permanence to this good unde taking?

**THE CATTLE MARKETS.**—The receipts of the live stock market, this week, says the Boston Advertiser, were nearly 4,000 cattle, over 16,000 sheep, and 3,000 fat hogs, in addition large amounts of dressed meat, and prices declined from 3-4 to 1-1-2 cts. per lb. Maine contributed 530 cattle and 1,051 sheep. The market was hard for the drovers, and many cattle remained unsold. First quality beef is quoted at 12 to 12 3-4; second quality or good fair beef 10-1-2 to 11 3-4; third quality, lighter young cattle, cows, &c., 9-1-2 to 10 Sheep, sheared, Northern 3 to 6 1-2; in lots \$1.50 to \$5 per head. Thos. Gage sold working cattle at \$117, \$165, \$210, \$230, \$240, and \$265.

Dr. Sheldon's third lecture upon Unitarian belief, is again deferred one week, on account of the Ministerial Institute, which is to continue over the Sabbath.

We are pleased to learn that letters recently received from T. S. Lang, Esq., now in Paris, convey the gratifying assurance that his health is improving. Some marked passages in a copy of Galligan's Messenger, of Oct. 19th, received at this office, indicate that his patriotism has not waned. May he eventually return with health fully restored, to finish his career of usefulness so well begun.

## KENDALL'S MILLS ITEMS.

Quite a number of firms are buying potatoes at Kendall's Mills; this is a very good market for farmers who have that article to sell. We understand that more than six thousand bushels have been purchased here in one day. Farmers haul potatoes here long distances, and the number of teams engaged are wont to fill the streets on every fair day, and the purchases made by them keep the shopkeepers busy. This trade is a great help to the place. The potatoes purchased here are mostly sent to Boston by railroad.

Kendall's Mills is honored with a new institution—a Billiard Hall in full blast. And why not? It is said that the Young Men's Christian Union, of New York, have introduced billiard tables into their assembly rooms, and play there as a Christian pastime; and it is to be expected that all the little Christian villages will follow their example. We have fears, however, that some of the young gentlemen, both of this place and Waterville, will get into the habit of spending too much valuable time in that recreation. Young men, be temperate in all things.

## The Maine Baptist Ministerial Institute.

An association bearing the above name has been holding its sessions at the Baptist church in this place the present week, commencing on Tuesday. The Institute, as its name indicates, is composed of Baptist ministers belonging to this State, and is of recent formation. Its object, as stated in its Constitution, is "to promote the intellectual and spiritual benefit of its members." It had its origin in a desire on the part of many of the ministry for an opportunity to obtain instruction and to hold discussions upon the various topics of a doctrinal and practical character, which are specially interesting to ministers of the Gospel. A short session, which was rather preliminary and experimental, was held in June last, at Saco, in connection with the meeting of the Maine Baptist Convention, when so much interest was manifested that arrangements were made for a more permanent organization, and for holding the first regular annual session the present season.

The Institute was organized on Tuesday by the election of Rev. N. M. Wood, President, Rev. H. A. Hart, Secretary and Treasurer, and three other gentlemen Directors. About fifty ministers have been in attendance.

The plan of the meetings is, first, to listen to a lecture of an hour's length, from a qualified person on some subject, and then for another hour, questions arising from the lecture are presented in writing by the members, to be answered by the lecturer. The lectures of the present session have been thus far by Rev. Dr. Conant, formerly (from 1827 to 1833) a Professor in Waterville College, and lately connected with Rochester University, and Dr. Hovey, of Newton Theological Institution.

Dr. Conant is delivering a series of lectures on the Text of the Sacred Scriptures, embracing thus far an account of the ancient manuscripts of the original Scriptures, the remarkable circumstances of their preservation, the most important editions of the original text published after the introduction of the art of printing, and is to include an account of the various translations into the English tongue. Dr. C., as is known to some, has been for many years engaged in the service of the American Bible Union, in the preparation of the New Version of the Bible, now in course of publication by that society.

The lectures of Dr. Hovey have been of a theological character, and on the following topics:—"The Divine Authority of the Bible," "The Extent of Inspiration," "Native Depravity," "The Extent of the Atonement." He lectures this day and evening on "The Condition of the Soul in the Intermediate State," and "Baptism." The lecturers are both able men, and well-informed on the subjects which they treat. Before the close of the session, which is to continue until Tuesday night, other gentlemen are expected to lecture before the Institute, and among them, Rev. Dr. Shepard, of Bangor Theological Seminary.

It should be added that the meetings are open, and the public cordially invited to attend.

I. O. or G. T.—At a regular meeting of Rising Star Lodge No. 7 of Waterville, Nov. 13th, the following officers were duly installed for the quarter ending Feb. 1st, 1867:—

C. W. Stevens, W. C. T.  
Miss Mary Wentworth, W. V. T.  
S. Lombard, W. R. S.  
W. H. Watson, W. F. S.  
H. B. White, W. T.  
E. F. Soule, W. M.  
J. Nye, W. C.  
Mrs. S. Lombard, W. I. G.  
J. B. Wendall, W. O. G.  
Miss Anna Wentworth, W. R. H. S.  
Miss Lottie Shaw, W. L. H. S.  
Regular meetings are held every Tuesday evening, commencing at 7 o'clock.

At the Methodist Centenary meeting at this place, on Sunday last, the liberal sum of \$1138.55 was contributed for the Maine Wesleyan Seminary at Kent's Hill. Of this sum R. B. Dunn gave \$1000, and Joshua Nye \$100—one half of Mr. Dunn's contribution being made at Kendall's Mills on the same day. The sum of \$105 was contributed for the Preachers' Aid Society of the Me. Conference—Mr. Dunn giving \$100 of this amount. It is pleasant to see our wealthy men giving kindly to good objects. This denomination, according to reports made at the meeting—and as everybody well knows—has been greatly prospered in past years, and is making good progress at the present time. Their contributions have been astonishingly large. "By their fruits" they stand the test well.

The remains of a mastodon have been found in a peat bed, eighty-five feet below the surface, in Cohoes, N. Y. The hip bone is five feet long and weighs 100 pounds.

## OUR TABLE.

THE GALAXY for November contains chapters 29, 30, and 31 of "The Claverings," by Anthony Trollope, with two illustrations. And also the following articles: Archie Lovell, by Mrs. Edwards; By-Gones, by A. E. M.; II. Editor, an opera, by Charles H. Doe; Novelist's Poetry, by Anne M. Crane; D'Ouro Mort, by Harriet E. Prescott; A Very Old Play, by Alfred Ludlow Carroll; Eugene Fromentin, by Eugene Benson; Fringed Gentians, by Dr. T. W. Parsons; Why we have no Saturday Reviews, by Richard Grant White; An Article of Female Dress, by Julius Wilcox, (with an illustration); Nebula, by the Editor.

The prospectus of the magazine for 1867 announces that it will continue to be edited on the policy of publishing articles on their merits alone, and that during the year it will publish three complete novels, written especially for it.

Published by W. C. & F. P. Church, 39 Park Row, New York.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR, T. S. Arthur's new magazine for children, has made its appearance, and justifies the favorable opinions expressed in advance. It is very neatly printed, with a plentiful supply of fine wood engravings, and the filling is of the best kind for youth. Mr. Arthur will make a work that no one need fear to put in the hands of children; and with the aid of Miss V. F. Townsend and other popular writers, his little readers will be wisely and profitably entertained.

Published by T. S. Arthur & Son, Philadelphia, at \$1.25 a year.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.—The December number of this popular Lady's Magazine, which thus early comes to hand, is a very fine one, in its filling and embellishments, and the title page is a beauty. For many years, "Peterson's Magazine," in consequence of its merit and cheapness, has had a larger circulation than any other monthly in the United States. In 1867 it will be greatly improved: the reading matter will be increased, and each number will contain a Double-size Steel Fashion Plate, elegantly colored, with from four to six figures—making "Peterson's" the cheapest in the market. The terms will remain two dollars a year to single subscribers. To clubs it is cheaper still, viz.: five copies for \$8.00, eight copies for \$12.00, or fourteen copies for \$20.00. To every person getting up a club (at these rates), the Publishers will send an extra copy gratis. Specimens sent (if written for) to those wishing to get up clubs.

Published by Charles J. Peterson, 306 Chestnut Street Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

"DEMOCRAT'S YOUNG AMERICA," a Boys' and Girls' Monthly Magazine of Art, Science, and Literature, is the title of a new little monthly for children, of which we have seen one number, only, and of which we might say something more if we were sure of receiving any. We never get beyond one number a year of Madame Demorest's Monthly, and we are tired of that sort of exchange.

This little juvenile is published monthly by W. Jennings Demorest, 437 Broadway, New York, at \$1.50 a year.

FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY.—In addition to numerous other publications, the enterprising Frank Leslie has recently established a weekly magazine for children. It is a neat little quarto of twenty-four pages, full of amusement and instruction and profusely illustrated. Though designed mainly for children, adults may peruse it with pleasure and profit.

Published by Frank Leslie, New York, at \$2.50 a year.

ONCE A MONTH, a Free Magazine of Miscellaneous Selections, is the title of a monthly publication, which, with many advertisements, contains much interesting reading matter. The leading story in the November number, the first of a new volume, is called "A Story of the Heart," and is the same one that had such a run nearly a quarter of a century ago, under the title of "Judith Bensaid." As it costs but a dollar a year, we should suppose that it would have a large circulation.

Address W. J. Holland & Co., Springfield, Mass.

"A WATCHED POT NEVER BOILS," it is said, and the stars have simply winked at the crowds of sky-gazers during the week and kept their places. But although the meteoric shower has proved a failure, the numerous beautiful and recherche articles of millinery, recently brought from the city by the Misses Fisher, are charming realities, and will prove abundantly consoling to the fair ones who have watched in vain for gay streamers in the midnight sky, and we look to see numerous stars of fashion of the first magnitude shooting through our streets for the consolation of their fellow-watchers of the masculine gender. See adv.

"Can you draw an inference?" asked a bishop of his coachman. "I can draw anything that the traces will hold," answered he with a justifiable pride in his horses. The editor of the Bath Times goes beyond the coachman when he infers that the influence of the Mail is not good, because there has been a solitary case of chicken stealing in Waterville. The thief, we are happy to say, does not belong in our town, and proves to be an old patron of the "Times." "There's where the hen scratches."

The Baptist pulpit will be occupied next Sabbath forenoon by Rev. L. D. Hill, of Bath, and in the afternoon by Rev. J. Leland, of Warren.

In the evening Dr. Conant will lecture on "The Mosaic Account of Creation."

THE PORTLAND ADVERTISER has been "reconstructed," and comes to us again as an exchange. Two editions, weekly and semi-weekly are published. It is edited by T. M. McGregor, and its politics are apparently of a neutral tint.

MORRILL, you brute; take in that thinly clad woman out of the cold. A "cutty sark" for a costume may be picturesque, but it hardly "clears the law," and makes the beholder shiver at this season.

We are requested to say that the President of the College will receive proposals till the 1st of December for hauling the stone for the new building during the winter, from the Eaton Lodge, by the yard. As it is to be hauled as fast as quarried, two smart double teams will be required. There will be about seven hundred yards.

Our friend, E. Q. NORTON, is in town, and will attend to all orders, left at the store of Thayer & Marston, for tuning pianofortes.—He has recommendations from many of our citizens, among whom are S. C. Marston, Wm. Otis, Miss E. Bodfish, and Messrs. Abbott, Britton, Wilkins, Robinson, and Miss Wall, of North Vassalboro'.

The Unitarian Levee, promised for Monday and Tuesday evenings, is arranging for a good programme for a good time. The avails go towards furnishing their house.

**SENIOR EXHIBITION.**—There will be a prize declamation of the Senior Class of Waterville College, with an assignment of Junior parts, on evening next week, at the Baptist Church. The Augusta Band will furnish the music.

We would call the attention of our readers to an advertisement of Wonderful Cures made by Dr. Urann, of Boston, who is to be at the Augusta House, Nov. 20th, to remain for a few days.

We heartily join with our brother of the Bangor Whig, in the wishes expressed below:

We hope the running of the Grand Trunk trains will be fast enough to allow of the regular delivery of the Maine Central trains here as provided in the time table. Our mails from the west might be, and ought to be, delivered here at 6 P. M., instead of 8. It could be done without difficulty, if the roads between Boston and Portland would run at reasonable speed. Twenty-three miles an hour, including stoppages, would do it. The morning trains for the east might leave Boston a half hour earlier and still take the New York passengers, and the stop at Portland need not be quite so long.

MARYLAND.—Some of the leading Union men in Baltimore sent the following despatch to the Philadelphia Press, after the success of the democrats in Maryland had been ascertained:—

"Baltimore, Nov. 6.—We have fought a good fight, but we are beaten. Hereafter we fly the proper standard of a Radical party. Impartial suffrage and equal laws. Thanks for your generous and constant aid."

CYRUS W. FIELD.—We hope we do not violate confidence in stating a fact to the honor of a New York merchant, which, though a private transaction, ought to be known. Our fellow citizen, Mr. Cyrus W. Field, whose name will always be connected with the Atlantic Telegraph—has nearly twice ruined himself by his devotion to that enterprise. Though a man of independent fortune when he began, he embarked in it so large a portion of his capital as nearly to make shipwreck of the whole.—While in England, engaged in the expedition of 1857, a financial storm swept over this country, and his house suspended, but on his return he asked only for time, and paid all in full with interest. But the stoppage was a heavy blow, and being followed by a fire in 1859, which burned his store to the ground, and by the panic of December, 1860, just before the breaking out of the war, he was finally obliged to compromise with his creditors. Thus released, he devoted himself to the work of his life, which he has at last carried through. The success of the Atlantic Telegraph, we are happy to learn, has brought back a portion of his lost wealth, and his first care has been to make good all losses to others. He has addressed a letter to every creditor who suffered by the failure of his house in 1860, requesting him to send a statement of the amount compromised, adding the interest for nearly six years, and as fast as presented returns a check in full. The whole amount will be about \$200,000. Such a fact, however he may wish to keep it secret, ought to be known to his honor, and to the honor of the merchants of New York.

The letter of John B. Reagan of Texas, Jeff Davis' former Postmaster General, in which he advocates negro enfranchisement, has attracted much attention. We give below the gist of the most important part of it:—

Now it becomes us to consider whether we cannot satisfy the demand, and at the same time avoid the loss of our own rights and the dangers of universal suffrage. I think this may be done by conferring the elective franchise on those of them who are possessed of sufficient intelligence to exercise it, and by making the test which shall secure this standard of intelligence apply to such of the white race as should be hereafter admitted to its exercise. For a limitation which would only affect the negroes, and permit all the whites of a less degree of intelligence, according to standard adopted, to vote, would do no good toward securing the great ends we desire to attain. I have not doubted, since soon after our overthrow, that we had sooner or later, to decide between negro suffrage in this qualified form, and universal negro suffrage. And now I tell you that those who oppose negro suffrage in this qualified form, elect, by this act, to force universal negro suffrage on this country, and ought to be, and will be, held responsible by our people for it when it comes, and they ought no longer to be allowed to shield themselves under pretended ignorance from the consequences of such criminal demagoguery. And if the plan, or some equivalent one, be not adopted by our legislature, the day is not far distant when the people of this State will hold them responsible for having refused to see and comprehend those facts, and thereby forcing on the State the disfranchisement of the white race as well as universal suffrage.

**GLOOMY PICTURE OF THE SOUTH.**—The New York Times, which will not be suspected of undue prejudice against the South; contains a letter from a correspondent at New Orleans, from which we extract the following:

"It is safe to predict that two-thirds of the Northern planters will return to their homes as soon as they can after the crops of this season are gathered. They are led to this resolution not only by bad success in their enterprise and lack of remunerative prospects, but by actual threats of assassination if they remain. Dozens of Northerners, now planting in the interior parishes of this State, have received 'notice to quit,' enforced by the presentation of revolvers and unpleasant displays of ropes. One gentleman, formerly a Federal Colonel, and now representing Northern moneyed interest to the amount of half a million dollars in Rapides Parish, although surrounded by over a thousand discharged colored soldiers of his own and other regiments, all of whom are in his employ, and have their arms with them, says that he will most assuredly abandon his business next year, as he has already been fired at several times, and has been served with verbal notification that he must leave or pay the penalty with his life. The chief judicial officer of the same parish will soon make affidavit that on the docket of the term of court now in session there are nineteen cases of murder of freedmen, and that it is useless to try to attempt to punish the criminals. Bienville Parish is in equally bad condition, and the post commandant at Shreveport has been authorized to use military force in protecting the Unionists and freedmen. The parish will probably soon be garrisoned by regular troops. In the vicinity of Lake Providence outrages occurred so frequently

without being followed by the punishment of the perpetrators, that a squad of soldiers were sent there, and now persons who are suspected of having given the information regarding the outrages to the military authorities are obliged to fly from their homes to save their lives from midnight assassination. This plain statement is but a moiety of the entire record of disgraceful occurrences during the past few months. Were I to give your readers the particulars of the individual cases, regarding which reliable affidavits have been received by Gen. Sheridan, I could fill their hearts with horror at the atrocity and relentless cruelty of men who are encouraged, by escaping from punishment, to continue the commission of their crimes."

**THE FINEST SPEECH EVER MADE.**—The Westminster Review pronounces Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg speech the finest that ever fell from human lips. In view of this fact, and that it is even more pertinent now than it ever was, we need make no apology for republishing it, especially as it takes but little space. We give it below:

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived or dedicated, can long endure.—We are met on a great battlefield of the war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting place of those who here gave their lives that the nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion—that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain—that the nation shall under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the Government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Dowall, a Johnson candidate in Peoria promised, if elected, to have a ship-canal opened. "Then," he said, "you can load your own products on a boat at your own doors, and take them clear through to New York without change of cars."

N. S. Morse, the editor of the Bridgeport (Ct.) Farmer, whose conduct caused the destruction of his office by a mob in 1861, and who afterwards went to Georgia and edited a rebel paper, is at New Haven, and has been converted into a radical abolitionist. He says no one could live at the South six months without undergoing the change he has.

The Gardiner Journal says that Charles Trafton, Collector and Treasurer of Farmington, fell from a load of wood on which he was riding, and the wheel passed over him, injuring him so severely that he is not expected to live.

The statement that the President has directed Gen. Sheridan to disregard Gen. Grant's famous order No. 3, for the protection of army officers from suits in civil courts, is incorrect, as is also the assertion that he has revoked General Order No. 44, directing the military to arrest citizens guilty of crimes when the civil authorities refuse to do so. The fact about the whole matter is that Gen. Grant himself has declared that both these orders are nullified by the President's peace proclamations. The effect of these proclamations is thus powerless to enforce the Civil Rights act.

Tennison has joined the defenders of ex-Governor Eyre, and has sent a subscription to the fund for his defence. This is the fourth great literary name which has taken Mr. Eyre under its protection—Carlyle, Ruskin, Kingsley and Tennison. Just at the time when men of letters stood highest in the general estimation, these four men have done all in their power to disgrace what Earl Grey would have called their "order," by lending their names to the support of brutality, stupidity and massacre.—[Port. Press]

The London Times says that considering the difficult position of the President of the United States and his efforts to prevent the invasion of British territory in North America, it would see with satisfaction some compliance with his request in behalf of the Fenians who have been convicted of treason and sentenced to death, but still it would concede no immunity in case of another invasion.

General Chamberlain, governor elect of Maine, having resigned the presidency of Bowdoin College, Professor Harris of the Bangor Theological Seminary, has been elected as his successor.

Mr. Justice Bartol, in the decision of the habeas corpus case in Baltimore, sustains Governor Swann in removing the commissioners of police. The new board have entered upon the duties of commissioners, issuing an order directing the police to disregard the orders of the old board. "The course to be pursued by the latter has not yet been made known."

The present cholera excitement at Cincinnati eclipses the one in mid-summer. The epidemic is much more deadly than then, and is now confined to the better classes, leaving the lower strata untouched. There were 112 fatal cases last week.

**SURPRISING.**—It is actually surprising how soon our people have learned to prize that invaluable article known as Coe's Dyspepsia Cure. It certainly acts like magic, for it will cure the very worst cases of dyspepsia, and enable the patient, who has lived for years upon Graham bread and the plainest food, to eat anything he chooses without fear of distress. It is considered the most valuable remedy known for all diseases of the stomach and bowels.

The J. Monroe Taylor Gold Medal Soap is manufactured on an entirely different principle from other soaps, and has no injurious ingredients in it. It will do better work and go a great way farther than any soap in the market. It will whiten hands as well as clothes, and is good for making soft soap of a superior quality. After once using it you will never be without it.

We have found no other brand of soap equal to the Steam-Refined Soaps of Messrs. Leathe & Gory, for all the manifold uses to which a hard soap can be put in domestic avocations and in office work. A printer has the dirtiest hands of all artificers, and can judge of the quality of soaps.

Fred Douglass has bought a house in Alexandria, Virginia, and purposes to reside there.

Waldo A. Blossom, late U. S. Deputy Collector, in the U. S. Commissioner's court at Portland, waived examination and was ordered to recognize in the sum of \$300.00 on each of three complaints for aiding and abetting in defrauding the revenue through the Custom House at the Forks. John Kimball was ordered to recognize in \$200.00 on the same complaint.

Both branches of the Georgia legislature, recently, by a formal resolution which passed the senate without a dissenting voice and the house with but two, declined to ratify the amendment to the Constitution.

Would you save yourself from suffering after eating, or from acidity of the stomach, or burning sensation, or indigestion? Use Herick Allen's Gold Medal Salutaris. Never use soda if you can procure this article. It will strengthen weak stomachs and relieve dyspepsia. It is a saving in the quantity of flour, etc. Try it. Grocers and Druggists most all sell it. The Wholesale Agents are Wholesale Grocers.

Weaker vessels need much hooping, is the latest excuse for crinoline.

Young women should set good examples, for the young men are always following them.

Whether your life is to be long or short, let it be a life in earnest—a life that shows religion, not as something among other things, but as absolutely everything.

A Milvan, a young lady had her 'cap set' for a rather large 'feller,' but failed to win him, when a confidant tried to comfort her with the words, 'Never mind, Mollie, there is a good fish in the sea as ever was caught.'

Mollie knows that, replied her little brother, 'but she wants a whale.'

Be temperate in food. Our first parents ate them, solves out of house and home.

Beer fills many a bottle, the bottle fills many a bier.

It is stated that Hon. Thaddeus Stevens will, on the assembling of Congress, move for a committee to investigate the conduct of Mr. Johnson as President.

The New York Herald says: "The issue is narrowed down to the proposition, Will the excluded States accept the amendment under President Johnson, or wait for Gen. Grant?"

The Vermont Legislature has passed a bill disfranchising utterly all disloyal men, who served the Southern army or navy during the war, or all who voluntarily entered the rebel service. Good!

William Burr, Esq., editor of the Morning Star, an organ of the Free Will Baptists, died recently at Dover, New Hampshire.

An excited gentleman at a fire headed a line of fire buckets, and as fast as they were passed to him he threw bucket and all into the fire, crying out all the while—"Pass on more buckets!"

The Second Auditor of the Treasury has decided that a soldier who had lost his discharge papers or who was unable to produce them, was prevented establishing any title to the \$100 additional bounty.

Quebec papers acknowledge the receipt of contributions from Boston, for the relief of sufferers by the fire, to the amount of \$14,000. The Chronicle remarks in this connection that "Such acts of kindness by our American neighbors are calculated to establish stronger bonds of friendship than alliances or treaties whose motive forces no higher than the vulgar love of self-interest."

Count Montholon was at a dinner party in Washington at which a society lady, who was a great daughter, was also present. The count was introduced as Mr. Montholon, minister, and the lady proceeded to make herself agreeable by asking, "Pray, sir, what circuit do you travel in?"

There is something very sensible in the impromptu remark of a pretty girl on no secrets. So, do, like no "do" hand me that bottle of hair dye; you will find it on my dressing case.

General Beauregard has publicly declared that no man shall have employment on the railroad of which he is president, who has not served in the confederate army.

The Baptist church at Paris has made an engagement with Rev. Dr. Adams Wilson, of Waterville, to supply their pulpit temporarily.

Portland has given over \$1,200 to the sufferers at Wisconsin.

When a girl is kissed by her lover what newspaper will she be likely to mention? No "Unionist," no "Advertiser," no "Spectator," but as many 'Times' as you please.

What is the sweetest, if not the latest thing in bonnets? The ladies faces, to be sure.

The prize offered by Mr. Greeley for the best grape has been awarded to the Concord.

One of the new boulevards in Moscow has been named the Boulevard Amerikanski.

The Pope has consented to take up his residence in Malta, if forced to quit Rome.

The governor of Alabama in his annual message to the legislature says that the amendment to the Constitution should not be ratified by the State.

A despatch from Texas says that General Ortega has been arrested at El Paso by order of General Sheridan.

An anti-humane punster says that the reclamation of married people is the same as the reclamation of waves on the seashore—being the murmurs of the tide.

## Specialties.

CRYSTAL DROP TRIMMING, very beautiful, White Velvet.

BUGLE FRINGE, Drop Trimming, all shades for Dress Trimmings, all shades.

LADIES' WASH LEATHER GAUNTLETS, all shades, Kid Mittens.

SOMETHING NEW, Waterville Collars, all shades, all sizes, all styles, all prices.



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