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Maxham & Wing

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THE SWEETEST DAYS.

BY ALICE CARY.

The clouds in many a windy nook
Are sailing east and west,
And sober suns are bringing back
The days I love the best.

The poet, as he will, may go
To summer's golden prime,
And set the roses in a row
Along the fragrant rhyme.

But as for me, I sing the praise
Of fading flowers and trees,
For to my mind the sweetest days
Of all the year are these:

When stubble hills and hazy skies
Proclaim the harvest done,
And labor wipes his brow and lies
A-dreaming in the sun.

And idly hangs the spider on
Her broken silver stair,
And ghosts of thistles, dead and gone
Slide along the air.

Where all is still, unless the cricket
The cricket makes ado;
Or when the dust and dragon snaps
Some little need it too;

Or school-boy tramples through the burr;
His tangled path to keep,
Or pipe-mass, rustling downward, stirs
The shadows from their sleep.

And he who wills it so may praise
The lilies and the bees;
But as for me, the sweetest days
Of all the year are these:

My darling, in the woodland gleam
One hour with me apart,
And let us wander slow
I gave you all my heart.

Oh! wrap you with your veil so thin;
And let us wander slow
To that delicious bower, wherein
We courted long ago.

We had a quarrel—do you mind?
About the daisies' eyes;
Whether they closed because the wind
Was—ingling—blowies.

And you said Yes, and I said No;
And you got vexed and cried;
At that I gave it up, and lo!
You took the other side.

And you said No, and I said Yes;
The bosoms of the flowers
Were sensitive no whit the less,
Nor tender less than ours.

And you, as I remember yet,
Said that might well be true,
If you against the daisies set
My tenderness for you.

And I said—being sorely stung
That you my love should slight—
A woman always had a tongue
To make the wrong seem right!

So then you brows you darkly bent,
And killed me with a frown;
And I grew softly penitent,
And to my knees went down;

Ald where that willow of the glen
Shut out the insistent light,
I took you in my arms, and then
I kissed you just for spite!

Ay, just for very spite, I said,
But when you sweetly grew
So painfully and proudly red,
I said it was for true.

And brushing from your face the tear,
You gave me back my kiss,
Nor have we quarrelled once, my dear,
From that glad day to this.

Therefore I leave you will to praise
The lilies and the bees,
For love of mine, the sweetest days
Of all the year are these:

[From the Lady's Friend for December.]

GOLDEN ROD.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MCCLINTON.

It was the very last day at Seaview. On the morrow there was to be a general fitting. The trunk stood in the hall, locked and strapped, though everybody had kept some last box open, and saved out some decorations for the evening. They were going to dance, and to make the affair as gay as one ever can make a last evening, with the subtle, prophetic sadness which always seems to haunt the air.

Lu Haversham had hurried through her packing, and two hours after dinner she went down into the hall, where she knew well enough some one waited for her. A handsome man looked up from the newspaper he was making a pretence of reading, when he heard her foot on the stairs, and came forward to meet her. A great, noble-looking fellow he was, with his Saxon face; clear, blue eyes; fair, curling hair; and lips that could be firm and proud enough, though just now their expression was winningly gentle and tender.

Max Pembroke was a man whom all women liked. Miss Haversham had meant to be an exception, and had carried herself distantly when she first came to Seaview; but had ended by something a little more than a flirtation, a little less, perhaps, than a love affair with him.

She had a good deal of worldly wisdom. She knew that she needed money, and had no certain prospect of it. Her uncle had brought her up as liberally and elegantly as if she had been his own daughter, but if he should die to-morrow she was not sure of money enough to buy her gloves. He might have willed her something, or he might not. He had never told her, and she knew that to make a brilliant marriage had been the object and end of her social training, the one thing her Uncle and Aunt Haversham expected of her in return for all their outlays in her behalf.

It was a strange oversight on their part which had allowed her to come to Seaview, and be left there to her own devices. Mrs. Haversham had been in mourning for her sister, and of course, out of society. She did not care to let her niece go to any very gay place without her, and just as they were settling their plans, some friends had begged for Miss Haversham's company at Seaview, and her aunt and uncle had consented.

To be sure they might have been justified in trusting something to the common sense of their niece. Lu was in her twenties, and had already proved herself to be anything but an easily impressed young woman; and then she had been well instructed as to what the other high contracting party in any matrimonial compact she might form was expected to bring. Miss Haversham was accustomed to reason about it very coolly and clearly.

"If I had anything," she used to say to herself, "marrying for love would be all very well. I should rather give a man a fortune than to take one from him; but we all know people can't live on air, and there must be money on one side or the other. So it's very evident I can't afford the luxury of falling in love with a poor young man."

She had known from the first that Max Pembroke was poor—that he had nothing but his old name, his handsome face, and fascinating manner, and a certain amount of talent for drawing, which always made his illustrations in demand, and on the proceeds of which he lived; for the last dollar of his patrimony had been expended by the time his education was finished, and he had established himself in his art. This knowledge that he was not matrimonially eligible, and the other fact, that so many women raved about him, had, as I said, made her very distant towards him at first, and she was utterly at a loss as to what had brought about the change, and established their more than friendly relations. She knew

well enough that he meant to ask her before they parted for some pledge of constancy, and she had settled her own course in her mind. She did not ask herself how much she cared about him, or whether she was likely ever to care as much for any one else. She preferred to put those points out of sight, and consider only the manifest impossibility of anything but a floating being equal to the demands of fashionable life, and she had never thought, in those days, of any other kind of life as possible. So she had a purpose this afternoon. She meant to make him see the matter as she did, and she meant to make him see it before he had subjected himself to the pain of hearing, or her to the pain of telling, any "no."

She nodded gaily as she met him, and said a few merry words as they went down the steps together; but he was in no lively mood, and her gay sallies provoked no rejoinder. So she walked on, thinking how to begin what she had to say, feeling conscious all the while that he was looking down on her with a gaze full of something she dared not meet. So she looked down, also, poking the leaves from her path with her sun-umbrella, and feeling a little less at ease than her wont was.

"It is so good of you," he said, at last, "to give me one more walk, busy as I know you are to-day, among these dear old scenes. I believe every one of them is photographed on my heart and brain. I think I shall never forget one tree or one of these old rocks, or just how the tide comes up among those crags, or the sunset flushes sky and sea. There is only one thing which I have learned this summer—one thing which I have learned this summer, for the first time—"

Lu Haversham trembled a little. She felt a mutinous longing to hear what he had to say—to let him go on. Something told her that her whole life would hold no sweeter draught than he was offering her just now. She must have cared for him more than she had known, else these low words, this tender, pleading tone, would not be so dangerously sweet. But she had mapped out her course beforehand, and she would not be lured away from it by any false lights.

"Don't be sentimental," she said, "it is not at all becoming," and this time there was something hollow in the gaiety of her tone. "Don't you know sentiment is out of fashion? I, at least, was brought up to look on it as forbidden fruit. Of course I mean to marry some day, but that will be an affair of common sense, not sentiment."

"What do you mean?"

Max Pembroke's voice was low, and a little hoarse. There was an earnestness in it which compelled the truth to her lips. She answered him as frankly as she would have acknowledged the facts to her own soul.

"Nearly what I say. Not that I despise sentiment, but that I am too poor to indulge in it. I have nothing of my own. When I marry it will be a man rich enough to give me all that I have been accustomed to. I shall not be a happier woman, or make my chosen lord a better wife, for having talked sentiment with you under the trees at Seaview. Let us confine ourselves to nonsense."

He stopped, right in the path where they were walking, and took both her hands in his.

"Look at me," he said, almost stealthily. She looked up at him, her dark cheeks crimson, her great brown eyes telling him what she meant he should never know, her lips tempting him with the ripe sweetness another man's money was to buy, some day.

"If it were not for this—this worldly wisdom, this cursed prudence, you would have loved me," he said, after he had read the story in her eyes. "Very well—I shall not envy the man who will be your husband. I would not exchange with him."

"Your words are not choice," she said, with an indignant tone and glance, but at the same time, a grievous quiver of lip and eye-lash.

He released her hands, and bowed courteously.

"If I forgot myself, pardon me, Miss Haversham. It will not happen again."

Then he commenced talking about other subjects; the foliage beginning to change; the autumn flowers, along the paths; some illustrations he was making for a book of poems; the people they had met at Seaview; steering clear, very carefully, of all dangerous themes.

Somehow Miss Haversham had succeeded almost too well for her own pleasure. She wished he had not understood her so quickly, or not obeyed her so readily. She longed to hear him say, once, how well he loved her; though that was the very thing she had prevented him from saying. She was too proud a woman, however, to make any steps backward; besides she understood perfectly that she had done the only wise thing. So she seconded his attempts at talking about indifferent matters, and grew all the time more vexed to see how easy he seemed to find it.

On the way home he gathered a handful of golden rod, selecting carefully the richest and fullest blossoms.

"Will you wear some of these to-night?" he asked her. "The flower should suit you, for there is no sentiment about it, and its name suggests a quality which most commends an object to your taste. I want to see how this splendid orange will look in your dark hair."

"Yes, I will wear them," she said, putting out her hand for the blossoms. "I like them—they are royal. I wonder who will gather golden rod for me next year."

"I will, if I am alive, and you are not married."

She had made the remark in a half-pensive strain, not expecting any answer, and his words, so earnestly spoken, half startled her.

"You will forget," she said, trying to be carelessly gay. "Nothing would surprise me so much as that a man should have a memory a year long."

"Perhaps, then, I shall have the pleasure of surprising you."

She laughed, and shook her head, as she ran up the steps of the hotel, with the flowers in her hand; but once in her own room, she felt no inclination to laugh—she knew that something sadder than tears was in her heart. She had never dreamed that she cared so much for Max Pembroke. When she had made her plans for letting him know that she could be no poor man's wife, it had all seemed easy enough; but now she felt as if in some strange way hope had been swept out of her life, and she was indifferent about her future—cared not

what star might shine in her sky, since one star would rise for her no more.

She roused herself at last to dress for evening. She meant to look well, this last night. She put on a thin black dress, through which her neck and arms gleamed, polished and perfect as marble. Then she twisted the long sprays of golden rod in her heavy falling hair, and shaped the wreath like a coronet above her brow. The effect was striking. She looked like a princess with a crown of dusky gold; if ever the descendant of any line of kings were as beautiful as this New England girl, with the crimson staining her cheeks and lips, the wonderful light in her great, dark eyes, and the dusky, drooping hair which the crown began to well.

Max Pembroke's eyes kindled a little as he came to meet her. She was a surprise to him. Beautiful as he had always thought her, there was about her to-night a queenlier grace, a subtler charm. But he said nothing. It was not his way to pay compliments except with his eyes. He kept close beside her, however, the entire evening, danced with no one else, and people began—just now when the matter was all settled between the two most interested, and the flirtation, if you do not care to call it by any better name, was at an end—to say how desperately matters were going on between Miss Haversham and Pembroke. Really things were at last beginning to look serious.

It was midnight when Lu went up stairs, and she went with some words that Pembroke had been singing, ringing in her ears:—

"My heart is heavy, my heart is old,
And that proves dross which I counted gold;
I watch no longer your certain fold—
The window is dark, and the night is cold,
And the story forever told."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IMMORTALITY.—The belief in a future state of existence is an instinct of our being, planted within our souls as a light to guide our uncertain steps through nature's labyrinth of evil and sensualism to a higher vantage ground, whose open plains are illumined by the Sun of Righteousness. And this light is not only recognized by Christianity, but is blindly and touchingly groped for by the lowest order of paganism. This belief gleams faintly through many of the various rites and superstitions of heathenism. Shining dimly from the symbolic forms that decorated their temple walls and crowned their sculptured domes, gathering strength and brightness through the revolutions of succeeding ages, until, strong and radiant as the noonday sun, the belief in immortality shines in one broad blaze of glory upon the nineteenth century. Belief in immortality is the very breath of life to the christian, the atmosphere in which he lives and breathes.—Shall the Almighty Father of our Spirits, who has fitted up with such infinite beauty our dwelling place for a day, condemn the children of his love, longing for the higher, holier beauty of eternal worlds, to moulder in the sleep of eternal death? Hark! to the joyful answer from the heavenly world: "I am the resurrection and the life." Though a man die, yet shall he live again. Christianity, triumphing over death and the grave, takes up the blessed refrain, and fills heaven and earth with her strains of gratitude. And though the earth "rock into ruins" and the "heavens be rolled together as a scroll," and the elements melt with fervent heat, yet over the convulsions and groans and death-throes of dissolving worlds shall rise the ransomed soul's victorious dream of immortality.—[Recorder.]

ANNIHILATION.—It is ascertained, and is capable of the clearest proofs, that the simple elements of which all substance is composed, cannot, by any conceivable means, be destroyed. They may indeed be so changed as to present not the least resemblance to their previous forms; they may be so mingled with other bodies that their identity cannot be traced; they may be dissipated into invisible vapor, and apparently annihilated; but we learn from the science of chemistry that, in every shape the same elements remain inextinguishable and unaltered. The phenomena of solutions afford some of the most obvious illustrations of complete change produced in bodies without causing their annihilation. If a piece of silver be immersed in dilute nitric acid, in a short time the silver will be entirely dissolved. Its hardness, its lustre, its tenacity, its specific gravity, all the characteristics which distinguish it as a metal, are gone. Its very form has vanished, and the hard, splendid, ponderous opaque metal, which, a few minutes before, was immersed in the mixture, is apparently annihilated. The liquid, however, remains as limpid as before; it presents no difference in appearance to indicate a change. What, then, has become of the solid piece of silver which was placed in the liquid? Must we conclude that it is annihilated? Put some pieces of copper into the solution, and the silver will reappear, and fall to the bottom of the glass in small brilliant metallic crystals. Though solution is one of the simplest processes of nature, the limited faculties of man will not permit him to comprehend the mode in which it operates. There is not one phenomenon of nature that the mind of man can fully comprehend, and, after pursuing the inquiry as far as the mental capacity will admit, he is obliged to confess that there is an operating power beyond the reach of his comprehension.

How TO CLEAN RIBBONS.—In these hard times all economical hints are acceptable. The following recipe has stood the test of experiment: Wet the ribbon in alcohol and fasten one end of it to something firm; hold the other in your hand, keeping the ribbon out straight and smooth; rub it with a piece of castile soap until it looks decidedly soapy, then rub with a sponge, or, if much soiled, with the back of a knife, keeping the ribbon dripping wet with alcohol. When you have exhausted your patience and think it must be clean, rinse thoroughly in alcohol, fold between cloths and iron with a hot iron. Don't wring the ribbon; if you do you will get creases in it that you cannot smooth out.

There is something very sensible in the impromptu remark of a pretty girl not a thousand miles from Boston. "If our Maker thought it wrong for Adam to live single, when there was not a woman on earth, how criminally guilty are the old bachelors, with the world full of pretty girls."

SCENE AT THE DEATH-BED OF MR. LINCOLN.—At Carlisle, Pa., recently, the Presbyterian Synods of the old and new schools being in session at the same place, the two bodies met in communion with great harmony. Rev. Dr. Gurley, pastor of the church in Washington which President Lincoln usually attended, in a speech at the table, gave the following narrative, which has never before been made public:—

When summoned on that sad night to the death-bed of President Lincoln, I entered the room fifteen or twenty minutes before his departure. All present were gathered anxiously around him, waiting to catch his last breath.—The physician, with one hand upon the pulse of the dying man, and the other hand laid on his heart, was intently watching for the moment when life should cease.

He lingered longer than we had expected. At last the physician said: "He is gone; he is dead."

"I solemnly believe that for four or five minutes there was not the slightest noise or movement in that awful presence. We all stood transfixed in our positions, speechless, around the dead body of that great and good man."

At length the Secretary of War, who was standing at my left, broke the silence and said, "Doctor, will you say anything?" "I replied, 'I will speak to God.' Said he, 'Do it just now.'"

And there, by the side of our fallen chief, God put into my heart to utter this petition, that from that hour we and the whole nation might become more than ever united in our devotion to the cause of our beloved, imperiled country.

When I ceased, there arose from the lips of the entire company a fervid and spontaneous "Amen."

And has not the whole heart of the by-stander responded "Amen?"

Was not that prayer, there offered, responded to in a most remarkable manner? When in our history have the people of this land been found more closely bound together in purpose and heart than when the telegraphic wires bore all over the country the sad tidings that President Lincoln was dead?

CREAM IN COLD WEATHER.—For some reason not yet known, cream skimmed from milk in cold weather does not come to butter, when churned, so quickly as that from the same cow in warm weather. Perhaps the pellicles, which form the little sacks of butter in the cream, are thicker and tougher. There are two methods of obviating this trouble in a great degree. One is, to set the pan of milk on the stove, or in some warm place, as soon as strained and let it remain until quite warm—some say, until a bubble or two rises, or until a skum of cream begins to form on the surface. Another mode is to add a teaspoonful of salt to a quart of cream when it is skimmed. Cream thus prepared will generally come to butter in a few minutes when churned. It is thought the salt acts upon the coating of the butter globules and makes them tender, so that they break rapidly when beaten by churning.—[New York Times.]

THE TESTIMONY OF SCIENCE.—Professor Leblanc, in his *Physiological Chemistry* says: "We cannot believe that alcohol, which produces such powerful reactions on the nervous system, belongs to the class of substances capable of contributing toward the maintenance of the vital functions." Yet in the face of such testimonies as these, thousands of professional men and of manual laborers are continually resorting to the treacherous cup! Transient stimulation they mistake for permanent strengthening of their systems. They discover their error when it is too late. How many a man who would scorn the appellation of a "tippler," is yet "silly swallowing his glass of medicinal bitter!" To such as these Professor Miller, of Edinburgh, has wisely said, that "alcoholic medicines cure but little; they cover up a great deal."

No scientific experiments on the nature of alcohol in our time have been more thorough than those made by Professor Lallemand and Professor Perrin, in France, during the year 1860. The following are the conclusions:—

1. Alcohol is not food.
2. Alcohol is a special modifier of the nervous system. It acts, in a feeble dose, as an excitant; in a larger, as a stupefiant.
3. Alcohol is never transformed, never destroyed, in the organism.
4. Alcohol accumulates, by a sort of elective affinity, in the brain and in the liver.
5. Alcohol is eliminated from the organism in totality and in nature. The channels of elimination are, the lungs, the skin, and above all, the kidneys.
6. Alcohol has a pathogenic influence, material and indirect, upon the development of many functional disturbances and organic alterations of the brain, the liver, and the kidneys.
7. Spirituous drinks owe to the alcohol they contain their common properties and the speciality of their effects. The use of fermented and distilled liquids is often [always?] noxious. It should be always very restrained; it should never be tolerated save in exceptional circumstances.

THE BEAUTY OF OLD PEOPLE.—Men and women make their own ugliness. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton speaks in one of his novels of a man "who was uglier than he had any business to be," and if we could but read it, every human being carries his life in his face, and is good looking or the reverse as that life has been good or evil. On our features the fine chisels of thought and emotion are eternally at work. Beauty is not the monopoly of blooming young men and white and pink maids. There is a slow-growing beauty which only comes to perfection in old age. Grace belongs to no period of life, and goodness improves the longer it exists. I have seen sweeter smiles on the lip of seventy than upon a lip of seventeen.

FORGIVENESS.—In the stirring language of the Michigan address to the soldiers and sailors, "We believe that it will be time enough to forgive traitors who fought against the old flag, when they forgive patriots who fought in its defence."—[Fort Smith (Ark.) New Era.]

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL SHERIDAN.—The following well authenticated story of General Sheridan has just gained circulation. The scene of the narrative is laid near Appomattox Court House, during the last campaign in Virginia, just before the surrender of Lee:—

"The general dismounted at the fence of a stiff old gentleman who was sitting on his high piazza and scowling severely as we rode up. He was the typical Southerner of fifty years; his long, gray hair fell over the collar of his coat behind his ears; he was dressed in the swallow-tail of a by-gone mode, a buff linen vest, cut low, and hanken pantaloons springing far over the foot, that was neatly encased in morocco slippers; a bristling shirt-frill adorned his bosom; and from the embrasure of his wall-like collar he shot defiant glances at us as we clattered up the walk to his house. Prince Edward Court House was a stranger to war, and our indignant friend was looking now for the first time on the like of us, and certainly he did not seem to like our looks. He bowed in a dignified way to the general, who bobbed at him carelessly, and sat down on a step, drew out his inevitable map, lighted a fresh cigar, and asked our host if any of Lee's troops had been seen about here today. 'Sir,' he answered, 'as I can truly say that none have been seen by me I will say so; but if I had seen any I should feel it my duty to refuse to reply to your question. I can not give you any information to the disadvantage of General Lee.' This little speech, clothed in unexceptionable diction, which no doubt had been awaiting us from the time we tied our horses at the gate, missed its mark badly. It was very patriotic, and all that; but the general was not in a humor to drop patriotism just then, so he only gave a soft whistle of surprise, and returned to the attack quite unscathed.

"How far is it to Buffalo River?"

"Sir, I don't know."

"The devil you don't! How long have you lived here?"

"All my life."

"Very well, sir, it's time you did know. Captain! put this gentleman in charge of a guard, and when we move, walk him down to Buffalo River, and show it to him."

And so he was marched off, leaving us a savage glance at parting; and that evening tramped five miles away from home to look at a river which was as familiar to him as his own family. Doubtless to this day he regales the neighbors with the story of this insult that was put upon him, and still brings up his children in the faith for whose dogmas he suffered."

SCIENTIFIC IN GIBBON'S HISTORY.—Every intelligent reader of Gibbon's History has an inward conviction that the author deals unflinchingly with Christianity, and gives a false view of its early progress and its moral power over the ancient world. But it is not so easy to explain in what this unfairness lies, for one can rarely impeach the facts which lie at the basis of his history. Mr. Whipple, in his very interesting volume on "Character and Characteristic Men," just published by Ticknor and Field, gives the following very satisfactory account of the matter:—

Gaizot and Milman have both subjected the original authorities consulted by Gibbon in his history to the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," to the intense scrutiny, to see if the historian has perverted, falsified or suppressed facts. Their judgment is in favor of his honesty, and his conscientious research.

Yet this by no means proves that we can obtain through his history the real truth of persons and events. The whole immense tract of history he traverses he has thoroughly Gibbonized. The qualities of his character steal out in every paragraph; the words are instinct with Gibbon's nature; though the facts may be obtained from without, the relations in which they are disposed are communicated from within; and the human race for fifteen centuries is made tributary to Gibbon's thought, wears the colors and badges of Gibbon's nature, is denied the benefit of any pure and exalted experiences which Gibbon cannot verify by his own; and the reader, who is magnetized by the historian's genius, rises from the perusal of the vast work, informed of nothing as it was in itself, but everything as it appeared to Gibbon, and especially doubting two things,—that there is any chastity in women, or any Divine truth in Christianity. Yet we suppose that Gibbon would not, by critics, be ranked in the subjective class of writers, but in the objective class. Still the sensuality and the skepticism which are in him are infused into the minds of his docile readers with more refined force than Rousseau and Byron ever succeeded in infusing theirs.

A SMART CHILD.—A Canadian boy, too young to fully comprehend the doctrine of total depravity, but old enough to have at least a vague idea of the hereditary principle of mankind, was recently detected by his paternal ancestor in falsehood, and punished therefor by solitary confinement. The punishment over, the youngster accosted his father with the question: "Pa, did you tell lies when you were little?" The father, perhaps conscience-smitten, evaded an answer, but the child, persisting, again asked: "Did you tell lies when you were little?" "No," said the father; "but why do you ask?" "Did ma tell lies when she was little?" "I don't know, my son; you must ask her." A "Well!" retorted the hopeful, "one of you must have told lies, or you would not have a boy who would!"

ELEVATION.—An exchange asks, as a sort of political knock-down—

"Is it not the intention" (of the Republicans) "as far as possible, to elevate the negro to the level of the white man?"

For ourselves alone we answer: It is no part of the business of any party to elevate any body. It is the duty of every party, to see well to it, that negroes, or any other class of men, have a free and equal chance to elevate themselves to any level, as they may be capable.—[Dodge Co. (Wis.) Citizen.]

A correspondent of the Round Table calls attention to the fact that the new edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary does not contain the second word of its title.

TANNING.

Boston, Nov. 14, 1866.

I notice in several papers in your State an advertisement calling the attention of "Lumbermen and the owners of Hemlock lands" to an extract for the use of tanners; and as the subject is one upon which I have hitherto given some thought and investigation, a few ideas which suggest themselves may not be uninteresting to your general readers.

I regard this matter as one of the highest importance to the inhabitants of your State, from which the great bulk of hemlock bark shipped to this market is brought. Boston is conceded by all to command the largest leather trade in the United States; and anything which offers a cheaper tanning material is interesting to the tanners in this vicinity, who consume an immense amount of bark, the price of which had compelled many of our largest sole leather manufacturers to locate their tinneries far up in the hemlock regions, subjecting them to the great expense of transporting their hides, purchased here long distances to be tanned, and bringing their leather back to market. The manufacturers of light stock, from the nature of their business, must do their tanning in the vicinity of the market; and some idea may be had from the amount of bark annually brought to this vicinity, being about two hundred thousand cords. The average cost of transporting this bark from the localities where it is peeled to this market, is about eight dollars per cord, and it sells from twelve to fifteen dollars per cord delivered here. The extract, manufactured from hemlock bark, has recently attracted much attention from the tanners in this vicinity, and within the past twelve months an article has been introduced in the market which is acknowledged to be fully equal to the bark itself, and is being extensively used. There are thousands of acres of hemlock forest in the upper portion of your State, which are so far from railroad or water transportation as to render it impossible to haul out the bark; but there is not a locality where the bark can be gathered, where it would not pay largely to manufacture the bark into extract. If two cords of bark can be concentrated so as to contain the entire strength in a forty gallon cask, there is no locality so remote from which it would not be profitable to bring it, as the average cost of transporting a barrel of extract from the place where manufactured to this market should not exceed one dollar, which is equal to fifty cents per cord on the bark, thus making for the manufacturer seven dollars and a half profit in the freight alone. Aside from the market for the article in this country there is a growing demand for it in Europe. Let the character of the extract be once established there, and a market will be secured which will add millions of dollars to the export trade of your city. There is no State in the Union which can be so greatly benefited by the extensive manufacture of this article, as your own. The immense hemlock forests on the upper waters of the Penobscot and the Kennebec, which have heretofore been comparatively valueless, may be made a mine of wealth to their owners. Let your enterprising men of all classes give this subject a careful investigation, for in my opinion there is no branch of industry in your State offering so great remuneration on the capital invested, or having the same guarantee for permanence, as this business of manufacturing Hemlock Bark Extract. An association of tanners in this city have recently established extensive works for the manufacture of the article in Canada, and are now turning out about one hundred barrels per day.

Another association is about forming for the manufacture of it, in the great hemlock forests of northern New York.

Yours truly, "LEATHER."

THE BLACK MITCHELL AND THE WHITE MORRISSEY.—The Nation has the following good one:—

We know him for a modest, intelligent, brave-hearted man, who entered one of the two Massachusetts colored regiments, and was wounded in the leg in one of those disastrous battles on the Southern main which gained only honor to the heroic blacks. We regard this election, and that of Mr. Walker, a well known and highly respectable member of the Middlesex bar, as doubly valuable, because they will pave the way for a further recognition of the colored man's place in office and in the jury box, already allowed him by law in Massachusetts, but almost never in practice. If any one asks whether he is fit for still higher advancement, let him compare Mr. Mitchell's character and record with Mr. Morrissey's.

Morrissey was an ardent sympathizer with the rebellion, and has been in the penitentiary four times.

JOHN MITCHELL.—A letter from Dublin states that Mitchell, the Irish exile, has again left Europe for America:

He left Paris on Thursday evening, Oct. 25th, to sail from Breast to New York. He takes with him a large box full of "Bonds of the Irish Republic" which the Moffat Mansion party of the Fenian Brotherhood were so good as to send him for sale in France, but of which it was simply impossible that he could make any use whatever. Reference to these bonds is being frequently made by some members of the Brotherhood pretty much as if they were matters for which Mr. Mitchell had failed to account. He will account for them by showing the whole lot uninjured and untouched to those who sent them.

Garibaldi writes to a New York friend as follows: "The sympathy which comes to me from free men, citizens of a great nation like yourselves, gives me courage for my task in the cause of liberty and progress. I regard today the American people as the sole arbiters of questions of humanity amid the universal thrall of the soul and intellect. Please express these my sentiments to your countrymen, and believe me, yours for life."

M. About, in a recent publication, says of an avaricious man that "it had been proved that, after having kindled his fire, he stuck a cork in the end of the bellows, to save the little wind that was left in them."

Waterville Mail.

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

WATERVILLE . . . NOV. 30, 1866.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

R. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 27 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 the office of S. B. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisers abroad are referred to the Agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS

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

ALARMING!—The Lewiston Journal says, "The people of north-western Virginia are absorbed in money making." Is it possible that such heathenism exists so near our doors! They ought to be taught better. Might not Henry Ward Beecher be sent to them, to tell them that ten thousand dollars salary and a hundred dollars an evening for lecturing, is as much as christian men ought to covet? Or the New York Trinity Church could certify to them that six or eight millions, from their experience, is enough for the spiritual wants of quite a considerable number of men and women, if they work hard and pay no attention to the fashion of their sublimity sphere! Indeed, almost any good christian man from New England could save them of the terrible danger of being "absorbed in money making." It is a terrible sin, and if taken in this land, while confined to the northwest corner of a single State, no doubt it could be "switched off." Who will volunteer to bear the message?

Died on the 6th of November, the Democratic party.—[Albany Journal.]

It is not dead, but sleeping. [Boston Post] If it sleeps, it sleeps the sleep that knows no waking, and it is perfectly safe to order a headstone with the inscription, "After a life's fitful fever it sleeps well."—[N.Y. Herald.]

Not so fast!—Booth, the assassin, uttered the epitaph of the Democratic party in "Sic semper tyranni!"—thus always to tyrants!

EAST EXPOSURE!—The clergymen of Norwich, Conn., announce that they will not attend any more funerals on Sunday, except in "cases of necessity." Why don't they speak to the doctors about it, and have folks die a little earlier in the week?

It is reported that the government is going to send a noted New York detective to Utah to ferret out the murderer of Robinson. If the government would send a few honest men there the effect would be far better. The Mormons are bad enough, but the villainous "Gentiles" who are congregating among them promise to make matters worse instead of better. A decent newspaper, instead of the scurrilous thing now operating against the existing iniquities there, would be worth a regiment of N. Y. detectives. Good and wholesome christian example—such as has never yet come in contact with Mormonism—is the proper and sure remedy. Mobs and assassins, by trying to destroy it, have made it too strong for anything but the might of moral suasion. They drove it into the wilderness, where only it could become too strong to be driven back to civilization; and now they follow it there to find their own weapons falling upon their own heads. The lessons they gave have made the pupil too sharp for the master. The government may find, in the history of Mormonism, abundant food to fatten its wisdom for the threatened conflict. A mild and honorable course may save us from bloodshed like that which treachery and robbery have so successfully invoked from the Indians.

THE NORTH VASSALBORO CORNET BAND, assisted by a company of Antiquarian Singers, gave a concert at their village, last evening. This band has made great proficiency, considering its limited opportunities in the short period of its organization. It may be proper to mention that they played with great reluctance at the students' prize declamation, last week, as they were obliged to come without their leader, Mr. Wadsworth, who was sick.

"DRAW IT ME!"—The Belfast Republican Journal, like the Bath Times, draws an inference from our chicken paragraph, as follows:—

"Chickens disappear mysteriously at Waterville, from which the inference may be drawn that the students are feathering their nests."

It's but little they care for the feathers.—Their scholarly habits of research lead them beneath the surface to secure what the feathers hide.

WE HAVE A NEW CARRIER BOY, why is not yet completely familiar with his route. Should any of our subscribers in the village fail to receive their papers, they will please give notice at the office.

SOLON ROBINSON'S NOVEL.—Solon Robinson, the veteran Agricultural Editor, has written a novel for *The New York Weekly Tribune*. The publication will commence on the 6th of December.

KENDALL'S MILLS ITEMS.

Ezra Totman Esq., has purchased the beautiful lot, corner of Bridge and Park streets, and has laid the foundation, good and strong, for a fine dwelling house, which he proposes to build the coming spring.

The Sabbath School Concert, at Rev. Mr. Fowler's Church (Universalist) on Sunday evening last, was a good thing of the kind. The singing and speaking by the scholars were of the first order for this class of exhibition. It is manifest that the preacher in charge has been untiring, and is well calculated to make a good impression on the plastic minds of youth. We are informed that all the societies in the place will unite on Thanksgiving day in religious services at this church.

CONCERT.—This (Friday) evening, Mrs. Mabel Bates Burnham, Mr. John Morgan, Mr. O. W. Burnham, with Mr. Geo. W. Marston as pianist, will give a concert at the Congregational Church in this village. With the well known reputation of these musical artists, this simple announcement ought to insure them a full house. Our best musical critics pronounced their late concert in this village the best entertainment of the kind we ever had in Waterville, and all who attended that have been impatient to hear them again. As the concert is to be in a church, where all will be sure of comfortable seats and good air, those who sometimes absent themselves from the Town Hall on account of the crowd and the poisonous atmosphere, will of course feel free to attend; and we hope to see all of our best people present, including the residents of 'Beacon Street,' that mysterious avenue which meanders over the whole village and monopolizes all the handsome residences.

But let no one stay away, thinking that because this is a first class musical entertainment there is danger that it will be above his comprehension and appreciation; for although completely satisfactory to persons of the highest culture and development, it will not fail to be well relished by those not so highly favored. It has been said of us, too long, that a course negro concert is always sure of success while an entertainment of real merit is generally neglected. For our own credit let us administer a severe rebuke to that slander by giving these deserving artists a full house this evening. If you have any relish at all for good music you will not fail to be richly rewarded.

HANG UP A PICTURE.—We enjoyed a rare treat, a few evenings since, in looking over the large and beautiful collection of photographs made and kept for sale by Mr. Pierce, a gentleman who has recently located himself in our village. His place is on Front street, where he has fitted up rooms with many conveniences for his business, to which he devotes all of his time. His former experience with pencil and brush, is valuable to him in his present profession; and the fact that he served faithfully in the Union army for three years certainly ought not to lessen his claim to public patronage, more especially as his service there, instead of impairing his energies, only served to quicken and develop his artistic capacities and manly qualities.

His collection embraces copies of many of the most celebrated pictures and statues by the most eminent artists the world ever saw, and though reduced in size, are perfect facsimiles of the originals in all save coloring. This enables one, at a trifling expense, to hang upon his humble walls, a copy of some treasure of art which has been an object of envy and admiration for ages, and which has enough of the divine original to be to him and his household "a joy forever," and a priceless means of culture and development.

These pictures are in various sizes and styles, and can be had plain or colored. Buy them and hang them upon your walls; and your children, growing up under their holy guardianship, will bless you for it by word and deed.

THE WATERVILLIAN FOR 1866, which has just been issued by the students of Waterville College, is certainly an improvement on some of its predecessors. In addition to college statistics—usual, novel, and funny—it contains several well written articles, quite creditable to the editorial corps—Messrs. C. A. Gower, W. H. Clark, L. H. Cobb, and F. M. Bennett—and a poem of a hundred and fifty lines, more or less. While standing up stoutly for their beloved alma mater, these young gentlemen are free to suggest certain much needed improvements—a gymnasium, a new chapel, additions to the library, etc. They also modestly, but earnestly, protest against the proposed change of name, which will make "Colby University" of what has always been known as Waterville College.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.—Tomorrow, Saturday, 31st inst., Mr. C. A. Henriksen, of the new bookstore, will open a library for the accommodation of the public. He has a large number of books, including all the date popular works, and will add new ones as they are issued. For terms, which are very reasonable, inquire at his store, opposite the Post Office, where a catalogue of his books can be seen.

CHEERY.—Ex-Rebel Gen. Edward Johnson, having been recently pardoned by the President, called for the payment of a check for three or four hundred dollars, due to him on settlement as a Major in the U. S. army. It is hardly necessary to add that the application of the shameless whitewashed traitor was unsuccessful.

United States troops have crossed the Mexican boundary and occupied Matamoros; but just what is afoot no one appears to know.

OUR TABLE.

HOURS AT HOME.—The December number of this popular monthly, devoted to religious and useful literature, contains the opening chapters of "Marcella of Rome," by Frances Eastwood, author of "Geoffrey the Lombard." It will be found, say the publishers, "to be a story of extraordinary interest, descriptive of the trials, sufferings, and heroic endurance of Christians in the first ages of the Church, as illustrated in the experience of a Roman lady who united the culture of the Schools and the Philosophy of the age to the simple faith and sublime life of the cross." Another chapter of "Hugo Von Geest, a tale of the Netherlands," is also given. Without enumerating the other articles, we may say that they will be found varied and interesting. In the next number will be commenced another serial entitled "Storncliffe," a tale of modern American life, by one of our best female writers.

Published by Charles Scribner & Co., New York, at \$3 a year, with liberal discount to clubs.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.—In addition to numerous patterns and designs, the December number has two full page pictures—"The Baby's Wreath," and "The Parting Word." Miss Townsend's very good story, "Petroleum," is concluded, and the remaining portion of the number is well filled. Whoever subscribes for this magazine, will be sure of the best sort of reading for the home circle.

Two large and handsome engravings—"The Departure of the Swallows," and "The Return of Swallows," are offered as premiums, one of which will be sent to each subscriber.

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

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.—The October number contains the following articles:—Ancient Literature of France; Dr. Baillan, and the Dutch School of Criticism; Homes Without Hands; The Life of Our Lord; The History of Architecture; Central Asia; The Operations of Modern Warfare; England and her Institutions.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 28 Walker Street, New York, the terms of subscription being as follows:—For any one of the four Reviews, \$4 per annum; any of the two Reviews, \$7; any of the three Reviews, \$10; all four Reviews, \$12; Blackwood's Magazine, \$1; 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 GALAXY for December brings "Archie Lovell" near its conclusion, and leaves the story in a painfully interesting spot; gives critiques of Walt Whitman and his "Drum Taps," by John Burroughs, and of Mr. Swinburne's last book, by Richard Grant White; and contains also Captain Pitts' reminiscences of "Mosby and his Men," a story by a Miss Blake, several short essays and poems, and two chapters of "The Claverings." The Galaxy is published twice a month by W. C. & F. P. Church, New York, at \$5 a year.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL, a charming juvenile paper, published at Chicago, closes the first year of its existence with a list of 35,000 subscribers, and the number is rapidly increasing. The contents of "The Little Corporal" are fresh and original, nicely adapted to the capacity of youth, which cannot fail to benefit its perusal. All the children like it and look with eagerness for its monthly issues. Mr. Sewell, its publisher, has prepared a beautiful Premium Picture, "The Heavenly Chorus," from Raphael—a steel engraving in the highest style of American art. This superb engraving is sent free to every one who sends to the publisher three new subscribers for one year to "The Little Corporal." Mr. Sewell also offers to give Organs and Melodeons to schools or persons who send large clubs. The price of the Corporal is one dollar a year, in advance; sample copy, telling all about the premiums, five cents. Address Alfred L. Sewell, publisher, Chicago, Ill.

"THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE," and "The Youth's Temperance Banner," are two excellent papers issued by the National Temperance Society, and Publishing House, of New York. The price of the first named is \$1 a year, or 20 copies for \$16; and the Youth's paper is furnished for 30 cents per single copy, or ten copies for \$2. Address J. N. Stearns, 172 William Street, New York City.

LEGISLATIVE KENNEBEC JOURNAL FOR 1867.—The proprietors of the Kennebec Journal propose to publish, during the Session of the Legislature, a legislative journal, as usual. The chief purpose of this paper is to afford the public of Maine a faithful journal of the doings of the Legislature, the proceedings of Congress, together with the very latest Foreign and Domestic News, with all the facilities that can be commanded by telegraph and the mails. The publishers say:—

"The expense attending this enterprise will be large, and we can only hope to carry out the plan successfully by the personal aid of our Union friends, in securing for us a large subscription in every portion of the State. We especially rely upon the members of the Legislature and other friends, to give us their undivided personal efforts in their several localities, without which a remunerating list cannot be secured.

The Legislative Journal will be issued on Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings. For the accommodation of the public, we shall also issue a Legislative paper on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings.

Terms—For the Three Weekly, giving subscribers the choice of either edition, as may best suit their mails, \$1 for the session, as usual, payable in advance."

PROF. JOHN C. HARKNESS, of Bangor, and for a while a member of Waterville College, has established a Normal School in Wilmington, Delaware.

It is not unlikely that a Fenian outbreak has occurred in Ireland before this. Late telegraphic dispatches state that the excitement in England is very great, and that there is a savage determination to stamp out this rebellion with an iron heel. Our rebellion was a very different affair, in Johnny Bull's opinion, and required very different treatment.

PARENTS, THINK OF IT.—One great object with every parent should be to make home the pleasantest spot for his children on earth. Whatever one can do in the way of furnishing books, pictures or games for the children, will strengthen their love of home, and add to its pleasant memories. The following thought from an exchange is an important one:—

I would be glad to see more parents understand that when they spend money judiciously to improve and adorn the house, and the ground around it, they are in effect, paying their children a premium to stay at home as much as possible to enjoy it; but when they spend money unnecessarily in fine clothing and jewelry for their children, they are paying them a premium to spend their time away from home—in those places where they can attract the most attention and make the most display.

The following paragraph from the Congressionalist refers to a fact that has called forth considerable comment.

"It appears that immediately after the emigration in Quebec, divers public journals suggested that Portland should now reciprocate the favors she had received from her Canadian friends; they had contributed largely, and should now be helped in their time of need. All very reasonable and proper, but a newspaper asserts that no money has been received from Quebec! The good people of Quebec insist that large sums have been sent to the Portland sufferers; the said newspaper returns to the denial, and affirms that neither the Mayor, the Distributing Committee, nor any officers connected with the fire-fund have knowledge of any such donations. Whereupon the Quebecians bestir themselves, and behold, they discover that the munificent contributions were sent to the Catholic Bishop of Portland! And here the matter now rests. No explanations are made, and people draw their own inferences, as very natural in the circumstances."

THE FENIANS.—A Sunday paper says Col. Thomas J. Kelley, Deputy C. O. I. R., is in charge of the Fenian headquarters in this city. Stephens has not been seen at the headquarters for some time past, and the impression prevails that he will not be seen again. Arms are being received from all parts of the United States, Massachusetts taking the lead in the contributions. One of the wealthiest merchants of this city has promised that he would on the 1st of December make over to Col. Kelley in ships and war material an amount equal to what Stephens has received since his arrival in this country. The California Fenians have pledged themselves to contribute \$11,000 to the cause through Stephens. Special messengers are constantly arriving from Ireland reporting the condition of affairs there.

EUROPEAN NEWS.—Despatches from London of the 24th inst. state that the Fenian agitation in Ireland still continues. Many arrests of persons and seizures of arms have been made. An American named McGilvray, an agent of the Fenians, was arrested in Dublin on Saturday and imprisoned. Many others, whom the authorities have "spotted," will be immediately arrested. An editorial article in the London Times of Saturday morning believes that the Emperor Maximilian has actually abdicated, and looks for the intervention of the United States government as the next step, as a matter of course, but hopes that good results will follow. It is reported that twenty transports will sail from Brest to bring home the French troops immediately after the arrival of the next mail from Mexico.

THE MAINE COLONY IN PALESTINE.—A small colony have gone from the State of Maine to make a settlement in the Holy Land with sanguine expectations of great success in laying anew the foundations of prosperity in that country. The American missionary, Mr. H. H. Jessup, writing from Beirut, Sept. 3, thus notices the movement:—

"We are all distressed at the news of the coming of a colony of Americans from Maine to settle at Jaffa. The Consul at Jerusalem has written to Mr. Seward, to dissuade the deluded people from such an insane undertaking; but they will not be dissuaded. Nothing less than the 'sacred' soil will satisfy them. They will find the Turkish government suspicious, and opposed to them at every step. Once outside of Jaffa gardens the plain is frequented by the Bedouin, and they will find the Holy Land too hot for them in more senses than one. It seems sad that sober reason could not have readied them. I have noticed advertisements of the scheme in the papers from time to time, but regarded it as a hoax. We now hear that they are coming. May the Lord have mercy on them."

An accurate history of the visionaries who have made similar raids on the Holy Land during this century, either as individuals or in companies, would be one of the most astounding books ever written. But this 'down east' attempt to get further east bids fair to cap the climax."

A FINANCIAL TYPHOON AHEAD.—All the indications are that we are on the eve of a great financial and commercial revolution—a revolution, that will be in the extent of its disastrous influences certainly equal to that which occurred in 1837, and probably much more widespread and ruinous. The prudent have already furling their sails in expectation of a regular financial typhoon.—[Commercial.]

Advices from Salt Lake City give a gloomy picture of affairs in Utah. The rights of "gentiles" are not respected by the Mormons, and life and property are very insecure. If Congress does not respond to the calls which will be made upon it for protection, it is represented that many citizens will be obliged to leave the Territory.

WHAT MADE HIM SO SWEET?—"Charley, what is it makes you so sweet?" said a loving mother one day to her little boy, as she pressed him to her bosom.

"I guess when Dad made me out of dust he put a little sugar in," said Charley.

God had put a little sugar in the disposition of all children. Some keep it there, and they are always sweet, and we cannot help loving them. Some lose the sugar that God gave them, and then they become sour and disagreeable. Keep yourself always sweet, dear children, with the sugar of love, and you will always be loved.—[Young Pilgrim.]

The lamented Cap. Harrison, for many years commander of a Cunard Steamer, and who at the time of his death was master of the Great Eastern, was once visiting an extensive soap-factory in Massachusetts, and there saw some soap-balls of remarkable beauty and of very unusual style of finish. "There," said he, "I must have those." "Oh," replied the foreman of the factory, who was standing by him, "Those are not for sale." "Well, but I must have them at any cost. I've got a friend in England who thinks himself the crack soap-maker of the world; and I want these to show him what Yankee soap-men can do, and to put him to his trumps." The result finally was that the captain carried off the soap as a present, and in due time sent all English soap-boilerdom aghast with this remarkable and irrefutable proof of American skill. The foreman of that factory and the maker of that soap, was Mr. Leathe, senior partner of the Firm of Leathe & Gore.—[Portland Argus.]

It is a singular fact that the man who has been most liberal to the poor of London is not an Englishman, but an American; and the man who proposes to spend \$5,000,000 for the poor of New York is not an American, but a Scotchman. They obtained their riches, however, in the cities they would benefit.

The Argus says that trade in Portland was never more active than at present. It also adds a trite truth as follows:—

The great secret of success which crowns the efforts of so many of our shrewd business men, is their liberality in advertising. The history of commercial pursuits proves that the men who advertise most freely, reap the richest harvest. Fortune follows those who seek it the right way, and shuns the trader who refuses to flatter the wary goddess. A man who fails to advertise, is no wiser than the one who neglects to display a sign above his place of business. To let the people know where he lives, he must show his colors in a conspicuous manner, and he cannot do this in a more effectual manner than by putting his sign in the columns of our daily and weekly papers.

Superintendent Hatch, since his election, has been most indefatigable in pushing forward improvements upon the P. & K. Railroad. A beautiful and convenient passenger depot has been erected in this city, and also a depot at Gardiner. The improvements in this city have been heavy, requiring much stout blasting and the laying of an additional track, and changing the bed of the regular track. The weather has been uncommonly favorable and every advantage has been taken of it to put the track in good condition and to provide ample accommodation to passengers. The road is in the hands of a master, and is daily increasing in popularity, and we hope in profit to its enterprising owners.—[Kennebec Journal.]

THE MILITARY ASYLUM AT TOGUS.—The design of the Asylum is to receive Volunteer Soldiers, who have been honorably discharged from the service of the United States, after being disabled, while in the line of duty during the recent war, to such an extent as to render them incompetent to obtain a livelihood by labor in the common walks of life, and to provide them with a home, where they will be fed and clothed, and enjoy the advantages of secular and religious instruction, with a use of a library, and other social privileges. The Kennebec Journal states that a school will be established, where those desiring can be fitted for clerkships or other remunerative employment. All the inmates will be required to do such work as they are fitted for, and such compensation will be allowed as may be fixed by the Board of Managers, one half of which will be paid to the soldier and the remainder invested at the government rate of interest, and the amount paid to him when he shall leave the Asylum. The inmates will be required to assign their pension allowance for the use and benefit of the Asylum, during their term of residence therein, except in cases where they may have families dependent on them for support, when this rule may be suspended at the discretion of the Managers. The discipline of the Asylum will be strictly military, under the Rules and Articles of War. Strict sobriety and correct deportment will at all times be rigidly enforced.

We frequently have persons asking us to examine this, that or the other interesting matter or thing pertaining to them or their business, and give it a "notice" in our paper. Whenever the thing is a matter of public improvement or interest, or is likely to benefit the public, we are ready and willing to notice it gratuitously—always providing that it is not a legitimate subject for Advertising first. If the person constructing or owing the improvement, or whatever it may be, is to reap a pecuniary return from its adoption by the public, then he should be willing to pay the printer a fair amount for advertising, and not ask him to do so gratuitously as a matter of news. Fair play is a jewel.—[Bangor Whig and Courier.]

A PERTINENT INQUIRY.—In some gossiping article from Washington, of years ago, it is said:—

"It was proposed to have the walls of the capitol decorated with an allegorical representation of the different sections of the Union. In one sketch, New England was represented by symbols of education and manufactures; the West by prairies, plows and steamers; the South by an Arcadian scene, with a negro in the midst, sleeping on a bale of cotton. Mr. Davis, who was one of the commission, made a single comment on the picture: 'What becomes of the South, when the Negro wakes up?'"

Wonder if Davis has obtained any light on that subject?

NOT TO BE KICKED.—About twenty years ago, Abram Doolittle was transplanted from Harvard University to one of the Southern States, for the purpose of assuming the editorial control of a violent party simply because an infinite quantity of pistols and multiplicity of bowieknives prevented the advocacy of certain principles and fettered the freedom of speech in a style perhaps not so elegant as efficacious. Doolittle was a Connecticut exotis. He was highly educated, impetuous, brave, yet—with the characteristic cunning of his race—careful of his own interest. He took hold of the paper with a determination to make it "serviceable to the cause," and serviceable he did make it.—The opposing candidate was a bad fellow—a duelist, a dram-drinker, a lover of "poker" and a decided votary of Venus. Doolittle dared what no other editor had dared—he said so.—The day on which his article appeared, the candidate entered the editorial chamber.

"You are Doolittle, the editor of this paper?" holding a copy of the sheet in his hand.

"I am."

"You have libelled and insulted me, and (drawing a large knife) 'I have come for your ears.'"

"I beg your pardon," said Doolittle. "I am a stranger to your customs, and perhaps have taken a license which, in this country, is inexorable. Such is I, think the fact; suppose we compromise the matter."

"Very well," said the bluff Southerner; "I'll kick you, and you shall make a full retraction." "You'll what?" said Doolittle, quietly.

"Kick you."

"You insist upon that little privilege?"

"I am unalterably fixed in my determination."

"So am I," said Doolittle, firing a horse pistol, as big as a blunderbuss, and shattering the Southerner's right leg—"not to be kicked."

He held his situation six months; was stabbed twice, shot three times, belabored with a bludgeon once, thrown into a pond once, but he was never kicked. During his six months' experience he killed two of his adversaries.—These are facts.

J. H. Surra, the alleged accomplice in the murder of President Lincoln, was discovered serving in the Papal Zouaves under the name of John Watson. He was arrested upon a demand of Gen. King but afterwards ran the guard, leaped over a precipice, and escaped into the Italian territory. The Italian authorities are on the alert and endeavoring to recapture him.

PATRIOTISM.—Mr. Whipple, in a recent essay, thus defines patriotism:—

"Patriotism, indeed, when it rises to the heroic standard is positive LOVE of country, and it will do all and sacrifice all which it is in the nature of love to do and to sacrifice for its object. It is heroic only when it is lifted to the elevation of the ideal—when it is so hallowed by the affections and glorified by the imagination that the being of the man, is thrilled and moved by its inspiration; and drudgery becomes beautiful, and suffering noble; and death sweet, in the country's service. No mere intelligent regard for a nation's material interests, or pride in its extended dominion, is sufficient to constitute a patriot hero. It is the sentiment and the idea of the country, 'felt in his blood and felt along his heart'; it is this which withdraws him from self, and identifies him with the nation; which enlarges his personality to the grandeur and greatness of the national personality; which makes national passions beat and burn in his own heart and brain, until at last he feels every wrong done to his country as a personal wrong, and every wrong committed by his country as a sin for which he is personally responsible. Such men are rations individuals."

The four rebel citizens of South Carolina, who were convicted of murdering three Union soldiers and sentenced to death, but were reprieved by the President and sent to the Dry Tortugas, from whence they were removed to Fort Delaware, at the instance of Secretary Browning and others, have been finally released. They were brought before Judge Hall of the United States District Court for the State of Delaware, upon a writ of habeas corpus, and discharged, the court holding that a military commission cannot assume to try citizens for crimes for which they would be amenable to the civil courts, even though the courts were temporarily closed by war.

THAT'S THE PHRASE.—Some men are behind their age, and these are the clogs upon the wheels of progress. Others are before their age, and their speculations may or may not be useful. But the real men of immediate use are the men of their age, "serving their own generation according to the will of God." That's the phrase. It has a Divine meaning. It exactly defines the practical philanthropist, the genuine citizen, whose life is a boon to his contemporaries.

THE REBUILDING OF PORTLAND.—About a thousand buildings are in course of erection on the burnt district of Portland, or are under contract. One master mason has four hundred and fifty men in his employ, and the pay roll of all the hands in the burnt district amounts to \$75,000 per week. The streets have been widened and straightened, squares laid out and the section generally much improved.

A man in Lewisburg, Preble county, Ohio, having died of delirium tremens, his wife brought suit for damages against two men of whom he had been accustomed to buy liquor. The County Court awarded her \$500 from one of the men, and \$200 from the other.

Hon. Hannibal Hamlin has been invited to preside at the evening banquet which will follow the mass welcome to Congress on the 1st of December. The governors of all the loyal States and the Mayors of the principal cities are among the invited guests.

CHICAGO, ILL., Nov. 24, 1866.—The great lake tunnel was completed early this morning. The centre lines from both ends coincided within 9 1/2 inches, while the floors of each tunnel join with a difference of one inch. This triangular computation is one of the greatest engineering feats of the present age. A salute of one hundred guns will be fired on Monday.

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE.—There is probably no one medicine that has cured more people of hard colds, coughs, influenza and throat difficulties, than Cox's Cough Balsam, whilst in cases of croup and whooping cough, it is remarkable for its speedy cure.

Fresh Arrival—Latest Styles—New and Elegant—Lowest Prices.

W. A. CAFFEY,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
FURNITURE,
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

Looking Glasses, Spring Beds, Mattresses, Children's Carriages, Willow Ware, Picture Frames &c.

Rosewood, Mahogany, and Walnut Bureaus, Caskets, constantly on hand.

Cabinet Furniture manufactured or repaired to order.

MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Winter Arrangement.

On and after Monday, Nov. 26th, the Passenger Train will leave Waterville for Portland and Boston at 8:30 A.M., and returning will leave at 6:30 P.M.

Accommodation Train for Bangor will leave at 6 A.M. and returning will be due at 10 P.M.

Freight train for Portland will leave at 5:50 A.M. Through Tickets sold at all stations on this line for Boston November, 1866.

EDWIN NOYES, Sept.

AGENTS WANTED

FOR FRANK MOORE'S

"WOMEN OF THE WAR."

Wonderfully Popular.

So popular has it already become (not one month yet out of the first issue) that hundreds of people are writing for it from all sections of the country. It is a new work, 175 pages, and contains a full and complete history of the war, from the first shot fired to the present day. It is a work of great interest and value, and is sold at a very low price. For a few weeks, it is sold at a special price of 25 cents per copy. It is a work of great interest and value, and is sold at a very low price. For a few weeks, it is sold at a special price of 25 cents per copy.

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