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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 20, No. 23): December 7, 1866

Maxham & Wing

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## LOST LIGHT.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

My heart is chilled and my pulse is slow,  
But often and often will memory go,  
Like a blind child lost in a waste of snow,  
Back to the days when I loved you so,  
The beautiful long ago.

I sit here, dreaming them through and through;  
The blissful moments I shared with you—  
The sweet, sweet days when our love was new,  
When I was true and you were true—  
Beautiful days, but few.

Bliss or wretched, fettered or free;  
Why should I care how your life may be;  
Or whether you wander by land or sea?  
I only know you are dead to me,  
Ever and hopelessly.

Oh! how often at day's decline,  
I pushed from my window the curtaining vine,  
To see from your lattice the laughing albine;  
Type of a message that, half divine,  
Fished from your heart to mine.

Once more the starlight is silencing all—  
The roses sleep by the garden wall;  
The night-bird warbles his madrigal—  
And I hear again through the sweet air fall  
The evening bugle call.

But Summers will vanish and years will wane,  
And bring no light to your widow pain—  
Nor gracious sunshine, nor patient rain—  
Can bring dead love to life again—  
I call up this past in vain.

My heart is heavy, my heart is old,  
And that proves dear which I counted gold;  
I watch no longer your curtain fold,  
The window is dark and the night is cold,  
And the story forever told!

[From the Lady's Friend for December.]

## GOLDEN ROD.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

[CONCLUDED.]

Was the story forever told? Had she lost something she should seek for vainly and with tears, some day? She looked out of her window, towards the sea that lay tossing beneath the September moon. She had chosen her room for this same glimpse of that wide waste of waters. It meant eternity to her, because it stretched away into a boundless mystery which defied all limits. It had preached her sermons subtler and more searching than any preacher's voice would utter. Her worldly aims, her petty cares of this life, always shrank into insignificance, when she looked from that window. Looking out, now, it seemed to her as if this world were through with, and standing on the shore of some other life she could measure calmly what she had done in this. And she asked herself had she done well?

There might be greater men in the world than Max Pembroke, and better men, possibly, but she had lived twenty-four years without ever finding one whose heart made answer to her heart as she knew that his might. She felt, without him, a curious sense of incompleteness. She knew there were things she could say to him that she should never say to anyone else. Gay, handsome fellow that he was, she knew his nature was honest, and fearless, and reverent—that he looked towards eternity with an unshrinking gaze, a heart full of hope as of worship—and she longed for his hand to hold hers, his strength to sustain her weakness, when she should go down into the valley of shadows, and drift out on the unknown sea. She felt that there might have been between them the bond of an eternal love, and she had sacrificed it for this world's mess of pottage. From the unquiet, shimmering sea a voice seemed to come whispering, as he had sung, of a "story forever told" her life's story, of which she had made a failure so soon.

At last she felt the damp chill of the night penetrating her veins, saturating her garments. She got up and shut her window. Shutting out white moon and tossing sea, she seemed to have shut out with them part of her pain. She grew more hopeful. After all, what she had done need not be final. She should seek him to call on her in town; and the coming winter would give her chances enough, if she wanted them, to show him that she had changed her mind. But did she want them? Now that she had turned away from her preacher she began to grow worldly again; and to wonder if there were anything in love which would make up for the sacrifice of three-fourths of the things which she had brought up to think necessary to her happiness? She would go to sleep and let the future answer.

She went down to a late breakfast, the next morning. Her train did not go till eleven, and she finished her packing, and put on her traveling gear before she left her room.

"So Pembroke is gone?"

She heard one ask this question as she went down stairs, and she felt her heart stand still while she waited for the answer.

"Pembroke? Yes. He said he had business to see to which wouldn't let him wait for the late train; so he was off at eight o'clock."

She was thankful that she had heard the news, and got over the spasm it caused her when no investigating eyes were taking note of her. When she got down stairs, and joined the group at the door, she was able to hear the same tidings over again quite unmoved, and answer gaily, as her wont was, to all sallies about him.

She had not been back in town more than three weeks before she saw in the columns of a literary paper, under the head of "Personal," an announcement that the American publishers of a certain English poet, desiring to issue a volume with illustrations, had arranged with Pembroke for the designs, and he had gone abroad to confer on the subject with the author, and to study the poems at his leisure among the scenes where they were written. He was likely to remain away for some time, for he had the prospect of numerous orders in England, where he was appreciated no less than at home.

She either did not feel anything, or she would not let herself know what she felt. She read the passage as she would have read a similar item about any other artist, and then went down town with her Aunt Haversham to do some shopping, and displayed in it more than her usual taste and skill.

She had a gay season that winter—kept herself busy and too tired to think much. Fortunately, in the set in which she moved, Pembroke, the designer, was little known, and there was not much danger of her hearing his name mentioned. She had one trunk into which she never looked. She had thrust into it, hurriedly, the last day of September, all her tokens of Seaview—a carved box, among other things, which held the withered sprays of golden rod which had been his last gift for her crown.

Next summer she was glad to see that her aunt's mourning had arrived at that stage characterized in advertisements of mourning goods as "mitigated grief." She wanted to have enough to do to keep her busy. She had grown strangely restless, and she understood how restlessness might easily degenerate into crossness. During August and September the family were at Newport. They had a cottage there, and meant to stay as long as the weather was pleasant, and there was anything going on. Soon, Miss Haversham began to see that her there was something very special going on.

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NO. 23.

She had met a few times in society, during the last winter, one Lowell Revere, a man in whose veins ran the bluest of the blue blood of Boston. He had a sense of what was due to him as a Revere, as a denizen of Beacon Hill, as a Bostonian of the Bostonians. A fine, cool dignity pervaded his manners. You know without being told what his features were—the high head, the Roman nose, the dark, haughty eyes, the thin, passionless, proud lips. He was a man whom the world delighted to honor. Miss Haversham felt this in New York, where he blossomed, so to speak, as an exotic. She felt it still more at Newport, where his family had been proprietors since the place was a fishing village. His attentions conferred honor, like a patent of nobility; and she began unconsciously to set a higher value on herself when she found that she was singled out as their recipient.

He did not make love to her at all. For love-making, as it is generally understood, he was quite too cool and too dignified. But he sought no other woman's side—he drove and rode with her—and, crowning glory, his mother and sisters called on her, and showed themselves ready to make her welcome at the cottage where the Reveres of Boston had held summer holiday, for so many vanished years. Mrs. Revere and her daughters were not handsome. There had been something very charming in the mother's face, long ago, when she was Fanny Lowell, but marriage and maternity—and the Revere dignity to support, had gradually worn it away, and she was as lifeless and proper now as a lay figure hung with echemites, and glittering at proper hours with diamonds. Miss Revere and Miss Margaret were like their brother—like him in pride and dignity, as well as in the haughty Roman features.

They were not of Lu Haversham's kind. She felt chilled when she sat with them in their orderly, elegant rooms, or drove with them, at a sober pace, in their faultlessly well-appointed family carriage. But, if the undertaking of conforming to their ways and keeping up to their mark was arduous, the honor of being invited to do so was proportionally great. So she accepted their proffered courtesies, and conformed herself as well as she could to their standard. To say that her uncle and aunt were gratified, would be to put it very mildly indeed. They had social tact enough not to display any undue exaltation; but their niece, if no one else, understood perfectly their secret but exulting satisfaction.

"Has it occurred to you, my dear," said Mrs. Haversham, one day, attempting extreme dignity, "that Mr. Revere's attentions are very marked, and that you are likely soon to be obliged to answer to him the most important question of your life?"

"The importance of the question depends, I suppose, on my reply," Miss Haversham answered, perversely. "A woman's rejected suitors are not usually of any especial consequence to her future."

"Rejected!" Mrs. Haversham put up both hands, as if to ward off a blow, and a look of blank horror crossed her face. "Have you been flirting with Mr. Revere?"

"Hardly. I think the affair has been too cool and stately on both sides to be called a flirtation. Mr. Revere is not given to sentiment."

"Mr. Revere's attentions are an honor—an honor you will do well to estimate at its full value. How many such opportunities do you think are likely to offer themselves in the life of one girl—not an heiress, and not a great beauty, either?"

A glint like steel came into Lu Haversham's eyes, but she contrived her temper perfectly, as she answered—"You have been so kind, Aunt Haversham, you and my uncle, that you have made me forget that I was poor. But do I burden you enough to make you in a hurry to marry me off, without regard to whether I love the man or hate him?"

Mrs. Haversham was kind-hearted, and a feeling of penitence took possession of her, when she saw Lu's white face. She got up and kissed her.

"You are our daughter," she said, "our own daughter. You will never be a burden, if you stay with us forever. But you cannot wonder that we want to see you do as well as possible for yourself."

Lu returned the kiss.

"I will not disappoint you if I can help it," she said in a low, tremulous voice, and then she went out of the room.

It was the 29th of September, and old memories were haunting her like ghosts. Just one year ago that day she had walked with Max Pembroke at Seaview, and he had gathered the golden rod for her hair. He had promised to gather it again for her this year, if she were unmarried still. Then she thought bitterly what wastes of waters rolled between them—what other tide, bitter and yet more pathless swept them apart.

That afternoon she drove upon the beach with Mr. Revere, and he asked her to be his wife. His manner never varied from his cool, calm dignity. His words were admiring and respectful, rather than fervent. If they had come yesterday she would have said yes, most likely, without further consideration; for in this offer the very things she had coveted, the very things which she had set her heart on, were before her—all of them, and more. But she had been walking in thought, with Pembroke, among the asters and golden rod at Seaview, even while she listened to Mr. Revere's courtly words; and for her life, she could not bring herself to make him the promise he asked until this memorial day was over.

"I will tell you to-morrow," she said, when he waited for her answer. "It is a question which involves too much to be decided hastily."

And Mr. Revere, sure enough of his triumph in the end, admired her sense and dignity; and talked tranquilly about Ruskin and Turner, and they drove home through the crimson sunset.

golden rod on the 29th of September, this year, if you were still unmarried. I came back from over the seas to keep my word, and show you that one man has a memory a year long."

She would have known the hand-writing, even if she had not been remembering, all day, the foolish which she had so impossible of fulfillment. Was it possible, also, that the old story had not been "forever told"—that for her there was still "place for repentance?"

The next morning she gave Mr. Revere an answer which surprised him. There was a new and sweet humility in her manner which almost charmed him into forgiving her in spite of his anger.

"I know that you will have a right to despise me," she said, after she had told him that she could not be his wife. "I know that I have given you reason to expect a different answer, and until yesterday I meant if you offered me this honor to accept it. But I have been searching my own heart, and I have found that one old memory had power enough to keep me from being to you a loyal, loving wife, and you are too noble to bear to live with any other."

Mr. Revere forbore entreaties or reproaches. He was too proud for the one, too truly a gentleman for the other. He did not refuse, either, to take the little hand put out to him so pleadingly. He did not know it himself, but Lu Haversham had done him good. He would have more faith in love, hereafter, more respect for all women, because this one had been true to herself.

Miss Haversham went from her interview with him to one scarcely less trying with her aunt. In it she told the truth, and the whole truth. Mrs. Haversham found it useless to blame, as it was, to her nature, impossible to approve. The next day she took her niece back to New York.

It seemed as if some fairy kept Max Pembroke advised of Miss Haversham's movements. She had not been at home a week before, one evening, his card was brought up to her. She happened to be dressed as he had seen her last, in black. She waited a moment to put the golden rod, which careful tending had kept fresh in her hair. Then she went down, looking again a radiant queen, whom the crown of dusky gold suited well. When the first greetings were over, he touched the blossoms in her hair.

"Did you wear them to give me courage?" he asked, looking into her eyes.

"I wore them," she said, softly, "because I loved them—because I have found they are the only gold worth a heart-beat—that the things I used to think necessary were only pleasant, not vital."

"And you are ready to do without them, and trust to me to keep you and care away from the woman I love? Are you mine, now?"

He was holding her close, and looking straight into her face, where the blushes burned. She gave him a smile, in which her soul was fused like a pearl.

"If you want me, yes."

"You shall never be sorry, while God gives me life to love you."

And she never has been.

HOUSE FURNITURE.—At this season of the year, new carpets are often procured; curtains are renewed—that is, the lighter ones of summer are replaced by heavier ones of damask, and, for winter—and often new furniture throughout for the room is procured. Now we wish to offer one suggestion to our rural friends, and as we are all practical in our table matter, our suggestion is of that kind. Before you buy any new furniture, think of its use. Remember that a shiny convex hair-cloth sofa, too short to lie down on, and too slippery to sit on, may do for show, but never for your family comfort. Remember that a marble-top table, with a plain, white-painted wood-work and wall of white, without pictures is not in keeping, however artistic or beautiful it may be in itself. Think well of your wants, of the association of your furniture with your pecuniary means, and above all, with the use and comfort obtained therefrom. Do not buy high-backed, stiff, hair-cloth chairs, when you can enjoy more real comfort in a splint bottom wood, simply varnished, and procurable at one-fourth the price. Do not buy a pair of vases, with pictures painted on them professing to represent China scenes, at a high price, and place them on the wooden mantle-piece, where they are all out of character in their false representation. Do not buy a eupret for a small room with a pattern scrawling like a schoolboy's earlier penmanship, in forms and figures, all awry, but yet nowhere. Let all carved work, in chair or table, mantle or cornice, alone, unless you have wealth to carry out all in keeping. Leave out knickknacks of all sorts; and remember that your own comfort, and that of your family, is obtained by a free use and enjoyment of all you have around you, and that plain, substantial, and appropriate patterns and colors, without gilding, are always best received and appreciated by your friends or enemies, and that they really contribute most of your own enjoyment. [Horticulturalist.]

The Washington correspondent of the Boston Advertiser, in a recent letter, says:—

General Grant has of late been more outspoken than usual on political subjects, and has given pretty full expression to his views on reconstruction. In recent conversation with ex-rebels, he has plainly told them that they mistook their position; that they had openly made war upon the government and had been defeated in their appeal to arms, and that they were now on parole; that the rights they talked about had been forfeited by their treason, and their return to their former position in the government lay in the hands of Congress; but if they persisted in rejecting the amendment to the Constitution, they would only have to go farther and fare worse.

The members of Congress who have arrived here seem generally disposed to give a reasonable time to the rebel States to accept the terms that have been offered them, and if they fail to do this, to go on and regulate for them as territories, subject to the general government.

A bill which is already prepared, providing provisional government for the States lately in rebellion, will be pressed upon the consideration of Congress early in the session.

## GUESS FARMING.

It is a little surprising that notwithstanding the improvement in nearly everything pertaining to farming, so little has been effected towards inducing the mass of farmers to operate in a systematic manner and keep a regular record and account of their farm operations and business, generally and specifically. But for the farmer who does so, ninety-nine keep all their accounts "in their head," and consequently they are rightly termed "guess farmers," for they never know anything, only guess it is so and so. They don't know whether this, that or the other crop pays best; whether they can afford to sell their produce at such and such a price or not. They can't tell if it is for their interest to continue such a course of husbandry, use such a fertilizer, cultivate a field in such a manner, nor even at the end of the year are they sure whether they are on the profit or loss side of the ledger. They only guess it is about so.

My neighbor, Smith, came in last evening while I was filling up my record, and said as he noticed my occupation:

"What you doin', book-keepin'?"

"Yes, a little. Eixing up my accounts. I suppose you keep farm accounts don't you?"

"No, no. I's too much bother. I can keep my 'counts in my head."

"Don't you think it's better to have something you can rely upon—anybody is apt to forget."

"It's well enough for store-keepers and such to keep 'counts, but I don't see no need of a farmer's doin' it."

Isn't it as much for our interest to look after our business as it is for the store-keeper to attend to his?

"Well, yes, I s'pose so, but what's the use of a feller's spending time to write down everything about what he does?"

"It pays, Smith."

"I don't see how."

"Well, see here. How was your corn crop this year?"

"Pretty fair, though the frost hurt it some."

"Shall you plant some more next year?"

"Sartin. I allers plant some corn."

"What for? Why, because—because I allers do."

"Yes, I see. Now, Smith, how much did that field of corn pay you?"

"Pay me? Well, I guess about—"

"That isn't it; do you know?"

"Well, not exactly, but I cal'late—"

"Never mind, but really, now, do you know whether you made or lost money in raising that field of corn?"

"Dunno as I do for sartin."

Now look here, Smith. There is my "corn-field" record. I have written down everything connected with it, and to-day I have summed it all up and I know all about it. Here is the size of the field, the kind of soil, what grew on it last year, when and how many times it was plowed, harrowed and furrowed, and also the amount and kind of manure used, how it was put on and what I used for top-dressing. Then here is the time of planting; time and manner of cultivating, how far apart were the rows and hills, number of stalks in the hill; when the corn came up, and what variety it was; when it was harvested, &c., &c. And here I have got in exact figures the cost and price of everything connected with it; planting, hoeing and harvesting; the value of the corn, beans, pumpkins and fodder; value of manure, rent of land and every item set down in full. So I know exactly how much it cost me to raise that piece of corn, and thus whether it pays me to continue raising it under such circumstances.

This is only an example. All other farm operations should be recorded in somewhat the same manner, and then there would be an end of the continual "guessing" and "thinking" and ignorance in regard to those things we should know about.

THE ALABAMA CLAIMS are discussed in a different tone, of late, by Englishmen. The London Herald, a well known Tory organ, in a recent article remarks:—

"Now that the heat of controversy has cooled down, now that we have no longer any South to champion, any North to contend with, we can see no reason why this vexed question should not be submitted to some court of arbitration, which shall determine finally a point of international law which it were well to have settled. We should not like to have the career of the Alabama and Shenandoah made into a precedent. In certain contingencies it would be most inconvenient for us. If the Fenians, for example, were to establish themselves in some hole or corner of America, out of our reach; if they had resources enough to enable them to purchase an American steamer; if this steamer were to be fitted with an armament on the high seas, and proceed at once to destroy unarmed English merchantmen; if the American government were not only to wink at this, but to recognize the Fenian craft as a lawful belligerent, we should then have cause to execrate the memory of the Alabama, and the rule of international law which we ourselves had set up.—If the Irish fanatics in North America could only agree instead of quarrelling so absurdly—if they could only put their heads and money together for a week—we might have Fenian Alabamas everywhere which would make hay and straw of British commerce on the ocean. The precedent we have allowed is, that a pretended government, having no ships of its own from which to commission its ships of war, may fit them out on the high seas without let or hindrance. The establishment of such a doctrine would amount to a renunciation of our maritime advantages in case of a war with any nation in the Western World. It would conduce much to our interest if this part of our international code could undergo revision."

A well known journalist, who was formerly a Washington correspondent, says that while there during the war, he once asked Sec. Seward his opinion of Horace Greely. "Horace Greely," said Seward, "is a great man—a man so full of genius and of such power that if he had a particle of common sense he would have to hang him. But he is a d—l fool, and is therefore harmless." After coming to New York, the journalist, dining with the editor of the Tribune, inquired his opinion of Seward.

Seward has brains enough, was the reply, "to govern this country. No man has a better head; but the trouble with Seward is that he is an infernal scoundrel."

The METEORIC SHOWER.—The great Humboldt meteoric shower, which has been anticipated yesterday morning (as already announced in our columns) and thus the existence of a new class of bodies belonging to the solar system has been definitively established. The following observations were made by Mr. J. Crumpley (late of Mr. Slater's Observatory) in company with Mr. H. J. Wix, the station chosen being Primrose-hill. From this place the spectacle was most imposing. Large meteors were very abundant last evening shortly after 10 p. m., the number rapidly increasing during the three following hours. From 10 25m to 10 35m—an interval of ten minutes only—we counted 421 meteors each of us taking care to observe a separate hemisphere. This number was afterwards largely augmented. Counting again from 10 35m to 10 45m, the number diminished to 149, and this decrease continued until daybreak. The meteors were of unusual splendor, few being less than stars of the first order, while some could only be compared to the moon for magnitude. They were accompanied for the most part by brilliant trails of light, which endured in some cases as much as ten minutes after the head of the meteor had disappeared. The general color of the nuclei was of a vivid pale blue, while a brilliant per-green (changing to red at the extremities) marked the train. Eight of these were examined under telescope power, and displayed some remarkable characteristics. The trains so viewed were not unfrequently found to exhibit a tremulous motion, and in a few instances curled themselves up and apparently began to descend. We devoted considerable attention to the radiant point, which, when the meteors were at a maximum, was very clearly defined. It came out R. A. 147 deg., as determined by one of Mr. Herschel's charts, prepared for that purpose.

The display of meteors was also witnessed in all parts of the United Kingdom. At Liverpool great numbers of people stayed out for the purpose of seeing as much of the spectacle as possible, and the description of the shooting stars given by the spectators would, no doubt, puzzle an astronomer. It appears that at Nottingham a few meteors were seen about midnight on Monday, but it was not until near twelve on Tuesday night that the really grand display commenced. There were also occasional flashes of lightning and thunder peals at the same time. The course taken by the meteors was from east to west. In Scotland watchers of the skies, amateur and professional, had a rare and fine enjoyment in seeing thousands of "new planets swim into their ken," and as swiftly vanish. The flight of meteors, preluded by a few advanced couriers, which instead of across the lower sky between night-fall and midnight, began about midnight in earnest and continued with increasing abundance and splendor until near dawn.

RICH MEN'S SONS.—Henry Ward Beecher in a sermon at Plymouth church last Sunday evening, produced the following picture of rich men's sons:—

"Men seem ashamed of labor, and often, often you shall find men have made themselves respectable in labor, have built up a business and amassed a fortune, who turn to their sons and say: 'You shall never do as I did; you shall lead a different life; you shall be spared this.' Oh, these rich men's sons! They aim to lead a life of elegant leisure; and it is a life of emaculated idleness and laziness. Like the polyp that floats useless and natty upon the sea, all jelly, all flabby, no muscle, no bone—it shuts and opens, and opens and shuts, and sucks in and squirts out again, of no earthly account, influence or use. Such are these poor fools. Their parents toiled and grew strong, built up their frames of iron and of bone; but denying all this to their sons, they turned them upon the world boneless, muscleless, simple gists, and soft at that. What if you do get your time reduced to eight hours, and wages increased to \$5, does that educate you?"

WATER THAT WILL NOT DROWN.—All travellers, writes a correspondent, have mentioned with astonishment the peculiar buoyancy of the water of Great Salt Lake, and it is truly surprising. No danger of shipwreck need ever cross the mind of those who navigate the lake, for it would be simply impossible for them to sink if thrown overboard. With my hands clasped together under my head, and my feet crossed, I floated on the very surface of the lake with at least one-third of my body above the water. Upon a warm summer's day there would not be the slightest difficulty in going to sleep on the lake, and allowing yourself to be blown about as the wind permitted; only one would need an umbrella to keep off the rays of the sun.

It has been stated that three buckets of this water will yield one bucket of solid salt, but inasmuch as water will not hold above twenty-five per cent of saline matter in solution, and if more be added it is instantly deposited upon the bottom, this estimate, is of course, too large. On enquiring of the Mormons engaged in procuring salt, they unanimously state that for every five buckets of water they obtained one bucket of salt, which gives the proportion as no less than twenty per cent. No visitor to the lake should omit the bath; the sensation in the water is most luxurious, and leads one to think himself floating in the air. On the way back to the city it will be as well for the bather to stop at the superb sulphur baths just outside the town, and remove the saline incrustations which have formed upon his skin, by a plunge into the fine swimming bath, whose only objection is its peculiar odor and its great heat which requires a large admixture of cold water.

The woman's suffrage meeting at Albany adopted a resolution pronouncing the use of the word "male" three times in the pending constitutional amendment a "gross insult to all womanhood everywhere and an outrage on the genius of the nineteenth century," and declaring that on that ground the amendment ought to be rejected.

At what hour did the devil make his appearance in the garden of Eden? Sometime during the night. He certainly came after Eve.

## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The President opens his message with proper thanks to providence which has preserved the land from pestilence, and then proceeds directly to the consideration of the national situation, opposing, as will be seen, the making of any conditions precedent to restoration, except those known to the constitution, and favoring the immediate admission of duly qualified loyal representatives to Congress. He asks nothing more—he concedes nothing less.

After reviewing the progress of reconstruction as developed by the appointment of Provisional governors, &c., the inauguration of the revenue, judicial and postal systems of the government throughout the South, down to the close of the last session of Congress, the President concludes all he has to say on the subject of restoration in the following language:

"Congress, however, hesitated to admit any of these States to representation, and it was not until the close of the last month of the last session that an exception was made in the case of Tennessee. I deem it a subject of profound regret that Congress has thus far failed to admit to seats loyal Senators and Representatives from the other States whose inhabitants with these often-times they had guarded in rebellion. Ten States, more than one-fourth of the whole number, remain without representatives."

The seats of fifty members of the house and of the Senate are yet vacant by their own consent, not a failure of election, but by the refusal of Congress to examine their credentials. Their admission, it is believed, would have accomplished much towards the renewal and strengthening of our relations as one people, and remove serious cause for discontent on the part of the people of these States; it would have accorded with the great principles enunciated in the declaration of independence that no people ought to bear the burden of taxation and yet be denied representation; it would have been consistent with the express provisions of the constitution that each State shall have at least one representative and that no State without its consent shall be deprived of equal suffrage in the Senate.

These provisions were intended to secure to every State the right of representation in Congress, and so important was it deemed by the framers of the Constitution that the equality of the State shall be preserved in the Senate, that not even by an amendment to the Constitution can any State without its consent be denied a voice in that branch of the national legislature. It has been assumed that States by rebellion become territories; but all the departments of government with great distinctness refused to sanction an assumption so incompatible with the nature of our republican system and the professed objects of the war.

The utmost the recent legislation of Congress, the undeniable fact that these ten political communities are nothing less than States."

The President then refers to the legislation of Congress and the proclamation of Mr. Lincoln to sustain this position. He then proceeds as follows:

"In the admission of senators and representatives from all the States there can be no just ground of apprehension that persons who are disloyal will be clothed with the powers of legislation, for this could not happen when the constitution and laws are enforced by a vigilant and faithful Congress. Each House is the judge of the returns and qualifications of its own members. A senator or a member may be accepted or rejected or his credentials referred to a proper committee. If admitted to a seat it must be on evidence satisfactory to the House of which he becomes a member; that he possesses the legal and constitutional qualifications. If refused admission and sent to his constituents for want of due allegiance, they are admonished that none but persons loyal to the United States will be allowed in the councils of the nation, and the political power and moral influence of Congress are thus effectively used in these rules of loyalty to the government and fidelity to the Union."

Upon this question so vitally affecting the restoration of the Union and the permanency of our form of Government, my opinions heretofore expressed have undergone no change, but on the contrary, their correctness has been confirmed by time and reflection. If the admission of loyal members to seats in Congress was wise and expedient one year ago, then it is no less wise and expedient now. If in the exact condition of these States at the present time it is lawful to exclude them from representation, I do not see that the question will be changed by the efflux of time ten years hence. If these States remain as they are, the right of representation will be stronger, and the right of exclusion no weaker.

The Constitution makes it the duty of the President to recommend to the consideration of Congress such measures as he shall deem expedient, and I know of no measures imperatively demanded by every consideration of national interest, sound policy and exact justice than the admission of loyal members from the unrepresented States. It would consummate restoration, renew vigor and stability, remove doubt, induce emigration and open new fields of enterprise.

The President then proceeds to discuss foreign affairs. He says, with Great Britain the progress towards an adjustment of the Alabama claims have been slow, owing in some degree to a change in the British ministry; but matters in that regard, look favorable.

He states that France has not complied with her agreement to take her troops out of Mexico, but intimates a postponement until spring. Our Government has remonstrated, but the President says no reply has been received from the Emperor as to what he will do, but a satisfactory adjustment is hoped for.

General Sherman has gone to Mexico in an advisory capacity to Mr. Campbell. The message is silent on questions of Mexican protectorate, treaty, &c., and makes no allusion to Maximilian whatever.

In concluding the message, the President says:

"The interests of the nation are best promoted by a renewal of fraternal relations, complete obliterations of our differences and inauguration of all pursuits of peace. Directing our efforts to the early accomplishment of these great ends, let us endeavor to preserve harmony between co-ordinate departments of Government, that each in its proper sphere and way cordially co-operate with the other in securing the maintenance of the Constitution, the preservation of the Union, and perpetuity of free institutions."

A POKER.—A gentleman was complaining that it cost him ten dollars every time he went to church, as he only attended five times a year, and his pew tax was fifty dollars per annum. "Why don't you go oftener," asked a religious broker, "and reduce the average." That was a poster.



## Waterville Mail.

R. H. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... DEC. 7, 1866.



## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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

R. H. 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.

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," or "WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE."

**PROGRESSIVE HINTS.**—No longer ago in the history of the world than 1820, if we may credit the Scientific American, one Dr. Hartman, a German philosopher, announced to the world that he could throw off from the end of his fingers towards other persons, sparks of electricity as large as to be plainly seen. His assertion was received with so much popular incredulity that the "Quarterly Journal of Science" said of it, that the pretended phenomenon was only fit to be classed with the reveries of animal magnetism! At the present time, the scholar or philosopher who would publicly proclaim his disbelief either in this well known power of producing an efflux of electrical matter, or of the general theory of animal magnetism, would be marked as half a century behind his age. How many of the leading truths of philosophy and science that were ridiculed by the wise and learned fifty years ago, are doubted only by fools to-day? So, in fifty years to come, may we not expect that many great truths that feebly struggle for bare existence now, will be "known and read of all men?" The same voters of Massachusetts who thirty years ago aided or approved the riotous breaking up of an anti-slavery meeting of women in Boston, have this year elected negroes to represent them in their legislature. The steamboats that act so tangibly in the commerce of the world today, a few years ago stood by the side with the vagaries of the flying machine. Then, poor Thomas Davenport was borrowing a dollar here and there of his friends, to keep his body alive, while, (amid the sneers of the ignorant) he wore out his brains with the theories of electro-magnetism. Only a few scores of years ago Harvey convinced the learned medical world that the blood circulated in veins and arteries. Only a few hundred years ago the world believed that this earth was a fixed body, with the sun, moon and stars moving around it; and the man who ventured to proclaim a different theory, narrowly escaped death for contradicting the Bible! Last week Prof. Agassiz, one of the most popular and profound scholars in the world, proclaimed in a lecture—in the same Boston where Quakers were hung, a few scores of years ago, for believing the whole some doctrines of their set—that the creation of man was not according to the Mosaic account. And Prof. Agassiz was not hung, or mobbed!

Surely, in politics, in commerce, in science, in religion, in law,—in many, many things, and in many ways, "the world moves;" and those who look upon it, in 1866, with their eyes wide open, ought to be able to see and be convinced of the fact. Those who cannot see, must trudge along in the dark—those who dare not see, deserve to be run over.

**FIREMEN'S LEVEE.**—The card of Waterville Engine Co. No. 3, in another column, tells what the firemen of our village propose to do, and what they will do it for. The completeness of our fire department speaks honorably for the liberality of our citizens, as well as for the energy and faithfulness of our firemen; and the history of the department shows that so long as the latter pursue wise counsels they will be promptly backed by the former. Each fire company is supplied with a good engine house and elegant hall. A considerable portion of the expense they have defrayed themselves. Furniture for the new hall of Threes is the main deficiency, and for this they propose a levee, in which ones will take an active part—for the two companies have always pursued a generous and manly course towards each other. There is no doubt of their success, or that their levee will be one of the most attractive of its class. In due time more particular notice will be given.

**THE MARKETS.**—The week shows a uniform decline in most staple articles. Pork has gone some \$2 lower, and prime is quoted at \$20 in Boston. Flour is dull and declining; 13,000 bbls. received in Boston, and 27,000 in N. York from Saturday to Monday. Superfine is quoted \$9.75 to \$10.50 in Boston, and 7.55 to 9.40 in N. Y. Corn, western mixed, \$1.15 to \$1.17. Butter 28 to 36. "Dull" and "declining" are written on everything.

Wool is quoted at N. Y. "steady with a better business doing." "The finer qualities a little more in demand."

**INCOME TAX.**—The Maine Farmer publishes the Income Tax of this district for 1866, which is truly a curiosity, and elegant alike in its silence and its revelations. We copy the Waterville, Winslow and Fairfield lists below; and every man whose name is not found in it is presumed to have asserted, under oath, that his income did not exceed the sum of \$800, after deducting house rent (if he hires a house, but not otherwise) average of repairs on house, and taxes.

WATERVILLE.			
Sewall A. Allen,	\$ 6 00	C. Low,	\$ 36 55
Arthur J. Allen,	8 00	Moses Lyford,	62 15
Samuel Appleton,	148 60	Francis Low,	15 00
W. B. Arnold,	18 35	Dan L. Libby, Jr.,	6 25
C. M. Barrett,	45 00	W. L. Maxwell,	12 50
S. B. Boutelle,	60 45	R. K. Mathews,	12 50
A. P. Benjamin,	60 00	J. F. Merrill,	8 65
Johnson Boothby,	4 40	Frank Maguire,	19 00
E. Blumenthal,	36 75	C. M. Morse,	23 55
Wm. Boddy,	2 25	Leah M. Welch,	12 50
A. G. Bodfish,	156 25	Nath'l Meader,	16 25
E. Burbank,	6 25	D. W. Moore,	93 45
H. H. Campbell,	84 00	D. L. Milburn,	312 50
Joseph M. Crooker,	1 20	E. Maxson,	12 50
Augustus Crowell,	10 25	S. C. Marston,	8 25
J. T. Champlin,	08 45	Rufus Nason,	9 40
E. R. Drummond,	25 00	Edwin Naves,	130 50
R. H. Dyer,	50 00	Joshua Nye,	167 20
William Dyer,	50 55	P. Osmond,	10 05
Lemuel Dunbar,	1 35	Mary J. Plaisted,	246 00
Reuben Foster,	12 50	A. A. Plaisted,	15 65
John H. Foster,	25 20	Abner Pette,	1 00
E. W. Fletcher,	2 25	J. W. Philbrick,	50 40
Jeremiah Furish,	10 00	N. G. H. Pulsifer,	48 35
C. S. Fuller,	4 35	Nathan Stiles,	7 15
E. L. Getchell,	33 70	N. S. Swellon,	14 40
John H. Gray,	31 40	S. K. Smith,	16 55
C. F. Hathaway,	75 00	Sam'l Seamon,	4 50
H. H. Hanson,	21 70	W. A. F. Stevens,	25 00
C. E. Hilditch,	17 00	C. W. Terry,	2 50
V. P. Haviland,	42 45	E. Thayer,	33 80
Wm. Jordan,	39 50	John Webb,	3 75
W. Jones,	12 50	John Webber,	63 40
Geo. W. Keeley,	44 70	E. F. Welch,	25 15
Ira H. Low,	4 10	D. R. Wing,	50 25

WINSLOW.			
John Dinsmore,	1 00	Est. Jos. Eaton,	140 55
C. Drummond,	6 22		
FAIRFIELD.			
Wm. Conner,	43 59	Ezra Totman,	62 25
Stephen Conner,	27 15	Nahum Totman,	69 09
Chas. Fogg,	24 00	Horace Webster	505 06
Henry Kelley,	21 50	Urrin Woodman,	5 09
H. C. Newhall,	100 00		

The *Fairer* says the number of income tax-payers in the District is as follows, Kennebec, 316; Lincoln, 98; Somerset, 74. Total, 491. The aggregate amount assessed upon these persons is \$29,740 44. Kennebec pays \$22,000 20; Somerset, \$4,108 85; Lincoln, \$6,592 69. It will be seen by comparison with the figures for 1864, that the income revenue of the District has materially diminished. The entire amount assessed for that year was \$36,451 45, showing a falling off of \$6,711 01, or one-sixth of the tax of 1864. The heaviest tax-payer in the District continues to be Mr. Chas. M. Bailey, the extensive oil-cloth manufacturer at East Windsor, who pays \$2,462 50, against \$2,043 37 the previous year. The next largest are John Ware, of Athens, and Alden Sampson, of Manchester, the first named pays \$1,396 25 against \$758 90 in 1864, and the second, \$1,212 50 against \$957 50 in 1864.

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THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE is substantially given in the abstract on our first page; for there has been but little interest to know the president's views except on points in which he takes party ground. If he still pressed his peculiar policy of re-construction nobody cared to hear him any further upon a question that has already been decided by the tribunal of the people. If he abandoned it, or if he had found means to vary it sufficiently to give it further discussion, so far there was a waiting interest in the public mind. The substance of the message proves to be merely a reiteration of his former arguments upon re-construction, and so may be passed quietly among by-gones.

A few points remain, for general information, and then our readers have all they want of this document.

On the thirty-first day of October, 1865, the public debt amounted to \$2,740,854,750. On the 31st of October last it had been reduced to \$2,511,310,006—being a reduction of \$206,379,565. During the fiscal year ending the 30th of June last, the receipts exceeded the expenses by \$37,281,680—showing a fair prospect of considerable reduction of taxes, if the country so wills.

Our naval force now consists of 278 vessels armed with 2251 guns, and manned with 19,000 men. The naval pension fund amounts to near twelve million dollars.

The revenues of the post office department have fallen about one million short of the expenses—on account of increasing the mail service in the South.

Of the public lands, 4,629,212 acres have been disposed of during the year, 1,892,516 acres of which were entered under the homestead act.

The number of pensioners, June 30, was 126,722; and the amount paid them \$13,459,996.

The president recommends that the District of Columbia be represented by one member in Congress.

The president has been "warned of an attempt by Spanish American adventurers to induce the emigration of freedmen to a foreign country," and has "protested against the project."

**OUR TABLE.**

FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE is most charmingly embellished, especially in the fashion department, which displays a double-page colored plate, a four-page plate full of figures, a great number of smaller engravings, &c. The literary department, which includes numerous good stories, and other interesting articles, is also handsomely illustrated. A full sized pattern for cutting, of the Ristori Paletot, a fashionable novelty, is also given. While it is unrivalled as a leader and reporter of fashions, this magazine gives its readers a supply of agreeable miscellany, each month, such as is found in no other publication.

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

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW for October has the following table of contents:—

Kaye's History of the Sepoy War; Varieties of History and Art International Coinage; Napoleon's Julius Caesar Felix Holt, the Radical; Strauss, Renan, and "Ecce Homo"; Froide's Reign of Elizabeth; Antique Gems: The Military Growth of Prussia.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by the Leonard Scott, Publishing Company, 38 Walker Street, New York, the terms of subscription being as follows:—For any one of the four Reviews, \$4 per annum; any of the two Reviews, \$7; any of the three Reviews, \$10; all four Reviews, \$12; Blackwood's Magazine, \$4; Blackwood and one Review, \$7; Blackwood and any two Reviews, \$10; Blackwood and any three of the Reviews, \$13; for Blackwood and the four Reviews, \$15—with large discount to clubs. To 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 50 cents a year.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY for December is embellished with two fine pictures—The Graves of Barbara and Paul Heck, in Canada West, and a portrait of Governor Van Cortlandt, a gentleman of the olden time, and an early and fast friend of Methodism.

The contents of the number are excellent, and we have marked several good things for our own columns. In announcing the arrangements for the coming volume, the editor says:—

The object we aim at is to disengage an impure literature by furnishing the American public, and especially the members and friends of our own Church, with a pure and elegant, as heretofore, magazine of household and social circle with confident expectation of good results, and without any possibility of contamination. The coming volume, we have reason to believe, will still surpass the preceding ones in the selection of subjects, and with our enlarged facilities for selections from home and foreign journals, we promise our readers a superior volume for 1867.

Published under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church, by Poe & Hitchcock, Cincinnati, at \$3.75 per annum.

"MUGBY JUNCTION," Dickens's Christmas Story for 1867, is published complete in the 50th number of *Every Saturday*. As Mr. Dickens's contribution to the story this year occupies a larger portion of the volume than usual, it is safe to predict that "Mugby Junction" will prove even more popular than any of its predecessors. The first four tales in the collection are from the pen of the inimitable "Boz." These episodes are written in the author's happiest vein. Many of the characters introduced to the reader will at once take their places in literature beside such immortal creations as "Mr. Pickwick," "Little Nell," "The Marchioness," and "Oliver Twist." The sketch entitled "Barbox Brothers," is one of those delicious lessons which Dickens teaches so admirably. No one can read it without strengthening his belief in human goodness. "Young Jackson," "Phoebe," and "Lamp," with his periodical "readers," become our personal friends immediately. "Little Polly," the last child, whose name is not "Travis," is a conception as charming as anything in that marvelous series of novels which we are never weary of perusing. The whimsical description of the "Refreshment Room," with the stale pastry, and poor Mr. Swift, will make "Mugby Junction," a favorite stopping-place this year for many a delighted reader. This story appears in *Every Saturday* seven days previous to its appearance in England. The Publishers evidently intend, by such enterprise, to give the readers of *Every Saturday* more promptly than they can obtain from any other source the best and most attractive of the good things in European Periodicals.

*Every Saturday* is published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for December contains portraits of Dore, the great French Artist, the King and Queen of Prussia, twelve distinguished American Clergymen, Miss Kate Bateman, with Biographies and sketches of character. Also other interesting matter, including "What is Education?" by John Neal; Characters of Shakespeare: Thiers, the French Statesman; Grand Outings, &c. Now is the time to subscribe. A new Volume begins with the next number. Published by Fowler & Wells, 389 Broadway, New York, at \$2 a year, or 20 cents a number.

THE CONCERT, by Mrs. Mabel Bates Burnham, and Messrs. John Morgan and O. W. Burnham, with Mr. Geo. Marston as pianist, advertised for Friday evening of last week, was postponed to Saturday evening on account of the storm. Partly owing to this break in the arrangement, no doubt, the attendance was light, though we think it must be acknowledged that a first class musical entertainment, as this certainly was, finds but a limited number of paying hearers in our village. There is no disputing about taste, and it is idle for those who honestly differ to dictate to each other; but it strikes us that some of the elite, who are continually turning up their noses at negro concerts and kindred musical entertainments, might very properly be called upon to explain why they did not encourage this classical entertainment by their presence.

On Sunday, these pleasant visitors sang at the Universalist and Congregational churches, and in the evening, assisted by Miss Lucy Carroll, gave a rich concert of sacred music at the Universalist church, which like the entertainment of the evening previous was listened to with delight by a small but select audience. May they come to us again under pleasant auspices.

THE MAINE NORMAL.—The first number of this new educational magazine—published in Farmington by J. Weston Swift & Co., and edited by Geo. M. Gage, principal of the State Normal School at that place—has come to hand. It is filled with matter of great interest to teachers, school officers, and all the friends of education, and we hope will be generously supported. It is published monthly at \$1.50 a year, which is certainly cheap enough.

An interesting religious revival is reported at West Waterville, participated in by the Methodists, and the Free Will and Calvinist Baptists.

CONGRESS goes at once to work to stop the mischief of the president, not even waiting for the message. On Tuesday a bill passed the House repealing the act of '62, giving the president power to pardon rebels. A bill was introduced depriving him of the power to make appointments under the internal revenue and government printing systems. Mr. Sherman introduced a bill in the Senate making it a penal offence to pay any officer of the government after his rejection by the Senate. Mr. Williams, of Oregon, introduced a bill to prevent removals without the consent of the Senate. A bill by Mr. Garfield provides for the meeting of Congress on the 4th of March, leaving no interval between the 39th and 40th Congresses. This is to cut off any effort to obstruct the organization of the 40th Congress. Mr. Stevens introduces a bill, the principal feature of which is, that within ten days after the meeting of congress the president shall submit to the senate a full list of all removals and appointments made during the vacation, with the reasons therefor; that the senate shall reject all appointments made for political reasons; and that the persons so rejected shall be disqualified for three years from holding any government office. In case of rejection, the office shall revert to the previous officer; and all appointments subordinate thereto shall fail with his rejection and revert to those previously holding them.

THE CATTLE MARKETS, last week, were reported dull, with 2,000 cattle and 9,000 sheep, of which Maine contributed 107 of the former and 730 of the latter. The change in prices was not great, but the unmistakable tendency was downward. Extra and best quality of Western beef were quoted at 18 cts.; first quality, good oxen, &c., at 12 to 12 3/4; second quality, or good fair beef, at 10 1/2 to 11 3/4; third quality, lighter young cattle, cows, &c., at 9 1/2 to 10. Sheep, sheared, Northern, 9 to 11 1/2; in lots, \$1.80 to \$4.50 per head.

MORRILL, of the *Home Journal*, who used to be so sharp and keen, must be getting into his dotage. He was green enough, recently, to trust a man for an advertisement posing his (the delinquent's, not Morrill's) wife, and in his last is so demoralized that he scolds the fellow for not paying up, according to agreement. That's worse than the "East India Tea Co."

THE REFORM DEMONSTRATION in London on Monday last was most imposing. Fifty thousand marched in procession and about fifty speakers addressed the meeting. The stars and stripes were borne in the procession, and among the airs played, was the "Wearing of the Green."

THE BATH TIMES has passed into the hands of Messrs. E. Upton and H. A. Shorey who bring to its support ability, energy and experience. They will make a live paper, and while laboring earnestly for the local interests of their city, will be found upon the right side of all the great moral and political questions of the day. We wish them abundant success.

A NICE PIG, raised by Postmaster McFadden, was butchered this week by Mr. Asa Combs, which at the age of 7 1/2 months weighed 401 lbs. We cannot speak with certainty, not having tasted for ourselves, but we take the Yankee privilege of guessing that there was mighty nice eating in that pig.

THE famous "Yankee Saw Filer," Dearborn, who has set so many teeth on edge in Waterville, and amused so many lookers-on by the lightning speed with which he does up a job, seems to be alarming our neighbors at Skowhegan. The Clarion sees the very old Scratch in him, and cautions his "native" friends not to venture their patronage on a man who files a saw in three minutes, when the old fogey took half an hour? Never mind, Yankee—put your foot in his porringer, and put him on short allowance till he lets you alone.

LOOK HERE!—How strangely some of the beautiful flowers of this world are found out of season, and sometimes "out in the cold!" Here is a dandelion, in fair blossom, huddled up by Mr. Ambrose H. Palmer, who picked it by the wayside as he came into the village—this 6th day of December, A. D. 1866.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston Advertiser, in giving an account of the proceedings of Congress on Tuesday, says:—

The House expressed its opinion, indirectly, on the present political situation in three votes, by more than three to one on each occasion—first, in ordering a continuance of the joint committee of fifteen on re-construction; second, in directing the territorial committee, on Mr. Doolittle's motion, to consider the expediency of reporting bills for the government of the South; third, in re-affirming, on Mr. Wentworth's motion, its belief in the amendment to the Constitution as a liberal basis of settlement.

After the day's business was over, Governor Boutwell repeated what he had declared in caucus, some days ago, viz., that he had reason for believing that the government knew, as long ago as last May, where John H. Surratt was, in what regiment of the Papal army he was serving, and what name he had assumed. He further said that if the correspondence which had been called for did not show this, he should be ready to make public recognition of the fact.

LECTURES ON GEOLOGY.—Dr. N. T. True, senior editor of the *Maine Farmer* and a gentleman whose scientific attainments are well and favorably known, proposes to give a course of lectures on Geology in this village, commencing with a free lecture on Thursday evening next, at the Town Hall. Dr. True may not give us quite so much poetry and rhetoric as some lecturers, but he has a great

stock of facts, and will no doubt interest the public.

A FAIR, in aid of the orphans of the war, is to be held in Bath next Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. Gen. Chamberlain will deliver an oration at the opening. Visitors can pass over the Portland and Kennebec Railroad for half fare.

THE DEVIL is still busy in Durham, and cattle and horses are mysteriously slaughtered there almost every night.

THE new Masonic Hall at Augusta, was dedicated with imposing ceremonies one day this week. The attendance of brethren from neighboring towns was quite large.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS.—Henrickson, at the New Bookstore, opposite the Post Office, is daily receiving additions to his splendid stock of Books, Stationery, and Fancy articles, including a thousand and one beautiful things specially designed as gifts for the approaching holidays. His stock of illustrated books, albums, and juveniles, is large, and includes some high-priced volumes not often found in the country; with a charming collection of pictures—photographs, plain and colored, imported oil chromes, etc.—writing desks, work boxes, fancy boxes, toys, and a host of knick-knacks for ladies and gentlemen, useful and pretty. Of course these will draw a crowd of purchasers.

THE "HOME AMUSEMENT."—This beautiful and entertaining Family and Ladies Magazine presents an unusual interest to the young lady and housewife. In fact, it is all, and more, than its name implies. Amusement for the Home and Fireside. Every family should read it. Published Semi-Monthly, in large magazine form, at only \$1.25 per annum. A Wheeler & Wilson \$65 Sewing Machine is sent to Agents who raise a Club of forty-eight subscribers. Address HOME AMUSEMENT, No. 78 Nassau Street, New York.

The report of General Howard's bureau shows that between June 1, 1865, and Sept. 1, 1866, there were issued 13,412,273 rations to refugees and freedmen. The number now issued per month is comparatively small, but some increase during the coming winter is anticipated, as the crops are generally short and, with few exceptions, the State authorities have failed to contribute to the relief of the needy. Every possible effort is making to render the negroes entirely self-supporting. About one hundred and fifty thousand of them—men, women and children—are now attending school in the late rebel States. The bureau has control of about 175,000 acres of land, and 1100 town and city lots. The commissioner regrets his inability to prevent outrages upon freedmen, but is happy to add that they are not so numerous as they were a year ago. He asks an appropriation of \$3,386,300 for the ensuing fiscal year.

FIRE AT DIXMONT.—The Whig learns that the Alms House in Dixmont, together with the two barns and stable attached were destroyed by fire on Monday forenoon last. The furniture of the house was saved; but nearly all the hay, grain and other crops in the barns were lost. The whole loss is estimated at \$3,000 to \$3,500. The fire broke out almost simultaneously in the house, stable and one of the barns, and is said to have been caused by one of the inmates of the Alms House, who is supposed to be partially deranged, and known to be wholly ugly.

The answer of the French government to Mr. Seward's note respecting Mexican affairs, is said to re-iterate the assurances already given by the French Minister of State. It affirms that France has nothing to change or retract in her former declarations; that the orders for the evacuation of Mexico were long ago given; that she fulfills all her promises, and, therefore, considers Mr. Seward's note useless. Further, the French government cannot refrain from expressing its astonishment at this new demand regarding a matter which is already in the way of execution, and professes itself unable to understand the real meaning of the recent steps of Mr. Seward, when he so well knew the intentions of the Emperor.

The Gardiner Reporter says the colony of religious enthusiasts that sailed from Jonesport in this State, is already seeing trouble. They are now protected from the marauders that infest Palestine, through the instrumentality of the American Consul. It is thought the enterprise will be abandoned.

**Waterville Engine Co. No. 3.**

At a monthly meeting of Waterville Engine Co. No. 3, held Dec. 3d, 1866, it was Voted That the Company have a Levee for the purpose of raising funds to furnish their Hall. A general committee of arrangements was appointed, consisting of E. H. Meador, C. R. McFadden, W. A. Caffrey, Geo. Jewell, John P. Caffrey, Joshua Nye and J. P. Hill.

The Clerk of the Company was instructed to extend an invitation to T. C. Tilton to assist them in carrying out their arrangements for the proposed Levee. It was also voted that an invitation be extended to the ladies of Waterville to attend the meeting to be published in the *Waterville Mail*.

G. B. BROAD, Clerk.

A scientific breakdown—the shower of meteors.

Railway "jams" are anything but preserves.

The most astounding fish story yet told is the statement by Professor Agassiz that in Brazil they have a species of fish which can climb trees!

It is a great satisfaction to know that the earth weighs 1,366,196,070,000,000,000 tons.

The Baltimore secessionists are edified to learn that the secret contraband mail between their city and Richmond during the war was carried by a detective in the service of the United States government.

"The Mormon poetess," Miss Carmichael, has left Utah as the wife of a gentle physician of California.

The Putnam Machine Company of Fitchburg, is building a new machine shop, 600 by 44 feet, with seven 12's, each 62 feet long.

A span of the Central Ohio Railroad bridge at Zanesville Ohio, gave way Monday morning as a train was passing, letting the engine, tender, three freight and baggage cars and one passenger car fall sixty feet. No persons known to have been killed, but many are said to be severely wounded.

Governor Fletcher is preparing to suppress all disorderly proceedings in Missouri, with a view to rendering that State safe to live in as Iowa.

Rev. George B. Hiley, a graduate of Waterville College, of the class of 1864, was called to the Baptist church in Springfield on Wednesday, November 21st. In the afternoon of the same day a new and commodious house of worship for this society was dedicated, as we learn from the *Astorian*.

The Portland Star says the masonry work on Hon. J. B. Brown's immense new sugar house was completed last Wednesday and the structure will be all "closed in" in a few days.

Deacon Heman Pettengill, of Brunswick was found dead in his bed on Sunday morning last. He was seventy years old and had been in feeble health for two years.

A despatch from Washington says that Marshal Bazaine is in favor of proclaiming Ortega President of Mexico.

There is God's poor and the Devil's poor; the first from misfortune, the other from vice.

U. S. Engineers are engaged in surveying the channel between Gardiner and Hallowell, preparatory to spending the \$20,000 appropriation for improving the navigation of the Kennebec.

What thing is it which the more we cut it the longer it grows? A ditch.

What is the difference between a battered dime and a new penny? Nine cents.

Never confide your secrets to your relatives—blood will tell.

It is now announced, with more authority than at any time before, that the author of "Ecce Homo" is Professor Seeley of the University of London. He is a graduate of Christ's College, Cambridge, and was a student of high rank. He is a son of Mr. Seeley, the well-known evangelical publisher of London.

An Oriental maxim says: "If a man knows, and knows what he knows, he will lead a happy life. If a man does not know, he knows that he does not know, he may lead a tolerable life. But if a man does not know, and does not know that he does not know, he will lead a miserable life."

Mr. N. P. Willis is in a critical condition from the effects of paralysis.

A man hanging is better than a vagabond; he has a visible means of support.

The attempt to read many books often ends in thoroughly reading none.

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