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Maxham & Wing

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BETTER THAN BEAUTY.

My love is not a beauty
To other eyes than mine;
Her curls are not the fairest;
Her eyes are not divine;
Nor yet like roses parted
Her lips of love may be;
But though she's not a beauty,
She's dear as one to me.

Her neck is far from swan-like,
Her bosom unlike snow;
Nor walks she like a deity
This breathing world below;
Yet there's a light of happiness
Within, which all may see;
And though she's not a beauty,
She's dear as one to me.

I would not give the kindness
The grace that dwells in her;
For all that Cupid's blindest
In others might prefer;
I would not change her sweetness
For pearls of any sea;
For better far than beauty
Is one kind heart to me.

SIR GUY'S GOBLET.

BY ANNE THOMAS.

[CONCLUDED.]

Alone at last!—and how very small I felt, to be sure, in that lofty room, whose corners were lost in shade, for all the wax-candles that were lavishly burning themselves away for my enlightenment on the mantel-piece and dressing-table. What a mantel-piece it was, too!—carved into a hundred quaint conceits and flowery fancies, in such rich-looking dark oak. As I sat there, tired and warm, and excited, I began to make out stories for the many ladies of the house of Pomfret who must have sat where I was sitting now, and warmed themselves in other days.

Those other days—ah! how, the romance of them grew upon and bewildered me as I sat lost in the depths of the arm-chair, looking round at the dressing-table that was so different to anything I had ever seen before—out of Wardour Street. No muslin covered its big carved oak legs,—no little fanciful arrangement of quilted ribbon and fluted lace ran round its border. It stood uncovered in its dark, hard beauty; for I knew it to have possessed that latter attribute, now that I am aware that Gibson's imagination and hand both worked upon it. What a massive silver-framed old glass it was that stood upon it!—an unbecomingly old glass, too, I remember, for all its grandeur,—a glass that made me look green when I stood before it, and that threw my nose into a queer line that feature never had from nature.

For I had to rouse myself from my deep, dreamy fancies, and stand to be dressed before that old glass at last. Percival came back, and I gathered my disordered mind together under her auspices, and sat myself down before my stately toilet altar to be dressed for my first Christmas evening in a country house.

I felt very much depressed when, the foundation of fine starched skirts and silk slippers laid, Percival, the terribly only old maid I had ever had to wait upon me, brought out my prize dress,—a fleecy thing, all cloudy white tulle and puffiness, that Helen had stolen special pains with. This had been designed as a sort of crowning glory,—a thing in which to appear at some great county ball,—a robe in which to be seen by the "Prince Charming" who was to be seen and conquered by me during my visit. And now Percival took it out for me to go down to dinner in. I spoke at last, suggesting mildly that "there was no company was there?"

"Only the company staying in the house,"—about twenty," Percival replied, standing before me like a respectable Fate, with the tulle dress gathered up over her arm.

"Then I will wear black silk," I contrived to say, firmly. So at last I got dressed in that, with a great white gauze cloud over me called a scarf. And then my hour was come, and I went down as well as I could to the Pomfrets' drawing-room.

I shall never forget the desire I had to say, "Please, don't!" when the before-mentioned gorgeous Swiss threw open the drawing-room door, and announced "Miss Dunbar." A shiver possessed me from head to foot, and something went wrong with a vein in the back of my head,—and the walls wriggled,—and the floor surged,—and the ceiling came swooping down!—and I found myself erect after it all, and shaking hands with an old gentleman, who was thin and gray, and had a very hooked nose.

He was my great-uncle, Sir Guy Pomfret. He did not say much to me, but what he did say was kindly meant and so kindly expressed. I found myself sitting down after a minute, looking up to him as he stood before me questioning me as to my journey; and then I found myself answering him coherently enough, though a shy glance which I had given to the left nearly made my brain reel again.

There were several people in the room, but it was large, and they stood in detached groups, and so did not strike the eye at once. At first when I came in I was only conscious of light and size. But by the time I had sat down and answered Sir Guy's questions I was capable of distinguishing forms. The little deformed lady was doing the honors vivaciously I gathered, and then to my left were a couple that I started forward to look more fully at,—the Fairy Queen and my handsome fellow-traveller!

What a fairy queen she looked now, to be sure! She absolutely glittered in her fair beauty and her crystalline white silk. She was playing with a big, white-leathered fan and a bouquet of Christmas roses, and a scent-bottle, and a glove that was half and half off, as I looked at her. And she stood opposite to her, glancing admiringly at all her coquetish efforts, smiling half cynically the while,—a perfect type of the tawny-bearded, blue-eyed, well-grown young Englishman, looking in his severe black and narrow, tape-like tie not a bit like a moute or waiter (vide the comic writers), but a thoroughbred as he was,—the result of race and good society.

He was brought up to me soon, and introduced by the sprightly deformed lady (who was, I found, the same Rachael Pomfret who had written to me) as "your cousin George."—I shall drop the "Miss Dunbar," Guy Pomfret.

—Then, as I half rose (not quite knowing what to do, fearing nervously that I should commit some solecism in manners whatever I did), and returned his bow, Miss Pomfret added,—

And now come across, and get known to another cousin, my dear, and before I knew what was happening, I was face to face with the Fairy Queen, who held out a slender, white, jewelled hand to me, and laughed and flashed out smiles, and made me feel very material indeed, as she made herself momentarily more fascinating, when Miss Rachael had named her as "Ida Pomfret."

But after a time my mind seems to have accepted the situation, and cleared and steadied itself, for all the later events of that evening are well outlined in my memory. We had not been back in the drawing room long before Ida came and sat down by me, and shot off some bright little sentences at me.

"So I neatly played the part of Juggernaut's car to you," she began. "Aunt Rachael meant you to be a surprise to us all, and kept you confining a dead secret; I didn't in the least know what it was that that little car of hers."

The Fairy Queen really looked, as she said it, as if it came to her by right divine to drive over such mere mortals as myself. She was lying back in a low chair without any arms to it, and her dress sprang out on either side in great rolling waves of glittering white. Her golden hair stood out in strong relief like a glory against the dark background of the velvet chair. Altogether she looked such a dainty creature that it seemed a little thing that she should be regardless of the lives of others.

"You did see me then?" I asked.

"Well, I saw you without seeing you, if you can understand that; I was taken up with showing Guy my new ponies; you never saw him before, did you?"

"Whom?"

"Guy," my cousin—your cousin, too, isn't he? O no, your second cousin, that's it."

"No, I never saw him before."

"He's my salvation at Christmas," the blonde beauty said, with a little yawn; "he gets up charades. Do you like charades? And we always have a ball or two while he is here."

"Is this his home, or yours?"

"My home now—his in time to come. I live with grandpapa and aunt Rachael; Guy is the heir." She dropped her voice down to a whisper as she said this, then she raised it again suddenly to ask, "Do you like Christmas better in the country than in London?"

"I have never spent a Christmas in the country yet," I replied.

"O, you lucky girl!" she cried; "and I have never spent one out of it; I'd give anything—except my ponies—to go to town and see all the burlesques; I don't care for the pantomimes; have you seen many?"

I told her "Yes;" while Guy was alive I saw all such things, now I "was sick of them," I added, passionately.

"Who was Guy?" she asked, soberly, and she seemed sorry when I told her he was my brother.

But such a bright creature cannot be sorry long for the troubles of others. She was up dancing away towards the piano, in answer to somebody's request that she would sing, before the mist had cleared off my eyes which the mention of Guy had caused. When I could see clearly again, Guy Pomfret, my other cousin, was standing talking to her while she fluttered over some music and seemed unable to make choice of a song.

Presently, however, she found one, or he found it for her. At any rate he placed it and kept his hand ready to turn the page while she sang, and I got drawn up nearer to them by her voice, and watched his face as he watched hers.

She had a ringing, clear, flexible voice. I can express what its sound was by naming a color more clearly than in any other way,—it was a bright blue; it was like a silver bell, as cold and with as much feeling.

She was singing a plaintive, passionate ballad, and she sang it correctly and cleverly; but I felt dissatisfied with the way in which she warbled out those reproachful words,—

"You should have told me that before, Jamie, You should have told me that before, laddie."

I was glad when Guy Pomfret looked dissatisfied, too, and stopped her before she had finished it quite, by saying,—

"You never can do that, *mignonne*; try something else."

She frowned for an instant, and then got up, saying, "No, no, some one else, and then I will try to do justice to another of your favorites, Guy; it's not for want of desire to please you that I failed this time, sir," she added, in a low voice, with a little laugh that was slightly tinged with vexation.

I did not hear what his answer was, for at that moment Miss Rachael spoke to me.

"Do you sing, my dear?—will you oblige us?"

"I shall be very happy," I answered, and then I felt horribly hot and uncomfortable. My voice was a low, rolling, tremulous contralto,—what would it sound like after that silver bell!

"Will you like to try some of mine, or will you sing something of your own?" Ida asked, good-naturedly; and then Mr. Pomfret came forward to "see if he could help me to a selection," he said, and I knew that I was fairly committed to it, so I said "I would try what I knew best;" and, half-staggered by my own timidity, I sang some verses poor Guy had written and composed once after a visit to the Dunbar side of our family:—

"There's a breath of freedom on the ground
Where wild the heather grows,
That makes it dearer to my heart
Than England's daisies rose;
It springs around the thistle,
The stern flower of the north,
It decks the plains of England,
And the bonnets of the North.

"Those purple sprigs! no flowers, stars,
Blooming in other fields,
Are half so sweet to Scottish hearts
As Scotland's heather bell;
For on mountain brow, by lowland loch,
Through every kind of weather,
We roam about, unchecked, unchid,
O'er plains of gorse and heather.

"We still can claim a Scottish name,
And the Scotch blood in us tells,
As here on English ground we roam,
Through Scotland's heather bells;
For the breath of freedom's on the soil
Where wild the heather grows;
They hold their own most gallantly
Against the English rose."

much bewildered, and very much interested in them all. It was so funny that they should be my own people, and still so far from me in all real interest and sympathy. Even while I was accusing them of this in my heart, I was made to feel myself an ingrate by Miss Pomfret confining in to bid me good night again.

"The kind, sprightly old lady stirred the fire to a brighter blaze, and sat herself down in the arm-chair opposite to it.

"I have come to tell you a little about the state of affairs here, my dear," she began, briskly; "I must have you know all about us and care all about us. In the first place, you must know that it's a cherished plan of my father's to see Guy and Ida married to each other."

"Is it?" I replied.

"Yes; both my brothers are dead. Ida is the only child of my second brother Arthur, and Arthur was his father's favorite; in the same way Ida is his favorite grandchild; she has always lived here; he wants her to be mistress of the Towers, and as she can't be unless she marries Guy, why he wants her to marry Guy, you see."

"And how do they both like the plan?" I asked, beginning to be intensely interested in the romance which had commenced (for me) just outside the railway station.

Miss Pomfret laughed and shook her head. "Ida likes it well enough, but Guy is insurmountable; the fact is, my dear, I'm not so fond of my niece as I am of my nephew."

"What a beauty she is!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, she is; and she has never thought of or cared for any one besides her beauty from the moment she knew its power. Guy's a great deal too good for her; but that's not what I came in to say. Have you brought your habit with you?"

"I haven't one," I confessed with blushes.

"Can you ride?"

"I used to ride a good deal with Guy in a rough sort of way, when we were out for our autumn trips."

"Ah, well! we'll see about a habit for you; meantime you must wear an old skirt. Ida has planned a ride for to-morrow, meaning to take Guy out by herself. Now I mean you to go too, my dear." Then the old lady patted me on the cheek and left me.

Wishing to think well of what was so lovely, I tried hard not to see on the following day that Ida either grudged me the pleasure Miss Pomfret had procured for me, or that she disliked my society. She opened her great starry blue eyes when I came down in the skirt and a half-tight, seal-skin jacket, and shrugged her own well-habituated shoulders when we walked out to mount our horses, and she saw that a very handsome brown gelding had been prepared for me. Then she turned away, and Guy Pomfret put her up on her own beautiful mare Quinver, and when she was mounted, she (Ida) realized Tenyson's description of that peerless queen very well. I thought

"She looked so lovely as she swayed
The reins with dainty finger tips;
A man had given all other bliss;
And all his worldly hopes for this;
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips."

Then my turn came, and I was horribly afraid lest I might fail to rise like a bird to the saddle as Ida had done, and was proportionately grateful to Mr. Pomfret and Fate when I found myself securely seated without having blundered at all.

"Puck is a charming horse, Miss Dunbar, but he likes to have his own way on the turf," Mr. Pomfret said, as he settled me. Then he added, good-naturedly, almost in a whisper, "Don't let him get his head,—ride him on the curb."

"Thanks. I'll attend to your direction," I replied; and then Mr. Pomfret mounted his own powerful hunter, and we started.

Though it was midwinter—Christmas Eve in fact,—there was no crispness in the air and no frost on the ground. The roads were muddy and heavy, and the atmosphere mild and humid. We rode slowly for three or four miles along the highway, and then Ida proposed that we should go on some downs that bordered the road, and "have a sharp canter in a sharper air."

"Remember," Mr. Guy Pomfret muttered, as we took the turf, and I nodded assent, and drew my curb-rein a trifle tighter.

Puck went along over the billowy downs in a grand charging canter for about a couple of hundred yards. Then Ida Pomfret's mare flashed past us, the rider sitting erect and fair, her horse evidently well in hand, though it was going at racing speed. As she bounded ahead, Puck did something extraordinary with all his legs at once (Guy told me afterwards that he "bucked"), threw up his head, then lowered it suddenly with a jerk, and then went off in the wake of the mare at a pace that stretched him out flat nearly, and made my brain whirl.

I do not think that I was terrified, though I was well aware that I had no more control over Puck than I had over destiny. I was dimly conscious of Ida branching off to the right, while I was borne straight on towards what looked like a wall of blue sky. Another moment and I knew that I was nearing the brow of a steep hill. Another and other hoofs than Puck's sounded in my ears close behind me—then something rose with a crashing noise, and crashed against me—a sharp pain smote through my chest—a roar sounded in my ears—horses seemed to be about and around me on every side and it was all darkness.

When it came light again—that is, when I opened my eyes—I found myself lying on a green mound half-way down the slope of a steep hill, with my head resting on Guy Pomfret's arm, and Puck standing close by, looking brightly unconscious of having done anything wrong. "What did I do?" I asked, and Guy replied, "Came an awful cropper with Puck in galloping down a slope; but you're not hurt—tell me?—you're not hurt?"

I roused myself then, and found that my foot was in pain and turned the wrong way,—my ankle was sprained, in fact. But how about Puck? I was much more anxious about the handsome, brilliant-looking little brown horse than about myself.

"Puck is all right," Mr. Pomfret said.

"And where is he?"

"Ida?"

"Yes."

"Here she comes," he replied, gravely, as Miss Ida made her appearance round a knoll. "I sent her to find a boy to come and take Puck back."

Miss Ida Pomfret came up and leant forward gracefully on her pommel, still sitting well back in the saddle, to speak to me. "I hope you're not hurt; but I never saw such a rash riding in my life, Miss Dunbar."

"Nor did I; but it was Miss Dunbar's," Mr. Pomfret replied; and I said,—

"I really think it was you started Puck." I said it most innocently, and saw with surprise that she colored like fire.

"I suppose you'll have nerve enough to ride home, if this boy leads Puck," she asked; and I said,—

"O yes," but Mr. Pomfret shook his head. "Miss Dunbar has sprained her ankle, Ida."

"Then how is she to get home?" Ida asked, "if you won't let her ride; she can't walk."

"You will see how she is to get home," he answered, picking me up in his arms, as he spoke. Then he mounted his own horse, holding me easily the while; and I submitted passively through sheer amazement.

"Really, Guy!" Miss Ida exclaimed, indignantly, "do you think I am going to make one of such a procession?"

"That you'll please yourself about," he replied, coolly; then he told the boy to lead Puck home carefully, and started up the hill at a slow pace.

I was half faint with the pain, and presently he saw that I was, I suppose, for he said,—

"The sooner I get you home, the better for your ankle; Miss Dunbar. This old fellow's gallop is like a rocking-chair; tell me if you can bear it?"

He slackened the reins, and the horse went off like an arrow at once.

"Yes, I can bear this," I murmured, as he grasped me more firmly, and Guy Pomfret said,—

"That's right,—that's plucky," and then sang,—

"Grätsch! Hebechen auch? Der Mond scheint hell
Hinter! die Tüddel ritten schnell
Grätsch! Hebechen auch? Vor Tüddel?"

"Say more of Lenore!" I roused myself to utter, as he paused; but he merely repeated the three lines he had already sung; and promised to read me the whole of the marvellous ballad that same afternoon.

"Say more of Lenore," I roused myself to utter, as he paused; but he merely repeated the three lines he had already sung, and promised to read me the whole of the marvellous ballad that same afternoon.

I heard Mr. Pomfret tell his aunt when we reached home that "Ida had started off in the way that she knew Puck would never stifle, and that Miss Dunbar managed him cleverly till he went down with her." And I saw Miss Rachael and her nephew exchange queer little sympathetic glances; but I did not know what they meant.

I think that I was almost glad that my ankle was sprained. It was well worth enduring all the pain I did endure, to be made so much of by the two people I liked best at the Towers. Sir Guy came and looked at me as I was stretched out on a couch in Miss Rachael's boudoir (she would not have me in my bedroom she said); looked at me through his eyeglasses, and remarked, "I was a pity." But Miss Pomfret and her nephew stayed with me, and did all they could to amuse me; she making little rediffractments of the pillows at brief intervals and reading me "Lenore," and uttering well-adjusted phrases relative to the poem, that made me half afraid to mention it.

Ida was not agreeable when she came home. The accident was, in some nameless way, made to further me in the family, if I may use such an expression. She had enjoyed her ride immensely, she said, before she was questioned concerning it,—enjoyed her ride immensely, as you can only enjoy a ride when you feel sure nothing awkward can possibly happen; she added, carelessly glancing at me. No one encouraged her to remain with us, so she soon lounged away, gracefully holding up her habit with one hand, the most regal-looking little amazon fairy I had ever seen.

Of course my ankle was well enough for me to get down stairs and join the family circle the following day. Who would not have put pain aside to be with the Pomfrets on such high festival as they held at that culminating point of the season, Christmas Day?

I could not go to church, but I was up and dressed, and down in the drawing-room, ready to receive them when they returned. Ida looked like an Angora cat,—livelier than ever, in gray or mauve-colored velvet and fur. What a beauty that girl was to be sure! How could any other woman hope to be looked at beside her?

There was a large company at dinner,—a high-born wealthy company, who were to my surprise, to the full as joyous, rollicking, almost as any of the Bohemians with whom I had been wont to associate during my brother's life.

After dinner we played at Spanish Merchant, and Buried Cities, and then, as something was said about dancing,—

"Are you fond of it?" Guy Pomfret asked me in a low voice, and I answered, with tears in my eyes,—

"Oh, yes; but I can't now, looking at my ankle."

He did not say a word more to me, but turned to his kind old aunt.

"Why treat her to more dead-sea fruits than must be in her life," he said; "Miss Dunbar is fond of dancing, and Puck has contrived to impair her capability for gratifying her fondness."

"Ida has contrived you mean," the old lady replied (I only knew that she said this afterwards): "well, let us tell stories; you begin."

So the idea of dancing was given up, and "story telling" was made the order of what remained of the evening.

Guy Pomfret reserved his contribution till the last. Then he told a pretty poetical legend, about an old gorgeously embossed golden vase, with handles and a cover, that had been in the family for generations. It was a touching, pretty story in itself, and he told it touchingly; so much so that I, feeling my foolish tears would flow if I stayed listening to his thrilling story any longer, went away by myself to the study.

Presently he followed me. I had buried myself on a couch, and was sobbing over the memory his story had evoked; the memory of my brilliant, bright, darling brother who, two years ago, had told us a story of a goblet in comic verse.

He soon won me to tell him "what was grieving me;"—won me to speak of my dear brother, and Helen; of our quiet life so soon to be broken up; and my sister's gentle beauty, and loving kindness. I even told him of my Guy's mug.

"Some day or other I will tell you more about that than even you know," he said, smiling; "now come back to the others or Ida will be after us."

We went back and found that I had been missed, really missed. Both Sir Guy and Ida asked me, "where I had been all this time," almost eagerly, and old Miss Rachael nodded and laughed at me, and looked generally encouraging.

A week or two after this, I was writing to Helen, and I suppose that some of the dejection I was feeling on her account made itself manifest in my face, for Mr. Pomfret asked me, "why I wrote things that made me feel miserable," and I told him.

"You need not be parted from her unless you both like it," he said quickly. "I have promised to finish the romance of 'Guy's Mug' for you;—here it is." Then he went on to tell me how, a short time before, he had gone into a money changer's shop in the Strand, and while he was receiving English silver for his French gold, a lady had entered and pawned a watch and a ring and a little silver goblet with the name of 'Guy Dunbar' on it. I guessed it was my poor cousin's widow then, he added, "and disliked her for what I now know was done solely to save Guy's sister; she wanted to come here, and I for one bless her for the act, for, George, I want you to stay with me always."

So the end of my letter to Helen was all hope and happiness, and a few months afterwards my health, as Mrs. Pomfret, was drunk by all the family out of 'Guy's Mug'.

GOV. CHAMBERLAIN'S ADDRESS.

The Governor begins by offering his congratulations on the prosperous condition of the State, and especially on the moral and political aspect of affairs. He alludes to the part taken by Maine in the war. Of reconstruction, he says:—

"The lenient measures proposed by Congress were designed to enable the South to take the first step towards return with a little humiliation and as good grace as possible. But these good intentions were thwarted, and so it happens that today the duty is still before us of securing the great results which Providence, and not our own foresight, has placed in our hands, and of which the same great Power will hold us to strict account."

"As affecting the rights and relations of States, the decision is not obscure. There are those indeed who raise the cry that we would destroy State rights and centre all power in the national government. They press history into service, and condemn us by an argument from analogy, and by a mere illustration. The claim that the tendency of all republics has been to centralization of power, until the spirit and even the form of liberty was lost. But history does not tell of liberty won and lost. Men and nations have striven for it indeed, and failed because they were unworthy. There has been no perfect liberty yet. The goal is still before us, not behind us. We move onward, not in perpetual rounds. We have a higher path to act than to imitate the examples of foreign greatness, or take warning by the fate of lost republics. We work by deeper principles, by better comprehension, by wiser faith in mankind; and we have other destiny than to be slaughtered by the old syllogism,—centralization, corruption, ruin. The theory we have established is not that the nation is all and the States nothing; it is rather this, that on all questions involving the rights and interests of all the States, we owe a paramount allegiance to the Union; in short, that the ultimate authority of the government is not the will of each State as such, but in the people of the United States. The great safeguard in this principle of the majority is not in the barbarous maxim that might makes right, but in this, that in a country like ours the capacity and opportunity for forming just opinions is so universal that it is more likely that each individual should be right than that he should be wrong. And the people have now made themselves the 'Great Expounders of the Constitution.'"

"Loyalty in this State will take no backward step. It can wait, but will not yield. It will assure itself of victory so that it may be safe to show magnanimity. So far as you have power, you will not permit the issues practically settled by the war to slip back into a state of doubt or question, nor that in this delivered country manhood shall ever again be denied to man."

Considerable space is given to the military history of the State, the system of pensions, and the need of providing for the families of deceased soldiers. The military organizations from Maine remaining in the service at the beginning of the last year have all been mustered out. The whole number of men that Maine was called upon to furnish for the war was, according to the last statement from the War Department, 72,365. The number furnished, as appears by the Adjutant-General's records, was 72,955, showing an excess of 590 over the requirements of the calls. These were distributed as follows:—In land service, whites 66,076, colored 115; in the navy, 6754. Of these the re-enlistments were 3400, and the number who paid commutation was 2000, leaving 67,545 as the whole number of men who actually bore arms. It is estimated that 20,101 were either killed or seriously disabled.

It has been proposed to build a monument to commemorate the virtues of the dead, but the Governor considers the care of the widows and orphans of the fallen to be the first duty of the State. The Governor suggests that the pension law, which shortly expires, be continued. The total number of certificates issued under this act is 1697. He also says:—

"It had been my intention to suggest the propriety of memorializing Congress in behalf of deceased soldiers' families who cannot receive the benefit of the United States pension law for want of positive proof of death in the case. It seems unfair to throw the burden of proof on the applicant in such cases as are last reported 'missing in action,' or 'sick in rebel prison.' The widow should not be obliged to account to the government for her husband, but the government to the widow. I observe, however, that a resolution has within a few days been introduced into Congress to meet the case, and I refer to it to call the attention of the legislature to this important measure, that you may if necessary lend it your co-operation."

In regard to the militia, he suggests that in view of the importance of having a small force of well-disciplined State troops at command, the volunteer companies provided for in the existing law be encouraged, and that such formations be effected in localities where it may be convenient, or perhaps in a manner to renew the companionships and preserve the proud memories of the old service.

The financial credit of Maine has never stood higher than now. "The debt incurred during the war was very heavy. No less than \$15,000,000 probably were contributed in one way and another to the national cause. For this we still owe, taking the State and the several towns together, nearly \$12,000,000. But while the public debt was never so great, the amount of private debts was probably never so small. The permanent loans represented by State bonds at the commencement of the present year amount to \$5,127,500, they having been reduced the past year by the payment of \$37,000 which had matured. The temporary loan of 1865, made under the authority of law in anticipation of the collection of the State tax for that year, to enable the treasurer to reimburse cities, towns and plantations for aid furnished in previous years to families of soldiers, amounting to the sum of \$944,141.50 has been paid during the past year. Added to this, in the same period there have been invested in the bonds of the State \$123,000 for the sinking fund, which now amounts to \$246,000. The amount of scrip for soldiers' bounties issued under resolve of February 18, 1865, amounting to \$353,000, is payable at the Treasurer's office with interest, February 1st of the current year. Provision has been made for this by the State tax of the past year." The balance due the State by the United States is \$100,000.

The Governor speaks at some length of the educational system and of the Agricultural College, which he commends to the fostering care of the legislature. The Reform School, Insane Hospital and the State Prison receive attention. Sympathy is expressed for heavy losses by fire, but the Governor is confident that they will soon be repaired. The necessity for increased facilities of communication with the West is urged, as well as the need of developing the resources of the State and making use of the manufacturing power. The claims of the European and North American Railway are also pressed. The Governor urges the necessity of an enlightened liberality and activity at home, and finally says:—

Waterville Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, JAN. 14, 1867.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. W. PATTENGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 87 Park Row, New York; S. R. Niles, Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. P. Howell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 23 Congress Street, Boston, and 58 Cedar Street, New York; and T. C. Brown, Advertising Agent, 129 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the *WATERVILLE MAIL*, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

ATWELL & CO., Advertising Agents, 174 Middle Street, Portland, are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisers 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."

Strange, that winter—cold, dreary, snowy, cloudy winter—is distinctively the time for merriment! Merry Christmas—the merry bells—the merry winter evenings—all merriment seems to be allotted to grim old Winter! Is there no merriment in Spring and her flowers?—in Summer and her fruits?—in Autumn and her harvests? Then what is there merry in winter? Nonsense!—who cares what, if it be only merry indeed? Facts are facts, and the reason for them is—some where. We are just now having winter as merrily as heart can wish. Business is merry, and that makes everything else merry. Fine sleighing sets everything in motion:—hay, grain, wood, butter, cheese, pork, potatoes—everything is moving towards a market. Look up and down Main-St. when the sun shines, and see if Waterville has not done "wilted."

RAILROAD CONSOLIDATION.—This determined scheme of monopoly has not yet come openly into the legislature, but there seems to be a general conviction that it will soon show itself there. Its defeat last year has only helped to mature its plans. In a plain open contest, in which the wishes and interests of the people of the State can have their just weight, the result is plain. The Gardiner Reporter very truly says "the people do not want a great railroad monopoly in Maine, as is proposed by this scheme. If the Legislature should grant permission for consolidation, the great company thus organized would be the controlling power in this State. New Jersey is cursed with the Camden & Amboy monopoly, and New York has been governed in times past by the managers of the New York Central. Let Maine keep clear from the evil."

Only a few papers have spoken freely upon this subject, and the danger is the work will be effected before the people are aroused to the magnitude of the threatened evil. Our railroads are a convenience and blessing so long as they are properly controlled, but if suffered to override the public will, and control legislation and law, they will become a monopoly and a burden more intolerable than has been dreamed of.

An investigating committee of Congress reports that not over 25 per cent. of money appropriated by our government for Indian claims ever reaches the Indians—so say the dispatches. It is absorbed here and there, by the numerous agencies through which it passes. If Great Britain defrauds our government in the same way we shall promptly declare war and go to killing her soldiers. This is what the Indians have done and are doing for us. They have lately had what civilized nations call a great victory, in which they killed an entire force of one hundred men sent against them. What shall be done to the Indians—when we catch them?

CONGRESSIONAL.—As was expected, the President returned the District Suffrage Bill to Congress with his objections and it was promptly passed over his head—in the Senate 29 to 10, and in the House, 133 to 38. In the House, on Tuesday, the bill introduced by Mr. Kasson, defining the amendment to the Constitution, was taken up and an amendment made declaring the sale of persons into slavery, as a punishment for crime, a felony, and providing for the punishment of the offence. The measure passed by a vote of 116 to 24.

On Wednesday, in the Senate, the bill to admit Nebraska was taken up, and after much debate was passed by 24 to 15. The Colorado admission bill was passed by 23 to 11. The bill annulling all Territorial laws making distinctions based on color was called up, but the Senate adjourned without action upon it. In the House, papers relating to the murder of the Maine soldiers and the release of the murderers were laid before the House, together with a list of names of persons pardoned since April 15, 1866.

MEMORIAL HALL.—Workmen are engaged in drawing the rough stone for the building, and we notice that President Champlain has advertised for proposals to furnish the finishing stone.

There is to be a "Masonic Sociable and Supper" at Murray's Hall, No. Vassalboro', on Wednesday evening. We venture to predict a good time.

[For the Mail.]
MUSINGS ON THE NEW YEAR.

BY INCOGNITA.

It is no trifling event in one's life, that the years "come and go as the weaver's shuttle," bearing us from youth to old age; therefore the ushering in of a New Year is suggestive of thought and saddened reflection. As we drift out on the sea of life, and are drawn down the rapid stream of time, we cast many a lingering look backwards to the pebbles on the shore, that once amused our childish fancy. Now we have yearnings that earth's toys and tinsel cannot satisfy; wants that earthly charms cannot still—vague, undefined, consuming.

What we "might have been," haunts us ever as a spectre; mocking us with our weak efforts, our cowardly lack of courage in the battle of life, our feeble struggle with opposing fate, our buried talents, misapplied gifts, and our reckless, sacrilegious waste of God-given genius. We would fain recall the vanished, squandered years, but they have passed beyond our wild cry; the current bears us on and will not be stayed—will not heed our remorseful regret. We are en route for old age, decrepitude and the eternal world, "from which no traveler returns" to live more wisely and profitably.

Then let us make much of the flitting hours left to us. They may be numbered—the boundary of our lives may be set—the boatman waiting to bear us over the channel of death.

Wrongings may have crushed us, sorrows embittered our spirits, all earthly good seem denied us, yet if we cannot receive good, we can draw happiness from doing good. Our Nation's great wrong has left us many bleeding, desolated hearts to comfort and heal; many homes to aid and cheer; many lonely hearthstones to visit with our kindly presence and tender tones. The emptiness of the vacant seat will be less painful if we sometimes fill it, taking the mourner's hand with a sympathy that needs no words to make it reach the bereft, smitten heart.

Hardly a household has escaped the loss of loved ones, and we need not journey far to find objects of benevolence, to find bruised spirits, and hearts that need the balm of healing. Much as we lament the flight of misspent years, yet the last which has gone from us has borne away many a sorrow from the burdened soul; dulled many a pang that rent the heart as a sword thrust; has been full of mercy in wearing away a grief for the "loved and lost," that, at first, there seemed no power mighty enough to assuage.

Thus one great sorrow passes over the human heart like a huge wrecking billow, another comes sweeping along like the Simoon of the desert, and as the traveler casts himself to the earth, that the fury of the blast may not be spent upon him, thus must we bow under every chastening, rising up in faith to the duties of life when the poignancy of our wrong hearts has become rooted by the magic power of time and the strength of soul that is born of suffering. And if afflictions are sent in mercy, let us profit by the lesson however severe, and let there ever be chanted in our secret souls, this refrain, "Nearer my God to thee, nearer to thee!"

And though our cross be heavy, and our weary feet bleed as we tread our thorny way, the end will come at last; and "coming up out of great tribulation," we shall tread the golden streets, and heavenly harps shall take the place of our tearful, earthly wail of anguish, and the shattered lyres whose strains have floated through the chambers of our imagery while on earth, shall be restrung to anthems of divine poesy and praise.

[For the Waterville Mail.]

GEOLOGICAL LECTURES.—Messrs. Editors:—I take pleasure in stating for the benefit of whom it may concern that Dr. N. T. True has just given a course of four Lectures on the science of Geology in the village of West Waterville, very much to the satisfaction and pleasure of our people. The lectures were well attended on the first evening, and the audience increased to the close, both in number and in interest.

The Dr. understands how to do such work. He comes before his audience, not to make a display of himself, but to so present his subject as to entirely absorb the interest of his hearers.

Geology is now the theme of common conversation in all the shops, stores, and places of resort, and the world is really becoming a new world to our people.

Z. THOMPSON.
W. Waterville, Jan. 8th, 1866.

Dr. True's course of lectures in this place will commence as soon as Town Hall can be had—probably on Saturday evening of next week—more definite notice of which will be given by circulars or posters.

The Firemen's levee, which is arranged for Wednesday and Thursday evenings, has one of the most attractive programmes our "home corps" has ever arranged for any similar occasion. Two fine dramas, besides other pleasant varieties, are assigned to each evening; and the best talent among our young folks has been frankly given to this festival. If it does not prove a good time, it will be because there is nothing in our village to make one of.

A convention of wool growers, called by the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture, is to be held at the State House, Augusta, on Wednesday the 23d inst. Every owner of a sheep should attend. The present condition of the tariff question renders this meeting a very important one. Maine should co-operate with other States in the strenuous efforts now making to secure justice to the great interest of wool growing.

REV. M. STYVETER, of Kendall's Mills, (Methodist) will preach in the Hall in Marston's Block, next Sabbath evening.

OUR TABLE.

"NORTHERN LIGHTS," an Illustrated Magazine of Tales, Travels, Poems, Sketches and Essays. Two numbers of this new literary weekly have been issued, and they fully justify the favorable opinions put forth in advance by those who were in the secrets of its projectors. This is a large octavo, each number to contain thirty-six pages, with numerous illustrations. It is on good paper, and the printing is elegantly done by that rising firm, Dakin & Metcalf, of Cambridge, who have already attained an enviable reputation.

Without enumerating the contents of the two numbers, we may say the work opens well. "Little Briggs," in the first number, is a good story well told; "Neighbors' Wives" opens well; and "Among the Periodicals," and "Woman in the Rain" are very interesting articles. Julia Ward Howe, Rose Terry, Jane G. Austin, Louisa M. Alcott, Lucretia P. Hale, the author of "Herman," Fred W. Shelton, Orpheus C. Kerr, Petroleum V. Nasby, George S. Burleigh, Oliver Optic, Edmund Kirkby, and others of like popularity are among the list of writers. Published by the American News Company, New York, and Lee & Shepard, Boston, at \$3 per volume of 26 numbers.

THE GALAXY for January 15th, contains the second part of "Tristan," by Edward Spencer; "Kix," by Mary Ellen Atkinson; Savonarola, by Anna Cora Ritchie; Traditions of the Blackfeet, by John Mason Brown; The Claverings, by Anthony Trollope; "Alms at the Beautiful Gate," by H. H. Imperial Frances; Past, Present and Future, by George M. Towle; The London Cabs, by W. Winwood Reade; Shapes of a Soul, by Sarah M. Platt; The Poor Capitalists, by Marie Howland; Advertising, by George Wakenman; The House Opposite, by Maria L. Pool; Nebulae, by the Editor.

Published fortnightly, by W. C. & F. P. Church, New York, at \$5 a year.

THE RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE for Young People, an Illustrated Monthly. In their introductory address, the publishers of this new and elegant juvenile, say that it "will aim at satisfying the varied tastes of the younger public with wholesome and genial literature, illustrated by attractive designs. It will attempt to represent the world in which children live, and to enlarge the boundaries of that world for them, by satisfying a healthy inquisitiveness in matters of fact; by pleasing the imagination; by exciting an interest in what is worth attention; by encouraging a taste for what is simple in form, pure in sentiment, hearty and Christian in principle." History and biography will receive due attention, and the lives of beasts, birds, fishes, insects, and plants will be told by those who have a personal acquaintance with these humble members of society; the manners and customs of different parts of our country and of foreign lands will come under notice; in the winter-time in-door life will be regarded, with its sports and its mechanical exercises; its experiments in philosophy; its talks around the fire, etc.; in summer, out-door life will receive most attention, with camping out scenes, and all the games of boys and girls; while the young naturalist will find a guide and friend. Stories of everyday life, stories of adventure, stories of fancy and fairy, will be provided; and Music and verse will be freely used. The illustrations of the Magazine will be such as will attract the eyes of the youngest as well as please the eyes of the older children. "In a word," the publishers conclude, "The Riverside will endeavor to be a lively elder companion, in hearty sympathy with the best life of the young, and ready with an explanation of what comes within their experience, the things they see and hear, the words they use, and the remoter life which they have heard about."

The first number will satisfy every one that the publishers mean what they say; its contents are admirable and the mechanical execution faultless.

Published by Hurd & Lothrop, 406 Broome St., New York, at \$2.50 a year; five copies, \$10.00.

THE NEW ENGLAND FARMER.—This well known favorite of Yankee farmers comes to us considerably enlarged and printed on new type, so that it is now one of the largest and handsomest agricultural papers in the country; indeed, in these respects it has few if any equals.

The proprietors have also revived their monthly edition, which is filled with matter of permanent value, and published in a form convenient for preservation. This was always a great favorite with the people—farmers, mechanics, and others—and its new and improved series, which commences with January, 1867, will speedily find hosts of friends and patrons. The work occupies a field peculiarly its own, being the only Magazine of its kind in New England. It will be handsomely and fully illustrated, and its contents will embrace articles from practical writers in all parts of the country, as well as selections from the whole range of agricultural publications. Another feature will be a copyright series of articles on "Domestic Economy—How to make Home Pleasant and Happy," to commence in the February number.

Price of weekly edition, \$2.50 a year; of monthly \$1.50—always in advance. Address R. P. Eaton & Co., Boston.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.—The second number of this magazine for youth is an improvement upon the first, good as that was. This new venture of T. S. Arthur's is warmly welcomed all over the country, and no wonder, with his reputation as a writer for children, and the aid of such favorites as Virginia F. Townsend, Alice Cary, Phoebe Cary, Mrs. M. O. Johnson, Rev. H. Hastings Weld, and others.

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

EVERY SATURDAY for January 12, contains reminiscences of Moscow by Edward Dicey, continuations of Henry Kingsley's "Silhouette of Silhouettes," and Edmund Yates's "Black Sheep," a very interesting paper entitled the "Gamin de Paris," and several other attractive features.

Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$5 a year.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE—OUR BOYS' and Girls' Every Week—continues the story of "The Starry Flag," by the editor, with an abundance of other interesting reading.

Remember—this work is issued weekly at \$2.00 a year.

"THE AMERICAN FARMER" is the title of an agricultural monthly published at Rochester, N. Y. The number for January, which is the only one we have seen, contains forty pages of reading of value to the farmer and his family, with several embellishments. There is, also, a good deal in it to interest and benefit the children.

The price is only \$1 a year. Address John Turner, Rochester, N. Y.

CORRESPONDENTS must be patient. We have several interesting communications on hand, but our space is limited and they will have to wait their turn.

The papers say—and we would doubt them if we could—that the Maine Senate have voted themselves ten dollars worth of postage stamps each, at the expense of the State! Noble men! how tenderly they sympathize with their debt-burdened State! We propose that each county make a donation to their honorable senators of a bunch of tooth-picks, a pair of socks, and a clean dickey to each. It will probably save the expense of legislation. "Prophudor!"

At the annual meeting of the Waterville Mutual Fire Insurance Company, held this week, D. L. Milliken, C. R. McFadden, J. B. Bradbury, Wm. Dyer, E. F. Webb, C. W. Boynton, Mark Rollins, were elected directors; D. L. Milliken, Pres't; E. F. Webb, Sec'y; Wm. Dyer, Treas.

KENDALL'S MILLS ITEMS.

RUNAWAYS.—On New Year's day, as Joseph Allen, a son of Daniel Allen, Esq., was driving in the street, and had just turned the corner from Main to Bridge st., around Pratt's Block, his team collided with another, and throwing young Allen from the sleigh, the horse, on his own hook and at his moderate gait, ran up Bridge street to the railroad depot, thence over the platform, down by the Phil. brick House stable and up the sidewalk, effectually smashing up a new sleigh and harness, but without injury to the horse or any individual.

On Friday, another horse, belonging to a boy from Unity, (whose name we did not get) broke from his moorings, crossed the street upon the jump, passed around the awning posts of W. H. Emery's saloon, upsetting two or three sleighs and throwing his own pump on its side and rapping it pretty severely against the front of the saloon; thence recrossed the street, striking several sleighs; thence down the street to the front of Rackliff's carriage shop, where the pump struck dead against the hitching post, staving it literally to atoms; thence running down Railroad street, took shelter in Messrs. Fogg, Hail & Co's saw mill. The horse was somewhat injured.

KENRICK'S.—Feeling a strong desire, a few days since, to have a new sleigh, that we might better enjoy the pleasures of the season, we called at the carriage repository of F. Kenrick, Jr., and were completely taken by surprise at the fine display of sleighs and carriages there found. We doubt whether any other place of manufacture in this part of Maine can offer equal inducements to the purchaser. Mr. Kenrick takes pleasure in showing his assortment, and when one has once got into his establishment it is seldom he gets out without a new sleigh.

Maine Legislature.

We shall furnish our readers with a brief record of the doings of the Legislature, noting everything of special importance to our readers, gathering our material from the Daily Kennebec Journal.

THURSDAY, Jan. 3.—The only business of importance was the inauguration of Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain as Governor of Maine, and listening to his annual address.

FRIDAY.—A joint convention of the two branches elected the following officers: Secretary of State, Ephraim Flint; Attorney General, Wm. P. Frye; Adjutant General, John L. Hodsdon; Land Agent, Marshall Pierce; Commissioners, George W. Randall, John S. Baker, Joseph A. Sanborn, Everett W. Stetson, Hiram Ruggles, Aaron P. Emerson.

SATURDAY.—In the Senate an unsuccessful attempt was made to reconsider the vote passing the order to supply the members with postage stamps, and in the House an order to supply Representatives with postage stamps was defeated by a heavy majority. No other business of importance was transacted.

MONDAY.—The State Treasurer's Report was received and referred to a select committee. In the House an order was passed raising a select committee to inquire as to the expediency of increasing the salary of the Governor.

TUESDAY.—The Joint Standing Committees were announced, Crosby, of Kennebec, of the Senate, is on the Judiciary committee and the Committee on Federal Relations; Foster, of Waterville, of the House, is on the same committee, and also on the Com. on Education; and Allen, of Fairfield, is on the Com. on Interior Waters. Foster, of Waterville, is also on the House Com. on Third Reading.

The petition of the inhabitants of Dexter for leave to loan the credit of that town to aid the railroad between Newport and Dexter, was presented in the Senate, and referred.

In the House a large number of petitions were introduced and referred, including those of the corporation of Augusta necessary for the completion of the sale of the water power, for the requisite authority to make the bridge over the Kennebec free; for authority to raise and expend money to improve the water power in its limits; of the Kennebec Company for authority to raise and improve its dam.

An order was passed limiting the time for the introduction of new business.

WEDNESDAY.—In the House a large number of petitions were introduced on important public and private questions, and orders of inquiry were passed in regard to the assumption of town debts by the State, the taxation of national bank stock, and several amendments of the Statute law. Petitions were presented for change of liquor law; and one by Mr. Foster, for change of name of Waterville College. A bill to continue the suspension of specie payments until February 15, 1868, was passed through both branches under a suspension of the rules.

OFFICERS of Waterville Section, No. 5, Cadets of Temperance:

Hattie Low, W. A.
F. W. Downer, V. A.
Arthur C. Gove, S. S.
Ned Meader, A. S.
Minnie W. Taylor, T.
Eddie D. Boothby, A. T.
D. McCallis Scribner, P. W. A.
Mary S. Irish, Chaplain.
Lizzie F. Dunbar, 1st Visitor.
Emma R. Westcott, 2d Visitor.
Robert Keith, Guide.
Charlie Percival, Usher.
Willie H. Kelley, W.
Henry W. Runkels, S.
Fred H. Caffrey, Assistant Patron.

The absurd story, started by the N. Y. World, that all the members of the Fessenden family hold fast government offices, is pretty thoroughly flattened out by a correspondent of a Washington paper. The son said to be a captain in the regular army was killed at the second Bull Run battle; and the other, instead of being a retired brigadier general of the regular army on full pay, is living on captain's half pay. His brother is not collector at Eastport. Two of his brothers hold county offices, to which they were elected by the people.

The Homoeopaths of Maine will meet in convention at Augusta on Tuesday next, 15th inst., at ten o'clock A. M., for the purpose of organizing a State Medical Association of Homoeopaths.

CATTLE MARKETS.—The markets this week were well supplied—the number of cattle being more than double that of last week, while the number of sheep was almost twice as large—yet prices were firm. The Boston Advertiser says:—

Leaving out the Western stock, which has not reached the market, the Maine drovers made the best show of oxen this week. Daniel Wells sold 16 oxen to J. W. Jordan, live weight a fraction over 3500 lbs. per pair, at 13c, 35 sk—a fine lot of oxen; also 10 oxen, 2900 lbs. per pair, for 12 1-2c, 36 sk; one pair of three-year-old steers at 12 1-2c; and four cows and one stag at 11 1-2c, 40 sk; and 3 cows for \$45 each—1000 over 8c per lb.

Gideon Wells sold Maine cows at from \$45 to 65; J. C. Udall sold two good Milch cows and calves at \$80 each; Daniel Wells sold 2 pairs of working oxen at \$100 per pair, and one pair for \$150; others are retained at various prices as usual.

Fair to extra sheep and lambs sold for rather improving prices, while the butchers appear to be getting sick of the "pelter grade," as the poorer qualities are called. The inferior lots are nearly all sold by the head, while the well fed ones are mostly weighed.

HINT ON ORCHARDS.—Four years ago an agent of Chase Brothers, of Sidney, came to Waterville to obtain orders for apple and pear trees. In six days he obtained orders to the amount of \$25! The following year he did a little better, and the next better still. The present year, in an area of about six miles, he has obtained orders to the amount of twenty-five hundred dollars! Among his subscribers we notice that A. C. Marston, one of our young farmers, takes six hundred apple and fifty pear trees. Among others who buy liberally, are W. A. P. Dillingham, Cyrus Howard, David Gupill, Geo. E. Shores, Jos. Percival, and many other shrewd and far-seeing men. For twenty years past the Waterville Mail has been urging attention to this department of enterprise; and we are heartily glad, even at this late day, to see its opinions so well endorsed.

BURGLARY.—The apothecary store of J. H. Low, in this village, was entered on Wednesday night, and robbed of about \$25 in scrip and a quantity of Plantation Bitters. (Extremes meet!) Entrance was made through a basement window. DeRocher's Meat Market was also entered, but the rogue's appetite being under better control than his 'drunketite,' nothing was taken.

STEPHENS, the Fenian Head Centre, has been denounced as a coward, and deposed from office. Brigadier General Gleason takes his place. Stephens is said to be in New York, which place he has not quitted, while the world has been listening for his war cry in Ireland.

THE BANKS OF WATERVILLE held their annual meetings this week, and re-elected their old officers, as follows:—

Waterville National Bank.—Directors:—D. L. Milliken, James Stockpole, T. G. Kitchell, E. F. Webb, Francis Low, Elias Milliken, W. H. Cates. D. L. Milliken, President; E. L. Getchell, Cashier.

Ticonic National Bank.—Directors:—Solyman Heath, Sam'l Appleton, Sam'l Doolittle, E. G. Meader, Joseph Eaton. S. Heath, President; A. A. Plaisted, Cashier.

People's National Bank.—Directors:—John Webber, T. W. Herrick, Wm. Connor, J. P. Blunt, Luke Brown, 2d Wm. Dyer, L. E. Thayer. John Webber, President; Homer Percival, Cashier.

For further information, see "Quarterly Returns in advertising columns.

MISSING SOLDIERS.—We have received from Miss Clara Barton, the "Roll of Missing Men No. 5," from which we copy the names of Maine soldiers. If any one has definite knowledge of the fate of any of these, he will subserve the cause of humanity, and do a favor to inquiring friends by sending such information as he is possessed of to Miss Clara Barton, Washington:—

Berry, Henry C., company H, 9th infantry.
Beare, Alphonzo, company H, 9th infantry.
Cashman, Cornelius, company A, 1st infantry.

Chandler, Henry B., company C, 6th infantry.
Crocker, Hanford, company B, 11th infantry.
Hackett, Edward A., company K, 5 infantry.

Kennell, Wm., corporal, company L, 16th infantry.
Nevens, Justin S., sergeant, company L, 1st cavalry.

Robinson, Lucius M., sergeant, company G, Starbird, Almon C., company D, 17th infantry.
Wallis, John, transferred from company D, 2d infantry, to 29th infantry.

STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The annual Meeting of the State Agricultural Society will be held at the State House on Wednesday 16th inst., at 10 o'clock A. M.

The morning train on the Great Falls and Conway R. Road, Monday, ran off the track, which was filled with ice, at Great Works, South Berwick, Me., and a car with 35 passengers was sent down an embankment of 40 feet, injuring nearly all in the car. The fireman was fatally scalded and soon died, and the engineer, Charles Perry, a son of Dr. Perry, of Portsmouth, N. H., is said to be fatally injured.

EUROPEAN NEWS.—A despatch from Toulon of the 7th inst. says:—

"Transports to bring back the French troops from Mexico sailed for Vera Cruz today under a convoy of iron clads."

The London Times of Monday morning says upon good authority that Sir Frederick Bruce, the British Minister at Washington, has been instructed to ascertain whether the United States government will submit the Alabama claims to arbitration provided certain points for arbitration are agreed upon previously.

D. Dyer, Victor, N. Y., says he can kill Canada thistles in one season by summer following. Turn the sward in Autumn, and plow and sow the next summer four or five times. And what is better than all, while you are killing the thistles, you are putting the land in the best possible condition for a crop of grain or grass.

The Duke of Edinburgh—better known as Prince Alfred, second son of Queen Victoria—will have a race in his yacht, *Viking*, with Mr. Bennett, in the *Henrietta*, next August. The race will be round the Isle of Wight, and for a hundred pounds, but there will be more money than that staked on the issue. The Duke is a sailor, and he will contend for the honor of his profession as well as for that of his country.

Gen. Heintzleman having been charged with committing an offence against the laws of Texas, and having been served with a capias from Judge Ireland, notoriously disloyal, replies, saying that the object of the process is to annoy and oppress him for performing his duty, and to throw discredit on the United States authorities in the State. He says that he would not deem his life safe in the hands of the Texas authorities.

IN BOILING MEATS.—Never put them in cold water, but plump them into that which is boiling briskly. This will coagulate the albumen on the outside, close the pores, and prevent the water from soaking out the rich juices. If salted meats need freshening, let it be previously done with cold water, taking all needed time, with frequent changing of the water, if it is very salt.—Tough, cheap pieces of beef, can be made tender and palatable as follows: If salt, freshen as above. Put into the pot with a trifle more water than will be finally needed. Set into it the cooking pot a closely fitting tin pan or pan, and fill it with cold water. If this gets boiling hot, dip out some and add cold water to tender. Boil the meat until it gets so entirely tender that the bones will drop out, even if it takes five or ten hours. The steam and aroma or flavor of the meat, will be condensed on the bottom of the covering pan or pan of water, and drop back, and thus be retained. When thoroughly done, remove the cover, and slowly simmer down thick enough to jelly when cold. Dip out the meat, remove the bones, place it in a pan, pour over it the boiled liquid, lay over it a large plate, or inverted tin platter, and put on 15 to 30 lb. weight. When cold, it will cut into nice slices, and if lean and fat or white meat be mixed, it will be beautifully marbled. The juice will jelly and compact it firmly together, and you will have nice juicy meat, good for breakfast, dinner or supper, and so tender that poor teeth can masticate it. Fresh beef, or corned beef well freshened in cold water, may be used in this way with decided economy, and it is far superior to meat boiled in an open vessel from which the flavor has constantly escaped, as you can perceive by the odor all through the house, if Bridget leaves the kitchen door open a minute or two, as she will certainly happen to do.

[American Agriculturist.]

Spain has given the world Cervantes and Castile Soap. But Portland alone has given it Longfellow and the STEAM REFINED. No wonder the purse-strings of the nation are loosened to help us in our calamity! See the wisdom of making only the best, whether poets or soap.—[Star.]

By recent accounts received at North Vassalboro' from Thomas S. Lang, Esq., since his return from Italy to Paris, we are encouraged by the assurances of his medical advisers, that he is in a fair way of being restored to complete health. His strength and general health is already much improved. The sight of the eye, which was nearly lost when he left home, is gradually returning, but his physicians now prohibit his writing or attending to any business for himself or others, at present.—[Farmer.]

The Governor of Delaware, in his annual Message, says that he shall not shrink from enforcing the laws of the State, notwithstanding the Civil Rights bill; he is opposed to the constitutional amendment, and believes the sale of negroes into slavery as a punishment, to be a most salutary restraint against crime.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—We learn from The Press that a Miss Hattie Damon, of Buckfield, attempted recently to commit self-destruction by taking poison. Unrequited affection, is alleged as the cause of the attempt.

THE MOST UNHAPPY PERSON in the world is the Dyspeptic. Everything looks dark and gloomy; he feels "out of sorts" with himself and everybody else. Life is a burden to him. This can all be changed by taking Peruvian Syrup (a protoxide of Iron). Cases of 27 years standing have been cured by it.

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FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.


"Look well, before you leap," is very good advice in its way; but how can sickly looking people follow it?

Brigham Young has preached a sermon against the "whining," as he terms it of Utah women. He threatens to send the women out of the Territory if they do not stop their "blasphemous twaddle" about the evil of polygamy.

Rev. Mr. Carruthers has resigned the pastorate of the Second Congregational Church in Portland.

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 in desirable colors—something
And a Good Assortment of Millinery,
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 At the old stand of Dr. Edwin Dunbar on Main
 Street, would inform the citizens of Waterville
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Surgical & Mechanical Dentistry, in the
 best and most skillful manner.
 Nov. 8, 1899. **ZENNO E. TAYLOR.**

The London Quarterly Review (Conservative)
The Edinburgh Review (Whig).
The Westminster Review (Radical).
The North British Review (Free Church).
 AND
Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine (Tory).

These foreign periodicals are regularly republished by us in the same aptly as before. Those who know them and who have long since read them, need no reminder; but those who are not acquainted with them, are surprised at the once welcome supply of the best periodical literature, will not be surprised to find that they are now more abundant than ever yet have met with them, will naturally be pleased to receive accredited reports of the progress of European science and literature.

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