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Maxham & Wing

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## TO MARY REED.

BY HANNAH AUGUSTA.

Mr. Mary, many changeable years,  
With all their smiles and all their tears,  
With all their joys and all their woes,  
Like dreams since I beheld you last.

I know not where your home may be;  
But oh! long to hear from thee,  
That you your story would rehearse  
To me, my love, though not in verse.

Mary, your childhood's loving mate  
Has proved a strangely varied fate,  
Has wrestled oft with toil and care;  
And hungry want and cold despair.

But, by God's grace, her own right hand  
Has earned her power and place to stand  
Companion of the high and strong,  
Acknowledged as a child of song.

She has been hated and maligned,  
By those who doubt her true and kind;  
She sought and honored and caressed,  
As chosen friend and welcome guest,  
By those who were but as a name  
Sounding from the high hills of fame.

But weary, poor and desolate,  
Or gay amid the rich and great,  
Mary, her heart was ne'er untrue  
To its glad childhood's love for you.

I never think of you, beloved,  
But other memories are moved,  
I see my long lost mother's smile,  
I hear her loving voice the while.

And thro' the year I backward glide,  
To sit with Mary at her side,  
And dream that thou and I once more,  
Are children, as we were of yore.

New York, 1867.

[From the Lady's Friend.]

## NO LONGER YOUNG.

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

Author of "In Truth."

## CHAPTER III.

Oh! what ardent soul had not once uttered the prayer  
Of love in vain?—JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

Jessie Throckmorton was not troubled with the misgivings that haunted Owen Hazellhurst. Rose and Stacy discussed him in their free, girlish fashion, and both decided he would be an acquisition. Mr. Throckmorton expressed himself warmly, and looked furiously at his eldest daughter. He remembered a time when he would have been sorely annoyed, had this young man dared to propose for Jessie. Now he certainly could not object to him. Jessie was very well as she was—he would like to keep her thus, always; but he was not selfish. He wanted to see his children happy, and if it came to this, he would consent.

Jessie did not think much about it, or rather her brain was in a whirl quite unusual for so steady and quiet a brain. If Owen had not said he was coming in to talk over old times, she would have dismissed the matter at once. But in spite of herself and her disbelief, this gave her a pleasant thrill of emotion. She was a woman, and it was just as sweet to dream of love at thirty as at twenty, only she hardly dared dream. It was like floating down a magic stream, beguiled with some unseen but delicious music. The soothing influence held her captive and she was in that plant mood when it becomes a task to resist. Why should she resist? If any blessing came to crown her, why not take it?

The morrow brought Owen. He was a little constrained at first—not the vivacious man of the preceding evening. Truth to tell, he felt he had resolved to wrong this woman, granting she loved him, which his man's vanity led him to think, and he experienced the shame of a dishonorable intention. He was good in feeling, and in most impulses, but lacked strength—mental, and in some things, moral courage. A strong will would have swayed him; but Jessie was not enough in love to make her power felt. And she was a little surprised to find him so cool.

Rose came in with a flutter. There was that much of the bird about her. She seemed to stir the air, to give out a sort of fragrance, to make a sun-line with her golden hair, and remind you of a summer sky with her lake-blue eyes.

"Oh, Mr. Hazellhurst! I did not know you were here. How do you do this morning?" and she gave him her dainty hand with charming frankness.

He was all animation in a moment. Jessie noticed it with a sharp pang. She was but human, and it is not consoling to have the friend of years turn to a newer, brighter face. She crowded down the feeling so like jealousy; in fact, I believe she buried it, for though she afterwards understood that she suffered by comparison with Rose's brightness and beauty, it seemed right to her that the young girl should have the best of everything. There was nothing narrow or selfish in Jessie.

Rose had come in to ask some trifling question, but she remained. They strayed to music presently, and then—would Rose play for him? She not only did that, but sang also. She had a smooth delicious voice, and in half an hour she had charmed Owen Hazellhurst. He would not care to talk over old times with Jessie now. New times with Rose were better.

Jessie stole quietly out of the room. She did not shed any tears, nor even sigh. She took up some of her sister's discarded sewing, and calmly looked her future in the face. She had known it before. What she had said to Helen during the long, happy day she had spent with her, was all true. And more than that, Owen Hazellhurst had never loved her. Well, neither had she loved him. She had not poured out her woman's wealth at his feet. She had not betrayed herself in any way; and yet it was her own good sense that had saved her, rather than any nobleness on Owen Hazellhurst's part. Her clear eyes saw that she had been a little wronged, but she made no sign.

She placed him quite at his ease in the course of the next few days. It was very uncomfortable for her to be ill-friends with any one, so she fell into a sisterly habit of receiving him, and showed him very clearly that she expected nothing beyond friendship.

After all, Owen, thankful as he was, felt a little aggrieved. She really had not cared anything for him. It piqued his man's vanity, and he had a good share. So he took up a flirtation with Rose, and a pleasant acquaintance with Stacy. It made no difference after awhile, if Jessie did not come into the parlor. She sat with her mother, or read to her father. That was sufficient for her as she was no longer young.

Mrs. Hazellhurst was very well satisfied, too. She began to think Jessie too old for Owen, and to notice some little old-maidish ways, which had been Jessie's always, only now they were remarked. Harry and Stacy teased her a little. "I was afraid at first," Stacy exclaimed with a kiss and a laugh, "that you would marry him. I want to have you all to myself, and I hope to, some day."

Very sweet; but selfish, nevertheless. "Oh, Jessie! but Rose said, one morning, as she sat over her late breakfast, Jessie keeping her company, and crocheting an Afghan for Say's baby, little Harry—"I met my ideal last night—I really did."

It would be well enough to have some diversion.

"Did you, dear? What was he like?"  
"A veritable story hero. I admired his face so much, and his manner. And then—it was odd, but after we were introduced, we rattled off into the conservatory—Mrs. Stuyvesant always has such lovely flowers, you know. He has an extravagant passion for flowers, and understands them thoroughly, and told me so many curious things about some of those South American plants. I hardly know what we didn't talk about." And Rose stirred her chocolate, contentedly.

"You haven't given me any idea of him, however. I can see Mrs. Stuyvesant's conservatory the clearest of anything."

"Oh! and Rose laughed a little. "In the first place, he is quite tall, and quite stout, and has such a good, strong, manly figure. That was what pleased me instantly. I like strong men, who look as if they could go through temptations and trials, and come out none the worse for the conflict. I believe he is handsome, too; at least he has wonderful eyes. Neither black nor blue; but cool and clear, with a sort of tender shadiness in them; and when he is interested, they grow so luminous!"

"I can't imagine who you are talking about," said Stacy.

"Why, Mr. Delaney," returned Rose, as if there had been only one person at Mrs. Stuyvesant's party.

"Oh, Rose!" and Stacy laughed. "Why, Jessie, he is quite a middle-aged man."

"I'm sure he isn't at all old," began Rose, warmly. "We do not call Owen middle-aged."

"I should think Mr. Delaney thirty-five, at least; perhaps nearer forty."

"Well, I like old men, as you call them."

"He is well enough looking, to be sure; but I did not see anything remarkable about him. I thought that Mr. Colburn you danced with, twice as fascinating."

"And Mr. Delaney doesn't dance. I was sorry for that, yet I believe I would rather talk to him than dance with Mr. Colburn. I know he isn't your style at all, Stacy; but Jessie will like him. And he is going to call."

"Well, you did get on rapidly," was Stacy's comment.

"I feel as if I had known him half my lifetime. We talked of such strange matters after the flowers—matters that people didn't usually discuss at parties, he said himself. But it was so delightful."

"I am very glad you enjoyed it," said Jessie. "Did you hear anything about this Mr. Delaney?"

"Only what he told me himself. He has no parents, or brothers and sisters, and when I enumerated the host we had, he thought it must be so pleasant to have a large family. He has been travelling a great deal, but is going to settle in the city now. I do wonder when he will come."

"If one had never heard anything about your fancies before, Rose, one might believe you half in love," said Stacy. "You meet paragons everywhere."

"But Mr. Delaney is really a superior man."

"A grave, dignified personage, too sensible looking to be long amused by such a little flirt as you. I think I can give Jessie a better description myself, and I only had a glimpse or two of him. He has a real fine figure and air, a broad, high, forehead, straight nose, rather fair complexion, light brown hair, a little curly, and a full beard, a shade or two darker than Owen's."

"Stacy, your soul isn't larger than a cherry, and where there should be a bump of ideality on your head, there is a valley of depression," said Rose, almost crossly.

Stacy laughed. She and Rose agreed capitally in the main, though she did sometimes ruthlessly demolish the younger's castles in Spain. Rose took wonderful fancies in the beginning, but they were seldom of long duration. And Jessie, having pleased her by listening, thought no more about it.

She was destined to, though, in quite a special fashion. One afternoon Bridget came up stairs with a message. A gentleman in the parlor wanted to see Miss Rose, or if she was out, Miss Throckmorton.

"Don't you know who it is?" Jessie asked. "Mr. Dawson, I believe he said."

"Oh!" and just giving her hair a little smoothing with her hands, she ran down. Mr. Dawson was quite an old friend—such as a family of girls have occasionally, who was kind and attentive, but nothing of the lover. So Jessie entered the room with a bright, smiling face, and came upon a perfect stranger, who rose at the same moment from the corner of the sofa.

Both being surprised, they looked at each other an instant in silence. Jessie's delicate color mounted slowly to her brow.

"There is a mistake," she began, recovering herself. "The girl said 'Mr. Dawson,' who is a friend of ours."

He smiled—such a cordial, winning smile. It went to Jessie's heart at once. You know there are some smiles that make you feel as if you had seen an unexpected rift of sunshine; and this was one.

"I believe I shall petition to be considered a friend also," he said, in a pleasant way that put her at her ease at once. "There was a little misunderstanding, so I must announce myself—Mr. Delaney. I met your sisters several evenings ago at Mrs. Stuyvesant's. I quite forgot there was a third when I asked for Miss Throckmorton, so you must pardon the intrusion."

This was Rose's hero, then. Jessie recognized him, eyes and all. And though he glanced her over, there was nothing impertinent in the look. She did not wonder Rose had liked him; she liked him herself.

"I heard my sisters speak of you," she returned; and it is no intrusion, only I am sorry they are not at home. I think they will, be soon."

He took his seat again, but this time much farther down, as if he was making room for her on the sofa.

"I suppose you are 'Jessie,' he went on with another smile. "I feel quite acquainted with you all, for your sister and I had such a nice long talk the other evening. I brought her some flowers—do you think she will like them?"

Jessie came very near saying—"How can she help it?" but checked herself in time to make a more orthodox reply. "Her obeying a

sudden impulse, she put her face down into the white, fragrant flowers, for they were mostly Lamarque and Chromatilla rose-buds. He remarked the gesture; he noticed also the abundance of soft, rippling hair, through its fine silk net, and the shapely neck. The childish motion went very close to his heart.

"You did not answer my first question," he said, in a soft tone; yet there was nothing pleading in it; rather as if he might easily insist upon the answer.

"Oh, what was it?" and she had to make some effort to remember. "If I wasn't Jessie? Yes; Miss Throckmorton, par excellence!"

Then a little shade crossed her face. Not because she would always be Miss Throckmorton, only it was so delightful to be bright and young.

"I wonder if I have displeased you in any way?" he asked, gravely.

"No, why?" and she glanced up in astonishment.

"Your face changed so. It is very expressive in some respects. And do you know, Miss Throckmorton, you ought always be bright and happy? It becomes you so well."

Almost what she had been thinking of.

"One can always be happy; or, at least, tolerably so; but brightness—"

"Well, what about brightness?" for she made a long pause.

"I was going to say brightness seems to belong to youth; that is, I mean—and she colored faintly.

"I think you are talking treason. As it isn't against the country, I cannot have you apprehended, but I might sermonize you. Should you forbid my being bright and joyous because I was thirty-seven?"

"Oh, no; I did not mean anything special."

He looked at her in such a curiously arch fashion, that she could not help laughing.

"I believe many people lay aside youth too soon," he began, presently in a grave manner.

"We can discard the follies and crudenesses of that early period, without painting our crimson ripeness brown. I think most of us, like wine, improve with age."

"But it is so sweet to be young!"

She would hardly have said this to Say or Clara, or even her own sisters; but there was something about Mr. Delaney that impelled one to frankness. She felt as much at home with him as Rose had that first evening.

"Yes," he said, "it is very sweet to be young, especially for a woman; and yet I wonder if we do not romance about it considerably? We have a certain kind of faith and hope then, that dies out afterwards; but is it not generally replaced by something better? Are not our tastes more finished, our judgment more matured, our thoughts and feelings winnowed of much of their chaff? Do we not understand our capabilities better, and become fitter for more enduring friendships, higher love?"

"Do you think so?"

She turned her face full upon him. It was serious, but very sweet; not quite satisfied or at rest, maybe, yet very far from anything like discontent. He never thought of Rose at all at that moment, but a tender emotion fluttered over his heart, a faint desire to be something to this woman and have her something to him, for he read her heart nearly as well as if it had lain bare before him. The one love that glorifies life had never come to her; he understood that.

not be neglected, except upon absolute compulsion."

There was a stir in the hall. Jessie started up. "The girls have come," she said; and she was rather glad, for this part of Mr. Delaney's sermon bid fair to have a more direct and personal application than the other.

In a few moments they entered the room. Rose was delighted to see her visitor. He gave her an amusing account of the welcome he had won from her sister, and they were all pleasantly social. Rose accepted her flowers with abundant thanks. She was not less winning than at their first interview.

It was almost dusk when Mr. Delaney went away, with a promise of coming soon some evening, for music.

"Wasn't it odd?" said Rose. "And didn't you like him, Jessie?"

"Oh, very much."

"He is charming. Now, Stacy, laugh about my hero if you dare! Jessie is on my side."

"He is too grave to be laughed about, and I think you the amusing one. Is he such a wonderful talker, Jessie?"

"I found him very entertaining."

"Now tell me everything he said," and Rose leaned her elbows on Jessie's knee.

"Oh, I couldn't; and a faint color flushed up in Jessie's face.

"I do believe he made love to her!" exclaimed Stacy, mischievously.

"I want have that," and Rose pouted her pretty scarlet mouth. "He is my property."

"Oh, Rose!" for Jessie's delicacy took alarm.

"Well, you know what I mean. I think I have the first claim."

"She will drop him in a month for a newer one," said Stacy.

"Time enough for any one else to take him then," and Rose, shaking out her curls, sat up straight and dignified.

Jessie made no reply. Rose was young and thoughtless, eager for her own enjoyment, and though not exactly selfish, was not quite generous with her pleasures. Jessie wondered if Mr. Delaney was right; that as people grew older, they became more considerate—saw with clearer eyes? They were a very happy family, though, in spite of these little flashes of feeling, that never went very far, or sank very deeply in any one's heart. Very few people live in entire concord.

Rose had taken up Owen Hazellhurst in a most enthusiastic manner on his return. She was one to whom life and experience must teach many lessons, and some of them might be painful. She thought at first that she did like Owen wonderfully. She crowded Jessie even out of friendship, for in her eager way of monopolizing there was no room for a third person. But after a little, she found a lack in him. He was too yielding, too ready to please; he made himself too much her servant and then he was exacting. In the old times, Jessie had indulged him so much that he thought now Rose must be equally disinterested. But she was not. That was a characteristic she never would possess in any eminent degree; and just as he was preparing to fall in love with her, she fell out of love with him.

I think he was misled considerably by his vanity. He believed all these sweet, playful things on Rose's part meant something. She liked so much better to have him alone; but it was not simply because he was Owen Hazellhurst; rather, as I said before, it was that she took pleasures as belonging to her exclusively.

He came in this very evening—a most unlucky time, for Rose was in a petulant mood. Jessie was up stairs sewing, Stacy deeply interested in a book.

"Come down, wont some of you?" said Rose; "I do not feel the least bit entertaining."

Jessie did not imagine she was meant. Stacy looked up, and said in an absent way—"Presently; I must finish this chapter."

Rose did not exert herself. She fancied Owen particularly tiresome, and at last consented to sing, as the easiest manner of passing the time. Owen leaned over her, toyed with her curls, which now and then she twitched impatiently away, making herself look more charming and coquettish than ever; and as their voices blended together, he thought how delightful it would be to have her always. He and his mother and Rose—what a charming family they would make!

He turned over the leaves of the music-book until he came to "Juahita," full of tropical warmth and tenderness. It was one of his favorites; so he sang it. It did not make a bit of difference what she sang for him this evening, for she was not thinking of him at all. Still, she put a great deal of fervor in the words; it was her nature. Some people, you know, always do sing love songs exquisitely. She was one of those. The last lingering refrain died away—

"Nita, Juanita, let me linger by thy side;  
Nita, Juanita, be my own true bride."

Rose's fingers drooped listlessly over the keys. It was a most auspicious silence. Owen broke it at length by saying—"If it could only be so, Rose, dearest. If I might ask it."

"What do you mean, Owen?" and she faced about resolutely, not a particle of sentiment in her tone.

"Just what I said," was the reply, given almost between sullenness and indignation; he was so surprised.

"How foolish you are!"

"Am I? Then love is foolish, and—oh, Rose, please be sweet and tender, as you are sometimes!"

The last part of the sentence vexed her, for it seemed to make her an accomplice. She did not mind the pleading eyes nor the fond tone, but said decisively—"If you go on talking in this way, I shall leave you to yourself."

This roused Owen. "No," he said, catching her arm, "you cannot go until you tell me just what you have meant by the tender ways and words of the last three months."

"Nothing!" She said it almost defiantly.

"Rose Throckmorton, you are a flirt!" He said it just as bitterly as he could say anything.

"Well, if you knew it, why did you begin with this? I don't expect to fall in love for years to come."

"I wish you success then. Good night!" for he was too angry to venture upon anything more.

He walked round the block in a strange tumult of feeling. He had certainly been trifled with. Rose must have seen, must have known

what he meant. He could call up so many little recollections that were "confirmation strong." I do not believe he suffered any very deep anguish, for he was too indignant. His pride was hurt more than his heart. In such natures the feelings lie mostly on the surface, and are easily ruffled, like a shallow lake.

Rose cried a few impatient tears, and went up stairs.

"What is the matter?" asked Jessie, for she saw her discomposure at a glance.

Rose never kept a secret. Now she said petulantly—"Owen Hazellhurst has been making a dune of himself. It's half your fault, Stacy. Why didn't you come down?"

"Upon my word!" and Stacy lifted her great, clear eyes. "Why didn't you take Jessie to play propriety? I rather suspected the young man was in love."

"I never thought of it at all." Which was true enough, as she was not in the habit of thinking much about other people.

"And you dismissed him coolly; as my heroine did here?"

"No; and Rose laughed. "It wouldn't do to put into a novel; it wasn't at all romantic. I wonder if he will be much angry?"

"Do you think of making up on the kiss-and-be-friends principle?"

"Stacy, you are provoking. I like Owen Hazellhurst real well, but I never could marry him, and he might have known it."

If Jessie had been vindictive, that would have avenged her grandly; but in the depths of her tender little heart, she felt sorry for Owen. She always felt sorry for the foolish moths who were singled in the flame; and she thought Rose had been imprudent, but she did not say so, for Rose had a way of giving back painful rebuffs; and strictures on their behavior was one of the things the girls had begun to consider "old-maidish." Still, she could see that Rose and Owen would have been most unwisely mated. There was no true harmony between them, for similar tastes do not always lead to perfect accord. An agreement of soul is required as well.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MORAL AND POLITICAL GUILT.—In the discussion consequent upon the killing of Jefferson Davis there is great danger of forgetting the important point, and of regarding him merely as a political offender, a hero invested with the dignity of misfortune. It is in the motive that we must look for the moral character of actions. Rebellion, or armed resistance to a government, is a capital legal offense. But the prosecution and punishment of any particular offender is, as in other cases, purely a question of expediency. It may often be impolitic either to try him or to execute him upon conviction. But whatever the legal guilt or fate of a rebel may be, his moral guilt and the moral character of his rebellion are entirely another matter. It is often said that success justifies a revolution. But nothing can be more false. That is merely to say that might makes right. If the American Revolution had failed, its principle would still have been perfectly just. If Davis's rebellion had succeeded, it would none the less have been the most colossal crime in history.

The moral judgment is always the really important verdict upon human affairs; and now that it has been deemed inexpedient to attempt to establish the legal guilt of Davis there is all the more reason for every one of us to remember the immeasurable guilt of the rebellion of which he was the official chief. When the rebellion began, the leaders themselves, and their English and Northern sympathizers, declared that it was justified upon American principles, and that the most worshipped of Americans, George Washington, was only a rebel. But this was wholly untrue. The American principle of the right of revolution was not that any persons who for any reason were dissatisfied with a government might rightfully undertake to overthrow it by force; but that when peaceful and legal redress for undeniable injuries and oppressions was clearly hopeless, when the consequences of further endurance were plainly worse than those of redress by force, then, after solemnly reciting these oppressions to the world, and appealing to God and man for the purity of their motives, a people might rightfully invoke the decision of the sword. But just in the degree that this was justifiable, a resort to force to subvert a just and wise and moderate government, lest it might become still more just and humane, was inconceivably infamous. And this was precisely the character of the rebellion. Whatever the mass of the Southern population thought, Jefferson Davis and his companions knew perfectly well what Alexander H. Stevens was not ashamed to avow, that they tried to destroy a government not because it enslaved them but because they feared that it might prevent them from enslaving others. They invoked no peaceful redress of wrongs, for there were no wrongs to remedy. They pleaded no oppression, for they were themselves the rulers. Their object was the degradation of humanity, and their rebellion was therefore a crime against human nature. Considering its object, its methods, and its ghastly consequences of death, ruin, desolation, and debt, its moral enormity transcends all similar crimes. Its success would have been disastrous to civilization.

Under the forms of law, with a jury selected at random among those who had supported him, the legal guilt of Jefferson Davis would have been difficult to establish. Had he been acquitted the Government would have been convicted. Had he been convicted a pardon would have been farcical, and an execution utterly futile for any purpose but individual revenge. Since, therefore, his trial was inexpedient, he should have been exiled or released without the lamentable scene at Richmond. But whatever his fate may be it is of the utmost importance that there should be no misconception because of his escaping personally unharmed. He can never escape the tribunal which judges Benedict Arnold. He will never be ranked with those who nobly dared and failed. Romance and poetry will never decorate themselves with his name. The heart and conscience of mankind will always class him among the chief moral malefactors of the world. He is not to be considered as a man whose view of the Constitution differed from ours, and who braved the gallows in order to maintain his convictions, but as one who willingly led a rebellion which slew hundreds of thousands, and overwhelmed a nation with unimaginable calamity, for no other purpose than to secure the power of absolutely enslaving other men.—[Harper's

A PARTY OF VENGEANCE.—How far "Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance" is the animating principle of the Republican party may be seen in the address which the Union Congressional Committee has issued to the people of the Southern States. This vindictive document declares that the party wishes such a restoration of the Union as will save us from future wars. It revengefully announces that the party will encourage free speech, a free press, and free schools. It wickedly asserts that the recognition of equal rights throughout the whole country secures peace, progress, and that it does not imply any hostility of races. It atrociously asserts that the laboring man, whether white or black, needs the protection of law and the ballot, by which he secures equal laws and an administration of them. This incendiary manifesto urges that there must be a co-operation of races to obtain the fair fruit of freedom for the Southern States, and actually proclaims that the exhausted and backward condition of those States is due to the slave-holding aristocracy which has controlled it for two hundred years.

Not content with this, the address proceeds to fulfill the party policy of "Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance" by earnestly inviting and imploring the people of the Southern States to accept universal suffrage, to establish public schools, and to enable the poor to become land-holders as fast as possible. Then with bitter mockery the address announces that Congress will exercise its authority of restoring the States "fairly and generously" when they give the only evidence which can be given that they are true to the Union—namely trust-worthy majorities. This furious address, which, as will be seen, breathes the very soul of hate and wrath, concludes by saying that "if the people of the States lately in the rebellion shall cheerfully and in good faith reorganize their Governments upon the principles of the laws passed by Congress, there will then remain no causes of difference between various sections of the country."

If this does not show that the party which conducted the war successfully, which emancipated and enfranchised the slaves, and which would rebuild the Union upon justice and common-sense, is a party of vengeance and hate, we do not believe it can be proved.—[Harpers Weekly.]

OUR DRINKS.—Green tea, black tea, coffee, chocolate, milk, cold water.

Green tea—yellow skins, "all-gone" stomachs, shaky nerves, irritable temper. All women fifty years old, who have habitually drank strong tea, show the same skin, teeth, and nerves.

Black tea is better, but chargeable with the same effects, in a milder form.

Coffee produces congestion of the brain, palpitation, and indigestion; but in the long run is less mischievous than either green or black tea.

Chocolate is better, but tends to sluggishness of stomach and liver.

Milk is still better, but must be used in moderation, or general dullness, with liver torpidity, will ensue. Milk drinking with our food is a mischievous practice. Biliousness and constipation are common results.

Cold water is an excellent drink. I recommend it for persons of both sexes, of all ages, for the sick and well, for the weak and strong.—[Dio Lewis.]

SOMETHING FOR GIRLS.—Men who are worth having, want women for wives. A bundle of gewgaws, bound with a string of flats and quavers, sprinkled with cologne, and set in a carmine saucer—this is no help for a man who expects to raise a family of boys on veritable bread and meat.

The piano and the lace frame are good in their places; and so are ribbons, frills and finery, but you cannot



## Waterville Mail.

F. H. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, . . . JUNE 21, 1867.



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ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS relating either to the business or editorial departments of the paper, should be addressed to "MAXHAM & WING, of 'WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE'."

## Ticonic Water Power and Manufacturing Co.

The "Ticonic Water Power and Manufacturing Company" is at length an organized body with a capital of seventy-five thousand dollars. The new stockholders met on Monday evening, and brought it to this climax. The following is the Board of officers, as then elected:—

**Directors.**—D. L. Milliken, Franklin Smith, Samuel Appleton, Elias Milliken, G. A. Phillips, James Wall, T. S. Laing.

**Treasurer.**—G. A. Phillips.

**Clk.**—E. R. Drummond.

At a subsequent meeting H. D. L. Milliken was appointed president of the Company.

Thus the Company is officered with strong men, each one of whom has the marked confidence of the stockholders, and of this community generally. No enterprise could start with a better prospect of meeting all the reasonable expectations of its friends. Plans to this end are already in active progress—a hint of which fact is thus early given in an advertised assessment upon the stock.

But this brief article would by no means meet the sentiments of this community without a strong expression of their obligation to Mr. G. A. Phillips, for the persevering energy and well directed efforts by which he has brought this desirable enterprise to its present condition. He has been well sustained by his friends, but to his untiring persistence are we indebted for the hopes of prosperity that now rest upon the "Ticonic Water Power and Manufacturing Company." His course has been frank, generous and manly—he may be said to have largely in the profit as in the honor of the work.

Some months ago we made some remarks in regard to the unfortunate difficulty between the P. & K. Railroad Co. and the family of the late Mr. Jonas Davis, of this place. They seemed to be called for by an attempt of Mr. John H. Davis to tear up a portion of the road on the disputed territory. Another attempt of the same kind seems now to render it proper that a further statement of the condition of this case should be given to the public.

A written notice was served upon the President of the road, to "remove the rails, platform and other erections" on the land claimed by the Davis heirs, with the condition that in case of failure they should proceed to remove them themselves. This notice—which we have seen—was in legal form, and doubtless intended as a necessary step towards a settlement by trial at law. The reply to this notice by Mr. Coburn, president of the S. & K. Railroad, is perhaps enough for our present use. He says to the signers of the notice:—

"In 1853 the Somerset & Kennebec Railroad Company duly located its road across this lot of land then owned by Mr. Jonas Davis. Upon petition, the County Commissioners examined the premises and awarded him \$387—for his damages. Mr. Davis not satisfied with the judgment of the Commissioners, petitioned for a jury to make an estimate of his damages; and on the 21 day of August, 1854, the jury summoned on his petition, after having viewed the premises, and heard the evidence adduced by the parties, and the arguments of their Counsel, awarded him by their verdict \$587.50. This verdict was accepted by the Court and the railroad Company paid the amount with costs.

"The right of the road to the use of this land was thus established; and Mr. Davis received a full compensation for it, according to the judgment of fair, impartial men empaneled on his own petition.

"There was a building on the land taken, occupied as a work shop, which Mr. Davis was requested to remove; but he refused to do so, and the Company was compelled to remove it. It was offered to him after its removal, if he would take it from the Company's land, which he declined to do. He would have nothing to do with it. I will now repeat what I said to you, when I saw you some days ago, that if it will tend to any measure of satisfaction, you can have this building now.

"I have no doubt of the right of the road in this matter; still if you suppose you have any claim in law or equity, we will tender any facility to enable you to test such claim. We will refer the matter to any one or any three, of the Judges of the Supreme Judicial Court, or to any three disinterested men the Court

shall designate; or to referees chosen in the usual manner,—just which you prefer. Or, if you have a preference for an action at law, we will acknowledge service of the writ and hasten a decision in that way."

We publish this statement in justice to the road, and not merely to gratify public curiosity with the details of private differences in business transactions.

**WATERVILLE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.**—The rooms of this association in Boutelle Block, have been very neatly fitted up, and on Wednesday evening last were dedicated by appropriate services under the direction of the President. After some interesting remarks by Mr. Nye, prayer was offered by Father Drinkwater, and then short and fervent addresses were made by Rev. Mr. Robie, Rev. Mr. Richard on, Rev. Mr. Moore, Rev. Mr. Drinkwater, Mr. Sands of Lewiston, Mr. Given of Auburn, Mr. J. K. Richardson, and Mr. C. F. Hathaway, interspersed with good old hymns sung by the large company present. All appeared hopeful that this association, born under such favorable auspices, will prove a blessing to this community. Prayer meetings are held regularly at their rooms Saturday evenings from 8.30 to 9.15 o'clock, and on Sabbath evenings from 6.15 to 7 o'clock.

**BRADLEY BUILDING** should be the name of the elegant structure which now appears in place of the unsightly piece of dilapidation that so long disgraced Main Street next north of Allen's Jewelry store. Over the military rooms of Mrs. Bradley, in this building, Mr. A. Lyford has established his headquarters, where will be found a variety of musical instruments—pianos, melodeons, cabinet organs, etc. They are from establishments of good reputation, and some of the organs are of abundant capacity for a church. He offers good bargains in pianos, as will be seen by referring to his advertisement, and those wishing to purchase will no doubt find it advantageous to give him a call at his music rooms as above.

**PLEASURE.**—We hear that Mr. Stanton is making arrangements for great gatherings and good times, this season, at the charming Island in Anabesook Lake, Winthrop. If the largest perch and pickerel, and plenty of them, is a leading attraction to fishermen, then they will gather at the Island House. We vouch for the chowders there—and the old barge was good enough, to say nothing of the new one.

The trial of Maximilian has been postponed until after the fall of the cities of Vera Cruz and Mexico.

The Republicans have called their caucus, for the appointment of delegates to the State and county conventions, for Saturday at 4 o'clock P. M., in Town Hall. Of course those voters of Waterville who care for the consequences, ought to attend. Will they?

The season thus far, notwithstanding its droughts, is one of unusual promise. All kinds of fruit are set for great abundance. The grass crop cannot fail to be at least very good; and though most of the field crops were seeded late, they are coming forward in the most encouraging way. Hardly an exception can be named.

The Maine Conference of Unitarian Churches will meet in Bangor on Wednesday and Thursday, the 26th and 27th inst.

**BASE BALL.**—On Saturday last Delphic club of Waterville played a match game with Herculian club of Winthrop, on the grounds of the latter. Herculians scored 66 to Delphics 42. It is expected the Herculians will visit Waterville on Wednesday next, for a match on the grounds of the Delphics.

A band of gypsies, who have been roving through the State for several months, have squatted on Fort Hill, in Winslow, and are daily in our streets ready to reveal the secrets of the future to those who will cross their palms with—postage stamps. Let the chickens roost high.

A formidable anti-popery riot occurred in Birmingham, England on Tuesday of this week. The rioters were in great force and at last accounts had possession of the city, but troops had been dispatched to the scene of action with instructions to quell the riot at all hazards.

**DR. C. B. LIGHTHILL** will have his headquarters at Augusta for the present, but will visit Waterville again on the 18th of July. See his advertisement.

A student of Bowdoin College, who undertook a lecturing enterprise, and who not only failed to pay the printer, but left Rev. J. C. Fletcher, the lecturer employed, in the lurch, gets a severe but well deserved blowing-up from the Gardiner Journal.

**STONE, ROSSON & MURRAY'S CIRCUS,** which exhibits here to-morrow, is pronounced the best one that has gone the rounds for many years, and what is a little singular, praise follows as well as precedes it. The exhibition is of superior excellence and free from certain objectionable features that sometimes mar these entertainments. It draws a big crowd everywhere.

**OUR NATIONAL GAME** will be base ball, sure enough, if it leads to betting and gambling. The Bon club of Portland, offers to play a match with any club in the State for a thousand dollars.

William Conner, of Kendall's Mills, and James Wall, of Winslow, both experienced contractors, are to build the Dexter and Newport Railroad, and will commence operations immediately.

A very successful and satisfactory trial of the newly invented Fire Extinguisher was made in Portland last Friday.

## OUR TABLE.

**THE AENEID OF VIRGIL,** translated into English verse by John Conington, M. A., Corpus Professor of Latin in the University of Oxford. New York: Widdell, Publisher.

We are indebted to Roberts Brothers, of Boston, for a copy of this work, which we notice is highly commended by all the prominent British magazines and reviews. This version is unique in its metre, that of Scott's ballads being employed, which imparts a wonderful life and vivacity to what in some translations is monotonous and tiresome, and will introduce this work to a class of readers by whom it has been heretofore overlooked. The *London Examiner* characterizes it as "the very lightest, freshest, and yet most accurate metrical translation of Virgil that has yet been added to our literature;" the *Athenaeum* says that "besides being a faithful copy of the original, it has all the freshness, life and beauty of genuine poetry;" the *Saturday Review* records its opinion "that among the many good translations which English literature boasts, there has been none more true to the spirit and the letter of the original author, than this;" and the *Westminster Review* styles it "an eminently graceful and scholarly work."

It makes a handsome portly octavo volume that is sold for \$2.40. C. K. Mathews has it.

**\* THE LADY'S FRIEND.**—The July number of this magazine opens with a Steel Plate of unusual interest and beauty—a lovely Cinderella, sitting and neglected by the kitchen fire, her haughty sisters disappearing through the doorway. The Colored Fashion Plate, as usual, is a transcript of the prevailing modes; and the wood cuts illustrating articles of dress, and teaching fancy work, must be of value to the ladies. The music, "Kiss the Little Ones for Me," looks the kind of song to be popular. The literary entertainment is furnished by Elizabeth Prescott, Miss A. L. Muzzey, Anker Forestier, Frank Lee Bonnell, H. S. Corey, M. S. Henry Wood, etc. A beautiful Steel Engraving will be sent gratis to every single subscriber, and to every person sending a club.

Published by Deacon & Peterson, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, at \$2.50 a year (with engraving). Four copies (with one engraving) \$6.

**BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.**—The number for May has the following table of contents:—*Brownlow's* Part V.; *Social Ambitions*; *A Modern Cornelius O'Dowd*; *Transatlantic Familiarity*; *How to make a Catalogue of Books*; *An Early Peep at the Show*; *The Reform Bill*.

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:—*Not one cent* at the four Reviews, \$4 per annum; any of the four Reviews, \$7; any of the three Reviews, \$3; all four Reviews, \$13; Blackwood's Magazine, \$5; Blackwood and one Review, \$7; Blackwood and two Reviews, \$10; Blackwood and any three of the Reviews, \$13; for Blackwood and the four Reviews, \$15—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works will be delivered free of postage.

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

**FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE** for July is adorned with beauty and fashion, and contains a world of literary attractions. It will be found with all periodical dealers.

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

**OLIVER OPTIC'S BOYS AND GIRLS' WEEKLY** continues to win public favor and is very popular with the young folks. "The Story Flag," by the editor, is drawing to a triumphant close, and will probably be succeeded by something equally attractive.

Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, at \$2 a year.

**NEW MUSIC.**—The following new pieces of music come to us from Henry Tolman & Co., 281 Washington St., Boston:—

"The little Grave under the Willow." Words by M. B. Leavitt; music by J. A. Barney, of Morris Brothers' Opera House, Boston.

"Love Hailed a Little Maid." Ballad. Words by W. Guernsey; music by Wilhelm Garg.

"Yes, I will Write thee from Home." Words by M. B. Leavitt; music by J. A. Barney, of Morris Brothers' Opera House.

"Angel Lullaby." Words by G. W. Birdseye; music by M. Keller.

"Little Ada's going Home." Song and Chorus. Written by J. Grace Thompson; music by R. S. Fry.

"Our Country has Charms." As sung by Mrs. Howard and Miss Louise Myers. Words and music by Howard Paul.

"Old Roger, the Tin-Maker Man." As sung by the Hutchinson Family. Words by C. C. Haskins; music by V. B. Richardson.

"Make my Grave in the Lowlands low, or the Negro Slave's Lament." As sung by the author and the Hutchinson Family. Words and music by Walter Kittredge, author of "Fencing on the Old Camp Ground," etc.

The above will be found at C. A. Hendrickson's, Waterville, and with music dealers generally.

**WELL DESERVED.**—Lieut.-Col. Chas. P. Baldwin, a graduate of Waterville College, of the class of '58, formerly principal of our High School and afterward of the Bangor High School, late of the 11th Maine, has been promoted to Brev. Colonel "for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Deep Bottom, Va., Aug. 14, 1864," and Brevet Brigadier General "for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Hatcher's Run, Va., April 1, 1865." He was severely wounded in both of those battles.

Judge Kingsbury, of the Portland Municipal Court, has decided that deputy State constables have power to act in other counties than those in which they reside. The decision originated in late cases in that city, in which deputy constable Waldron, of Androscoggin county, served warrants upon several liquor sellers. The defendants objected that the warrants were not served by a competent officer. In the course of his written decision Judge Kingsbury takes occasion to say, that 385 search and seizure processes were instituted by the city marshal during the past year, all but 70 of which proved successful. The present year, thus far, they have been at the rate of 1200 a year!

A committee of investigation appointed by a republican convention, report unanimously that the charge of "shameful intoxicating" preferred against Gen. Banks on the occasion of his visit to Portland last summer, is utterly and totally false.

At the annual Convocation of Dunlap Royal Arch Chapter, at China, on Wednesday, June 19, 1867, the following officers were elected and installed for the ensuing year:—

Charles Taylor, H. P.; E. W. McFadden, K.; Amasa Taylor, S.; J. B. Bessey, C. H.; E. D. Clark, P. S.; D. E. Dutton, R. A. C.; Ed. C. Wiggins, M. 3d V.; N. Stanley, M. 2d V.; Peter Williams, M. 1st V.; J. P. Perkins, Treas.; O. W. Washburn, Sec.

A good Piano to rent—apply to Miss Charlotte Barney, Main Street.

**THE BONDS OF THE PACIFIC RAILROAD**, advertised in our columns, are for sale at Ticonic Bank.

"R." shall have due attention.

The BANGOR JEFFERSONIAN has greatly enlarged its borders, thereby giving us more of a good thing. The *Jeffersonian* is most thoroughly radical, but radically right, as a large majority of the people believe, and it never hesitates to speak boldly and call things by their right names. We wish it abundant success.

Gov. Pierpont's reply, when asked to sign a petition for the pardon of Jeff. Davis, was pertinent—"I ask for the pardon of no man who will not ask for his own pardon. God cannot pardon unless the transgressor first asks for his own pardon. Reason—Contrary to the established law of God."

**COL. F. S. HESSELTINE**, formerly of the 3d Maine, now a resident of Savannah, has been appointed Register of Bankruptcy for the Southern District of Georgia, by Chief Justice Chase.

A hen's egg, weighing one quarter of a pound has been left at our office by Master Edson F. Hichings, of this town. We have no recollection of ever having seen or heard of one quite up to this mark. The hens of Waterville, as well as the men are striking out in bold enterprises.

THE PORTLAND EVENING STAR has been enlarged and with various improvements makes a handsome appearance. The *Star* is a little wobbly, occasionally; but it is a live, wide-awake paper, and we are glad to see these evidences of its prosperity.

**A YOUNG SINNER.**—In Portland, on Tuesday, Patrick Divine, a little Irish boy, was detected in pilfering a handful of wood from the shed of the Grand Trunk Railroad. He was promptly arrested, taken before the Municipal Court, and found guilty; but in great mercy to the child, "judgment was suspended ten days"—so says the Portland Star. Probably the "ten days" were necessary to see what the Road could do for the young hopeful.

Some beautiful Durham stock—three heifers and a calf—passed through this place a few days ago, from the herd of Hon. Warren Percival, in Vassalboro', on their way to the Agricultural College. Mr. P. has a very choice herd of high bred animals of this class, and the trustees of the College have in this case taken a good step.

In a short speech in Canada recently, Jefferson Davis said, "I hope that Canada may forever remain a part of the British Empire, and may God bless you, and the British flag never cease to wave over you."

By a law passed last winter deeds of cemetery lots may be recorded by town clerks with the same force and effect as if recorded in the registry of deeds.

A few cases of cholera have been reported in New Orleans and New York.

Flour and corn are falling—let the people rejice.

"I have seen a woman professing to love Christ more than the world, clad in a silk dress costing \$75; making up and trimmings of same, \$40; bonnet (or apology for one), \$35; velvet mantle, \$150; diamond ring, \$500; watch, chain, and pin and other trappings, \$300; total, \$1100—all hung upon that frail, dying woman. I have seen her, at a meeting in behalf of homeless wanderers in New York, wipe her eyes upon an expensive embroidered handkerchief at the story of their sufferings, and when the contribution-box came round take from a well filled portemonnaie, of costly workmanship, twenty-five cents to aid the Society formed to promote their welfare. Ah, thought I, dollars for ribbons and pennies for Christ."

Some carping bigot has relieved his brain of the above charges—which, though true, are more the fault of the men than women—for who, if not the "lords," have so made the laws and organized society, and so hedged up all the avenues through which women of the "Young America" class can act their part in the world, that dress and personal display are the only resort left them? Now let us look at the other side.

Who has not seen a man, professing to have "consecrated all to Christ," hoarding up his thousands and millions—putting twenty, fifty or a hundred thousand dollars in a dwelling house—paying thousands more for needless servants—giving thousands to useless amusements, travel, and luxurious eating—bringing up idle sons and useless daughters—and in various other ways throwing to the devil more dollars than he gives cents to Christ? And now, what is the difference between this man and that woman? Nothing, only that each is sowing to the flesh after their own taste, and showing that "professing" is one thing, and practicing another. Which side looks best?

**SAFE PROPHECY.**—The Standard says the democratic party will be in power after the next presidential election! How long after?

Our citizens are indebted to the North Vassalboro' Band, under the leadership of Mr. John Webber, of that village, for a pleasant Concert, on Saturday evening last. The reception of the Band would have been better adapted to their deserts if failure had not happened in extending the notice of their visit. Their performance, as well as their generosity deserves high praise.

**DISTRESSING CALAMITY.**—On Friday morning of last week, the house of Geo. Crosby in Portland, was burned. At the time of the fire, Mr. Crosby was away from home. Mrs. Crosby had gone about sixty rods from the house to milk the cows, leaving her two little children, four and six years old, asleep. Whilst milking, the cow started, and on looking up, Mrs. C. saw her house all in flames. Two neighbors were quickly on hand, but no effort could save the children. They were consumed with everything in the house. Mr. and Mrs. Crosby are a young married couple, and these were their only children.—[Bangor Times.]

**HUMBLES.**—The American Agriculturist makes sweeping work in the following paragraph, but its judgment is no doubt just, and all would do well to mind its warning:—

We earnestly caution the reader against every one of these gift enterprises, ticket schemes, prize concerts, secret medicines, Union Associations, artists' unions, jewelry associations, five dollar sewing machines, express parcels men, soldiers' orphans and widows' "distributions" of various kinds, cheap oil manufacturers, ink and washing compounds, honey receipts, wonderful corn and other seeds before unheard of, every advertising doctor, Howard Association, advice to the married, ditto to the unmarried; eye cures, vile instruments, Union book companies, silent friends, cheap money, \$100 to \$500 a month salary or wages, "greenbax," magic wands, hunter's secret, cider recipes, vinegar recipes, complexion beautifiers, love powders, price and prize associations and parcels farms sold by lot or tickets, Elixirs, etc., etc. We have before us hundreds of these letters, circulars, and advertisements, all of them humbugs. Scarcely one in a hundred of the operators will ever send any return for money forwarded them by mail, or even acknowledge its receipt. Perhaps in one case in ten thousand, a showy article is sent as a blind to draw the foolish recipient into a larger investment, to his loss.

**REMEDY FOR BARK LICE.**—C. V. Riley gives the following remedies, founded on the peculiar habits of the insects, in the *Prairie Farmer*:

The efficacy of a remedy depends in a great measure on the time of its application. Most alkaline washes will prove inefficient while the lice are under the scale, unless made so strong as to injure the tree; but if applied the fore part of June (our southern friends must be on the alert earlier) in the northern portion of the State, they will be effectual.

The following is an excellent mixture for this purpose: two parts of soft soap, eight of water, and lime enough to give it the consistency of whitewash; and I recommend you to watch carefully, by aid of a glass, if necessary, about the time specified, and whenever you find the little white specks described, give your trees a good washing with it from tip to base. This must be done even at the expense of the foliage which in June will soon be renewed. Those whose trees are not badly affected—where the lice appear but in places—will probably do better to use diluted cod-oil or kerosene, for Mr. Walsh Rock Island, has used it with benefit on other species of bark louse, *Coccus Harrisii*. They will do better from the fact that it may be applied before the tree puts forth its foliage, for although alkaline washes will not penetrate the scales, oily solutions will. The only trouble is that they must be applied with caution, being injurious to vegetable life, and where trees are badly affected, the first remedy is by far the safest and best. Old trees should have the bark scraped off.

**A RAILWAY INCIDENT.**—There was a noteworthy illustrative incident on a railroad out of Springfield the other day. A big, black, but clean and well-dressed "colored brother" entered, and sat down by one of the, at least formally, "ruling race." The white man looked venom at the black one, and hissing out, "Do you suppose I am going to sit by a—black nigger like you—let me get out," squeezed by into the aisle, and took a vacant seat in front by the side of a small Yale student from Springfield. The latter looked at the new-comer, and saying, "Do you suppose I can sit by you, sir, let me pass out," got up and went back to the just vacated seat by the black man. The party of the first grew pale with added feeling, and said, "Do you prefer to sit by a nigger?" "I prefer to sit by a gentleman." "Do you dare to say I am not a gentleman?" "A gentleman never swears, or insults a man because of his color." "You shall be taken care of, you impudent stripling." When the black brother, stalwart and suggestive, broke in, "I will take care of him, sir," there ensued "a splendid silence," and the car went on, and there was no assault and battery for the Worcester Police Court.—[Springfield Republican.]

**SOUTH AMERICAN NEWS.**—Rio Janeiro correspondence dated March 7th says the cholera is raging in the Brazilian camp on the river Platte, and had taken off nearly 700 men in four days. Two thousand troops had been despatched to Corrientes to restrain the populace from destroying the hospitals. Gen. Urquiza, with ten thousand men, was near Corrientes, and it is rumored that he has declared against the alliance. Marquis Coxias would probably give battle to the Paraguayans against his own judgment, being urged to it by outside influence. The imperial government has positively declined the proffered mediation of the United States in the war with Paraguay. Buenos Ayers letters give doleful accounts of the cholera in that State. The streets of the city were filled with funerals, and people were dying on the piers, in hedges, about doorsteps, and everywhere crowds were rushing away from the infection, and every little hamlet in the interior was crowded with afflicted refugees.

**LYNCH LAW IN KANSAS.**—A despatch from Wyandotte, Kansas, of the 13th instant, says: "Senator Wade's party passed through here this evening, on the way to St. Louis. A crowd surrounded the hotel and called upon Mr. Wade for a speech, who refused to make one, saying he would not speak in a city where lynch law reigned and men were butchered without trial. He alluded to the case of two colored men who were arrested last night charged with murdering a farmer named McMan, a few days ago, and lodged in jail, but were taken out this morning by a mob and hung up, but the rope breaking, they were shot to pieces in the Court House yard, where their bodies lay nearly all the day. The coroner's jury refused to take evidence, and simply gave a verdict of 'hung by a mob.' The evidence developed to-day indicates clearly that the colored men were innocent, and that the real murderers were the ringleaders of the mob."

A lady found occasion to call upon a dentist to have her teeth filled. Among those filled were two front ones, and when in a pleasant mood the lady's face shone with smiles, whose polished gold glittered from the upper incisors. These were observed with admiration by her little niece, who by and by seriously remarked: "Aunt Mary, wish I had copper-tooth teeth like yours."

A GRINDSTONE should not be exposed to the weather, as it not only injures the wood-work, but the sun's rays harden the stone so much as, in time, to render it useless. Neither should it stand in the water in which it runs, as the part remaining in the water softens so much that it wears unequally, and this is a very common cause of grindstones becoming "out of true."

The Bangor Whig says that an agent for Col. Smart the other day, when trying to get subscribers for the "Bond Taxer" among some of his former democratic friends in that city, soliciting General B., he was curiously brought up with—"Tell Col. Smart, sir, that I will subscribe as soon as I get out of Fort Lafayette, sir!" The joke being that the last time Smart was here, during the war, he was particularly urgent that the copperheads should take something in the untaxed war loans; and, if they wouldn't, he threatened to send them all to Fort Lafayette.

Mr. Reed, Superintendent of the Union Pacific Railroad, who has just arrived from the North Platte, says the work on the road will have to be abandoned unless more protection is furnished against the outrages of the Indians. Gen. Sherman is at North Platte.

**INDIAN HOSTILITIES.**—Omaha despatches say that late Denver papers are full of accounts of Indian depredations and murders. They also contain despatches from Gen. Sherman to Gen. Hunt, in which the general says he has not troops enough to protect all the exposed points, and the people for the present must fight the Indians themselves. He also advises General Hunt to send 300 men immediately to scour the Republican River country. General Augur will scour the Platte to Laporte and cross Snyder's. Another party will scour the Laramie. Gen. Custer is expected to strike the Cheyennes that were stampeded last month by Gen. Hancock. The wagon, trains, stages and ranchmen must collect and protect themselves. Gen. Sherman says the great portion of the Sioux are not within 50 miles of Fort Sedgewick; that the depredations are committed by small scattered bands, who, being successful in stealing horses, may combine and do something worse. L. L. Hill, Division engineer of the Union Pacific Railroad, was killed on the 1st inst., about 40 miles north of Laporte, and Mr. Archer, inspector of the road, was severely wounded. Mr. Hill's body was perforated by 19 arrows and five pistol balls, and he was scalped twice. An emigrant train was attacked at Douglas Station on the Atchinson and Kearney route, on the 8th inst., and \$2,000 worth stock run off.

**TRIAL OF JOHN H. SURRETT.**—The close of the second day's evidence in the Surratt case leaves the prisoner in a tight place, and apparently destroys his hopes of acquittal by an alibi. Two hours and a half were occupied in the cross-examination of Sergeant Dyer, who positively identifies Surratt as the party whom he saw talking with Booth and Spangler in front of the theatre on the evening of the murder, several times within a half hour before the fatal shot was fired, and also as the person who called out the time for the conspirators from the clock in the vestibule of the theatre, and separate from Booth but five minutes before he did his bloody work. The utmost latitude of cross-examination was allowed by the court, and the prisoner's counsel resorted to every possible expedient to worry and confuse the witness. The prosecution have now proved that Surratt left Montreal on the morning of the 12th of April, 1865, two days before the assassination, while one witness swears to seeing him in Washington on the afternoon of that Friday, another that he was at his mother's house an hour and a half before the murder, and another that he was with Booth at the theatre for half an hour or more just prior to the firing of the fatal shot. The prospects for proving an alibi do not look favorable, and it is understood that the government has one or two witnesses to still further prove the fact of his being here on the day of the assassination, also that he was in close intercourse with Booth and Harold.

**SINGULAR AFFAIR.**—We learn that a Mr. Houston of Detroit, was a member of one of the Maine regiments at the first battle of Bull Run, where he was taken prisoner. From that time nothing had been heard from him, and he was supposed to be dead. About a year ago his wife married again, and has a child about two weeks old. On the 24th of May, Mr. Houston unexpectedly made his appearance! [Belfast Journal.]

**AN IRISHMAN'S IDEA.**—At one of our depots yesterday the train started and left an Irish laborer behind, who was going a distance to work. The engine went slowly puffing along but increased in puffs as well as speed, while Michael started to overtake it. A brother Irishman who was on the platform watching the race, sang out in great glee to encourage Michael, "put in—stick to it—she's breathing quicker and quicker all the time."—[Portland Star.]

The Rev. Mr. Abbott's glorification of Louis Napoleon has been translated into French, to the great amusement and amusement of the Parisians. The Paris papers all say something on the subject, and one of them, the *Siecle*, is unkind enough to suggest that its reverend author be put in the American department of the exposition, and labelled "the learned ass."

"Rev." C. Chauncy Burr apologized in a late speech to his southern friends, because he was born in Yankee land.

We are reminded of the bashful young man who escorted an equally bashful young lady. As they approached the dwelling of the damsel, she said entreatingly, "Jehiel, don't tell anybody you beamed me home." "Sary," said he emphatically, "don't you mind. I'm as much ashamed of it as you are." C. Chauncy and Yankee land are even. He cannot possibly be more ashamed of New England than New England is of him.—[Toledo Blade.]

The latest illustration of meanness has been furnished by the Democratic State Committee, of Ohio. At a time when good men of both parties, at the North, are raising money and buying corn to help the starving Southern poor this Democratic Committee is sending circulars all over the South, asking for ten cent subscriptions to help carry the next Ohio election!

The net results of General Hancock's campaign against the Indians are thus stated by the Chicago Tribune: "After marching eleven hundred cavalry a distance of eight hundred miles with prodigious transportation trains, he succeeded in capturing one old Sioux with a broken leg, and an idiotic Cheyenne girl."

The publication of the Attorney-General's opinion of the district commanders seems to convince the majority of the republicans that a July session of Congress will be necessary. Every republican newspaper received here from the north to-day, condemns the opinion and takes the ground that if the President acts in accordance therewith a summer session must be held. The officers of Congress evidently think there may be a session, for the work of putting both chambers in complete order was begun to-day. Mr. Wade and Mr. Colfax are expected here in about ten days.—[Special to Boston Advertiser.]







