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Maxham & Wing

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MY ANGEL.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. MASON.

There is no more that I can bring thee now—
Only these few pale flowers
For death has claimed thee; O beloved! and thou
Hast other home than ours.

Here are white roses with their hearts of gold;
And lilies starry-fair,
And pale anemones that backward fold
White petals pure as prayer.

And here—but what avails it? Vain, oh, vain!
How canst thou see or know?
Alas! there was, there was a time! but then,
It vanished long ago.

There was a time I might have brought thee more
Than flowers, or angels to frail;
More love, more reverence from my heart's deep core
Would it might now avail!

For the heart's bread, well-nigh stone I gave;
Unwitting thy sweet world
Nor knowing, that with us this side the grave,
An angel walked the earth!

Only when thou didst plume them for the skies,
I saw thy glancing wings;
Ah, me! how little we—how little we
About such solemn things!

Unknown, unseen, God's angels walk with us
In human guise—and we,
Wrapt in our own self-diffidence, do think
Lose their sweet company!

So, once there was an angel at my side;
Once—but that time has fled;
Would I had known my angel ere she died
As now I know her, dead!

[From the Lady's Friend.]

NO LONGER YOUNG.

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

Author of "In Trust."

CHAPTER V.

"I seek you. You alone I seek;
All other women, fair
Or wise, or good, may cross my way;
Without my thought or care."

—Miss Muloch.

Jessie mentioned incidentally the next morning that Mr. Delancy had been at Mrs. Whittier's tea, and that he had played in the evening. She said nothing about his walking home with her, for she had an idea it would not please Rose. Did Rose really like him so much? She had evinced a great deal of interest in Owen in the beginning, but events proved it was nothing like love. Jessie felt such a marriage would be exceedingly incongruous, yet people had married with as much disparity of years, and been very happy.

Why then doubt this, if it should go so far? Oh, if it came to that, she would be satisfied. Only Rose was such a mere child, and Mr. Delancy, if still fresh, was not young. Even about this little party Rose had said—"Didn't you have anything but the music? I think a company without dancing is so stupid!"

"But they were all sedate married people, you remember."

"I shall want to dance just as much when I am married. I am sure Say is fond of it. What did she do?"

"Talked. And I think Say is real interesting."

"Yes, she is; and she can endure being bored by people, which I never can."

"Because she takes pains to entertain them."

"But talking becomes so tiresome after awhile, even with the best of people. Yes, I think I want the fun; and Rose meditatively studied the cards."

Jessie was busy all day with Say. She passed Mr. Delancy on Broadway, and had a very sweet smile besides the bow. It made her feel bright and happy until she laid her head on the pillow that night and was lost in slumber.

The patterns were not all. Three babies had to have as many changes as a fashionable lady, and Say thought she could do nothing without Jessie. Then when everything was done and packed, Jessie must certainly go down to South Bay with them. Harry insisted on it, and Mrs. Throckmorton thought it would be a pleasant change for Jessie, especially as she would have to stay at home the rest of the summer. Rose and Stacy were going to Niagara with Robert for an escort, and from thence to Saratoga with Helen to matrimonize them. Of course the girls would want Jessie to help them out; so she could only stay a week.

They were all off at last, and the house was quiet. Jessie and her mother would have nice long days, and for once Jessie felt quite relieved at the prospect of being so long alone, for it seemed ever since Helen's marriage, as if the whole world had been in a whirl. The house was put in thorough order, and then they had nothing to do but enjoy themselves. The mother and daughter had always been delightful companions. There was a peculiar neatness about Jessie to Mrs. Throckmorton, partly because she had made a friend of her so many years, and partly that Jessie's nature was so especially adaptive.

The first use she made of her freedom was to begin at her music. The Twelfth Mass and Beethoven were brought out, and practised conscientiously, as also several little airs from Faust; why, she could not have told, as she had a greater fancy for those pathetic old ballads; but all these were favorites with Mr. Delancy.

During the five weeks since the night at Mrs. Whittier's, she had seen him at the house just once. Every other time she had been out. On this occasion she was home alone. Mr. Delancy was a patient man, and when he heard of the expected begonia, he resolved to wait and not startle Jessie by any sudden demonstration. Besides, he was not absolutely "in love"; he had a man's caution, and did not wish to stake all until he was quite sure he wanted what he was to win. If he was correct in his estimate of Jessie, and his matured judgment rarely erred, he could see the end from the beginning. But all that came between was to be very delightful. Not one drop in the cup did he want to miss.

It appeared natural to Jessie that he should call now and then on an evening. There was nothing in his demeanor to set any one to thinking seriously of what he meant. Jessie was too innocent hearted, for all her thirty years, to propose a single question to herself concerning him. He had said they would be friends, and that was sufficient. So they sang together, or talked, and occasionally, when the evening was too warm for a bright light, they sat on the sofa, and he repeated poems that moved her strangely. Once he said Coleridge's Genevieve. It pleased her intensely. He did it in part for an experiment, though its exquisite rhythm and "moving story" always had a powerful effect upon his own heart. She listened to the poem, not to him; and though he could not truly say—

"The deep, the low, the moving tone
With which I told another's love,
Interpreted my own."

He felt sure that in time to come it would. But what of her?

He saw no cause for despair or even discouragement. That she was still unmoved evinced in this case no coldness of heart, rather entire absence. That she liked him, he could see. She was frank, and showed her gratification in many ways.

Mr. Throckmorton met Mr. Delancy, one evening, and the two gentlemen were mutually pleased.

Is that the Mr. Delancy Rose talks of so much? "Is that the Mr. Delancy Rose talks of so much?" her father asked at breakfast, the next morning.

"Yes. Did you like him?"

What made Jessie feel a little nervous about her father's opinion?

"Oh, yes; very much. Didn't Rose meet him at a party?"

"Yes," at Mrs. Stuyvesant's.

Mr. Throckmorton was a little particular as to his daughters' gentleman friends. That would be sufficient endorsement; but as if there might be a doubt, she added—"He is a friend of the Whittiers, also."

"He is a fine man, certainly, if he had not a friend in the world. But he is much older than I expected, and it is odd a girl like Rose should become so interested in that kind of a man."

"He is very entertaining to any person."

"Not the sort of man to dance, or sing love songs, I take it. Rose is an odd little body though."

Her father gave him to Rose, also. She wondered if it was quite right to take so much of his time and attention? But if he should ever be anything to Rose, she would expect to regard him in much the same light that she did Howard, only she fancied she liked him really better. Was it because he was "old"? Howard was only twenty-eight.

Six weeks are soon gone. Mr. Delancy had hoped to do so much with the girls were away, and yet when he came to count it up, he could not see that he had made very rapid strides. In one way he had been occupied a good deal with himself. I am not sure but in this early stage Jessie influenced him much more than he influenced her. He liked to draw her out and watch her, see the tender light steal up into her eyes, the soft flush just tint her face, the mobile mouth smile and change its expression with every variation of feeling. Through it he read her soul, and bowed his head reverentially, as a man must ever do before a pure and loyal woman's soul. At first he thought himself hardly worthy of it. For so many years he had been lumbered about the world, learning much of human nature that he had not raised his heart or ideas. Yet he knew he had never really gone down with the black tide, that always some star had shone above him. He had seen much treachery; had deceit, and meanness; but he had held himself above it. He could love truly, for the force and fervor of passion had not been wasted upon phantoms, nor frittered away on idle objects. It would be pure and strong, and in the days to come, at hers. No ghosts of the dead past would rise up to contest it with her. And since he had so much to give her, why need he stand in doubt?

As desire grew upon him, these misgivings died out. He felt his pulses quicken; he was startled by sensations of deep feeling, of moods variable, yet always rich, always tender. Her face haunted him when away; satisfied him when present. He understood whether this was leading him, and was glad to go. But for awhile the ideal passion affected him too powerfully for him to do more than to drift with the tide. The impetuosity of youthful love had merged into the scientific surety of something broader and deeper. It was enough for him to enjoy this at present.

He took her out driving several times, over pleasant country roads. They were neither of them silent, yet I do not know as the talking furthered his project greatly. It did give them a deeper insight into each other's hearts; it strengthened his resolve of winning her; it gave him a larger faith in this all pervading sentiment of his soul, born in the full ripeness of years. Yes, she should be his.

And yet no word had been spoken when Rose and Stacy returned; Stacy was an elegant admirer in her train, and Rose more brilliant and coquettish than ever.

A few days afterwards, Say and the children made their appearance, and then Jessie's brief, bright holiday was over. For it had been a perfect holiday. She would not have exchanged her memories of enjoyment with any one. She never for a moment suspected what made her so happy. She had not been counting on love as one of the blessings that was to come to her, so the desire had not roused her yet quiescent being.

With the return commenced the olden bitsy life for her. Yet she did try to steal a little time for her music, and several books Mr. Delancy had sent her. But there were mountains of old sewing, journeys of shopping, calls on every hand. Jessie began seriously to question why this should all come upon her, since so little of it was really hers. Then she started.

Was she growing selfish? If so, she had better bestir herself at once. A selfish "old maid" was a character she did not covet.

Mr. Delancy had taken up thus much of a lover's right—he had fallen into the habit of calling on particular evenings. On the first they were all at home, and he was pleased to see them. The hours slipped by before he was aware. Rose was specially charming. And then Mr. Throckmorton wanted Jessie for something, and she went up stairs. It grew late, and still she lingered. Finally he went away, leaving his good-by with Rose. Something in the tone with which he said, "your sister," gave Rose a dim suspicion. She questioned Jessie, and found he had called twice a week, or oftener. Then she learned from her mother that he had taken Jessie out driving.

Rose Throckmorton had gained a great deal of experience in her six weeks tour. She felt assured of her beauty and fascination. She had tasted the sweets of power, and received not a little homage. At seventeen one does not like to stand second even in a friend's estimation. Rose thought she had every right to be first in Mr. Delancy's. That he could possibly fall in love with and marry Jessie, never entered her head. Some widower with a family of children might, but this man, with his culture and refinement, his love of beauty, his fine tastes—no wonder she did not think of it. It was hardly probable that he cared to marry any one, and if they were all to be simply friends, her right was certainly the oldest and best.

The second time Jessie was not at home. Mr. Delancy felt a little hurt over this, because he knew Jessie must have expected him. He did want some little show of preference on her part, some claim that would give him a lover's position. He could not think she had been entertaining him of late merely from a

sense of duty as a hostess, and now that there were others at hand, she intended to relinquish the post. If she had, what then?

He knew by the quick pang that went to his own heart, what he must suffer in this event. He was too true a man not to understand what it was he most desired. The old promise of friendship that was so much to her, was nothing at all to him. He could not be content with so little.

Rose exerted herself this evening to her utmost. His indifference piqued her, and yet led her to resolve upon a conquest. She was in the mood to dare anything, and then, she really did like him. Somehow before the evening was over, she had beguiled him into promising to take her to visit a fine collection of pictures then on exhibition for a few days. He was a little vexed with himself after he did it, but too much of a gentleman to be un-courteous. "Will you ask your sister Jessie to go?" he said. "Tell her I particularly desire it, and that I was most sorry not to see her to-night."

Rose bit her lip.

Jessie received her invitation, but it was short of his strength. Still, she half desired only she felt Rose did not want her. The beauty noticed her hesitation, and said, in a peculiar tone—"I didn't come back a day too soon. I find you have quite endeavored to fascinate Mr. Delancy."

Jessie blushed scarlet. Rose surveyed her with pitiless eyes. How cruel a little jealousy can make us.

"Well, will you go?"

"No," said Jessie, finding her tongue. "And I have not tried to do anything. Rose. Would you have had me refuse to see him?"

"Oh, no. But hereafter I can attend to him."

So Rose arrayed herself in a lovely fashion, and went down Broadway, proud of her escort. When Jessie heard the hall door shut, she covered her face with her hands until they were full of tears. At first she felt a little hardness towards Rose, then she convinced herself that Rose was quite right, only a little hasty. It was what she must expect—to see others preferred. What had she to attract any one? No longer young. It was her place to step aside.

Rose reasoned herself into a very complacent frame of mind while listening to Mr. Delancy. Jessie had been young and had her pleasures, her admirers, gone where she listed. If she should ever be that old, and single, she should expect to fall out of the ranks a little and give others a chance. And then—Mr. Delancy was a most delightful companion. What if—it was a daring thought, and for a minute analyzed her. Only a moment; however. If Mr. Delancy should come to fancy her as Mr. Ingersoll had Helen, and Mr. Wade Stacy, what then? She wondered if she could love him? He did not dance, did dancing was so delightful. He was not very fond of parties, he had said so that first night, and she was. Two or three girls of her acquaintance had married him as old and seemed very happy. He wouldn't object to her going out for awhile, and after that she might grow grave and sedate, and love him so well she would not care for any other interest.

Those were hardly thoughts, but something that floated through Rose's brain, confused with pictured faces, glorious sunsets, and several very elegant dresses that some of the visitors wore. Of comparing Mr. Delancy with other men, how many of them he distanced! Rose was tolerably well satisfied.

He was more familiar with her because he had decided in his own mind that under the name of sister, she would be very dear to him. He liked all the family, and was glad that he did. There was not one of them that he could not take to his heart, and this to a man with no family ties, was a pleasing prospect.

Yet Jessie's behavior puzzled him. He was both proud and sensitive, and felt, if certain of a rejection, he would never ask. Could it be that Jessie did not understand what was meant by all he had said and done? She did not love him yet as he hoped to be loved; would mere speaking, therefore, further his cause or mar it?

He determined at length to let matters take their own course for a few weeks, and then judge. For this purpose he became a frequent visitor at the Throckmortons, and soon grew into a general favorite. He made Rose understand, in some strange way that she could not oppose, that he expected to see Jessie, but so long as he paid her no pointed attention, Rose could hardly suspect that he cared for her. In fact, she was too much occupied with herself. Stacy, since the advent of a lover, had been a good deal engrossed, also, and this gave Rose a sort of lonely, detached feeling. She wanted some one to care especially for her. Mr. Delancy being most available just then, she elected him.

Jessie did not distinguish clearly how much was Rose, and how much was Mr. Delancy. She saw that they were a great deal together, from choice on both sides, she supposed; she fancied they harmonized, and concluded, in her own mind, what the ending would be. At first her heart rebelled a little. She could give no cause except that it seemed to her Rose would never study Mr. Delancy's happiness. And he deserved so much at any woman's hands.

He had keen eyes, and began to see after a little just how the case stood. Jessie had one of those sweet, self-sacrificing natures that was always ready to do and to suffer. She seemed to have given up any idea of happiness exclusively her own. He thought her a little wanting in spirit, rather too yielding, yet it was not in weakness or indolence. She was not making the most of her life, surely. No single life could be quite perfect, however; but he meant hers should be presently. They all claimed her too much, and she was very willing to be claimed. He had some very correct ideas of justice, and he thought it looked a little selfish in these two bright young girls to wish to crowd her out of any enjoyment that might reasonably be hers.

One evening when the drawing-room was quite full of company, he asked her to go out for a walk. Rose had left his side only the moment before.

Jessie had not the courage for such a step, I must confess. She thought it much better to give up the pleasure than endure the bitter things Rose would say afterwards, and so she declined.

"Will you go out driving with me to-morrow, then?" I think I have been tolerably generous of you for the past weeks.

A quick color suffused her face. Why, it was almost as if he had a right to her. "I don't know," she said slowly.

"Well, I know, I think you will go. I shall come for you at three."

This frightened Jessie.

"Oh, please don't!" she exclaimed, confusedly; "unless—"

"Unless what? Do you know, you are rattling mysterious and un-Jessie-like to-night?"

She recovered herself in an instant. "If you will take Rose, I shall be happy to go," she said, with a wonderful calmness that astonished him.

"Why do you want me to take Rose?"

"He tried to look into her eyes but they evaded him. There was a little tremulousness about her mouth, however."

"I cannot tell you why I wish it, only I do, and her voice was barely audible."

"Why do you object to going alone with me? You did not in the summer."

"There was no one else then."

"Well I want you. I do not want Rose, or I should ask her. Will you go?"

Poor Jessie. What did it all mean? It was not possible that Mr. Delancy should care especially for her, and it was very possible that he should and did care for Rose. And just now Rose was talking earnestly with a young naval officer, a new acquaintance. What if Mr. Delancy had done this from a little momentary pique!

"I would rather not."

Jessie made a great sacrifice. Those drives with him had been such a pleasure.

"Very well."

He turned away coldly. He was surprised, displeased. Jessie's refusal was too clear to be misunderstood. She had doubtless thought the matter over and concluded she could not love him, resolved to be more guarded in future, and show him his mistake in the kindest manner possible. It was doubt in her, doubtless, but just then he was in no mood to appreciate the kindness. Oh, could he be mistaken?

Just as he was going away a soft hand was laid on his arm. He turned and saw Jessie.

"Please don't be angry with me!" she said, in an entreating tone.

"Will you go, then?"

"Oh, I cannot." There were tears in her eyes.

That startled him. Yet he had opportunity for only one glimpse, as Rose came between.

He was in a restless mood, and squandered down to Mrs. Whittier's, soothed himself with a little music and a little talking.

"I wish you would come in to tea to-night," the lady said. "Mr. Whittier and I always enjoy it so. You have quite deserted me of late."

He was thinking of how he had come to tea once, there, and what a happy result it had brought about. In a half unconscious mood, he said, aloud—"If you will invite Miss Throckmorton."

Mrs. Whittier glanced up at him, but his face was impassable, almost gloomy.

"Reverend," she called him by his Christian name when she was particularly in earnest—"are you that way affected?"

He was a trifle amazed at the unwitting confidence. For a moment he considered the subject within himself, but then, motionless eyes, so full of sympathy and interest, which was not born of curiosity, won the day.

"Yes," he went on slowly, "I am that way affected. I don't know as it will do any good, though."

"It is Miss Jessie of course?"

"It is Jessie."

Mrs. Whittier knew then that he was in love. And from the drooping head, the irresolute eyes, and general expression, she gathered that there was some difficulty.

"Miss Throckmorton is not in love with any one else, of that I feel assured."

"The question that concerns me most, is whether she will ever be in love with me," he said, rather sadly.

"Have you tried to make her?" and Mrs. Whittier smiled in a half amused fashion.

"I don't know that I have absolutely tried. I thought events were going on smoothly enough, yet I confess I do not quite understand her now. She certainly does shut me out."

Then he remembered the pleading face and tearful eyes.

"You may be too cold or passive a wooer."

"Oh, Mrs. Whittier, you know I am not a cold man, that I have an ardent heart, that I can love. And now I am ready. I wonder if it is too late—if I am not capable of attracting the woman I want?"

He looked so boyish, so much in earnest, and so entirely winning, that Mrs. Whittier wished Jessie Throckmorton could see him just at that moment.

"Yes, I believe you can attract her. She is one of the finest women I know, so thoroughly honest and true, so noble, so patient. I should like to see her your wife. I should count on your being just as happy as one can be in this life. And I should like to see her married, for one rarely meets with a woman so capable of the highest enjoyment. She has a very happy home to be sure; but I think they all count on her staying single and devoting her life to them. It is unjust. One person has as good right to happiness as another."

He had remarked this, but it seemed to-night as if Jessie had given up of her own accord.

Mrs. Whittier came around to where he stood and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Reverend," she said, kindly, "what can I do for you?"

"Oh, nothing. Pardon me for being so foolish. I wonder if one doesn't lose readiness and persistency as one grows older?"

"You have gained more than you have lost; and you will be happy. I shall ask Miss Throckmorton to tea, and take her under my protection."

ten another book, which he calls "No-Joke." It is indeed no joke, but a very silly, stupid, indecent book. Mr. Helper declares its primary object in this publication to be to "write the negro out of America," and further, "to write him and manifold millions of other black and bi-colored castoffs, little better than himself, out of existence." The book is published by Carlton.—[N. Y. Evening Post.]

COMPANY MANNERS.

"Well," said Bessie, very emphatically, "I think Russell Morton is the best boy there is, any how!"

"Why so, put?" I asked, settling myself in the midst of the busy group gathered around in the firelight.

"I can tell," interrupted Wilfred, mockingly. "Bessie likes him because he always touches his hat to her."

"I don't care, you may laugh," said Frank little Bess; that is the reason—at least, one of 'em. He's nice; he keeps his boots clean; he doesn't stamp and hoot in the house—and he never says, 'Hallo, Bess,' or laughs when I fall on the ice."

"Bessie wants company manners all the time," said Wilfred. And Bess added, "We should all get grown up, if she had her fastidiousness suited."

Bel, it is said in passing, is very fond of long words, and has asked for a Dictionary for her next birthday present.

Dauntless Bessie made haste to retort. "Well, it wouldn't make much sense folks make agreeable, it's a pity we can't hurry about it."

"Wilfred, what are company manners?" interposed I from the depths of my easy chair.

"Why—why—they're—it's behaving, you know when folks are here, or we go a visiting."

"Company manners are good manners," said Horace, sentimentally.

"Oh yes," drawled I, meditating on it. "I see; manners that are too good—for mankind—but just right for Mrs. Jones."

"That's it," cried Bess. "Give it to 'em cousin dear."

"Not at all," I replied. "But let us talk it over a bit. Seriously, why should you be more polite to Mrs. Jones than to mamma? You don't love her better?"

"Oh, my! no, indeed," chorussed the voices.

"Well, then, I don't see why Mrs. Jones should have all that agreeable; why the hats should come off and the tones soften, and 'please' and 'thank you' and 'excuse me' should abound in her house and not in mamma's."

"Oh! that's different!"

"And mamma knows we mean all right. Besides, you are not fair, cousin; we were talking about boys and girls—not grown people."

"Thus my little audience assailed me, and I was forced to a change of base."

"Well, about boys and girls then. Cannot a boy be just as jolly, if like our friend Russell, he touches his cap to little girl, doesn't pitch his brother in the snow, and respects the rights of the elderly and infirm friends? It seems to me that politeness is just as suitable to the play-ground as the parlor."

"Oh, of course; if you'd have a fellow give up all fun, and keep forever bowing and scraping like a Frenchman!" grumbled Wilfred.

"My dear boy," said I, "that isn't what I want: Run, and jump, and shout as much as you please; skate, and slide, and snowball; but do it with politeness to other boys and girls, and I'll agree you shall find just as much fun in it. You sometimes accuse me of undue love for Burke Holland, whom you say I pet more than any of my child-friends. Can I help it? For though he gets into scrapes in plenty, and is thoroughly frolicsome, his manners are always good. You never see him with his chair tipped up, or his hat on in the house. He never pushes ahead of you to get first out of the room. If you are going out he holds open the door; if weary, it is Burke who brings a glass of water, places a chair, hands a fan—springs to pick up your handkerchief—and all this without being told to do so, or interfering with his own gaiety in the least. Moreover, this attention isn't given to me as the guest, or to Mrs. Jones when he visits her, but to mamma, Aunt Jennie, and little sister, just as carefully; at home, in school, or at play; there is always just so much guarded politeness. His courtesy is not merely for state occasions; but a well fitting garment, worn constantly."

"Why, I understand; he treats everybody just as Bernard does Cousin Zilphie," explained little Daisy.

"Ah—yes?" I assented. "I think his good-breeding, of gentleness, is, after all, genuine loving-kindness. In fact, that is exactly what real politeness is; carefulness for others, and watchfulness over ourselves, lest our angles shall interfere with their comfort. I am sure I think we all ought to cultivate it. The apostle Peter must have deemed it important, when among other charges he bade the brethren 'be pitiful; be courteous.'"

"I knew you wouldn't let us off without a sermon," said Wilfred, half sulkily.

"Hush up, you grumbler!" said Horace. "Cousin is right. We will all begin to be polite at once. We'll be as polite as the man I read about the other day—somebody great too—but I can't remember his name—any way, somebody, who when he tumbled over an old cow lying across the sidewalk one dark evening, took off his hat and said, 'excuse me, Madam!'"

How the children laughed! So our talk ended in a frolic, which lasted till the children's bedtime. But when they had trooped away with many kisses and much noise, I sat looking into the bright coals and thinking it over, until at last I concluded I would ask my little Congregationalist and Recorder friends, now ready, what do you think about Company Manners?—[Congregationalist and Recorder.]

Waterville Mail.

FTH MAXHAM, DASHING, EDITOR.

WATERVILLE, JULY 5, 1867.



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THE INSTITUTE CONCERT. Last evening, secured a larger audience than the drenching rain led us to expect. The leading attraction, to this community, was Mrs. Mariner, whose return to her native village, after several years of musical study and practice in California and New York, had excited a general desire to listen to one whose sweet and flexible voice was remembered even back to her childhood. Her growing public reputation in the highest musical circles abroad, had excited expectations not easily met. But, with one and all, they were more than met. We may say this with marked emphasis—and we need say no more. The pride that so many felt almost as a personal interest, was more than gratified. The voice that had been so wonderfully sweet, had become as wonderfully powerful—as charmingly polished and cultivated. The only shadow left upon the audience, came from the thought that her far distant home made it doubtful whether they ever heard her again. She had taken much pains to confer upon the school at which she had been educated, and towards whose principal she cherished grateful sentiments, this benefit concert; so that with the respect, she has also the thanks of her many friends. Her associate artists were her friends, whose interest for her made them also generous to the occasion; and Waterville Classical Institute will long feel its indebtedness to their kind efforts. Mr. Campbell, basso, of New York, Mr. MacDonald, tenor, of Boston, and Mr. Kotzschmar, pianist, of Portland, were each received by the audience with expressions of marked admiration. Mr. Campbell generously tarried to sing at the Exhibition on Friday evening; the programme having also the name of Mrs. Mariner.

GOOD FLOCKS.—Mr. Geo. Hanscom, of Albion, has a flock of 52 sheep, that may be described as native, mingled with Southdown and Cotswold, and partly "fined" with about 1-4 Merino; from which he sheared an average of 5 lbs. of well washed wool. Twelve yearlings, slightly Merino, averaged 6 lbs.; and his grade buck, (about 1-4 Merino) sheared 14 lbs. of unwashed wool. He is a noble sheep of his class. Mr. H. has a few of our "Green Mountain Boy" lambs that we hope he will show this Fall. There are but few flocks of sheep, of the same class, that equal that of Mr. Hanscom. He takes care of them himself—and care it is, as the result shows.

The flock of Dr. Boutelle, of Waterville, consisting of 132 sheep, averaged 7-13 lbs. unwashed, the growth of about 11-12 months—one heavy buck fleece included. They are grade Merinos, with a few full-bloods. Dr. B. shears early, (last week in April, this year) having warm barns and giving his sheep good care. In two years trial he finds marked advantage in doing so.

DR. FRED C. THAYER, grandson of the late Dr. Stephen Thayer, so long known as a Waterville physician, has nobly ventured upon the footsteps of his venerable predecessor, by opening an office on Main-St., over Alden's Jewelry store. He is one of the few sons of Waterville who are bold enough to trust to their talents and merits for working out a desirable practice at home. Well, his record is a fair one—and letters from Brunswick commend him in strong terms for the zeal and industry with which he has prosecuted his medical studies. We heartily wish him success, and trust he will prove that "there's no place like home," for those who have faith in themselves, to lay the corner stone of a good name.

THE SURRATT TRIAL is not yet finished, but the cases look worse for the prisoner every day. Bradley, his counsel, a genuine natural blackguard and bully, not content with badgering the witnesses, attempted to assault Judge Fisher recently, while he was off the bench, although the Judge was new at the time.

On Wednesday several additional witnesses testified to the presence of the prisoner in Washington on the day of the assassination and one stated that he saw the prisoner arranging the peculiar attachment of the box door of the theatre which was shown on the conspiracy trial. The government will close its case on Friday, to which day the court adjourned. The defence say they will want about two weeks for presentation of their evidence.

[For the Mail.]

"Honor thy Father and Mother."

A recent conversation with one of the most worthy and respectable of the middle-aged matrons of our village, brings fresh to remembrance some of her early history. The daughter of very respectable parents in indigent circumstances, at an early age she was ambitious to aid her father in paying off some debts, and at fifteen she carried home a considerable sum, as the avails of teaching her first "summer school," which paid the taxes for that year, on the homestead. From that time she went on to educate and prepare herself for usefulness, and assist "the family," which she has not failed to do; nor has she failed to be a help to society.

This brings to mind a few instances of fidelity and infidelity in children, which I would like to see printed in parallel columns and preserved. They are as follows:—

CASE 1ST.—Two brothers, Elijah and Richard. Elijah was the eldest and favorite son, and enjoyed the best advantages the home could afford; he seemed to think the best was none too good for him, and that the hardest labor legitimately fell to his younger brother. He never seemed to feel it incumbent on him to assist his father and mother. He was very popular with the ladies—a ladies' man. Dissipation gained upon him, he left home to dishonor himself, and is now supposed to fill an unknown grave.

Richard, the second son, was less brilliant; felt it a favor to have what home could afford, after father and mother and the rest of the family were served, and kept the commandment, "Honor thy Father and Mother," etc. His parents now rest, and he is an honored citizen in his native town.

CASE 2D.—Two brothers, William and John. William, the eldest, was a timid and retiring boy, devoted to his mother, and she taught him to respect his father. Home was not very promising to him in a worldly view. At an early age he went out into the world, to fight the battles of life, and for years all his hard earned dollars, after deducting a frugal living for a single man, were carefully paid over to "father," to help support and educate "the family." He has succeeded in life and is now enjoying the comforts of a home and family, and the confidence of all who know him.

John, the second son, at an early age made up his mind that home could do but little for him, and that it was best for him, father and mother and all of home to part company, and let each care for him or herself. He wandered off into the world, and became a wanderer. No friend now knows where his body rests, if it rest anywhere.

Such instances could be multiplied indefinitely, and show the force of the command, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth to thee."

FIFTY YEARS.

CONGRESS re-assembled on Wednesday, 34 Senators and 120 representatives responding at roll-call. But little business was done except to adopt a resolution inquiring what legislation is needed on reconstruction, and the two Houses adjourned till Friday.

TICONIC WATER POWER AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY.—The first assessment of this company, is due on the 15th inst. and payments can be made at the Waterville Bank. See notice in advertising columns. Mr. De Witt, in the employ of the Spragues, is engaged in making surveys for this company.

MINISTER ADAMS, it is said, gave Wm. Lloyd Garrison cool comfort at the public breakfast given to the latter in London recently. There is a little too much blue blood in Adams's veins to have his heart very warm toward anybody.

WE call attention to the advertisement of Mr. Gilbreth, Kendall's Mills. The "Clipper" is doubtless one of the very best mowers in use; and the "Walter A. Wood," even before its recent triumph over all others at Paris, had taken any number of premiums, in the sharpest contests. Farmers who have not yet purchased will do well to see both these Machines.

HON. S. L. GOODALE, of Saco, has been named as a candidate for Commissioner of Agriculture, an office made vacant by the death of Hon. Isaac Newton. That is a nomination eminently fit to be made.

BEATEN!—An egg measuring 7 inches by 8-3-4 in circumference, and weighing 5 ounces, may be seen at our table. Mr. C. H. Boardman, an earnest poultry fancier, of Waterville, consigns it to us through the hands of a prominent state officer; so the boys who have heretofore contributed to this department, will see that they have "worked up an interest," and that they must put on men's boots if they intend to carry the banner.

STRAWBERRIES.—This is a good time, when this delicious fruit is so eagerly sought, to see what can be done in the garden. Those who would learn this can have an opportunity at the beautiful garden of Mr. Hathaway, on Appleton St. They may connect with their efforts more or less of the expense there incurred; but Mr. H. has shown how beautifully judicious labors to this end are rewarded.

THE MOOSEHEAD LAKE RAILROAD CO., with a capital of over one million dollars, was organized at Belfast on Wednesday. The charter was accepted and Mr. Alden, Hon. Thos. Marshall, president of the Belfast National Bank, Col. A. W. Johnson, Axel Hayford, and other prominent citizens were chosen directors. Measures were taken for the immediate construction of the road.

OUR TABLE.

THE ECLECTIC for July is embellished with a fine portrait of Gen. John A. Dix, Minister to France, and has the following table of contents:—
The Works of Mrs. Gaskell; Religion in America, by Edward Dickey; A Memory of Samuel Rogers, by S. C. Hall; On the Struggle for Existence among Plants, by J. D. Hooker, M. D. F. R. S.; Marrying a Ghost; Are there Jews in Cornwall? A Riddle and its Solution, by Prof. Max Muller; Archæology in the Bastille; The Bengal Famine of 1866 (concluded); France under Richelieu and Colbert; Greenwich Time; Some Notes upon the Characters in Shakespeare's play of Macbeth, by Fanny Kemble; Hope and Memory; A Russian Foundling Hospital, from the German; Blank Verse; The Elasticity of Time; Hebrew Poetry; Charles V. and the German Protestants; Poetry; Brief Notes on Books; Science; Varieties.

The number is an unusually good one. Published by W. H. Bidwell, No. 6 Beekman Street, New York, at 55 cts. a year.

AMERICAN JOURNAL OF HORTICULTURE.

The July number of this elegant monthly has the following table of contents:—
On Planting Trees, and Staking; Cyrtipedia (concluded); Crossbushes; Strawberries; New Apples; Grafting the Grape-Vine; Lily-Ponds; Nonsensical Verses; Knowledge; Prairie-Flowers; Dracæna Terminalis (culture); Notes and Gleanings, occupying nearly half of the number, and made up of many interesting and valuable items; Editor's Letter-Box.

We earnestly commend this work to the attention of all interested in the subjects of which it treats, for it has no equal in this class.

Published by J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, at \$3 a year, with liberal premiums to clubs.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE, "Our Boys and Girls," for July 6th, which is the first number of the new volume, appears enlarged and improved. It contains a fine portrait of Oliver Optic, and the first two chapters of a new story by him—entitled "Breaking Away, or the Fortunes of a Student," a great variety of stories, sketches and illustrations; a marked declamation, and the usual romances, Enigmas, Clarendon, etc. This number comes with a beautiful cover, printed in color, and is elegantly illustrated.

Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY for July has two fine embellishments—"And some fell among thorns," and "Looking for Papa." It is a well filled and interesting number.

Published by Poe & Hitchcock, Cincinnati, at \$3 60 a year.

OUR SCHOOLDAY VISITOR.—The July number of this illustrated Magazine for Young People is filled with a variety of good things for its readers, including a Letter from London, by Mrs. M. A. Denison; a chapter on Entomology; The Pocket Compass, a dialogue; Echoes from Africa; a piece of music; with stories, poems, sketches, etc., too numerous to mention, and a host of puzzles, geometrical exercises, etc. This is a most excellent juvenile monthly.

Published by J. W. Daughdaway & Co., Philadelphia, at \$1.25 a year.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for June contains the following articles:—
Brownlow's Part 5; The Reign of Law; My Hunt of the Silver Fox; Was George III. a Constitutional King? Strikes and Trades-Union; Dante in English Verse; Rome; The Reform Bill; Clause III. and Mr. Lowe; Index.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.—The June number has the following table of contents:—
Origin of Species; A Dutch Political Novel; Modern Views of the Atonement; Facetiae; Archbishops; Sharp; Characteristics of American Literature—Poetry; M. Prevost Parrot; Report on Scotch Education.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 28 Walker Street, New York, the terms of subscription being as follows:—For any one of the four Reviews, \$4 per annum; any of the two Reviews, \$7; any of the three Reviews, \$10; all four Reviews, \$13; Blackwood's Magazine, \$10; Blackwood and one Review, \$7; Blackwood and any two Reviews, \$10; Blackwood and any three of the Reviews, \$13; Blackwood and the four Reviews, \$15—with large discounts 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.

MERRY'S MUSEUM.—In the July number of this well known juvenile, we have another chapter of the "Story of the Cattle, the Tin-Washer," and numerous other stories, etc., the whole making a very agreeable treat for its young patrons.

Published by E. H. Fales, 172 William Street, New York, at \$1.50 a year.

BASE BALL.—The Sheridan Club came down promptly on the Fourth to meet their engagement with the Dolphics, but the rain necessitated a postponement of the game. Our boys made them at home, however, and they carried out Friday afternoon, when the match was played with the following result:—Dolphics, 59; Sheridans 26. The weather was very fine, a large number of spectators witnessed the playing, which was on the College grounds, and nothing occurred to mar the enjoyment of either spectators or players.

CATTLE MARKETS.—About 200 cattle were reported this week, and nearly 10,000 sheep, with very few of either from Maine. Beef and mutton were both lower. Extra beef was quoted at 13 1-2 to 14 1-2; first quality, 13 to 13 1-4; second, 12 1-2 to 12 3-4; third, 11 1-2 to 12. Sheep, 4 1-2 to 6c; extra, 6 1-2; in lots, \$3 to \$5.

THE AUBURN TRIAL has resulted in a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree, in the case of Verrill, but at the request of the prisoner's counsel, who proposes a motion in arrest of judgment, the court adjourned to Monday. The case of Harris will not come up till that of Verrill is disposed of.

THE READING ROOM of the Young Men's Christian Association, in Boutelle Block is open every evening, (Sundays excepted) from 6 to 9 1-2 o'clock; prayer meeting every Sunday evening, to which ladies are invited, from 6 1-2 to 7 1-4 o'clock.

Ten persons, four of them students in Colby University, were baptized by Rev. Mr. Shaw, last Sabbath, and admitted to the Baptist Church in this village.

It has been reported quietly for some time in official circles that the military commission by which Mrs. Surraat was tried and sentenced recommended her to the mercy of the President, and it has now been definitely ascertained that this report is true, and that the recommendation is in the handwriting of Hon. John A. Bingham, the assistant judge-advocate-general.

Lieut.-General Sherman advises offensive operations against the Indians instead of the defensive measures of the past few months.

A large number of Fenians have been arrested while drilling secretly in Ireland.

MAXIMILIAN.

Maximilian lies dead in a "hospitable grave," under the ruins of his Mexican throne. Of all modern "usurpers," the mildest, the wisest and the best, he has paid the forfeit of his life for sharing in the ambitious plans of the "Man of December." Of a house that is famous in history for its hatred of reform and of liberty, he alone is known to have shared the spirit of the age, to have favored progress in civilization and to have sympathized with the aspirations of the times. And yet, while Hungary crowns his brother, and France does honor to his temple, he has been cut off in the flower of his youth by the bullets of his republican-victors. As it was the President, not the man, whom Boston honored the other day, it was the invader and not the Prince whom Mexico shot. It is the usual fate of representative men, for good and for evil, in every nation on the globe. We may deplore it, but we are powerless to avert it.

Maximilian was undoubtedly invited to Mexico by Mexicans. The same party had intrigued for an American protectorate with turbid as nominal chief; and it was only when Congress defeated Mr. Corwin's celebrated scheme that they applied to Europe. They can hardly be termed as traitors; for their ruling motive was to establish a stable government in their distracted country.

The French forces landed at Vera Cruz in December, 1864. For nearly a year they did nothing but wait—making trivial demonstrations on Puebla—being anxious, it is alleged, to ascertain whether our government would practically enforce the Monroe doctrine. As we had enough to do at that period to enforce the more famous and more vital Jackson doctrine—"the Union must and shall be preserved"—the French encountered no opposition from us. Puebla fell in May, 1865, and the city of Mexico was delivered into the hands of General Forey on the 12th of June. In Napoleon's instructions to this commander, he ordered him, after capturing the City of Mexico, "to aid the Mexicans in establishing, in conformity with their wishes, a government which may have some chance of stability," and which would "assure to France the redress of the wrongs of which she complains." Another paragraph very plainly indicated that Napoleon preferred a monarchy. And then followed the declaration which has secured for Napoleon the well-earned detestation of the American people—which no subsequent politeness has ever obliterated, or even can, because it was spoken in the hour of our apparent helplessness:—

"It is our interest that the republic of the United States shall be powerful and prosperous; but it is not at all to our interest that she should grasp the whole Gulf of Mexico, rule the Antilles as well as South America, and be the sole dispenser of the products of the New World."

Nor have the American people forgotten his repeated attempts to convince the world of the sincerity of this declaration by endeavoring to induce England to join with him in recognizing the southern confederacy.

And again, in this important state paper, Napoleon declared:—

"If Mexico preserve its independence, and maintain the integrity of its territory, if a stable government be there established with the aid of France, we shall have restored to the Latin race on the other side of the ocean its force and its prestige; we shall have guaranteed the safety of our own and the Spanish colonies in the Antilles."

Gen. Forey, on the 11th of June, convened a committee of thirty-five eminent Mexican citizens, who were authorized to call an assembly of notables from the various States, to determine upon a government for Mexico. This committee issued a manifesto to the people, which "accepted the situation," as we phrase it, and invested Almonte, Salas, and Ormalchea with the supreme executive power.

Forey returned to France, and was succeeded by Bazaine in August, 1865. He called together the notables—the same party who had before sought first American and then French protection—and this body proclaimed a constitution, declaring a limited hereditary monarchy, the chief to bear the title of emperor, and offering the crown to Maximilian. A deputation was appointed to tender the throne to Maximilian—which it did in September, 1865. He agreed to accept it if "the result of the vote of the whole country," should confirm the choice of the notables, and the great powers of Europe should guarantee the stability of his throne.

The question was submitted to the people. It is both asserted and denied that the election was free and untrammelled. It is idle to discuss the point to-day. Mexico has settled it for all time. Maximilian was declared elected, and on the 10th of April formally accepted the crown. In May, 1864, he landed at Vera Cruz, and on the 12th of June he arrived in the City of Mexico, and at once entered on the arduous task of endeavoring to establish a stable government over an unwilling people.

It is unnecessary to recapitulate the events of his reign. Constantly baffled in his statesmanlike efforts to civilize Mexico, alike by insurgent patriots and disaffected allies—deserted by Napoleon when he found that his hopes of our national dissolution had ended by the surrender of General Lee—he struggled gallantly indeed, but in vain, until, at last, betrayed by his most trusted generals, he fell into the hands of the liberal forces.

Personally, Maximilian has an excellent record. Born in 1832, the son of Francis Charles Joseph, Archduke of Austria, when his father, on the abdication of Ferdinand, renounced his claim to the throne in favor of his eldest son, Francis Joseph, the present Emperor, he stood next in order of succession to the crown. As a youth he was studious and bore an excellent character in one of the most immoral cities of Europe. The various offices that he filled endeared him to the people; for he was an indulgent and generous officer and ruler. Indeed he was so liberal to the people of the Italian provinces that his brother recalled him in indignation at his conduct. In order to accept the Mexican throne he made great sacrifices in Austria, and there is little room for doubt that he had left Europe with the belief that he would be able to regenerate Mexico. He made every effort to conciliate Juarez and the other liberal leaders and to induce an immigration into Mexico.

He might easily have escaped from the country, even long after the evacuation of the French; but a sense of personal honor and of duty to his friends impelled him to share their fate. There is something pathetic in the tone of the letters to his counsellors and generals which the liberals have lately intercepted and published. He appears to have tried zealously to check the brutality of his partisans; but he was powerless to control the military Frankenstein which he had created. He played with edged tools; and he has paid the forfeit. That Napoleon may yet receive his share of the penalty due for the crime against Mexico, is to-day

the sincere desire of a large majority of our people. [Bost. Adv.]

THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

376 Miles open for Travel—to Julesburg.

The telegraph has announced the completion of this road to Julesburg, 376 miles from Omaha, and the materials are nearly all on the ground to lay the track to the base of the Rocky Mountains—141 miles further—by September next. This is certainly very rapid work, but intelligent correspondents say it is well done, and that the road is well equipped; that its depots and stations are of brick and stone, and its locomotives and cars of the best. The U. S. Commissioners are also compelled to testify that it is in all respects a first-class road before the Government will accept it. The business of this road is already surprising. The thousands of teams that once spent a summer in toiling over the prairies have transferred their loads to the rail-track, and by autumn the locomotive will be at the base of the Rocky Mountains. The editor of *Harper's Weekly* remarks that "when the Union Pacific is completed, all other lines of railway will become, to a certain extent, its feeders. Along its entire route over the great Plains lateral branches will be constructed, which will pour into their way-side contributions to an extent that cannot to-day be approximately estimated."

Already, with less than one-third of its length complete, it is earning several times its operating expenses, as officially stated. Such success is without precedent. When it reaches the already populous gold regions of Montana, Idaho, and Nevada, the freight to and from those points alone is likely to be almost fabulous. And population follows the road as it extends. A town or village marks each stage of its progress. Who can calculate the quantity of way freight that the road is destined to carry for these rising communities? Who, indeed, can estimate the passenger traffic alone? When hundreds of thousands of persons, with their families towards the West, have tramped over the Plains at the risk of their scalps, how many peradventure will ride, when they can make the journey with safety in a few days? But a short time will elapse before the demands of trade will call for a second track, to be used exclusively as a freight road, over which an endless line of slowly-moving vans shall continuously pass, leaving the other track for the use of impatient passengers only.

Our readers will perceive by reference to the Company's advertisement, that it offers its First Mortgage Bonds, paying six per cent. interest in gold to subscribers, at ninety cents on the dollar. These bonds are a *first lien* upon the road, and are limited in amount to \$16,000 to the mile.

The Company states their net earnings for the month of May, while only 260 miles of road were in operation, at \$261,782—a sum which, after deducting operating expenses, is several times the interest on the bonds they are by law permitted to issue upon it. If the earnings are so large upon the *way* business, what may we not reasonably expect when the connection is made in 1870 with the Pacific Coast? We can see no reason why the First Mortgage Bonds of such a road are not a safe security, and they are 15 per cent. cheaper than Government bonds at the market rate. Subscriptions are already large, and are received by banks and bankers generally throughout the country.

HEROIC ACT BY A DRAW-TENDER.—The heroism of a draw-tender, named Dennis Colgan, employed at the East Bridgeport bridge on the New Haven Railroad, prevented a most frightful accident on Friday last week. The draw had been opened to let a schooner pass; the ball was down and the bridge some fifteen feet out of place when the train came in sight, and pushed along at the usual speed, the engineer not seeing the signal and knowing nothing about it till within twenty feet of the draw. By the greatest exertion the bridge was swung into place, but as the train strikes the draw at a strong curve on the west side, a train coming from it from that direction would inevitably swing it open unless it was locked. Knowing this, Colgan ran across the bridge in the face of the advancing train, and in spite of the cries of the spectators, dropped in front of the engine, and succeeded in locking the bridge with about an inch of bar, and sliding to the platform below. So narrow was his escape in performing this heroic deed that all thought he had been crushed to death beneath the wheels of the car.

THE SURRATT TRIAL.—Washington, July 1, 1867.—The Criminal Court room was as crowded as ever to-day. The greater part of the day was taken up in the continued cross-examination of Weichman, which was finished about mid-afternoon. The defence bullied him all they could, and finally provoked him into telling what he had before kept secret, viz.: that on the morning after the assassination Miss Annie Surraat said at the breakfast table that the death of Lincoln was no more loss than the death of a nigger. The cross examination was most severe, but does not materially break the force of his evidence. They succeeded in showing that he has changed three or four of the numerous dates he fixed two years ago, and the course of their questioning indicated well enough that they have half a dozen witnesses who are to be used most strenuously for his impeachment when the time comes.

The evidence of Dr. McMillan, the surgeon of the vessel on which Surraat escaped to England, is the most important brought forward. The doctor is a courteous and intelligent gentleman of thirty-five, whose testimony was given in a careful and conscientious manner that produced a profound sensation and carried irresistible conviction. He was the first witness, too, who had pluck and independence enough to resent the bullying and insulting course of the prisoner's counsel. He told Merrick that his language was that of a coward and a sneak, and for his part he would not submit to it anywhere. Mr. Merrick was completely cowed and all loyal men were greatly delighted. Dr. McMillan's testimony affected the prisoner most notably and significantly, and his manner left no doubt that the witness told the truth about Surraat's confession. It was noticed by everybody when he related how Surraat had told him about shooting Union soldiers escaping from Richmond, that Surraat turned all sorts of colors, and finally seemed on the point of fainting in his chair. So too, when he testified about Surraat's admitting that if he returned to America he would be hanged. The prisoner sunk all out of sight and manifested the most abject fear. It is known that Dr. McMillan has more conclusive testimony to give than any yet brought out. He will be on the witness-stand again to-morrow.

BAPTIST ANNIVERSARIES.—The anniversary of the Baptist denominations of this State, were held last week at Rockland. Rev. W. H. Shailer, D. D., was elected President of the Missionary Convention; Rev. N. J. Wheeler,

Sec. Secretary; and Prof. J. B. Foster, Treasurer. The receipts for the last year amount to over four thousand dollars, which was an advance over any former year. The work of Domestic Missions has been unusually prosperous. Committees reported to the Convention on the subject of Sunday Schools, Publications, Home and Foreign Missions, the National Institute, which has established schools for the education of colored preachers among the freedmen, of whom over 600 are now in a course of study. Sermons were preached by Rev. Messrs. Rounds and Carleton, of this State, Fulton, of Boston, and Randolph of Philadelphia. Rev. Adam Wilson, D. D., was chosen President of the Education Society; Rev. H. F. Shaw, Sec.; and Prof. Lyford, Treasurer. Annual sermon by Rev. Mr. Matthews. The weather was delightful, the meetings fully attended, and the occasion one of marked interest.

CRETAN AFFAIRS.—The latest official accounts received from Crete are dated June 4. They contain no confirmation of the reported victories of Omar Pacha, though these were said to have taken place June 3. According to advice from Heracleon, in Crete, Omar Pacha attacked the Greeks with his whole army on the 1st of June, but from the fact that the Turks maintained an obstinate silence in regard to the issue of the battle, it is inferred that they were badly beaten. The foreign powers seemed to have relinquished their attention of advocating the right of suffrage for the Cretans, and with a view to induce unanimity of action, they confine their efforts to the proposal of a commission to examine the complaints and claims of the Cretans. But the Cretans state that they will not be satisfied with anything short of complete independence.

MEXICAN NEWS.—The following particulars of the execution of Maximilian and of recent operations in Mexico have been received by way New Orleans:—

The trial of Maximilian, Mejia Miramon ended on the 14th ult., and they were sent on the 16th. Juarez suspended the execution for three days, and they were shot on the 19th, at 11 o'clock in the morning. All colonels of the imperial army are sentenced to six years imprisonment, Lieut.-colonels to five years, and minor officers to two years imprisonment. Brigadier-generals and the exceptional officers are to be tried by court-martial. The city of Mexico was surrendered to Diaz June 21. A despatch from New York says, advices from Vera Cruz to the 21st ult. state that the city was almost ready to capitulate. Gen. Santa Anna was a prisoner at Campeachy. Important documents had been found on his person and he was under close surveillance.

THE MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD.—The Bangor Times has the following good word for the management of this road:—

A HANDSOME TRAIN.—Doubtless as handsome a train of cars as can be found anywhere in this country left the Maine Central depot this morning. One of the cars, No. 4, is quite new, having been put on the track the past week, and the two others have been running but a short time. All are of the monitor pattern and very substantially built. The new car is just from the company's shop at Waterville and is one of five which have been put on the Maine Central since July last. In all respects it is the nearest, most convenient and the handsomest car we ever saw. We are assured that the work upon it was all done in the Waterville shop, and that Marston of this city did the ornamental portion which is especially attractive. Superintendent Noyes is indefatigable in his efforts to meet all the wants of the traveling public, and under his supervision the Maine Central has come to be one of the best equipped and conducted railroads in New England, and a credit to the State of Maine.

The Gardiner Home Journal has the following good word for one of our public institutions:—

A friend, who has recently made a visit to the Williams House, Waterville, now kept by Chas. Smith, wishes to advise us all to call there who desire good treatment, good fare and good lodging. By his request, and on the strength of his recommendation, we commend Mr. Smith to the travelling public.

Deafness and Catarrh.

ANOTHER OF DR. CARPENTER'S CURES.

Testimonial of Mr. A. F. Boynton.

LEWISTON, June 27, 1867.

For many years I was afflicted with Chronic Catarrh and Bronchitis. I had a bad cough, dullness, pains and confusion in my head, loss of memory, profuse discharges from my nostrils and throat, digestion, strength and health so impaired as to unfit me for business or exertion, and fast failing; and I do not think I should now be in existence had I not consulted Dr. Carpenter now at the DeWitt House, Lewiston, for all my efforts for relief had been unsuccessful; but knowing Dr. C. had permanently cured a neighbor (Mr. L. K. Moody,) of catarrh and polypos, I was induced to visit him and take a course of his treatment and I am most grateful to be able to say that his remedies have cured my catarrh and bronchitis, and restored my general health. I reside at West Waterville, where any interested person can see or hear from me.

A. F. BOYNTON.

Dr. Carpenter has returned to Lewiston and can be consulted at the DeWitt House as usual, a few weeks, upon all diseases of the eye, ear throat and Catarrh.

FOR THE CURE OF NEURALGIA and other Nervous Diseases, many eminent physicians have prescribed *Turner's Universal Neuralgia Pills* with the most satisfactory results. In thousands of cases it has effected permanent cures, and we are glad to call the attention of our readers who are sufferers from this very common complaint, to a remedy which comes to us so well endorsed that we cannot doubt it will prove efficacious in nine cases out of ten. It may be had of any druggist.

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

Nine-tenths of the Ivory handles of pens are made of oxen's shin bones.

One counsel.—It turns out that the sea-serpent in the lakes was only an advertising dodge of a hotel keeper.

A writer in Notes and Queries has discovered that Don Quixote means Don Thigh-piece—quixote being armor for the cuisse or thigh.

Schell, the artist, is likewise a punster. When with some of his brethren out sketching, one of the club proposed to remain and sketch another landscape. "Oh, no," says Schell, "let's catch the car."

The Minneapolis Tribune says: "Among our dispatches this morning is one from London dated this morning at one o'clock, which was received here last evening before twelve o'clock. Many of our readers are learning the news of London this morning, before probably

KENDALL'S MILLS ME

IN LETS execute all orders for those in need of services.
E—First 888 South of Railroad Bridge Mo.; S
INKHAM & Co. Licenses of two (and all) patent
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cost, which any one is liable to, by employing
free no license.

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continues to meet all or
in the above line. In a ma
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the best employers for
rised that indicates some
rich in the business.

Orders promptly attended to on application at his store
Main Street,
opposite Marston's Block
WATERVILLE.

AT HOME AGAIN!

Our subscriber would inform the citizens of Waterville that he has taken the store lately occupied by Mr. J. H. Marshall and purchased his stock of

FLOUR AND GROCERIES.
making large additions thereto, and will be happy to
their business acquaintance, and respectfully solicit
their patronage.
I will pay cash and the highest market price for all
products,
JOSEPH PERCIVAL
24
villib, Dec. 1863.

OW, Physician and Surgeon; No. 7 Endbot
ston, is consulted daily for all diseases incident
system. Prolapsus Uteri or Falling of the W
libus, Suppression, and other Menstrual derange
reated on new pathological principles and speed
anted in a very few days. So invariably cert
mode of treatment, that most obstinate comp
derit, and the afflicted person soon rejoices in p
ow has no doubt had greater experience in the c

Removal—Special Notice:

MRS. BRADBURY
 is pleased to announce that she now occupies her
 new and commodious place of business in the
 third building south of that occupied by her
 former partner.
 B. returns thanks for a long continued and gen-
 eral patronage, and pledges her best efforts to offer a com-
 modious stock of
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SMALL WARES,
will meet the wants of the community in variety
and price.
Special attention will be given to furnishing
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The use of public patronage is respectfully solicited.
J. B. 1875

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN PATENT
R. H. EDDY,
SOLICITOR OF PATENTS,
Agent of U. S. Patent Office, Washington
(under the Act of 1837.)

78 State Street, opposite Kibby Street,
BOSTON.

ER an extensive practice of upwards of twenty
continues to secure Patents in the United States
at Britain, France, and other foreign countries
Specifications, Bonds, Assignments, and all P
awings for Patents, executed on liberal terms
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to determine the validity or utility of Patent
long—and local Copies of the claims of any P

by remitting One Dollar. Assignments received by the Commissioner of Patents.

The Agency in the United States possesses facilities for obtaining Patents, or ascertaining the validity of them.

Within eight months the subscriber, in the course of practice, made on twice rejected Applications, APPEALS; EVERY ONE of which was decided in favor of the Applicant.

By the Commissioner of Patents

TESTIMONIALS.

Regarding Mr. Eddy as one of the MOST CAPABLE AND
practitioners with whom I have had official
CHARLES MASON,
Commissioner of Patents.

I have no hesitation in assuring inventors that they
employ a person MORE COMPETENT AND TRUSTWORTHY
more capable of putting their applications in a form
for them as early and favorable consideration as
OFFICE.
EDMUND RUKKE,
Late Commissioner of Patents.

Mr. R. H. Eddy has made for me THIRTEEN applications for all but ONE of which patents have been granted. I am now PENDING. Such irrefragable proof of his ability and his past leads me to recommend him to apply to him to procure their patents, as I am sure of having the most faithful attention bested in all cases, and at very reasonable charges."

JOHN TAGGA

Boston, Jan. 1, 1867.—1yr25

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RHEUMATIC DIFFICULTIES
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"The Book," &c.

at this condition may be, may at once cure his
y, privacy, and radically. **THIS LECTURE**
IS A BOON TO THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS
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them, CHAS. J. C. KLINE & CO
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15-16

I have been induced to purchase this Horse by the request of farmers for a larger Stock horse than those used. I have endeavored to select one whose pedigree and color and size would give promise of valuable service they did not trot fast. In addition I may say, this horse, now new to us, is a fast horse and of two or three other uses.

Y. Bonner's Lady Woodruff, Rose Washington, and fast horses.
Orders are invited to examine at their convenience.
KAWA is of a beautiful chestnut color, 16 hands high, weighs 1200 pounds.
ENTRANCE—\$15 for Season Service; \$20 to warrant Season from May 15 to Sept.
T. S. LAM

C. 5th of Art. 5th of the By-Laws of the Town of
ville reads as follows:—
BE IT further ordered, That no person shall drive
his horse through or in any street or public place
village, on the run, or at an immoderate pace, dang-
safety of the persons passing or being thereon, or
of any person, except in cases of urgent need, under
penalty of one dollar.¹¹
This By Law will be enforced after this date.

ville, March 13, 1867. J NYE, Insp. Pol
37
RL and Crystal Drop Trimming, just received, and
ate by E. & S. FISH
BEC COUNTY.—In Probate Court, at Augusta, on
Monday of June, 1867.
NAR G RICKER, widow of Samuel Ricker, late
Vaterille, in said County, deceased, having pre-
plication for allowance out of the personal estate
passed:

KEEP, That notice thereof be given three weeks
prior to the second Monday of July next,
1911, a newspaper printed in Waterville, that all per-
sons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be
held at Waterville, Maine, on the 2nd day of August, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of
the petition should not be granted.

H. K. HAKES, Judge.

Attest, J. BUNYON, Register.