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Maxham & Wing

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EVENING BRINGS US HOME.

Upon the hills the wind is sharp and cold,  
The sweet young grasses wither on the fold,  
And we, O Lord, have wandered from Thy fold,  
But evening brings us home.

Among the mists we stumble, and the rocks  
Where the brown lichen whitens, and the fox  
Watches the straggler from the scattering folds;  
But evening brings us home.

The sharp thorns prick us, and our tender feet  
Are cut and bleeding, and the lambs repeat  
Their pitiful complaints—O rest, is sweet  
When evening brings us home.

We have been wounded by the hunter's darts,  
Our eyes are very heavy, and our hearts  
Search for Thy coming—when the light departs  
And evening brings us home.

The darkness gathers. Through the gloom the stars  
Rise to guide us. We have wandered far,  
Without Thy lamp we know not where we are—  
At evening bring us home.

The clouds are round us, and the snowdrifts thickened,  
O Thou, dear Shepherd, leave us not to sicken  
In the waste night—our tender footsteps quicken—  
At evening bring us home.

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the cares and crosses  
Crowding round our neighbor's way;  
If we knew the one hardy footstep  
Sorely grieved by day;  
Would we then so often chide him  
For the lack of thrift and gain—  
Lying on his back a stain?  
Leaving on his heart a stain?

If we knew the clouds above us  
Held by gentle blessings there,  
Would we run away all trembling,  
In our wild and weak despair?  
Would we shrink from little shadows,  
Lying on the dewy grass,  
While 'tis only birds of Eden,  
Just in merry flying past?

If we knew the silent story,  
Quivering through the heart of pain,  
Would our womanhood dare doom them  
Back to haunts of guilt again?  
Life has many a tangled crossing,  
Joy hath many a break of woe,  
And the cheek that was once white—  
This the blessed angels know.

Let us reach into our bosoms  
For the key to other lives,  
And with love toward erring nature,  
Cherish good that still survives;  
So that when our dearer spirits  
Sore to roam of light again,  
We may say, dear Father, judge us  
As we judged our fellow men.

[From Harper's Magazine for July.]

A ROMANCE OF SOUTH FERRY.

III.

It was a chill November afternoon when I started on my journey, lonely and sad enough at heart, though I showed my father a smiling face to the last. He put me into a comfortable seat and kissed me good-by; then the bells rang, and there were fiery puffs and smorts of steam, a series of preliminary jerks, and a fast-accelerating motion which jerked me swiftly past all old familiar landmarks. I was not fond of travelling; I did not care about new scenes or new faces; I loved my father and my home, and thought I never should care for anything else in equal measure. So it was with a very desolate feeling that I pressed my face against the window and looked upon the dull, gray world without. Rocks and trees and high wooded banks on the left, on the right a broad and deep river with a chain of hills stretching beyond; picturesque towns and villages at frequent intervals, and elegant villas adorning every prominent point. This was the moving picture that passed before my eyes, and in a brighter day or a happier mood would have pleased them well. But now I saw it all as one who sees not. The chill November mist hung low over the hills, the trees were leafless, the water had no flash or sparkle, and my eyes were dim with tears.

As if to add to my dreariness it began to rain by-and-by, and the dark day grew duller and darker still. The rain-drops streamed against the window, shutting out all the prospect. Twilight prevailed, and passengers grumbled and cast anxious looks at the dripping windows, and exchanging condolences with one another according to the special inconvenience anticipated by each one. One old lady had to get out at the next station, and was much exercised about her "bunnet"; though, as far as I could judge, it was already past the period when it could be damaged by any thing. Another one, young and pretty and well dressed, was in despair about her delicate fawn-colored cloak, which was sure to spot; and an anxious mother with three little children looked utterly wretched in anticipation of her darlings' catching cold.

I found myself listening to these undertones with a sense of amusement that diverted me from my own trouble. The ludicrous side of any dilemma always appealed to me irresistibly; and I could not help laughing at the unfortunates around me in spite of a genuine pity for them.

"Perhaps it was a sin  
For me to sit and grin;  
But how could I help it? If you had seen the  
old lady trying up her 'bunnet' in a handker-  
chief that looked like a cruller-sheet, and 'killing  
her petticoats up to her knees' as she ran  
along the wet platform, bareheaded, and the  
rain beating down upon her poor old gray locks,  
pinned up in the tightest little knot on the top  
of her head, you would have laughed too, and  
hoped as I did that she would not catch the  
rheumatism to pay for her folly. If it was a  
sin, however, I was punished very soon. The  
train moved on to the next station, and the  
mother got out with her little ones. I did not  
laugh at them, and was truly glad when I saw a  
friendly umbrella raised for her benefit, and the  
children snatched up by a couple of good-na-  
tured porters. How they fared afterward I  
never knew, for on we went again, and I began  
to look at my time-table and count how many  
more stations must be passed before we reached  
New York. A long line of names—Sing Sing,  
Carburgh, Tarrytown, Irvington, with half a  
dozen more—and the train would not arrive at  
thirtieth Street till after six o'clock. It would  
be quite dark before that, of course; but Mrs.  
Bernard had written that some one would be  
waiting for me, so I did not anticipate any trouble.

I had a book in my bag which I concluded  
to read, "out of sheer perversity," Hannah  
would have said, just because it was growing  
so dark to see. My eyes were equal to the  
light, however, and the book proved entertain-  
ing; and I had already begun to forget my sor-  
rows for a time when suddenly there came a  
clerk and a jar that shook the train all along the  
line—and then it stopped abruptly. People  
started up to see what was the matter, for we  
were near no station, and there was no appar-  
ent cause for the stoppage. It was some time  
before we found out; but the discovery was  
revelatory enough when it came at last. Some-  
thing was amiss with the engine—nobody ap-  
peared to know what; but it would delay us  
for hours, probably. "And we'll get in to New  
York by midnight maybe—confound it all!"  
muttered the man in the seat before me.

I heard him with dismay too blank for words.  
Midnight in the great, strange city, and I a  
young girl utterly alone and unprotected!  
What should I do? Time enough to consider  
the question; for, alas! the ill-news proved too

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WATERVILLE, MAINE..... FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1867.

NO. 4.

# Waterville Mail.

true. Five dreadful hours crept by—ah! with  
what heavy feet—before the train started  
again; and by that time I was so numb with  
cold, so cramped and stiff with long confinement  
to one position, so faint for want of food, that I  
was only conscious of physical suffering, and al-  
most indifferent to any other aspect of my di-  
lemma.

A plan I had formed, however, for misery be-  
gets confidence, and loves company, and devel-  
ops resources. In the same car were three  
"unprotected" females; two of them sis-  
ters, girls like myself, coming from a distance  
to visit relatives in the city; one an elderly  
woman, returning home. They were not just  
the people I should have chosen for compan-  
ions; the woman was loud and vulgar, the  
girls, of the least-interesting farmer-daughter  
type. Nevertheless I was glad and thankful for  
the shelter of numbers, and though not lady-  
like, they were respectable enough. The wo-  
man proposed that we should take a carriage  
when we reached New York, and divide the ex-  
pense among us. We could then be taken care  
of to her own door, without any trouble or damage  
to our clothes from the rain, which still fell with  
sullen persistence, and was likely to continue  
all night. It never occurred to me that the  
person who was to meet me at the depot would  
wait there until the late hour at which the  
train would arrive; and as I fortunately had  
Mrs. Bernard's address—No. 5 Carroll Place,  
Brooklyn—I gladly accepted the proposal, and  
determined to make the best of circumstances.

The worst thing was, that I should have to  
go alone part of the way; for the others lived  
in New York, while my destination was Brook-  
lyn, and of course they would have to be dropped  
first. But it could not be helped, so I resigned  
myself to my fate. It was not exactly mid-  
night when we reached the city, but it was past ten  
o'clock, and in the rain, and crowd, and deafen-  
ing tumult around us, I should certainly have  
gone crazy if it had not been for my new pro-  
tector. She was accustomed to travel, and I  
knew how to take care of herself; and had no sen-  
sibilities to be shocked, and could hold her own  
even with a New York hack-driver—which is  
saying a good deal. She engineered the plan  
so successfully that in a very few minutes, in  
spite of the great demand for carriages, she had  
one secured on reasonable terms, and the whole  
party, luggage included, stowed away in it.

So on again we went, through the sloppy  
streets, the wet sidewalks glistening under the  
gas-lights, the horses' feet splashing in pools of  
water, the tall houses looming up on either side,  
dark and strange and dreary. An endless time  
it seemed before we got any where; but at last  
the two girls cried out joyfully that they had  
come to their stopping-place, and were put down  
accordingly, after the driver had rung the door-  
bell for full ten minutes; during which time the  
poor things were almost frantic for fear he would  
not be able to wake any body.

Another long, weary jolting over the stones,  
and then the woman, I forgot her name, and I  
never saw her again, was dropped at her own  
house. My heart sank at parting with her, but  
she cheered me as well as she could, and the  
driver, a good-natured son of Erin, assured me  
that I might make myself "aisy." "He  
wouldn't hurt a hair of my head; an' if I wasn't  
landed safe at my own door, might he never be  
a blessed saint in purgatory."

I heartily wished at that moment that I had  
never left "my own door," and lodged with  
most intense and home-sick yearning for its  
friendly shelter once more. So tired and lonely  
and wretched I was that I cried and sobbed  
aloud, with reckless misery; displaying, I am  
ashamed to say, not one particle of the heroism  
which I had always intended to exhibit when a  
trying occasion should give me the opportunity.

Nobody saw me, fortunately, and by the time  
my crying-fit was over the driver called down to  
me that we had come to South Ferry, and, "if  
you please, 'm, you'll get out here."

"What for?" I inquired, bewildered, as he  
held the door open, and offered to help me out.  
"This is not the right place; I want to go  
across the ferry to Brooklyn."

"Ah! yes, 'm, an' there's the ferry sure; it's  
yesself can see it aisy. Ye've only to go right  
aboard o' the boat—there she lies—an' I'll fetch  
your trunk in no time at all."

I submitted passively, too ignorant and too  
dejected to argue with him, although I had a  
vague conviction that something was wrong.  
Perhaps it was necessary to leave the carriage  
when I went on the boat—I knew nothing about  
ferries—but of course the driver understood that  
he was to go on with me, take me up again on the  
other side, and drive me to Carroll Place. I  
watched him as he took my trunk down, and  
set it within the gate; but, still I did not under-  
stand that he meant to forsake me until the  
wretch turned to me with a blustering apology.

"Sure an' I hope it won't inconvenience ye,  
Miss, but it's so late intirely, an' I'd not get  
back again to-night. It's the last boat, an' I'm  
thinkin' ye'd better hurry yourself or it'll be  
after leavin' ye."

With which he mounted his box, and drove  
off with all speed, and I was left standing alone,  
at midnight, my cumbrous trunk beside me, and  
not a soul to turn to for help or guidance, at the  
gate of a ferry-house!

"Your fare, if you please, Miss? and you had  
better make haste, the boat is about leaving."

No need for the man to tell me; he saw that  
I understood, and began some rough expression  
of pity, but I did not even hear him. I had  
passed the verge of endurance, and was fast  
approaching a state of stupefaction; it could not  
matter much what happened to me now. I sup-  
posed it was but a few minutes in reality,  
though it seemed hours to my confused and  
miserable consciousness, that I stood there,  
dumb and vacant and irresponsible. The first  
thing that brought me back to a degree of in-  
telligence was the sound of a voice different from  
that of the gate-keeper—a more refined and fa-  
miliar tone, inspiring vaguely a sense of confi-  
dence and hope of relief.

"What's the matter here?" it asked. "Boat  
gone, and a lady left? Is it the last boat to-  
night?"

"Yes, Sir; we don't run after midnight, you  
know," answered the official.

"What a nuisance! I wanted to get over  
myself, and thought I should be in time. What's  
the lady going to do?"

"Can't say, I am sure Sir. I've been try-  
ing to find out what she wants to do, but she  
seems to be pretty much upset. I can't get any  
thing out of her."

"How did she come here? Is nobody with  
her?"

"She came down in a carriage, and wanted to  
go over to Carroll Place, she said, but the  
rascally driver dumped her out and left her. If  
I had known what he was up to I'd have blocked  
his game."

"Carroll Place?" exclaimed the gentlemanly  
voice. "I wonder if it is possible—"

Then it paused, and the owner came nearer to  
me. A dim gas-light flared close by, ren-  
dering my wretched face visible in a ghastly  
sort of way. What it expressed to him I can  
not tell, but I read a quick compassion in his  
glance, and his tone was tenderly kind and  
courteous as he addressed me.

"I beg your pardon, but if I can render you  
any assistance, pray command me," he said.

"Is it very important that you should get to  
Brooklyn to-night?"

"I am a perfect stranger in the city," I an-  
swered, flinching my voice with difficulty. "I  
came down from P— on the Hudson River  
train, and it was delayed by an accident a great  
many hours. If it had not been in time, some one  
would have met me; but as it was I had to come  
on alone. I do not know any one in New York,  
I have nowhere to go if I can not get to Brook-  
lyn."

"Were you going to Mrs. Bernard's—No. 5  
Carroll Place?" he asked, eagerly.

"Yes!" I exclaimed, with answering eager-  
ness.

"Oh yes! can you tell me—?"

Then you are the young lady she expected  
this evening, Miss De Forest?" he interrupted.

"Yes!" I exclaimed again, trembling with  
excitement and a hope that seemed too wildly  
impossible to be realized. "Are you—can you  
—you are not Mr. Bernard!" I gasped out  
desperately.

"Not exactly," he answered, with a smile.  
"But it's all right, nevertheless. Mrs. Bernard  
is my sister, and she appointed me to be your  
escort from the depot to-night. I can't see  
how I missed you, I was there when the train  
got in, late as it was, and I waited till every  
passenger had left the place before I gave up  
looking for you. How did it happen? Why  
didn't you wait for me?"

"Why didn't I, truly? What a fool I had  
been! To think that all this miserable anxiety  
and fatigue and misadventure I had endured  
were utterly unnecessary, and might have been  
avoided if I had but waited a few minutes! I  
felt so impotently exasperated, so mortified and  
provoked, with my own folly, that I could hard-  
ly explain to him why he had missed me. It  
was such a ridiculous, such an undignified  
adventure altogether, and to make my first ap-  
pearance in the light of it! What an exalted idea  
he would form of his sister's goodness, and how  
heartily he would wish she had remained in the  
seclusion of her country-home, instead of involv-  
ing him in her absurd dilemma! Of course it  
was saddled upon him now, and he would have  
to see me through the night in some way. I  
almost wished he had not encountered me at  
all, but that I had been left to struggle out of  
the difficulty by myself, my annoyance and  
 vexation so overbalanced my first sense of re-  
lief.

There was nothing in his manner, however,  
to indicate that the annoyance was mutual. He  
was full of concern and regret on my account,  
but did not seem to consider the inconvenience  
inflicted upon himself. When I expressed, cum-  
sily enough, my vexation at it, he made  
light of his share of the discomfort, and waived  
all thanks or apologies. It was of no conse-  
quence at all, men were accustomed to such  
trifles, the unpleasantness was all mine; and the  
question was, how to contrive a way of escape  
for me?

He had taken me into the ladies' waiting-  
room, and while I rested upon the wooden  
bench, which was the only furniture of the ap-  
artment, he proceeded to "consider" that diffi-  
cult question. There was another ferry, he told  
me, whose boats ran all night; if I chose he would  
take me to it, but it would involve a very long  
and disagreeable walk through foul ways, and  
we would reach Carroll Place about two o'clock  
in the morning, taking our chances of being able  
to effect an entrance at such an uncanny hour.

If I objected to this there was the alternative  
of going to a hotel, or stopping where I was for  
the rest of the night. What did I think? Which  
of the three evils would I choose as the least?

I answered helplessly, how could I tell? he  
knew better than I what was best to be done.  
I would take his advice.

"In that case," he said, "I will choose for  
you as I would for my sister in a similar pre-  
dicament. And if I advise the most disagree-  
able thing, perhaps you will understand that I  
do it with the best intentions?"

"Of course," I answered, feeling a strange  
confidence in his wisdom and integrity. "I  
daily feed; and thanks to you, Miss De Forest,  
I lost my usual share of that commodity this  
evening."

to deserve it. In proof thereof, I'm going to  
suggest that you stay here in this desolate bar-  
ack till daybreak."

"Alone?" I exclaimed, with involuntary  
horror.

"Or no!" he answered, quickly. "I should  
be a poor guardian of unprotected innocence if  
I left you here alone."

"Of unprotected ignorance and silliness," I  
exclaimed, in self-disgust. "I shall never be  
able to respect myself again after this night's  
folly."

"Then you will justify your own hard words,"  
he retorted; "I should call such a determina-  
tion as that unmistakably silly."

I gave him a look, surprised and slightly in-  
dignant; he returned it with one frank and  
smiling; "I could not help observing that his  
smile revealed beneficent teeth; that his eyes  
were capable of singular expression, that his face  
altogether was a face that suited me—pleasant  
to look upon, and trust inspiring. I yielded to  
the genial impulse that seized me, and I had  
—a genuine misanthropic laugh, which quickly had  
a responsive echo. And so the ice was broken,  
and forthwith melted into ease and confidence.  
I found myself presently talking to him with-  
out embarrassment or mortification, listening to  
him with real enjoyment, and an instinctive con-  
sciousness that he also found some compensation  
in the night's misadventure.

It was, of course, impossible to go to sleep.  
The wooden benches were hard, narrow, im-  
movable, also rigidly divided with iron elbows  
that enforced strict uprightness of position.  
There was nothing to do then but to keep  
awake, and to forget weariness in conversation;  
and so well were my attention and interest  
gained by my new acquaintance, that I really  
forgot how utterly tired I had felt before he  
came. I wanted to hear naturally, all he could  
tell me of the family I was to enter; and he  
gave me graphic sketches of Mr. Bernard, of  
his sister, and the children. The latter were  
three girls and a half—the "half" being a boy  
of five, disguised in petticoats still, because  
"Fanny was afraid his good manners would be  
corrupted if he communicated with boys." For  
his own part he was afraid the mischief was  
done in spite of the petticoats; Master Syd be-  
ing a precious little pickle with pepper enough  
for a whole jar.

"And the little girls?" I asked.

"Are very nice, quiet little lasses—Georgie  
and Gertrude, at least; Elsie has her storms,  
but I don't like her the less on that account. I  
don't think you will, either—if there is any at-  
traction in affinity," he added, mischievously.

"How do you know I am capable of storms?"  
I demanded.

"Oh, I know, just as I know you have laugh-  
ing eyes," he replied, inconsequently. "You  
are not responsible for either."

"That's nonsense," was my tart answer.  
Any body is responsible for temper, or at least  
for the control of it."

"A very good sentiment to impress upon El-  
sie's mind," he said; "but you are not in the  
governess's chair now. It is an unfounded as-  
sumption of mine, Miss De Forest, that you have  
never yet filled that dignified position?"

"On the contrary, it is founded on fact—un-  
fortunately," I replied, with some sharpness.

"Why unfortunately?"

"Because my lack of experience must be ri-  
diculously apparent—perhaps, also, my lack of  
fitness for a position of dignity."

"Cloud rising; didn't I say you had an affi-  
nity for storms?" he asked laughingly. "Please  
to take notice, however, that my words sug-  
gested no such inference. Your fitness as a  
governess remains to be proved; your lack of  
experience is no disadvantage in my eyes. I  
entrusted Fanny not to inflict upon us the con-  
ventional governess—middle-aged, pious, proper,  
and a bore. I myself inspected the answers  
to her advertisement, and she has my good taste  
to thank for the present acquisition."

"I hope she may not thank you more fer-  
vently for the loss of it," I said.

"Don't anticpate that," he answered, lightly,  
"or you will break Fanny's heart. Nothing  
she dreads so much as changing her—"

"Servants," I added, with a rather pungent  
emphasis, for he had hesitated involuntarily.  
"Pray don't stumble at the word. I was aware  
of the class I should belong to when I applied  
for the position, and I can accept the name as  
easily."

A most absurd and uncalculated speech, of  
course, and I was conscious of it as soon as it  
was uttered. Why I said anything so silly I  
am sure I do not know, for I had had every  
reason to anticipate lady-like treatment, and  
as far as I can analyze the impulse which moved  
my tongue it was a certain resentment at the  
charge of youth which his look and smile, rather  
than his words, brought against me. If I  
meant to vindicate myself by this method, how-  
ever, I failed signally; for an amused and  
slightly sarcastic laugh, betraying a shrewd ap-  
prehension of my thought, which nettled me  
more than any thing else, was my answer.

My face flushed with vexation, and I knew  
that he saw it, in spite of the dim light. An-  
other sharp and silly speech trembled at my  
lips, but luckily was intercepted before it passed.

"We'll not quarrel, Miss De Forest," said  
my companion, with easy good-humor, "for all  
your antagonistic mood. You know very well  
that the word *servant* was as far from my thought  
as its idea; and I know very well that no cir-  
cumstances could ever make either applicable  
to you. Consequently you've been talking non-  
sense. Confess it honestly, now, and then I'll  
tell you why you did it."

Curiosity overcame pique. "Why did I?"  
I asked, childishly.

"You grant the condition precedent, then?"  
he queried.

"You've taken it for granted; I let it pass,"  
I said; "now for the reason."

"The reason," he answered laughingly, "is  
one that, to a man, is justification sufficient for  
any amount of impudence. You have had nei-  
ther dinner nor supper, and you are almost  
famished."

"You don't look in the least so," he return-  
ed. "On the contrary, I see a malicious sat-  
isfaction twinkling in your eyes, an evident en-  
joyment of my dinnerless condition puckering  
the corners of your mouth. It would be poetic  
justice to keep this horn of plenty for my own  
consumption, and deny you the least sugar-  
plum it contains."

He drew forth a large cornucopia, of the  
kind dear to children's eyes, as he spoke, and  
held it up before me so that the bright ribbons  
and gay gilding glittered in the light. "I looked  
at it longingly, and answered with promptness:  
"It would be prosaic goodness, which I  
don't believe you are capable of. I am devoted  
to sugar-plums!"

"But sweets are for the sweet, and you have  
been both tart and bitter for ten minutes past."  
"Give me some chocolates, and I will be  
honey and sugar until you forget there were  
ever vinegar and aloes."

"Will you? I have my doubts, but I'll be  
generous for once. Eat, and satisfy yourself  
with sweetness."

He emptied the pretty horn into my lap;  
dainty creams and fruit-drops, pistachio-nuts  
crusted with sugar, delicate fig-paste, and pet-  
rified "jellies" were the contents. I was young  
enough to relish such things; at any time, hun-  
gry enough to eat them eagerly just then, in the  
absence of any thing more substantial. My  
companion watched me with a pleased satisfac-  
tion. Now and then he helped himself to an  
almond or a jelly drop; and presently he dis-  
covered a treasure in the shape of some mottos  
ingeniously inclosed within a sugar walnut.  
They were as brilliant as such poetic specimens  
are apt to be; but he extracted much amuse-  
ment from them, and made me laugh as heartily  
as if I had been a little girl exchanging mot-  
tos with a boy-lover at a child's party. He  
found a philopœna also, and ate it with me,  
giving me warning that he never failed to be  
the winner, and my forfeit would be rigily ex-  
acted.

Very trifling, all this, I know; but who could  
be wise in such a time and place? Any non-  
sense that would whittle away the hours was wel-  
come, and I was marvelous how rapidly they  
sped with laugh and jest and careless talk that  
put me at ease, and let the way finally to more  
thoughtful and dignified talk. We had dis-  
cussed books and music, pictures and poetry,  
philosophy and religion, before the morning  
dawned. But in all this there were no personal  
confidences exchanged. I told him nothing of  
myself beyond what he could infer from my  
language and ideas, and I did not know even  
his name, when—the morning having come at  
last, and the ferry being crossed—we stood to-  
gether at Mrs. Bernard's door.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BUSINESS AND RELIGION.—God gives grace  
adequate to every need in life, and expects  
every Christian to grow in holiness, in the pre-  
cise sphere in which He puts him. The busi-  
ness man may become golly behind the counter,  
no less than the minister in the pulpit, if he  
longs and prays for Divine grace to sanctify  
his vocation. The American Presbyterian has  
some good words on this point:

We often hear Christians complain of their  
leanness and emptiness, and attribute it all to  
their business. If they are correct in the cause  
of their want of religious enjoyment, then either  
they are engaged in a wrong business, or they  
are pursuing it in a wrong manner. No lawful  
business—and a Christian cannot engage in any  
other—pursued in a proper manner, will injure  
the religious enjoyments of the child of God. He  
that has the love of God in his heart, and  
does his whole duty each day, toward God and  
man, will never find occasion to charge the  
blame of his leanness to his business. The  
true Christian, who does all to the glory of  
God, is never more happy than when full of  
business with God; let him work for God every  
day in the week, and consecrate all his income  
to the furtherance of His cause in the earth,  
and he will find that his business, instead of be-  
ing a hindrance, will be a help—a real means  
of grace to him. Instead of letting his business  
swallow up his religion, his religion will swal-  
low up his business.

VARNISH FOR SHOES.—It is a bad plan to  
grease the upper leather of shoes for the pur-  
pose of keeping them soft; it rots the leather,  
and admits dampness more readily. It is bet-  
ter to make a varnish thus:

Put half a pound of gum shellac broken up  
in small pieces, in a quart bottle or jug; cover  
it with alcohol, cork it tight, and put it on a shelf  
in a warm place; and shake it well several  
times a day; then add a piece of gum camphor  
as large as a hen's egg; shake it well, and in a  
few hours shake it again, and add one ounce of  
lamp-black; if the alcohol is good, it will be dis-  
solved in three days; then shake and use. If  
it gets too thick, add alcohol—pour out two or  
three teaspoonfuls in a saucer, and apply it with  
a small paint brush. If the materials are all  
good, it will dry in five minutes, and will be  
removed only by wearing it off, giving a gloss  
almost equal to patent leather.

The advantage of this preparation above  
others is, it does not strike into the leather  
and make it hard, but remains on the surface,  
and excludes the water almost perfectly.

The same preparation is admirable for har-  
ness, and this does not soil when touched, as  
lamp-black preparations do.

Says one of our exchanges in reference to  
the Surratt trial:

"The evidence thus far taken effectually dis-  
poses of a calumny against the Government  
which had been urged with great pertinacity  
both in and out of Congress—that in hanging  
Mrs. Surratt the authorities sent an innocent  
woman to the gallows. It is perfectly plain,  
from the evidence given in her son's trial, that  
she was cognizant of the plans of Booth and  
his associates, that she knew when the murder  
was to be attempted, and had provided means  
to assist in the escape of the assassins. No  
one who is capable of forming a judgment  
from evidence can now entertain a doubt of her  
guilt, or of the justice of the sentence that con-  
demned her to a murderer's doom. No man  
whose sympathy can ever invest her memory with  
romance. She entered into an assassin's league,  
for the murder of a great and just man. For  
this crime she suffered death, and her name  
must evermore be associated with the names of

those great criminals who have brought dishon-  
or on their sex."

TEMPERANCE AND THE LIQUOR LAW.—  
The State Constable and his Deputies are now  
rigorously enforcing the law against the sale of  
spiruous liquors, and the attention of the com-  
munity is directed towards their operations.  
It is a law which to some extent abridges in-  
dividual freedom, and every act of search and  
seizure is made by its enemies to wear an ar-  
bitrary and oppressive aspect. Any law which  
abridges individual freedom of action must find  
its justification in the public good, the promotion  
of morals and the protection of society. If the  
aim and necessity of the law is not kept con-  
stantly before the public mind, the community,  
looking only at the operation of the law and its  
interference with individual rights, unmindful  
by the clamor of interested parties, will come to  
view it as odious and oppressive.

It therefore seems to us to be at this time,  
more than ever, the duty of temperance orga-  
nizations, to impress upon the people the moral  
aspects of the question, to bring home to them  
the evils of intemperance, which justify the re-  
sort to prohibitory law as a means of pro-  
tection to society. The law, to be of perma-  
nent benefit, must be sustained by the moral  
convictions of the people. It will not of itself  
entirely reform the drinking habits of society,  
however strictly it may be enforced, though it  
may do much to lessen the evils of the traffic.  
There is a constant tendency on the part of the  
community to lose sight of the dangers of in-  
dulgence in spirituous liquors. It is an insidious  
habit, wearing the sweet aspect of social plea-  
sure and good fellowship, and those most in dan-  
ger refuse to see the precipice on whose brink  
they stand. One of our State exchanges, now  
lying before us, denies that intemperance is a  
prevalent evil, and thinks it hard that the many  
should be restrained in their freedom because  
of the weakness of the few. It is the duty of  
the friends of temperance to show how wide  
spread is this evil, how it is undermining pri-  
vate character and public morals, and not to  
neglect the moral aspects of the question in the  
enforcement of legal enactments. Let them  
leave the law in the hands of the appointed of-



## Waterville Mail.

KPH MAXHAM, DAN L. R. WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... JULY 26, 1867.



## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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

## UNION NOMINATIONS.

## FOR GOVERNOR,

Joshua L. Chamberlain.

Kennebec County Nomination.

Senators—JOSEPH T. WOODWARD,  
JOHN L. STEPHENS,  
WILLIAM B. SNELL.

Co. Atty—SAMUEL C. HARLEY.

Co. Treasr—DANIEL PIKE.

Co. Comr—NATHANIEL GRAVES.

Reg'r of Deeds—ARCHIBALD CLARK.

## EXECUTION OF MAXIMILIAN.

It is many years, so that few remember the event, since the royal head of a christian nation was led forth to execution. On the conscience of France rests that sin; and if it be so, that upon a combined people ever fall the penalties of great crimes, the execution of the Emperor Maximilian is an instance of this magnified retribution. We question neither the rules of national law or popular fury, and we leave the character and interests of Mexico out of the question, when we point to the mistaken policy of France for the causes that have culminated in this enormity. Austria was ambitious; and England—grasping, heartless England—was barely "wise in season" to wipe her name from the graceless history, but not in season to blot her record from the memory of the only nation she fears. France is the chief sinner, and therefore the chief mourner. Austria has deep grief, but France eternal shame. England stands before accusing christianity, muttering with Peter, "I know not the man."

Poor struggling Mexico has simply sinned against herself. The madness of her masses was too strong for her leaders, who could not even take the counsel of a nation able to protect them. They knew this maddening draught of blood could but breed weakness in the national veins, but they dared not trust God for the results of a christian act. So with one hand upon their swords and the other upon their hearts in protest, the wild cry of "Crucify him" was permitted to be the law of the hour. What this cry brought to the Jews, though possibly not in degree, will this wicked act bring to Mexico—and if the combined christianity of the age, which had not pulse enough in its great heart to stand up for God, shall escape reproach, it will be because what men meant for evil He shall overrule for good.

Some details of this political tragedy deserve everywhere to be read. A Spanish paper at Queretaro has a long account, from which we extract:

A battalion of infantry formed two lines, each four men deep, between which lines were the prisoners. When the procession reached the main door of the convent Mejia cried out, "Sire, for the last time show us again the example of your noble courage; we follow in the footsteps of your Majesty." Just at this moment the Franciscans were passing. The first two bore the cross and the holy water, the remainder bore lighted tapers. Each of the three coffins was borne by four Indians, and the three black crosses, with the prisoner's seats, were borne along at the rear. Captain Gonzales at this point made a sign to Maximilian to step out into the street. He obeyed, advancing very courageously as he said in his broken Spanish, *Vamos no a la libertad.* (Let us advance to our freedom.)

The procession then wended its way along the Calle del Cementerio, behind the church and along the route by the aqueduct. In a short while it had the whole plain in full view, and the view from below was imposing indeed. The Emperor marched first, with the Abbe Fischer on his right, and the bishop on his left. Behind him came Miramon, resting on the arms of two Franciscans, and Mejia supported by the two priests belonging to the parish of the Santa Cruz. When they had reached the top of the height de la Campana, Maximilian looked fixedly towards the rising sun; then drawing from his pocket his watch, touched its spring and produced a miniature likeness of the Empress Carlotta. He brought the image to his lips, kissed it, and then handing it by the chain to Father Fischer, said: "Carry this souvenir to Europe for my dear wife; and should she ever be able to understand you, tell her that my eyes were closed with her likeness, which I will bear with me to heaven?" The point which the cortege had reached is near the big wall of the cemetery. The bells of the churches were tolling, and the immediate witnesses of the scene were but few, as the crowd had been kept back by the soldiers.

The three black crosses and the prisoner's benches were fixed against the wall, and the three firing platoons—composed of five men each, with two under officers to each platoon in reserve for the coup de grace—advanced to

within three paces of the condemned. The Emperor, when he heard the clicking of the firelocks, thought they were about to fire, and approaching his two companions embraced them with touching earnestness. Miramon was so affected that he almost fell over on his seat, but the Franciscan stretched his arms out in the attitude of a cross. Mejia returned the Emperor's embrace with great affection and uttered some broken words that no one could distinguish, and crossing his arms on his breast stood up nobly. The bishop, advancing to Maximilian, said: "Sire, in my person, bestow upon all Mexico the kiss of reconciliation. Let your Majesty forgive all at this supreme moment." The Emperor, agitated to the utmost, allowed the good bishop to embrace him amid the most profound silence. All of a sudden raising his voice, he cried out, "Tell Lopez that I forgive him his treason. Tell all Mexico that I forgive her crime." He then shook hands with the Abbe Fischer, who could not utter a word from emotion, and who then fell on his knees at the Emperor's feet and shed copious tears while he kissed Maximilian's hand. Many besides the abbe were shedding tears also. The Emperor gently withdrew his hands, and moving forward said with a sad and apparently ironic smile to the officer in command of the firing party, *a la disposicion de V.* (At your disposal, sir.)

When the officer gave the signal for "aim," Maximilian uttered something in German which the report of the muskets drowned to the hearers. Miramon rolled over as if struck with a bolt. Mejia, who was standing, bent the air with his hand a few times before him, and a shot in the ear finished his pain. The Emperor fell over on the cross, which kept him up, and from which he was picked up after having been dispatched.

The interment took place in the cemetery, and the Bishop of Queretaro performed the oblation.

The letter to the Empress Carlotta, for grave reasons of State that are quite justifiable, was opened, and a copy was taken by Gen. Corona's secretary. It was written in French. The following is a copy:

"My Beloved Carlotta—If God permit that your health get better and you should read these few lines, you will learn the cruelty with which fate has stricken me since your departure for Europe. You took along with you not only my heart but my good fortune. Why did I not give heed to your voice? So many sudden blows have shattered all my hopes, so that death is but a happy deliverance—not an agony—to me. I shall die gloriously like a soldier, like a king vanquished but not dishonored. If your sufferings are too great and I God should call you soon to join me, I shall bless his Divine hand which has weighed so heavily upon us. Adieu. Adieu! Your poor "MAX."

The crops for the present season, taken collectively, throughout the country, promise to be the most abundant ever known. Bread stuffs especially, are beyond all precedent. Flour, in spite of combination and monopoly, must come down to a reasonable figure. Corn, though not so far advanced as to be secure from injury, promises to be an unusual crop; while oats, barley, rye and buckwheat are everywhere looking well.

North, south, east and west, the hay crop is one of the most abundant ever known, and it is not easy to imagine what section of the country can demand any considerable supply from abroad. Here in Maine the old hay was very closely used up last spring by demands from abroad; but the excess of the crop over last year will doubtless more than meet that disadvantage. So that unless some unlooked for demand opens, farmers will winter large stocks of hay-eating animals unless high prices induce them to sell. Pastures are remarkably good, so that all classes of animals will be in good condition, and butter and cheese can hardly fail to be abundant.

Nearly all kinds of fruits are in proportion to the cereal and other crops. There is hardly an exception; and we shall be disappointed if the apple crop in this section, though not now reported as promising as in some years, does not more than meet expectation. The late rains, absence of caterpillars, and general favorable weather for its maturity, indicate this.

Best of all, it will be a fruitful season for gratitude to God. Men are more thankful for something to eat than for many things that ought to be more prized. Possibly a consciousness of abusing the blessing begets a fear of merited starvation. Temperance men, who know that intemperate eating kills more than intemperate drinking, not unfrequently catch "the trembles" when they think how richly the world deserves a universal famine. Let all such resolve to be merciful in judgment of others, remembering to eat "the good things of God" under the same rules that they would have others drink them. Thus they will remove "beams" that often blind them to the laws of justice and charity—by which, sometime and somewhere, they hope to be judged.

REAL ESTATE SALE.—Father L'Hiver, the Catholic clergyman of this place, purchased this week five acres of land, on the Plain, corner of River and Emerson streets, from the Misses Agnes and Julia Moor, for the sum of one thousand dollars; which amount has been recently collected among his parishioners.

In the case of Verrill—a motion for new trial—the full bench have decided that they have no jurisdiction; so that if a new trial is granted it will be done by Judge Walton, before whom he will also be tried, if at all. There is little probability that a new trial will be granted.

CONGRESS closed its session on Saturday, adjourning to the 21st of November. The President vetoed the supplementary reconstruction act and the act appropriating a million of dollars for carrying it out, but they were passed over his head—the House by a vote of 100 to 22, and the Senate by 80 to 6. The resolution of sympathy with the people of Crete, the Indian bill, &c., were signed by the President.

The Canadians are commending themselves to our loyal citizens by complimentary demonstrations to Jeff. Davis.

## COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

Sunday, May 11th.—Preaching at the Baptist Church in the afternoon, by the Rev. Dr. Weston, of New York; in the evening, before the Boardman Missionary Society, by Rev. N. M. Williams, of Danvers, Mass.

Monday Evening, Aug. 12th.—Prize Declaration of the Junior Class.

Tuesday, Aug. 13th.—Meeting of the Alumni; Address and Poem in the evening, the former by Col. Higginson, of Mass., and the latter by Henry Colby, Esq., of Newton Centre.

Wednesday, Aug. 14th.—Laying the corner-stone of the Memorial Hall at 9 o'clock in the morning, and immediately after that the exercises of the Senior Class at the Church. The usual entertainments in the evening.

The examinations for entrance are on Tuesday, commencing at 8 o'clock.

WATERVILLE CLASSICAL INSTITUTE.—The old Academy building, in which the school is held, is not large enough to accommodate the pupils in attendance, and it is proposed to enlarge it by the addition of a front, sixty feet long, at right angles with the present structure. At the late Baptist Convention at Rockland, after a subscription of about six hundred dollars for the purpose had been made, it was recommended to the Sabbath Schools of the denomination throughout the State, to take hold of the work of raising a portion of the needed fund, about \$3000 in all. In accordance with this recommendation the regular contributions of the Baptist Sabbath School in this village have been pledged to the amount of one hundred dollars, coupled with an implied promise to raise the amount in six months, if possible.

The Methodist Sabbath Schools of Bangor came over to our place on an excursion, Wednesday. It was the hottest day of the season, and it pleased us to see a "flag station" in front of the office of the State Constable, inviting all thirsty sojourners to a free drink of ice water. A kind and thoughtful provision that was no doubt properly appreciated by our well behaved visitors.

A note in the Bangor Times speaks in very pleasant terms of various courtesies extended to the party at the University grounds, by the librarians and students, and by the family of Hon. R. B. Dunn, where several of the clergyman and their families dined.

CHANGE.—Mr. O. J. Pierce, our clever Photographer, whose works we have often taken occasion to commend, having taken rooms on Main Street, is now prepared, in addition to copying, to take pictures of live subjects, and his well known skill cannot fail to ensure him employment in this new line. We trust, however, that he will find time to add to his list of stereoscopic views of home scenery, of which he has already a good many for sale. Read his advertisement and call in and look over his pictures, of which he has an endless variety—landscapes, portraits, copies of celebrated paintings and statuary, stereoscopic views of Waterville scenery, etc.—and which he will be pleased to show you.

THE SURRETT TRIAL is not yet finished. The testimony of the defence is all in, but much of it has been woefully shaken by the rebutting evidence of the prosecution. Surratt has failed to show that he was outside of Washington at the time of the assassination.

A prominent clergyman of Boston says that one of the public school graduates of that city could not tell who was the governor of Massachusetts.—*Lawiston Journal.*

We know a "prominent clergyman of Boston" who can't tell a Merino sheep from a Cotswold! The difference was never taught in the theological school at which he graduated. The boy had been minding his lesson, and so had the clergyman.

BEATEN!—The Mr. Farmer says that Mr. C. E. Hayward, of Augusta, keeps eighteen hives of bees, the surplus honey stored by which he "estimates at 250 lbs." Mr. Solomon Lombard, of this village, recently took from a single hive twenty-five pounds of very choice surplus honey! At this rate Mr. Hayward might "estimate" his eighteen hives at 450 lbs.—which, at 25 cts. a pound would come to \$112.50.

BURGLARY AT LEWISTON.—The house of A. D. Lockwood, of Lewiston, was entered by burglars on Wednesday morning, and robbed of jewelry of the value of \$1000, belonging to Miss Lockwood of Cambridge.

Somebody, who no doubt speaks from experience, philosophically says:—

To forget trouble, hoe potatoes on good ground by the side of the woods in the afternoon shade. The smell of the vines and of the ripe soil, and the singing of the birds and the crickets, will be like reading a sweet and sorrowful psalm.

Mr. A. M. Dunbar, at his room in Marston Block, is doing some very good work at re-plating forks, spoons and other articles. His charges are very moderate, and we advise those whose "silver plate" is getting a little threadbare to send it to him for a new touch.

The Commencement Concert at Waterville promises to be unusually attractive. The engagement of Mrs. Marquette, of California, who needs nothing but reputation to make her one of the most attractive singers in America, will prove a profitable one to the graduating class. With Bond's popular band she will be well supported.

The Brunswick Telegraph says Parepa will not sing at Commencement. Her physician forbids her singing in the month of August. Tonney says he won't say who is coming last he makes another blunder.

Let them engage Mrs. Marquette and then they will find that nobody has blundered.

## OUR TABLE.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.—This is the fifth volume of the handsome and popular "Diamond Edition" of Dickens' Works, and in style and appearance it is an exact copy of the four elegant little volumes that preceded it.

"Martin Chuzzlewit" is of unusual interest to American readers, as it was written upon the basis of his country, and contains the result of his observations. On its first appearance it aroused great indignation in the United States by the severity of its satire. We were ready to admit that Pecksniff, Jonas Chuzzlewit, Sairy Gamp, and Montague Twigg were accurate representations of English Society, but declared that Elijah Program, Mrs. Hominy, Colonel Diver, and Jefferson Brick were gross caricatures of people living in America. But when we remember the locality of "Eden"—now better known to the world as Cairo, at the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers—the peculiarities of the Missouri bushwhackers and their leading politicians at the time Dickens visited America, and their outrages all through the recent rebellion, we may forgive the novelist for doing what the leading illustrated papers of the past two years have done in sketching society in the border and Southern States. For this is exactly what Dickens has done in "Martin Chuzzlewit." He never loses an opportunity to sketch the frailties of the English people quite as severely, and probably as truthfully as he did the "half-horse, half-alligator" men who formerly ruled in the regions bordering on the Mississippi river. These individuals came within Mr. Dickens' scope of acquaintance when he was here, and they were as fair game for his satire as Pecksniff himself.

Aside from the prejudice which once existed against this novel, and which is evidently wearing away, it possesses a fund of humor, pathos, and entertainment. As for this edition, its pocket convenience, its clear type, and exceedingly attractive appearance throughout, have already made it a favorite, and most desirably so. The price of the illustrated edition is only \$1.50; of the plain, \$1.25. Either can be procured of the booksellers, or will be sent post-paid by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for August contains the following articles:—

"The Guardian Angel, VIII." by Oliver Wendell Holmes; "Hospital Memories," by Miss Endora Clark; "Jirge for a Sailor," by George H. Baker; "Up the Editor," by W. H. Higginson; "Poor Richard, III.," by Henry James, Jr.; "The Growth, Limitations and Toleration of Shakespeare's Genius," by E. P. Whipple; "Longfellow's Translation of Dante's Divine Comedy," by the Old Story; "Alice Cary," by A. Week's Riding; "The Little Land of Appenzel," by Bayard Taylor; "The Lost Genius," by J. M. Platt; "Cincinnati," by James Parton; "A Lullaby Province," by W. Winwood Reade.

Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$4 a year.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—The illustrated articles in the August number are—"Personal Recollections of the War," by Fort Gray, eighth paper; "The Turkey, the Greeks, and the Slavians;" and another amusing chapter of "The Dodge Club, or Italy in 1859." The remainder of the number is filled with articles of unusual interest.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York, at \$4 a year.

THE GALAXY for August has continuations of "Steven Lawrence, Yeoman," by Mrs. Edwards, and "Waiting for the Verdict," by Mrs. R. H. Davis. Also a refreshingly wholesome story by our clever Norridge author, Sophie May, entitled "Why We Left the Homestead;" "London Amusements," by W. Winwood Reade; "The Zone of Calms;" "Croquet," by L. Clarke Davis; "Burglars," by Clifford Thompson; "Pestalozzi in America," by C. D. Gardette; "Under the Daisies," by Julia Fletcher; "The Leg Business," by Olive Logan; "Who Invented Sewing Machines?" "The Pacific Railroad," by William C. Church; "Nebulae," by the Editor.

Published by W. C. & P. P. Church, No. 39 Park Row, New York, at \$3.50 a year; two copies for \$6.

THE RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE for August has for a frontispiece another of Stephens' charming illustrations of nursery rhymes, "As I was going to St. Ives," with numerous other spirited pictures. The articles are as follows:—

August Days. The Biting Fairies. Terra Nova; or, Coast Life in Newfoundland. A True Story of a Spanish Shepherd-Dog. Frank Gordon; or, when I was a Little Boy. The Ballad of the Hair of Luine. Breaking in for a Summer Term. The Stars in August. Harry O'Hum Both Sides of his Dram. The New Book-keeper at Burton Harbor. Plays at a Party. Among the Trees. August. Harvest Festivals in Cornwall. The Window-Seat; by Firelight and Starlight. A Summer Song.

The September number will open with a new story, by the author of "Susy Books," called "Six Little Princesses, and what they turned into," to continue through the rest of the year. Mr. Stephens' frontispiece will be in his best vein—"Pussy sits behind the log." An extra full-page illustration will be given—"The Exile," by J. N. Hyde. September being the month of winds and storms, there will be three or four articles of breezy, salt-air character.

Published by Hurd & Houghton, New York, at \$2 a year.

HOURS AT HOME. The August number of this excellent monthly has the following table of contents:—

Longfellow's Translation of Dante; Diary and Letters of Sarah Pierpont; Marcella of Rome, concluded; Moral Uses of Dark Things; No. 7; "Sperm Melons;" The Old-Time Orchard; Reminiscences of Sierra Leone; England's Forgotten Worthies; The Storm; Rambles among the Italian Hills, No. 6; Representative Cities, No. 4; Grandmas in Dend; Storm-Cliff; Bagel and the Amazons; The Queen's English and Brother Jonathan; Nashville During the War; Wm. Goodell, D. D.; Just a Little Way; Books of the Month.

Published by Charles Scribner & Co., at \$3 a year.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.—The August number of this popular juvenile opens with the commencement of "Cast Away in the Cold," by Dr. L. I. Hayes, the Arctic explorer. "Round-the-World Joe" continues his amusing account of the manners and customs of the Chinese; there is another chapter of "Good Old Times," or Grandfather's Struggle for a Homestead; Mr. Stowe has a story entitled "Pussy and Emily at Sixteen;" and there are numerous other good things with illustrations.

Many good things are promised in the next number.

Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$2.50 a year.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for August has a very fine steel engraving, of touching interest, entitled "The First Break in the Family;" a beautiful colored fashion-plate; a nice wood-cut illustration, "Reading the Bible;" with a well filled reading department.

Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

THE NURSERY.—The August number, like its predecessors, is pretty and good; and all its little readers' eyes will twinkle with delight at sight of its nice pictures and beautiful print. The young editors want more subscribers, that she may make her little monthly still better, though that seems hardly possible, and it certainly ought to go into every family in the land.

Published by John L. Shorey, Boston, at \$1.50 a year, and edited by Fanny P. Seaverns.

EVERY SATURDAY began a new volume last week. This excellent publication is made up of the choicest selections from the English publications, and is published every week. It is an interesting and valuable literary companion, and is very handsomely printed.

Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

"BALD EAGLE, or The Last of the Ramapoughs, a Romance of Revolutionary Times," by Mrs. E. Oakes Smith, and "Standard Speaker, No. 7," are the titles of two Dime Books, recently issued by Beadle & Co., New York, and which will be found with all booksellers and periodical dealers.

THE LITTLE CORPORA enters upon its fifth volume with the July number, which is full of good things for the children. This is one of the best and most popular juveniles in the country, and it has a great circulation. Published by Alfred L. Sewall, Chicago, at \$1 a year.

PROMOTED.—Our young friend Geo. A. L. Merrifield, of "elephant" memory among our Main Street business men, has recently been promoted to a third class clerkship, in the Pension office at Washington—salary \$1600. Well—we told George to stay at home with honest men, and be appreciated. He didn't see it. Suspect he had promotion in his eye from the beginning; was always looking upward. But so long as he continues the honest, well meaning, kind hearted and determined boy—or man—he was when he left Maine, these little "Excellior" misfortunes will do him no hurt.

THE WEED SEWING MACHINE, advertised in our columns by Mr. T. M. Goding, and on exhibition at the room over Mrs. Bradbury's Millinery Store, we are assured is second to none in the market. The silver medal awarded it at the Paris Exposition, where it came in competition with all the best machines in the world, is conclusive evidence of its merits.

We are glad to be able to announce that Mr. Lyford, whose leg was recently amputated on account of injury by the kick of a horse, is getting along as well as could be expected.

Rev. Mr. Hathaway, Methodist, is expected to preach at Town Hall on Sunday next.

GEN GRANT has been nominated for the Presidency by the New York Union General Committee, subject to the decision of the National Convention.

By referring to a notice in our advertising columns, it will be seen that the lock at the Augusta Dam is to be closed for repairs on the 5th of August, and those interested can govern themselves accordingly.

Frederick H. Reed, of Portland, convicted of a single sale of liquor, has been committed to jail, the first case of imprisonment under the amended liquor law.

WATERVILLE MAN DROWNED.—The following ship from the Sacramento, Cal., Union, of June 28, is sent us by Mr. W. H. Moor, formerly of this place:—

"MISSING.—The watchman of the steamer Gem, Eugene Simons, was missing yesterday morning, and is supposed to be drowned. We have been unable to ascertain anything definite outside the circumstances which favor the suspicion that he fell overboard from the steamer and was drowned. The Gem was moored at the wharf of the Gas Works. The missing man, with—Sawyer and Alfred Wright, were on the steamer. Wright's story accounts for Simons about three o'clock yesterday morning. He says, as we understand, that about that time Simons called at his room and inquired for a piece of candle. He responded by telling him to light the lamp. Soon afterward Simons went down on the boiler deck and he heard no more of him. All of Simons' wearing apparel (except his drawers and undershirt), which he was known to have on the night before, was found in his room. He was about thirty years old.

Eugene Simons will be remembered in Waterville as a son of Gen. Solen S. Simons, at one time Superintendent of the And. & Ken. Railroad,—but now a resident of California.

CATTLE MARKETS.—The supply of cattle and sheep this week was about the same as last week, but no cattle were reported from our State. There was little change in prices, except on the poorer quality of beef which was lower. The Boston Advertiser says:—"The trouble in selling stock this week is just about this—the 13 1-2 to 14c cattle nearly as last week; while the 12 centers are wanted for 11c; the 11 centers for 10c, &c., and the latter far more plenty than the former."

A special despatch to The Star says Rev. R. G. Chase and wife, Miss Haupt, Miss Tazewell, and Josiah Harmer, all of Philadelphia; S. F. Clark and wife, of Framingham, Mass., and Capt. C. Robinson, of Tremont, were captured and drowned off Bar Harbor, Mt. Desert, Wednesday.

A despatch from Leavenworth, Kansas, says that a train with which Bishop Lamey, ten priests and six Sisters of Charity, were going to Santa Fe, was captured by Indians, near Fort Larned on Sunday last, the men killed and the women carried into captivity.

THE INDIAN BILL.—The Indian bill, as passed by the Senate Thursday, at the close of two days' discussion, authorizes the President to appoint three army officers not below the rank of brigadier general, who, with the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Mr. Henderson of the Senate, Mr. Windom of the House, and John B. Sanford, shall constitute a commission to call together the chiefs and head men of the hostile Indian tribes, and see if they cannot make peace with them. If the commissioners fail to make peace, then three thousand volunteers are to be enlisted for service against the Indians. The bill appropriates \$450,000.

Late advices from Mexico state that the wife of the President reached Vera Cruz July 14, and was received with enthusiasm. Juarez, it is said, will soon order an election for President, but he declines to be a candidate. It is again stated that Santa Anna has been shot, but no particulars are given. The government will soon issue an address justifying the execution of Maximilian.

Mr. James J. Spelman, the American Baptist, has just received a letter from Frederick Douglass, in which he announces the arrival at Rochester of his lost brother, Perry, and family. The letter concludes as follows: "The meeting of my brother after nearly forty years' separation, is an event altogether too affecting for words to describe. How unutterably accursed is slavery, and how unspeakably joyful are the results of its overthrow! The search now taking place all over the South, after years of separation and sorrow, furnish a subject of the deepest pathos."

The London News, in referring to the absurd proposition in the British Parliament to withdraw the British Legation from Mexico, pertinently asks: "If an American adventurer had gone to Hungary, waged war against the Austrian government, and ultimately been taken and executed, should we have recalled our ambassador from Vienna?"

NEW PHASE OF THE MEXICAN QUESTION.—The Malmorans Ranchero of the 2d has a letter from San Louis Potosi, which says that when Maximilian was on his trial he was asked: "Are you willing to acknowledge that you are responsible for all that has occurred in Mexico since the evacuation of the country by the French?" He replied: "No! I am not the responsible party; on the contrary, President Juarez is the party upon whom the responsibility rests. After the French had left I despatched a messenger to Juarez, and proposed that he grant a general amnesty and give full pardon to all persons that had identified themselves with me, and the Imperial cause. This Juarez refused to do, and no other course was left for me than to remain and do all that I could for the protection of a large proportion of the Mexican people."

THE Department of Agriculture publishes the following summary of statistics bearing upon the prospect of a staple crop in this State:

Twelve counties of Maine report the same acreage of winter wheat, but six per cent. advance in condition of the crop over the same date last year. Spring wheat shows ten per cent. less both in acreage and present condition. Rye one per cent. more acreage, and four per cent. increase in condition. Apples not so promising as last year, though the acreage is five per cent. larger than last year.

GRANT AND POPE ON ILL-NATURED REBELS.—General Pope has the very natural idea that the parole given by the rebel soldiers at the close of the war is more than waste paper and is to be relied upon to compel certain factious members of the former Confederate service to behave themselves and act the part of good citizens. Grant says, in the old unconditional surrender style, "your views on the obligation of parole are in strict accordance with my own." Thus there is perfect harmony on this point, and certain disaffected residents of the military districts may wake up some day to find that they are reported as having violated their paroles and are once more prisoners of war.—[N. Y. Herald.]

The Boston Traveller states that a lady in Reading, Mass., while conversing with some callers, suddenly turned pale, and sinking into a chair, exclaimed, "Did you hear that gun? It affected me strangely;" and wept unconsoledly. Her visitors had heard no report, and it afterward appeared that no gun had been fired at that time in the place. News came, however, that her brother, residing a hundred miles away, was at that hour fatally shot by the accidental discharge of his fowling-piece while hunting in a grove near his house.

The Ocean County (N. J.) Courier relates the following good joke: In the fall of 1866, one of our Ocean County cranberry growers packed several casks of choice cranberries and shipped to some of his English friends in Liverpool. In due time they were received, and their receipt acknowledged, saying: "That the cranberries had been received, and tendered their profound thanks; but they had spoiled in the transit, as they were so sour that they could not be eaten."

The Maine Farmer urges the good housewives to keep the teapot on the stove so that their husbands can have warm drinks, which are better for quenching thirst than cold water, and much more healthy in warm weather.

The Argus' State reporter says that on Friday night a house at Somerset Mills, owned by Messrs. Wing & Bates, and occupied by Frank Priest, was discovered to be on fire. The fire originated from a defect in the chimney and was discovered by Mr. Priest, who, with his family, came near being suffocated by the smoke. But for the timely exertion of the neighbors the entire saw mills of that place must have been destroyed.

Advice from the South state that yellow fever prevails to such an extent in Indianola as to cause the suspension of commercial intercourse with that port. The cholera is said to be decreasing in Memphis, Tenn., but it has appeared near Pine Bluff and Helena, Arkansas.

Information has been received at Fort Harter to the effect that Bishop Lamey and his party, who were recently reported to be murdered by Indians near Fort Larned, passed Fort Dodge, fifty-five miles west of Fort Larned, July 16, in company with a large train.

The Cretons, it is said, are preparing a number of fire ships to destroy the Turkish squadron. The news by steamship from Turkish sources represents the in-urrection as at an end and the insurgents laying down their arms. Advices through official channels in Washington speak of terrible cruelties practised by the Turks.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Mr. Joshua Walton of Mercer, dropped dead in the field on Monday morning last. He was in his usual health. His age was about 76.—[Clarion.]

The round house, seven or eight locomotives, part of the machine shop and woodsheds of the Northern Railroad at Concord, N. H., and a bridge across the track, were destroyed by fire Friday night, involving a loss of \$250,







