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Maxham & Wing

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SUMMER.

Lo! lazy Summer, swarthy, in the sun,
Lies panting, with bare breasts, upon the hills,
Swathing her limbs in hazes warm and blue,
Where splendors into dusky splendors run,
And sultry glory all the heaven's orb fills.

Not a white dimple stirs amid the coral;
Not a low ripple shivers through the leaves;
Since, wrapped in gold and crimson gleams unshorn,
Came, flashing through the east, the regal morn,
No throated twitterings gurgle round the eaves.

Flooded in sunny silence sleep the kine;
In languid murmurs brooklets float and flow;
The quaint farm-gables in the rich light shine,
And round them, in a haze of golden glow,
And close beside them sun-flowers burn and blow.

Amid the growing heat I lay me down,
And into visions swarms the moted air;
Gleams up before me many a famous town,
Pillared and crested with a regal crown,
Outshimmering in an orient purple glare;

Lo! lowly Tadmor, burning in its sands—
Backward and forward I see eddies stream
Gilding by mosque and minaret, see the gleams
Of seas in sun-slips of strands,
And drowsy Bagdad buried deep in dreams;

See swarthy monarchs flushed in purple rings
Of silken couriers, through half-open doors
Catch the spice odors, and the riot of springs
Leaping down in a mass of flowers;
See light forms dancing over pearly floors;

Sleeping vergiloes, spires, and tremulous dome
Winking in drowsy splendor all the day—
See forest haunts where thick the lions roam,
See thirty panthers glancing in bloody foam
Leap terrible as lightning on their prey;

Or stand with Cortez on a mountain peak
Above the Aztec city—see unrolled
Gem-throned shores of Montezuma weak—
See the white temples swarming thick and sleek,
And sunny streets stretch up by towers of gold;

See slken sails float by, ambrosial,
Laden with spices, up a Persian gulf;
Or stand on Lebanon's mid the cedar tall,
And the soft sun on the blue of the sea
Or water down a jut of Darien.

But lo! a waking shiver in the trees,
And voices 'mid the hay-cocks in the glen;
The sun is setting; and the crimson seas
Are shaken into splendor by the breeze,
And all the busy world is up again.

[Landon Athenaeum.]

[From Harper's Magazine for July.]

A ROMANCE OF SOUTH FERRY.

And the child, obeying his look, went on to the carriage, disappointed but submissive. I, a dutiful submissive, allowed myself to be bundled into the buggy, and we were soon rattling over the stony road toward the ferry—the identical ferry where we had met for the first time, and where my sinking strength was sustained by sugar-plums, as it had been his pleasure to remind me on several occasions.

"By-the-way, do you remember, Miss De Forest, that you owe me a philopœna?" he asked, as we pulled over the bridge.

"I remember that you have accused me of that debt," I answered; "but I don't acknowledge it. It is outlawed by this time, if I ever owed it to you; but I don't even remember that."

"Your bad memory is not a sufficient ground for repudiation. You owe me a philopœna, and I shall exact payment."

"After the manner of Shylock?" I asked, carelessly.

"No," he answered, deliberately. "One pound of flesh will not suffice. One hundred, perhaps, more or less, might satisfy me. Miss De Forest," he bent forward and toward me with a look that compelled my eyes to meet his—"I am not a man to go round about a purpose, or to hesitate after my mind is made up. Forgive me if this is abrupt, but I love you."

Could anything have been cooler or more business-like, even to the accurate estimate of my probable weight in flesh and blood? I was for the moment even more amused than surprised or startled, and a saucy answer sprang to my lips.

"What a lame and impotent conclusion, Mr. Livingston, to such a very resolute beginning. Really I trembled with the expectation of something terrible!"

"Do not jest, Miss De Forest," he said, earnestly. "It is not a laughing matter to me. Answer me seriously for once."

"Answer what? You have asked me no question."

"I have told you a fact of vital importance, to one person at least. Is there nothing in that to answer? You shall have the question too. Do you love me?"

"Not at all!" I cried, laughing and turning away my face, for I felt it glowing to the roots of my hair. "Such a ridiculous question, and such a place to choose for asking it! What would Mrs. Bernard say?"

"That you would try the patience of Job!" he exclaimed, hotly. "Is it impossible for you to be serious, Miss De Forest?"

"I am simply obeying a scriptural injunction," I said, demurely.

"To answer a fool according to his folly? Do you really mean that?"

He looked me full in the face as he demanded my reply; his eyes sparkled, his lips were compressed as if to restrain emotion, his whole expression betokened both eagerness and determination. I saw that no biddance or mere evasion of the question at issue would be tolerated; and—must I confess it?—I felt no desire to trifle longer; the fervent meaning of his eyes found response in my heart, causing strange stir and tumult in depths never sounded before. Sudden and overwhelming as the declaration certainly was, I was conscious of a delicious recognition of the truth it revealed as no new-born emotion on either side. He loved me, I loved him; in that one exquisite moment it seemed as if we had loved each other from the beginning of the world!

My tongue for once was mute; my face was sufficiently eloquent, I suppose, for I found myself suddenly a prisoner, held firmly in strong arms, while possession was claimed in passionate whispers. We were on the ferry-boat, huddled in with the usual crowd of miscellaneous vehicles, and the buggy was open to observation; it was a mercy that everybody was too busy with their own affairs to note of ours—also that the buggy was deep, and the Afghan ample—else Mrs. Grundy would have been horribly scandalized!

As it was, I never heard that any body was the wiser for that little demonstration, though there were certainly two people the happier; I returned to propriety, for my part, as speedily as I conveniently could, and demanded, of course, with the proper amount of virtuous indignation, how he dared to take such a liberty? He replied that he did what he pleased with his own possessions; henceforward I was his, to have and to hold when and where he chose; and as for the ferry-boat, it was not very romantic, he knew, considered by itself—a meeting by moonlight alone would have been more according to rule, and in some respects preferable—but did it happen to remember that it was upon this spot, at the witching hour of midnight, that I had thrown myself upon his protection, and was there no logic in the eternal fitness of things?

I confess that I saw very few of the wonderful feats performed by the "Royal Equestrians" that afternoon. There was a glare of color and light, and a wonderful whirl of indescribable things, only equaled by the dizzy tumult of my

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own heart and brain. Mrs. Bernard found me silent and *distracted*, and began to watch me at last with curious eyes, and make little significant speeches. I did not mind them, for I knew she liked me, and that when the truth was told her she would accept it gracefully even though she might have chosen something different for her brother. I cared really more for poor little Elsie's interest in the matter, though that and everything else was soon merged in the remembrance of my father. What had I done? what had I consented to? Something that would separate me from him not merely for a season; something that would render worthless at once every effort I had made for his sake. What would house or land be to him without me?

"A penny for your thoughts," some one whispered at my ear.

"They are a hundred miles away!" I exclaimed, involuntarily.

"And you look as if you would like to follow them."

"My looks tell the truth," I said.

"Flattering to your companions. Thank you."

And my interlocutor turned away, and devoted himself to Elsie for five minutes at least. I was glad when the performance came to an end, and we were alone once more; for I had made up my mind to a grand renunciation, and I was naturally anxious to get over the pain of effecting it as soon as possible. I opened the matter by endeavoring to withdraw my hand, of which he had taken possession as soon as he was seated beside me in the buggy.

"What is that for?" he asked, nonchalantly, retaining his hold. "Nobly can you see now, and if they did, who cares?"

"It is not that," I answered, gravely. "You must not hold my hand at all; you must forget everything you have said to me this afternoon, and let us simply be friends as we were before."

"Have you repented already?" he asked, laughingly, proceeding with characteristic effrontery to pull the glove off my hand.

"Your impudence would justify me," I said, struggling, but vainly, to recover hand and glove.

"Because if you have," he went on, regardless of the interpolation, "I'm sorry for you; but it is too late. My little Delle, you are mine, for time and for eternity; this little hand is mine, and in proof thereof, witness my sign and seal."

Something was slipped over my finger—it was useless to resist—and then the hand was released, and I saw the flash of a single *vol-taire*. For one moment only, in the next it was withdrawn again, as if in anticipation of my instinctive impulse to snatch off the ring.

"Now"—and one hand grasped mine more firmly than ever, while with the other he gathered up the reins that had fallen loosely over the dasher during this little episode. "Let us hear why I must forget everything I said this afternoon. Speak with due circumspection, however, for you are no longer free, and I give you a warning that I'll have no nonsense."

"I am free—I must be free!" I exclaimed; "and all this is nonsense, which I ought never to have allowed. Mr. Livingston, take back your ring, and forgive me if you can. I can not let this go on."

"State your reasons," he answered, with lawyer-like coolness, but there was a change in his voice—the tone of easy confidence gave way to repressed anxiety, visible in his very brevity.

"I cannot leave my father," I exclaimed, childishly, too confused and troubled to express myself with more circumspection.

"Is that all?" with a quick return to the former tone, "But I haven't asked you to leave him, have I?"

No, it was very true, he had not.

"And you are not with him now—you had left him for your own accord before I ever thought of asking you to be so unfaithful."

"But I did it with a purpose," I said, hastily, "and only for a time. If I—if you—if this goes on," I stammered, "the very object of my coming here will be frustrated, the end for which we are both working will be no longer worth attaining."

"Suppose you tell me all about it," he suggested; "and meanwhile, since you object to my holding your hand, I'll make a compromise—so; putting an arm around me as he spoke, and drawing me so close to him that my head rested perforce upon his shoulder.

It was so dark by this time that it was impossible for any one to see us, and as I had proved already the folly of resistance to his superior strength, I judged it wise to accept the situation. There was in it both pain and pleasure; I hardly knew which predominated; the sweetness of being upheld by his strong arm, knowing myself dear and precious to him, yielding for a brief space to the charm of his caresses—or the pain of feeling that I must renounce all this in justice to another love more sacred, but, alas! not now so sweet. I had to acknowledge that, to remember with shame that my heart had never throbbled with such delicious happiness when my father gathered me in his arms, dearly as I loved him.

But I nerved myself to the task, and told the story of our pecuniary difficulties, and the object for which I had left home; how we hoped to pay off the mortgage, and again get possession of the pretty homestead, and how we proposed to live together and take care of each other all our days. Consequently, how it was wrong and impossible to enter into any other arrangement which would conflict with this. I was listened to with sufficient attention, but I am bound to state that my arguments did not make the impression I had expected. On the contrary, they were couched with amusement, and instead of being instantly and magnanimously resigned, I was folded in a tighter embrace than ever, and half-smothered with kisses in addition, notwithstanding my vehement protests. And for all satisfaction, I got only the assurance that "he would settle all that with my father, who, by the law of opposites, must be a sensible man, else he could never have had such a dear little goose of a daughter."

Which might have been logic, but I didn't see it. However, my heart was lightened already with a happy, if somewhat vague, trust in his ability to reconcile conflicting claims; and when he lifted me out at Mrs. Bernard's door the diamond was still glittering upon my ungloved hand. "Take it off at your peril!" he had said in reply to all my feminine protes-

tations and objections, and dread of what people would say. "You have nothing to do with what will be said. I'll attend to that."

VI.

And, of course, I could only obey. I ran up to my own room without waiting for the rest, found the gas lighted, the grate glowing cheerily, and a letter lying on the round table. From my father, I saw at a glance, and snatched it eagerly with a sense of compunction that soon gave way to different emotions as I hastily gathered its contents. Here is a part:

"I am sorry to have only bad news for you, my little Delle, in return for your bright letter. I would tell you nothing about it if there was any hope of remedy; but, as it is, and there being no longer any object to be gained by our separation, I think you will prefer to know the truth at once. So I write to say, *come home*, my child. Your loving efforts can never avail to regain the home in which you were born, and year by year have grown dearer to me; but we will be just as happy some-where else. It is too painful a subject to write in detail; it is enough to say that, *without my knowledge*, and for reasons of his own, James Harkness has induced Colonel Livingston to transfer to him the mortgage upon my property. The thing was arranged through a third party; it was not intended that I should know of Harkness's share in it; but I accidentally discovered the whole plot. The worst of it is, that Hannah consented to it, and Martin justifies the procedure. Comment is needless. I have no alternative but to offer the property for sale, since I can not raise the money to take up the mortgage when it falls due, and I certainly shall not ask the favor of a renewal from my son-in-law. It will, of course, be sacrificed in the present depression of real estate; but Harkness will be the purchaser, and Hannah the gainer—I ought not to complain. Come home to me, Delle, you are all I have left, and I am sick for the sight of my little girl's face."

What pity and love and fiery indignation possessed my soul as I read this needs not to be expressed. I burned with righteous wrath, I longed, oh, how fervently! for a few brief minutes face to face with the treacherous sisters, the unnatural daughters who had conspired to plunder their own father. For once their sins would have been set in order before them if I could have reached them. But beyond my bitter contempt and anger there was no longer the sense of loss and disappointment which I would have felt once. I was even conscious of a certain undefined sense of relief—a feeling that in some way this destruction of one hope would be the foundation upon which another would rise to completion.

I put the letter into my pocket when the bell rang for dinner, and went down in too much excitement to dread—as I should have done otherwise—the ordeal to which my ring was sure to subject me.

"Oh, Miss De Forest, how pretty!" was, of course, an immediate outcry from Georgie, who sat next me at dinner. "You never wore this ring before—may I look at it?"

"Certainly," I said, as indifferently as I could.

"Why did you never wear it before?" was the next interrogation. "Did you only get it to-day?"

But, to my relief, Mrs. Bernard interposed: "It is rude to ask so many questions, Georgie. Miss De Forest might not like to answer them."

There was significance in her tone, and I saw by her glance at my hand that she suspected the truth. But nothing more was said, and dinner passed rather more quietly and formally than usual. When Mrs. Bernard rose to leave the room Mr. Livingston said with his usual easy grace:

"Come up to my study by-and-by, will you Fan? and bring Miss De Forest, if she will condescend. I've something to show you."

"Miss De Forest is here to speak for herself," said Mrs. Bernard.

He turned to me; "Will you come?" with a mischievous look.

But I did not trust myself to answer except with a bow of assent. I knew what was to come, and I dreaded it. Mrs. Bernard looked at me curiously several times during the next half hour, but she said nothing until she asked me if I would go now to Mr. Livingston's study. At the door, just before we entered, she said:

"There is something going on between you two—I have seen it all the afternoon. Am I to be taken in to confidence?"

The door opening suddenly from the inside saved me from the necessity of replying. Mr. Livingston had heard our approach, and welcomed us in to his quaintly-elegant apartment with much effusion. But his sister turned to him with sharp interrogation:

"What's the meaning of this, Schuyler? There is some mystery going on with you and Miss De Forest."

"We'll make her reveal it, then," he answered, laughing. "Tell my sister the wickedness we have planned, Delle!"

"Thank you for nothing," said Mrs. Bernard, shortly. "I have the use of my eyes, and I know an engagement ring when I see it."

"Give us your blessing, then," he retorted, putting his arm about my waist and drawing me toward her. "Confess that you could not have chosen a sister more to your liking, Fan."

"It is all settled, then? Miss De Forest, I wish you joy of him. You will relieve me from a great anxiety."

"I hope you are not vexed," was all I could find voice to say.

"Vexed? why should I be?" she began, a little coolly; then with a sudden impulse threw her arms round my neck and kissed me. "I've a great mind to scold! to think of your being so sly about it, that I never even guessed until this afternoon."

"There was nothing to guess," I exclaimed, eagerly. "Tell her how it was," appealingly to him. Whereat he explained, entirely to Mrs. Bernard's satisfaction, and submitted with a good grace to some rather sharp rallying on her part, for which the unfortunate engagement ring was a handle.

"The idea of his cool presumption in taking my consent for granted, and providing the ring beforehand! Probably he had the wedding ring also in his possession," etc., etc. I had not thought of it before in the general whirl of my ideas, but it mortified me a little in the light of her ridicule. Had he been so sure of his conquest, then? and how had I revealed to him feelings which I had not even acknowledged to myself? I resolved to have this explained, and it was, afterward, entirely to my satisfaction; though I do not intend to tell the reader how. He will doubtless accept the reservation cheerfully, and also the fact that my story is almost told.

Mrs. Bernard was amiable enough to "give us her blessing" and approval, and to undertake to reconcile poor little Elsie to the confirmation of her worst suspicions. She had been reading "Daisy Burns," it appeared, and fancied herself a second edition of that heroine, not being

up to the fact that her beloved Uncle Schuyler was "within the degrees of consanguinity," and could never play the part of "Coriolanus," even if no "Miriam" had appeared on the stage. Her mother, as I said, undertook to explain, and, incidentally left us alone, to the *tele-a-tele* we longed for.

Then I produced my letter, and had the comfort of meeting perfect sympathy, not only in my indignation, but in the vague idea which had occurred to me of turning the misfortune to our advantage. In fact, it was seized upon and put into shape immediately.

"Your father must sell out, of course," said Mr. Livingston, "and I shall get my father to see that that precious hypocrite doesn't make too good a bargain out of his meanness. He will have something in hand to begin again in a fresh place—and that place, Delle—what is to be his?—shall be here. If he has the man I take him to be he can get all the practice he wants before long, and you and I will console him for all he leaves behind."

It is needless to detail the long discussion of this project, and the various steps by which it arrived at completion. Enough that it was completed through the active energy of a son-in-law more after my father's heart than Wilson Plunkett or James Harkness; that the honest stand was sold, not to my sister Hannah's husband, whose meanness for once overreached itself; that the proceeds of the sale paid all debts and left a comfortable surplus for the new beginning; that my dear father is now a physician, loved and respected in many a Brooklyn household; but most of all in the one of which he forms the third member, where Schuyler Livingston is the master, and Delle—*nee* De Forest—the happiest little mistress in the world.

I had a trousseau, too, in which my father was recklessly extravagant; but the wedding dress was a present from Elsie—a creamy-white silk, which certainly made ample amends for the ink-stains on my gray merino; and in which, under the fleecy cloud of point-lace—Mrs. Bernard's gift—*somebody* said I looked like an angel! Elsie's bridesmaid dress was even prettier in her estimation; it was not like the odious green silk presented to Daisy, but a fairy-like tissue of rose-color, festooned with lilies of the valley, which I myself selected with special reference to her peachy complexion and nut-brown curls.

As for Hannah and Martha, they were, of course, invited to my wedding, but had the grace to send regrets. I have never seen them since, having been far too happy in my new home to care about revisiting the old one.

WHY NOT RELY ON MORAL SUASION?—In a communication we received the other day, a prominent clergyman, after alluding to the tendency everywhere manifested by temperance men to invoke the aid of the law to carry out the reform, puts the following: "Why not rely on moral suasion? Why seek to make men moral by legislative enactment?" In reply we say, we do not seek to make men moral by legislation. We only, by legislation, seek to remove that which makes them immoral, just as theft and murder are sought to be prevented by statute.

It is not a law saying that a man shall not drink that temperance men seek; they only desire a law that says no man shall open a place for the manufacture of drink and the propagation of drunkenness, misery, disease, and crime. Such we know to be the nature of every liquor-store opened in the Fourteenth Ward in this city, where for years our church was located. Just what law has already done with lotteries, immoral books, and gambling is what we ask law to do with the drink-traffic.

The law does not say no man shall read an immoral book or gamble; but the law says no man shall sell immoral books or pictures, nor open a gambling-house. Why not such law with regard to alcoholic liquors? Are the evils resulting to the health and morals of the community not much greater from the liquor traffic than gambling? Rev. J. Clay, late Chaplain of Preston Jail, says: "I have never conversed with a single person who attributed his ruin to going to the gaming-table; but I have conversed with fifteen thousand prisoners who have declared that the enticement of the beer-house has been their ruin."

Why not rely on moral suasion? Pray, what is the prohibitory law but moral suasion legalized? It is the will of the sovereign people. Moral suasion is yet to be used with all who can be reached. But moral suasion alone can not remove the evil; it has been tried for nearly half a century, and the evil still continues. Law must be evoked. And why not? You do not rely on moral suasion in regard to lotteries and gambling-houses. Why not license them, and regulate them, and derive a revenue from them? And if, after every precaution, there are still evils in regard to them, why not endeavor to check those evils by appeals to the consciences and reason of the men engaged in keeping lottery and gambling-houses?

Moral suasion has done much for the world, and it has done much for the cause of temperance. But moral suasion has its limits. It is too feeble to combat the drunkard's appetite when excited by temptation. While temptation tracks his steps on every hand and drunken companions are ready to drag him on, it is hard, and in a large majority of cases, impossible for an intemperate man to keep the pledge he has taken.

Then there is a class of men, unprincipled men, so actuated by selfishness, that will sell the law compels them to stop. Anxious neighbors may reason with them; wives, in rags and tears, may implore them; and still they will sell. As long as money can be made by the traffic there are men who would build their gorgery in the crater of a volcano; they would sell ruin amid the heavings of an earthquake; and as the drunkard steps down the bank, and hangs suspended by a single twig over the bottomless pit, they would put between his chattering teeth the draught that would unnerve his arm and plunge him into an eternal abyss. And shall we talk of moral suasion to such men? MORAL AND LEGAL SUASION UNITED—*by these we conquer!*—[National Temperance Advocate.]

MARK TWAIN LAST.—He says: Bummer Jim was a good-natured, illiterate, companionable vagabond, who made his living by devious inscrutable ways in San Francisco for years, but he came East finally and old friends got him

at berth in Washington as a sort of general superintendent of the Capitol building. There was a steam engine in his department and it was the joy of his life. He had never been officially connected with a steam engine before, and he was justly proud of his new and distinguished position. He never threw away a chance to lure visitors by various and specious protests, into his engine-room, and then expatiate on the wonderful machine to them.

One day a visitor said, "It is a pretty fine engine—no doubt about that. How many horse-power is it?"

"Horse-power, your grandmother! It goes by steam!"

"CURIOUS MYTHS OF THE MIDDLE AGES," S. Baring Gould's new book, makes sweeping work of medieval legend. The author seems to have become a convert to Solomon's theory that there is nothing new under the sun. He thus gives his reasons for the faith that is in him:—

"How many brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts and cousins of all degrees a little story has! And how few of the tales we listen to can lay any claim to originality! There is scarcely a story which I hear which I cannot connect with some family of myths, and whose pedigree I cannot ascertain with more or less precision. Shakespeare drew the plots of his plays from Boccaccio or Straparola; but these Italians did not invent the tales they lent to the English dramatist. King Lear does not originate with Geoffrey of Monmouth, but comes from early Indian stories of fable, whence also are derived the Merchant of Venice and the pound of flesh, and the very incident of the three caskets.

But who will credit it, were it not proved by conclusive facts, that Johnny Sands is the inheritance of the whole Aryan family of nations, and that Peeping Tom of Coventry peeped in India and on the Tartar steppes ages before Lady Godiva was born?

If you listen to Traviata at the opera, you have set before you a tale which has lasted for centuries, and which was perhaps born in India.

If you read in classic fable of Orpheus charming wood and meadows, beasts and birds, with his magic lyre, you remember to have seen the same fable related in Kalevala of the Finnish Wai omainen, and in the Kalewepoeg of the Estonian Kalewa.

If you take up English history, and read of William the Conqueror slipping as he landed on British soil, and kissing the earth, saying he had come to greet and claim his own, you remember that the same story is told of Napoleon in Egypt, of King Olaf, Harold's son, in Norway, and in classic history of Junius Brutus on his return from the oracle.

A little while ago I cut out of a Sussex newspaper a story purporting to be the relation of a fact which had taken place at a fixed date in Lewes. This was the story. A tyrannical husband locked the door against his wife, who was out having tea with a neighbor, gossiping and scandal-mongering; when she applied for admittance, he pretended not to know her. She threatened to jump into the well unless he opened the door. The man, not supposing that she would carry her threat into execution, declined, alleging that he was in bed, and the night was chilly; besides which he entirely disclaimed all acquaintance with the lady who claimed admittance. The wife then flung a log into a well, and secreted herself behind the door. The man, hearing the splash, fancied that his good lady was really in the deeps, and forth he darted in his nocturnal costume which was of the lightest, to ascertain whether his deliverance was complete. At once the lady darted into the house, locked the door, and, on the husband pleading for admittance, she declared most solemnly from the window that she did not know him. Now, this story, I can positively assert, unless the events of this world move in a circle, did not happen in Lewes, or any other Sussex town. It was told in the Greta Romanorum six hundred years ago, and it was told, may be, as many hundred years in India, for it is still to be found in Sanscrit collections of tales."

Take the story of William Tell. There never was a William Tell, and (to use an Hibernianism) he never shot an apple from the head of his son; or, to be more exact, and to adopt a phrase of Artemas Ward, in speaking of a Mormon's wife as "there was a good many of her," there were a host of the Swiss hero.

The Tell of Swiss history is related to have saved his son and defied Gessler in 1307. Every schoolboy knows the incident. But Saxo Grammaticus, a Danish writer of the 12th century, tells substantially the same story of one Toki, a hero of Denmark, who flourished in the tenth century. As this is the first form of the myth, we copy it as translated by Mr. Baring Gould:—

"Toki, who had for some time been in the king's service, had, by his deeds, surpassing those of his comrades, made enemies of his virtues. One day, when he had drunk too much, he boasted to those who sat at table with him, that his skill in archery was such, that with the first shot of an arrow he could hit the smallest apple set on the top of a stick at a considerable distance. His detractors, hearing this, lost no time in conveying what he said to the king (Harald Bluetooth). But the wickedness of this monarch soon transformed the confidence of the father to the jeopardy of the son, for he ordered the dearest pledge of his life to stand in place of the stick, from whom, if the utterer of the boast did not at his first shot strike down the apple, he should with his head pay the penalty of having made an idle boast. The command of the king urged the soldier to do this, which was so much more than he had undertaken, the detaching artifices of the others having taken advantage of words spoken when he was hardly sober. As soon as the boy was led forth, Toki carefully admonished him to receive the whirl of the arrow as calmly as possible, with attentive ears, and without moving his head, lest by a slight motion of the body he should frustrate the experience of his well tried skill. He also made him stand with his back towards him, lest he should be frightened at the sight of the arrow. Then he drew three arrows from his quiver, and the very first shot he struck the proposed mark. Toki being asked by the king why he had taken so many more arrows out of his quiver, when he was to make but one trial with his bow, 'That I might

avenge on thee," he replied, "the error of the first, by the points of the others, lest my innocence might happen to be afflicted, and thy injustice go unpunished."

The same story, with variations, is told of Egil, brother of the mythical Volundr, in the Saga of Thidrik; in Norwegian history, of King Olaf, the Saint, who died in the year 1030; in the life of Heming, another Norse hero, who died in 1066; in the Faroe Islands it is related of Geyti, Aslak's son; in the celebrated Malles Malechrum, it is narrated of a man named Funcher; in early English literature it appears in the old ballad of William of Cloudesley; it turns up in Finland, and even in Persia it is preserved in a poem by Attar, who lived and died long before the days of William Tell of Switzerland. According to the Persian poet, however, the king shoots the apple from the head of a beloved page, and the lad dies from sheer fright, though the arrow does not ever graze his skin. In short, the story is a fable common to the Aryan races."

The legend of the dog Collert, whose grave is still pointed out in Wales, is shown to exist in Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Arabic, Persian, Egyptian, Hindoo, Mongolian and Chinese, as well as in English literature.

"A RAD. TO A RED. GREETING."—The following letter from Gen. Brislin to Raphael Semmes is published in the Columbus, Ohio, papers:

LEXINGTON, Ky., July 18, 1867.
Raphael Semmes, Editor Bulletin, Private, Traitor, &c.

SIR: Some one has sent me a copy of your paper, in which you devote nearly a whole column to my late speech at Lexington, Ky. You think me "incendiary on the Fourth of July." What right have you, a vile wretch, living by the grace of God and the mercy of a too humane Government, to take a loyal man to task for what he may see fit to say? Have you so soon forgotten your crimes, or are you insane enough to believe that they are forgotten among men, and that treason after all is not to be punished? For the sake of your soul I beg you not to forget the past, nor to be unmindful of the future, for the day is coming when you and Forrest will both be called to a just account for your misdeeds. Pirates and bucciners of innocent men cannot long live in America unhung. Be constantly prepared, for you know not the day nor the hour wherein the righteous judge will come to do justice. Being a Christian man, when your trouble is great and deep tribulation is upon you send for me, and I will come and do all I can to prepare you for your end, though, I tell you frankly, I believe no earthly intercession can save you from the hottest hell in damnation. You fear "such men" as I am will "rise to power" on the blacks. When you recollect your awful guilt, and that by the law of nations you are an outlaw, well may your coward conscience make you fear such an event. You assail the poor blacks, and charge them with the committing of "murder, arson, riot and robbery." All good men know the blacks behaved wonderfully well since they were set free, and your charges are as unjust as they are false. You say such men as I instigate them to do lawless acts. You, a pirate and a traitor, are a pretty fellow to talk about lawless acts. The devil rebuking sin would be a mild comparison. I have always advised the negroes to be law abiding, quiet, sober, industrious and peaceful, and shall continue to do so. They have no occasion to take the law into their own hands, and when they do I shall condemn them as I do you. We, who are their friends, by the help of God and a Radical Congress, will, in good time, in a legal way, properly punish you and all their enemies, and the enemies of

Waterville Mail.

EPH MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . AUG. 9, 1867.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. FITZGERALD & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 57 Park Row, New York; S. R. Niles, Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. F. Russell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 23 Congress Street, Boston, and 58 Cedar Street, New York; and T. C. Evans, Advertising Agent, 122 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the WATERVILLE MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

Advertisements are referred to the Agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS

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. Treas.—DANIEL PIKE.
Co. Com.—NATHANIEL GRAVES.
Reg' of Deeds—ARCHIBALD CLARK.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

Sunday, Aug. 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 at 3 1/2 o'clock p. m. Address by Prof. Wm. Matthews, of the University of Chicago, at the close of which there will be a social reunion and collation. The oration will be at the Baptist Church, and the collation in Town Hall, at about 6 o'clock p. m.

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.

MEMORIAL HALL.

Programme for Laying the Corner-Stone of Memorial Hall, Aug. 14th.

Prayer by Rev. Dr. Wilson, of Waterville.

Music.

Statement by the President, Chairman of Building Committee.

Address by Gen. H. M. Plaisted, of Bangor.

Music.

Address by Rev. Dr. Babcock, of New York.

Laying the corner-stone by Ex-Governor Coburn, of Skowhegan.

Music.

Benediction by Rev. A. Drinkwater, of Waterville.

The COMMENCEMENT CONCERT, always an attractive item in the varied programme of this festival, is this year invested with more than usual claims for an audience. These claims will rest mainly in the artistic merit of the entertainment; but to the citizens of Waterville and other friends of the college, bound by long recognized obligations to lend a helping hand in emergencies, there are incidental appeals for patronage. The unusually small graduating class—notwithstanding the hopeful condition of the college—have made generous arrangement for the festival, and our citizens will feel their honor pledged for such co-operation as will best sustain them. Bond's popular band is a godsend anywhere, and their visit promises a feast in which all have a share. The engagement of Mrs. Marriner will prove a very high gratification to a multitude of friends, for our whole town remember her as a musical favorite from her childhood. Now that the musical world have received her into high places, and given her a name among the most distinguished vocalists in the country, it will be a matter of pride to hear her.

Extra trains are engaged to take passengers to Augusta and intervening stations, and to West Waterville, after the Concert. Tickets are put at 50 cents—at other places they have generally been a dollar, and with less promise of excellence. Let everybody attend the Concert who can, and enjoy a musical feast such as rarely offers.

PIERCE, our clever photographer, is daily adding to his list of home views; and old residents of our village, of whom many are here for a few days at this season, would do well to look over his collection, and select some faithful transcript of our beautiful scenery. He has many fine river and street views, and one of the new church, which cannot fail to please. Those having guests from abroad would do well to introduce them to his rooms over People's Bank.

VISITORS.—Commencement is indicating its usual attraction, by the number of visitors it brings to our village. Rooms at our hotels have been in brisk demand, and an unusual number of familiar faces from abroad are daily seen in our streets. The rejuvenation of the venerable Alma Mater brings her boys home for congratulations. They would aid in rearing her new pillars, and see her established in her generous endowments. The interest is reciprocal—they are heartily welcomed by her friends at home. Her past is presented in this gathering; and though her present rests mainly in her hopes, this band of her alumni and these earnest friends are a guarantee that these hopes are to be realized.

BASE BALL.—A friendly game of Base-ball was played Wednesday, Aug. 7, between the Delphic and Union clubs both of Waterville, on the grounds of the Delphics. The Delphics have lately been obliged to re-organize their nine almost entirely, and the new nine had never played together before; therefore their playing was not up to former standard. They however, showed some good double play. The Unions have practised but little, but they played "excellently well" for their practice. The game was won by the Delphics, 34 to 28. On the fifth innings in the Delphics, Blunt took the 1st Base, Wilson C. Field, Whidden retiring from the game. On the sixth, in the Unions, Holway took the 3d Base, Keith the catcher's position.

SCORE OF THE SAME.									
Delphics.	Runs.	Outs.	Unions.	Runs.	Outs.	Delphics.	Runs.	Outs.	Unions.
Daniels, S. S.	6	2	Holway, C. Capt.	1	4	1	2	0	6
Warren, C.	5	3	Robinson, S. S.	2	6	2	2	0	6
Dunn, P. Capt.	7	1	Lowe, P.	5	2	3	3	0	6
Wilson, I. B.	3	4	Beasley, C. F.	6	0	4	4	0	6
Eveleth, B. B.	2	3	Shaw, B. B.	4	2	5	5	0	6
Hathaway, B. B.	1	4	Marston, I. B.	1	4	6	6	0	6
Cumston, L. F.	2	5	Keith, B. B.	2	4	7	7	0	6
Whidden, C. F.	2	3	Richardson, L. F.	5	2	8	8	0	6
Woodman, R. F.	5	2	Dubor, R. F.	2	3	9	9	0	6
Total,	34	27	Total,	28	27				

INNINGS.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Delphics, 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Unions, 3 5 2 2 1 5 2 5 3—28
Left on Bases.—Delphics, Eveleth 1, Hathaway 2, Wilson 1; Unions, Marston 3, Dabor 2, Keith 2, Shaw 1, Beasley 1, Holway 3.
Fly's caught.—Delphics, Wilson 1, Dunn 1, Crumston 1; Unions, Robinson 2, Shaw 1, Lowe 1, Keith 1, Richardson 1.
Passed balls.—Warren 7, Holway 16.
Struck out.—Delphics, Eveleth 1, Hathaway 1, Blunt 1; Unions, Holway 2, Keith 1, Richardson 1.
Umpire.—I. Britton.
Scorers.—For the Delphics, E. F. Merriam; for the Unions, F. N. Esty.

REPORTER.
The Delphics will play a match game with the Cobbeose Club, of Gardiner, this afternoon.

A NEW NATIONAL RELIGIOUS PAPER, to be called "THE ADVANCE," is to be started in Chicago, about the first of September. Leading business men and others, it is said, have furnished an ample capital for its support. The editor-in-chief will be Rev. Wm. W. Patton, D. D., who resigns the pastorate of the leading church of the denomination at the West for this purpose, and who has had many years experience in editorial labor. The subscription price will be \$2.50 in advance. The form will be what is popularly termed a double sheet of eight pages, of the size and style of the N. Y. Evangelist.

The prospectus says, "it will represent Congregational principles and polity, but will be conducted in a spirit of courtesy and fraternity toward all Christians." They say of the purpose of the paper, that "it is indicated in the name; their aim being to ADVANCE the cause of evangelical religion, in its relations not only to doctrine, worship and ecclesiastical polity, but also to philosophy, science, literature, politics, business, amusements, art, morals, philanthropy and whatever else conduces to the glory of God and the good of man by its bearing upon Christian civilization." It will contain the latest market reports, and able discussions of financial subjects, such as will make it a necessity to business men in all parts of the country.

TENNESSEE ELECTION resulted in the success of the republican ticket, Brownlow being elected by a majority of 30,000 and the radical congressmen by large majorities. Many Freedmen have been discharged by the employees for voting the radical ticket and Gen. Canin is doing all he can to find places for them.

It has been charged by the democrats and friends of Mr. Johnson that Mrs. Surratt was murdered by the Military Commission; but it turns out that Johnson signed her death warrant, in defiance of a recommendation to mercy in consideration of her sex and age, signed by the members of the Commission.

CURT CORRESPONDENCE.—On the 5th inst. President Johnson sent the following brief but significant note to Secretary Stanton:—

"Considerations of the public interest will persuade me to accept your resignation if tendered."

To which the Secretary of War immediately replied thusly:—

"Considerations of public interest have prevailed with me to hold this office for months past, and considerations of public interest will prevail with me to hold it till the assembling of Congress."

OUR TABLE.

A DAY OF DOOM, and other Poems. By Jean Ingelow. Boston: Roberts Brothers. The sale of 3700 copies of Jean Ingelow's works, since they were introduced here by Roberts Brothers, is an indication of the popularity of the new poet in this country, and is presumptive evidence that the volume under notice will be sure of a warm welcome. This popularity is a gratifying sign of a healthy public taste; for though there may occasionally be a little obscurity of expression in Miss Ingelow's lines, yet nobody finds any meaning in them inconsistent with the utterances of a true woman and a trusting Christian.

"The Story of Doom," the most ambitious poem in the volume and which gives it its name, is an epic, dealing with the closing days of the antediluvian world. Of this the London Athenaeum says:—

"We have noticed first Miss Ingelow's dealing with her supernatural agents, because they obviously claim for their delineation the highest faculties of the poet. To have presented them as Miss Ingelow has done, with an individuality that keeps them distinct from previous representations, almost accepted as models, and yet to have made them consistent and impressive, is an achievement of the rarest kind, and which involves high praise. . . . The touches by which she reveals to us her Evil Powers are quite sufficient for indication; while, with true poetic instinct, they stop short of hard and positive definition, and find the sense of mystery with the obscure and the conjectural."

The shorter poems, however, will be more likely to please the majority of readers, for these are all charming, each in its own way, and are in the best vein of this sweet singer. They are entitled—"The Dreams that Come True"; "Songs on the Voices of Birds"; "Laurence"; "A sweet love story in verse"; "Songs of the Night Watches"; "Contrasted Songs"; "Gladys and her Island"; "Songs with Preludes"; "Wistfulness." We shall find room for a few of the shorter ones hereafter.

Every admirer of Jean Ingelow—who is not?—will want a copy of this work, which is elegantly presented in blue and gold.

For sale by C. K. Matthews, Waterville.

THE HORSE AND OTHER LIVE STOCK. With the Diseases to which they are respectively subject, and the appropriate Remedies for each; together with their History and Varieties; their Crossing and Breeding, and the best methods for their Feeding and general management. The whole intended as a complete Guide to Farmers and others, for bringing their stock to the highest state of perfection and of profit. By Robert Jennings, V. S., Professor of Pathology and Operative Surgery in the Veterinary College of Philadelphia; late Professor of Veterinary Medicine in the Agricultural College of Ohio; Secretary of the American Veterinary Association of Philadelphia, etc., author of "Horse Training Made Easy," etc., etc.

After copying the above full title of a valuable book published by John E. Patton & Co., of Philadelphia, we will only add that it makes a large and handsome octavo volume of over 1200 pages, substantially bound in cloth, and containing over 500 engravings. It claims to be "the most complete and reliable work on the subject ever issued. It tells of the origin, history, and distinctive traits of the European, Asiatic, African, and American horse; how to breed, break, feed, and manage him, with his various vices and how to treat them. Also, the causes, symptoms, and treatment of nearly 150 distinct diseases to which he is subject, with the best and latest modes of cure; together with Barry's method of taming and subduing horses, and the law and form of warranty; the whole being the result of more than twenty years' careful study of the habits, peculiarities, wants, and weaknesses of this noble and useful animal. Sheep, Swine, Cattle, and Poultry, are also treated of in a thorough and exhaustive manner."

This book, which is sold only by subscription, ought to be in the hands of every farmer and stock grower, and the price, \$5, is low, considering the size and excellence of the work. Mr. H. S. Archer, a disabled soldier, is canvassing in this vicinity for subscribers, and certainly his share of the proceeds will be worthily bestowed. Give him a favorable hearing.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF HORTICULTURE AND FLOWER COMPANION.—The August number of this elegant monthly has the following table of contents:—

Among the Berries: Hesperia Propaganda; Collection and Transportation of Orchids; Grape Culture; Twinning Stems; American Grape Growing; Plant-Lice and Scale Insects; A Plea for the Kitchen-Garden; Cyclamen; Notes and queries in Botany, Zoology, Geology, and Microscopy; Correspondence; Natural History Calendar; Proceedings of Scientific Societies, etc. There are several elegant illustrations in the number.

Published at the Essex Institute, Salem, Mass., and edited by Alpheus S. Packard, Jr., in connection with Edward S. Morse, Alpheus Hyatt, and Frederick W. Putnam. A. Williams & Co. are the Boston agents. Price \$3 a year.

THE AMERICAN NATURALIST.—The August number of this illustrated Magazine of Natural History, has the following table of contents:—

The Quetzal of Arizona; The Cockroach and its Enemy; Fish Culture; The Dragon-Fly; The Land Snails of New England; The Phosphorescence of the Sea; Reviews; Natural History Miscellany—made up of short articles of interest in Botany, Zoology, Geology, and Microscopy; Correspondence; Natural History Calendar; Proceedings of Scientific Societies, etc. There are several elegant illustrations in the number.

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The death of Mrs. Hopkins, wife of George C. Hopkins, Esq. of Omaha, Nebraska, (recently published in the Mail), is thus announced in the Omaha Herald:—

We are pained to announce the death of this excellent lady. Our acquaintance with Mrs. Hopkins has led us to appreciate in her the most amiable and estimable qualities. She had but recently come from far-off New England to unite her own with the fortunes of her husband, full of bright hopes of the future, and prepared to make the necessary sacrifices incident to such a change. She was soon made welcome here by a large circle of friends, and was everywhere esteemed by her acquaintances in Omaha as a lady of high Christian character, education and refinement. Stricken down in the very bloom of womanhood, she has been suddenly called away forever! Sorrow unspeakable oppressed the heart of her afflicted husband and kindred, who mourn, as they only can mourn, over their great and untimely loss. If words of ours could convey the balm of consolation to the stricken heart of the chief mourner at the grave of our departed friend, we should hasten to speak them under the inspiration of a deep and earnest sympathy, shared by hundreds in Omaha with his irreparable bereavement.

FURBISH & SANDERS are quietly busy at their new Sash and Blind establishment on the Messalonuske; and it will be news to many, as it certainly was to us, to learn that in addition to their main building, they have erected four or five others, including a substantial and convenient dry house of brick. They are now engaged in putting a brick front to their large building, and as insurance comes pretty high for such property as theirs, they have put in a force pump, with a supply of hose, and maintain a night watch. They give employment to fifteen or twenty men, and make no small addition to the profitable and honorable business of our quiet village. Their advertisement will be found in our paper.

Theatrical recitations seem to be taking the place of old fashioned declamations, at our College prize exhibitions. At Bowdoin this week, a large half of the pieces were of this doubtful character.

CATTLE MARKETS.—No change in prices this week and market about the same as last week.

THE GREAT EUROPEAN CIRCUS.—The *entree* of this troupe into Waterville, on Wednesday Aug. 21, will naturally create some excitement, as it will be such a spectacle as is rarely seen anywhere. The unique character of the dresses of the riders, the curious cars and splendid equipages, to say nothing of the sight of a living lion being quietly drawn through crowded streets, cannot fail to excite interest of an unusual character. Some idea as to what the "show" is to be, and the character of the entertainment which is to be offered, may be obtained from the following extract from a letter from Middleton, Conn., printed in a Hartford paper:—

Talk about crowds at your election ceremonies, it was nothing to the crowds that were here to witness the entrance of the grand and imposing pageant of the European Circus. From early dawn the people from the country, with their wives and babies, came flocking in until Main street was a perfect jam. The schools were depleted of most of their pupils, and our citizens turned out *en masse* to see the expected sight. At about half-past nine o'clock the sound of distant music broke upon our ears, and shortly a magnificent procession appeared in view, reminding one of the triumphant entrance of the Crusaders into some walled city which for a long time they had besieged. There were gay knights in glistening armor, ladies in court costume, chariots and horsemen. A live lion, seated on the top of a magnificent chariot, seemingly as tame as a kitten. A small carriage, drawn by Lilliputian horses, all preceded by a splendid brass band, and as they passed through the several streets people gazed with wonder and astonishment. But if the street procession was grand, the performance inside the vast tent was more so—in short, it was no humbug, but fully equalled the anticipations raised by the handbills posted and by the entrance of the grand show into our city.

The riding was excellent, the gymnastics could not be beaten, while the funny clowns kept the audience in a roar of laughter. The *devo* lions was one of the chief objects of attraction, and the passage of Scripture saying that "the lion and the lamb shall lie down together" was literally fulfilled.

We have been informed by parties who have witnessed the performances at this Circus that they are all of a high order, and many of them of the most astonishing character. Our readers are referred to the advertisement for particulars.

Plastering, in these latter days, is very apt to fall from the walls of even our best built houses, and it is a mooted question who is most to blame, the carpenter or the mason, each charging it upon the other. Mr. Wm. L. Maxwell, who is building a nice house upon the site of his old one, at the foot of Elm St., we notice is using the old fashioned lath board, instead of the sawed laths now in vogue. The expense is much greater, but he thinks the improved quality of the wall will more than balance the account.

THE WEED SEWING MACHINE AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.—The following paragraph is literally translated from *La Liberte* of Paris—the famous journal of the celebrated Emile de Girardin, and the leading organ of the liberals of France. It shows that our Hartford sewing machines actually received the first prize at the great Paris Exposition. The date of the number from which it is translated is July 6:

An act of high justice has been done to Mr. Elias Howe, who had not yet been rewarded as the inventor of the sewing machine, and who has just received the decoration of the Legion of Honor. But, although exhibiting several machines, his original work has been so greatly improved that others hold the first rank to-day. And among the latter, the one which has been examined with the greatest interest by all the visitors, is the sewing machine of the Weed company, whose extensive manufactory is in Hartford, Connecticut. It has obtained the Silver Medal as the best American Sewing Machine, the Gold Medal having been awarded to the best button-hole machine. Nothing is more simple than the mechanical perfection, the solidity and the rapidity of the work of this Weed Machine, which beside is distinguished by the facility with which it can be kept in a good condition.—[Hartford Press.]

Mr. T. M. Goding, our accommodating telegraph operator, has the agency of these celebrated machines in this village. See his advertisement in another column.

Dr. C. B. LIGHTHILL will make his third visit to Waterville, Friday, August 23d, 1867, where he can be consulted at the Williams House on "Deafness, Catarrh and diseases of the Eye, Ear, Throat and Lungs."

Eight miles more of that easy going continuous rail are to be laid on the Maine Central Railroad this year.

FRANK SIMMONS, our talented Maine sculptor, received the degree of A. M. at the recent Commencement of Bates College.

Jeff Davis ventured into Vermont recently, but his reception by the Green Mountain Boys was any thing but flattering, and he hastened back among his friends, the aiders and abettors of the St. Albans raid.

SUDDEN DEATH.—The Wife of Mr. Harrison F. Kimball of Skowhegan, died suddenly on Saturday morning, 3d inst. She had been subject to fainting fits, and it is supposed that on arising, she was taken with one, and not being able to make herself heard, the functions of the heart ceased, ere she was discovered. She was 30 years of age.

The Baltimore American publishes an account of the disgraceful riot at Centerville, Maryland, on the occasion of an Republican meeting on Thursday last, when, as it is alleged, a United States officer, (Gen. Gregory of the Freedmen's Bureau), and his associates were assaulted, and a portion of their audience, mostly colored men, mercilessly beaten.

American Home Missionary Society writes from Sauk Centre, about one hundred and fifty miles northwesterly from St. Paul, Minn., that "the tide of emigrants and claim-hunters pass our door at the rate of about one for every thirty minutes." And this while the South is begging for settlers, and Canada strives in vain to keep them.

An Adventist named Clinton Terry, residing at Windsor Locks, Conn., has neither plowed nor sowed his land this season because of the expected coming of the millennium.—[Press.]

Well—a loafer in Waterville has neither "plowed nor sowed" or done anything else for a living, and he don't expect anything is "coming" either, as an excuse for his laziness. Why may not an Adventist be idle as well as any body else? Probably they find as much "millenium" that way as any other.

WELL SAID. The Argus brings up the "Rev." Sereno Howe as a Republican Roland worthy to match the Democratic Oliver, Capt. Isaiah Rynders. It is our deliberate conviction that such a clergyman as Howe is an infinitely more degraded being than the lowest prize-fighter that ever went down to avoid punishment. But the Republicans of Massachusetts do not present the names of Howe and of men like him, for positions of honor and trust. The Democrats of New York elected John Morrissey to Congress, and Morrissey, like Rynders, is a prize fighter. The Democrats of New York are responsible for the men whom they deliberately choose to represent them in the national councils. The Republicans of Massachusetts are not responsible for the men whom they despise and disown. [Port. Press.]

THE RAFT NONPAREIL. The successful crossing of the Atlantic by this apparently frail contrivance is an event of no small consequence. Vessels can be provided with rafts on the principle of the Nonpareil, which will rob shipwreck of half its terror. They will cost comparatively little, and will outstride the storms on old ocean as safely as strong built vessels.

The Nonpareil, Capt. Mikes, left the Battery, New York, June 4th, and after a few days detention at Quarantine to perfect arrangements, put to sea and arrived safely at Southampton on Friday morning, making the passage in 48 days. This little craft was only 18 inches deep and had nothing to protect the crew from the elements; yet the three men who set out in her appear to have stood the voyage well, and after a few days at Southampton were going to Havre. [Argus.]

The eighth annual session of the Somerset Teachers' Association will be held at Athens, beginning on Tuesday, August 20, and continue four days. Among the lecturers and instructors are Dr. Ballard, State superintendent of common schools; Professor Henry C. Kendall, of Massachusetts; J. L. Hammett, Esq., of Boston; Rev. W. A. P. Dillingham, of Waterville; and Rev. T. C. Mitchell, of Madison.

The Greek government, it is said, announces its intention to declare war against Turkey should hostilities not cease in Crete before Sept. 1, and preparations for such a contingency are in progress. The Dunderberg has reached Cherbourg. She is said to have shown excellent sea qualities. The departure of Napoleon for Austria is postponed. Arrangements for an interview between him and the King of Prussia are said to be in progress. The election of Kossuth to the Hungarian Diet causes some uneasiness among the conservatives.

Over a year ago Joseph Tibbets, formerly a resident of Maine, was arrested at the Forks of the Kennebec, charged with the murder of Thomas Page, a resident of Goodfarm, near Morris, Ill., and Tibbets was taken to Illinois and put on trial. His brother, Alonzo Tibbets, was the chief witness against him, and he refused to testify, so that the jury were forced to return a verdict of not guilty. Still everybody believed him guilty, and on the 27th ult. a mob seized Alonzo and hung him. Before he died Alonzo protested his innocence. Some one from the crowd asked him if his brother Joseph did not kill Page. He answered, "Since then Joe has told me that he meant to kill Page and did so." He was asked why he did not testify so on trial. He answered, "because he was my brother."—[Bangor Courier.]

CATHARINE MARIA SEDGWICK died on Wednesday morning in Roxbury, at the age of 79 years. She was born in Stockbridge, Mass., and was the daughter of Theodore Sedgwick, Associate-Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, who died in 1813. Miss Sedgwick's name has been a "household word" in many countries for many years, and is associated with some of the most pleasing works of fiction that have appeared in a period of about forty years. Her first book was published in 1822, the title of which was "A New England Tale." It was followed by "Redwood," "Hope Leslie, or Early Times in America," "Clarelino," "Lo Bosso," "The Linwoods," "The Poor Rich Man," and the Rich Poor Man, "Live and Let Live," "Means and Ends," "Home," "A Love Token for Children," "Letters from A road to Kindred at Harriet," "Milton Harvey and Other Tales," "Married or Single," etc., etc.

WELL DESERVED.—Dennis Colgan, a man who by a heroic act, saved the 12:05 train-out of New York, June 21st, 1867 from being plunged into the river at East Bridgeport, was on Friday last presented by the New York and New Haven Railroad company with five shares of capital stock of the road, as an evidence of their grateful feelings for that act. Accompanying the gift were a preamble and resolutions expressing the warm thanks of the Company to Colgan.

Colonel Miguel Lopez, the traitor, after selling Maximilian and his generals, went to Puebla to visit his wife. His reception was decidedly cold. His wife advanced to meet him, leading their little son by the hand, and address him thus: "Sir, here is your son; we cannot cut him in two, take him. You are a base coward and traitor. You have betrayed your country and your benefactor. From this hour we are strangers, for I shall this day retire to my family. Go."

In relation to the charges now so frequent in democratic papers that rebel prisoners were treated with great severity in Union prisons, the fact came out in the examination of the record of the Elmira prison on the Surratt trial, that for three months, in the spring of 1865, out of over five thousand prisoners confined there, only six died.

THE BLOOD owes its red color to minute globules which float in that fluid, and contain, in a healthy person, a large amount of iron, which gives vitality to the blood. The Peruvian Syrup supplies the blood with this vital element, and gives strength and vigor to the whole system.

The Egyptians use and bless the waters of the Nile, though drawn from mysterious fountains; and though perfected by mysterious powers, all that wash and clean, and scour, employ the STEAM REFINED SOAPS, and bless the day of their invention.

The State election in Kentucky on Monday passed off quietly, and resulted in the success of the democratic candidates generally.

The base ball tournament at Portland closed on Monday, the Eon Club of Portland winning the silver ball.

The reports received at the Department of Agriculture represent the prospects for good crops to be the best since the establishment of the Bureau of Statistics.

The Day-Book furnishes its readers with the following "editorial grenade."

If there is anything that we can say, which we have left unsaid against this infamous, devilish, damnable, diabolical, indecent, dirty, hypocritical, nigger-kissing, robbing, thieving, plundering, one-legged, one-eyed, one-armed, infinitesimal fraction of a Congress, we beg some one to tell us what it is. We want to say it once. We are "spilling" to be a "criminal."

DR. C. B. LIGHTHILL,

Will make his

THIRD VISIT

TO

WATERVILLE,

ON

Friday, Aug. 23d, 1867,

where he can be consulted at the

WILLIAMS HOUSE

ON

Deafness, Catarrh,

and Diseases of the

EYE, EAR, THROAT and LUNGS.

The Price for

A dozen Cabinet Portraits is \$36 00

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