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Maxham & Wing

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AUTUMN.

No sound but the beechnuts falling
Through the green and the yellow leaves,
And the rainy west wind calling
The swallows from the eaves.
No fading trees are shedding
Their golden splendor yet;
But a sunset gleam is spreading,
That seems like a regret.
And the crimson-breasted birdie
Sings his sweet funeral hymn
On the oak-tree grim and sturdy,
In the twilight gathering dim.
Death comes to pomp and glory;
They fade—the sunny hours;
And races old in story
Pass like the summer flowers.

[From Harper's Magazine for November.]

CALICO.

[CONCLUDED.]

The battle-fields of life lie in ambush. We trip on our smiling way and they give no sign. We turn sharp corners where they hide in shadow. No drum beat sounds alarm. The music and the dress-parade to-night; the groaning and the blood to-morrow.

Sharley had been little more than a child in her unreasoning young joy when she knotted the barbe at her throat on Saturday night. "I am an old woman now," she said to herself on Monday morning. Not that her saying so proved any thing—except, indeed, that it was her first trouble, and that she was very young to have a trouble. Yet, since she had the notion, she might as well, to all intents and purposes, have shriveled into the caps and spectacles of a centenarian. "Imaginary griefs are real." She took, indeed, a grim sort of pleasure, this foolish Sharley, in thinking that her youth had fled away, and forever, in thirty-six hours.

However that might be, that October morning ushered Sharley upon battle-ground; nor was the struggle the less severe that she was so young and so unused to struggling.

I have to tell of nothing new or tragic in her days; only of the old slow pain that gnaws at the roots of things. Something was the matter with the sunsets and the dawns. Moonrise was an agony. The brown and golden grass had turned dull and dead. She would go away up garret and sit with her fingers in her ears, that she might not hear the frogs chanting in the swamp at twilight.

One night she ran away from her father and mother. It chanced to be an anniversary of their wedding-day; they had kissed each other after tea and talked of old times and blushed a little, their married eyes occupied and content with one another—she felt with a sudden dreary bitterness that she should not be missed, and so ran out into the field and sat down there on her stone in the dark. She rather hoped that they would wonder where she was before bedtime. It would be a bit of comfort. She was so cold and comfortless. But nobody thought of her; and when she came weakly up the yard at ten o'clock the door was locked.

For a week she went about her work like a sleep-walker. Her future was settled. Life was over. Why make ado? The suns would set and the moons would rise—let them; there would always be suns to set and moons to rise. There were dinners to get and stockings to mend. There would always be dinners to get and stockings to mend. She was put into the world for the sake of dinners and stockings, apparently. Very well; she was growing used to it; one could grow used to any thing. She put away the barbe and the pink muslin, locked her ribbon-box into the lower drawer, gave up crimping her hair, and wore the chocolate calico all day. She went to the Thursday evening conference, discussed the revival with Deacon Snow, and locked herself into her room one night to put the lamp on the bureau before the glass and shake her soft hair down about her colorless, impatient face, to see if it were not turning gray. She was disappointed to find it as brown and bright as ever.

But Sharley was very young, and the sweet, persistent hopes of youth were strong in her. They woke up presently with a sting like the sting of a frost-bite.

"Oh, to think of being an old maid, in a little black silk apron, and having Halcombe Dike's wedding cards laid upon a shelf!"

She was holding the baby when this "came all over her," and she let him drop into the coal-hod, and sat down to cry.

What had she done that life should shut down before her in such cruel barrenness? Was she not young, very young to be unhappy? She began to fight a little with herself and Providence in savage mood; favored the crimped hair and Scotch plaids again, tried a nutting-party and a sewing-circle, as well as a little flirtation with Jim Snow. This lasted for another week. At the end of that time she went and sat down alone one noon on a pile of kindlings in the wood-house, and thought it over.

"Why, I can't!" her eyes widening with slow terror. "Happiness won't come! I can't make it. I can't ever make it. And oh, I'm just at the beginning of every thing!"

Somebody called her just then to peel the potatoes for dinner. She thought—she thought of those days—the fancy of hers about calico-living. Was not that all that was left for her? Little dreary figures, all just alike, like the chocolate morning dress? Oh, the rose-bud and shimmer that might have been waiting somewhere! And oh, the rose-bud and shimmer that were forever gone!

The frosted gods of autumn melted into a clear, sharp, silvered winter, carrying Sharley with them, round on her old routine. It never grew any the easier or softer. The girl's little rebellious feet trod it bitterly. She hated the darning and the sweeping and the baking and the dusting. She hated the sound of the baby's wailing cry. She was tired of her mother's illnesses, tired of Moppet's mischief, tired of Methuselah's solemnity. She used to come in, sometimes from her walk to the office, on a cold, moonlight evening, and stand looking in at them all through the "keeping-room" window—her father proying over the state of the flour-market, her mother on the lounge, the clerk waiting for her to put him to bed; Methuselah poring over his arithmetic in his little old-maidish way; Moppet trying the baby and the kitten together—stand looking till the hot, shimmering blood shot to her forehead, for thought of how she was wearied of the sight.

"I can't think what's got into Sharley," complained her mother; "she has been as cross as a bear this good while. If she were eight years old, instead of eighteen, I should give her a good whipping and send her to bed!"

Poor Sharley nursed her trouble and her crossness together, in her aggrieved, girlish way, till the light went out of her wistful eyes, and little sharp bones began to show at her wrists. She used to turn them about and pity them. They were once so round and winsome!

Now it was probably a fact that, as for the matter of hard work, Sharley's life was a sincere compared with what it would be as the wife of Halcombe Dike. Double your toil into it, self and triple it by the measure of responsibility, and there you have your married life, young girls—beautiful, dim Eden that you have made of it! Well, but there was never an Eden

without its serpent, I fancy. Besides, Sharley, like the rest of them, had not thought as far as that.

Then—ah then, what toil would not be played for the sake of Halcombe Dike? What weariness and wear could be too great, and what pain too keen if they could bear it together, they two?

Oh, you mothers! do you not see that this makes all the difference? You have strength that your daughter knows not of. There are hands to help you over the thorns (if not there ought to be). She gropes and cuts her way alone. Be very patient with her in her little moods and selfishnesses. No matter if she might help you more about the baby; be patient. Her position in your home is at best an anomalous one—a grown woman, with much of the dependence of a child. She must have all the jars and tasks and frets of family life without the relief of housewifely invention and authority. God and her own heart will teach her in time what she owes to you. Never fear for that. But bear-long with her. Do not exact too much. The life you gave her did not come at her asking. Consider this well; and do not press the debt beyond its due.

"I don't see that there is ever going to be any end to any thing!" gasped Sharley at night between Moppet's buttonings.

This set her to thinking. What if one made an end?

She went out one cold, gray afternoon in the thick of a snow-storm and wandered up and down the railroad. It was easy walking upon the sleepers, the place was lonely, and she had come out to be alone. She liked the beat of the storm in her face for a while, the sharp touch of the wind, and the soft touch of the snow that was drifting in little flakes about her feet. Then she remembered of how small use it was to like any thing in the world now, and her face grew as wild as the storm.

Fancy yourself hemmed in with your direct grief by a drifting sleet in such a voiceless, viewless place as that corpse-like track—the endless, painless track, stretching away in the white mystery at peace like all dead things.

What Sharley should have done was to go home as straight as she could go, put on dry stockings, and get her supper. What she did was to linger, as all people linger, in the luxury of their first wretchedness—linger till the uncanny twilight fell and shrouded her in. Then a thought struck her.

A freight-train was just coming in, slowly but heavily. Sharley, as she stepped aside to let it pass, fixed her eyes upon it for a moment, then, with a little hesitation, stopped to pick up a bit of iron that lay at her feet—a round, firm rod-end—and placed it diagonally upon the rail. The cars rumbled by and over it. Sharley bent to see. It was crushed to a shapeless twist. Her face whitened. She sat down and shivered a little. But she did not go home. The Evening Accommodation was due now in about ten minutes.

Girls, if you think I am telling a bit of sensational fiction I wish you would let me know.

"It would be quick and easy," thought Sharley. The man of whom she read in the *Journal* last night—they said he must have found it all over in an instant. An instant was a very short time! And forty years—and the little black silk apron—and the cards laid up on a shelf! Oh, to go out of life—any where, any how, out of life! No; the Sixth Commandment had nothing to do with ending one's self.

An unaccountable, shivering broke through the noise of the storm—nothing is more unearthly than a locomotive in a storm. Sharley stood up—sat down again. A red glare struck the white mist, broadened, brightened, grew small.

Sharley laid her head down with her small neck upon the rail, and— I am compelled to say that she took it up again faster than she laid it down. Took it up, writhed off the track, tumbled down the banking, hid her face in a drift, and crouched there with the cold drops on her face till the hideous, tempting thing shot by.

"I guess consumption would be—a little better!" she decided, crawling to her feet.

But the poor little feet could scarcely carry her. She struggled to the street, caught at the fences for a while, then dropped.

Somebody stumbled over her. It was Cousin Sue—Halcombe Dike's Cousin Sue.

"Deary me!" she said; and being five feet seven, with strong Yankee arms of her own, she took Sharley up in them, and carried her to the house as if she had been a baby.

Sharley did not commit the atrocity of fainting, but found herself thoroughly chilled and weak. Cousin Sue bustled about with brandy and blankets, and Sharley, watching her through her half-closed eyes, speculated a little. Had she any body's wedding-cards laid up on a shelf? She had the little black apron at any rate. Poor Cousin Sue! Should she be like that? "Poor Cousin Charlotte!" people would say.

Cousin Sue had gone to see about supper when Sharley opened her eyes and sat strongly up. A gentle-faced woman sat between her and the light, in a chair cushioned upon one side for a useless arm. Halcombe had made that chair. Mrs. Dike had been a busy, clever woman, and Sharley had always felt sorry for her since the sudden day when paralysed she crippled her good right hand; three years ago that was now; but she was not one of those people to whom it comes natural to say that one is sorry for them, and she was Halcombe's mother, and so Sharley had never said it. It struck her free-hy now that this woman had seen much ill-fortune in her widowed years, and that she had kept a certain brave, contented look in her eyes royally through it all.

It struck her only as a passing thought, which might never have come back had not Mrs. Dike pushed her chair up beside her, and given her a long, quiet look straight in the eyes.

"It was late for you to be out in the storm, my dear, and alone."

"I'd been out a good while. I had been on—the track," said Sharley, with a slight shiver. "I think I could not have been exactly well. I would not go again. I must go home now. But oh—her voice sinking—"I wish nobody had found me, I wish nobody had found me! The snow would have covered me up, you see."

She started up flushing hot and frightened. What had she been saying to Halcombe's mother?

But Halcombe's mother put her healthy soft hand down on the girl's shut fingers. Women understand each other in flashes.

"My dear," she said, without prelude or

apology, "I have a thing to say to you. God does not give us our troubles to think about; that's all. I have lived more years than you. I know that He never gives us our troubles to think about."

"I don't know who's going to think about them if we don't!" said Sharley, half aggrieved. "Supposing nobody thinks of them, where's the harm done? Mark my words, child: He sends them to drive us out of ourselves—to drive us out. He had much rather we would go of our own accord, but if we don't go we must be sent, for go we must. That's just about what we're put into this world for, and we're not fit to go out of it till we have found this out."

Now the morality of conversation were apt to glide off from Sharley like rain-drops from gutta-serena, and I can not assert that these words would have made a profound impression upon her had not Halcombe Dike's mother happened to say them.

Be that as it may, she certainly took them home with her, and pondered them in her heart. Pondered till late in her feverish, sleepless night, till her pillow grew wet, and her heart grew still. About midnight she jumped out into the cold, and kneel d, with her face hidden in the bed.

"Oh, I've been a naughty girl!" she said, just as she might have said it ten years ago. She felt so small, and ignorant, and weak that night.

Out of such smallness, and ignorance, and weakness great knowledge and strength may have beautiful growth. They came in time to Sharley, but it was a long, slow time. Moppet was just as unendurable, the baby just as treacherous, life just as joyless as if she had taken no new out-look upon it, made no new, tearful plans about it.

"Calico! Calico!" she cried out a dozen times a day; "nothing but calico!"

But by-and-by it dawned in her thoughts that this was a very little matter to cry about. What if God meant that some lives should be "all just alike," and like nothing fresh or bonnie, and that hers should be one? That was His affair. Hers was to use the dull gray gift He gave—whatever gift He gave—as loyalty and, as cheerily as she would use treasures of gold and rose-tint. He knew what He was doing. What He did was never forgetful or unkind. She felt—after a long time, and in a quiet way—that she could be sure of that.

No matter about Halcombe Dike, and what was gone. No matter about the little black aprons, and what was coming. He understood all about that. He would take care of it.

Meantime, why could she not as well wash Moppet's face with a pleasant word as with a cross one? Darn the stockings with a smile as well as a frown? Stay and hear her mother discuss her headaches as well as run away and think of herself? Why not give happiness since she could not have it? Be of use since nobody was of much use to her? Easier saying than doing, to be sure, Sharley found; but she kept the idea in mind as the winter wore away.

She was thinking about it one April afternoon, when she had stolen out of the house for a walk in the budding woods. She had need enough of a walk. It was four weeks now since she had felt the wide wind upon her face; four weeks pleasantly occupied in engineering four boys through the measles; and if ever a sick child had the capacity for making of himself a seraph upon earth it was Moppet. It was a thin little face which stood out against the "green mist" of the unfurling leaves as Sharley wandered in and out with sweet aimlessness among the elms and hickories; very thin, with its wistful eyes grown hollow; a shadow of the old Sharley who fluttered among the plaid ribbons one October morning. It was a saddened face—it might always be a saddened face—but a certain pleasant, rested look had worked its way about her mouth, not unlike the rich mellowness of a rainy sunset. Not that Sharley knew much about sunsets yet; but she thought she did, which, as I said before, amounts to about the same thing.

She was thinking with a wee glow of pleasure how the baby's arms clung around her neck that morning, and how surprised her mother looked when Methuselah cried at her taking this walk. As you were warned in the beginning, nothing remarkable ever happened to Sharley. Since she had begun in practice to approve Mrs. Dike's theory, that "no harm was done if nobody thought of your troubles," she had neither become the village idol, nor in any remarkable degree her mother's pride. But she had nevertheless cared for herself a small niche in the heart of her home—a much larger niche, perhaps, than the excellent Mrs. Guest was well aware of.

"I don't care how small it is," cried Sharley, "as long as I have room to stand my two feet on and look up."

And for that old pain? Ah, well, God knew about that, and Sharley—nobody else. Whatever the winter had taught her she had bound and labeled in her precise little way for future use. At least she had learned—and it is not every body who learns it at eighteen—to wear her life bravely—"a rose with a golden thorn."

I really think that this is the place to end my story; so properly polished off with a moral. So many Sharleys, too, will never read beyond. But being bound in honor to tell the whole moral or no moral, I must add, that while Sharley walked and thought among her hickories there came up a thunder-storm. It fell upon her without any warning. The sky had been clear when she looked at it last. It gaped at her now out of the throats of purple-black clouds. Thunders crashed over and about her. All the forest darkened and reeled. Sharley was enough like other girls to be afraid of a thunder-storm. She started with a cry to break her way through the matted undergrowth; saw, or felt that she saw, the glare of a golden arrow overhead; threw out her hands, and fell crushed, face downward, at the foot of a scorching tree.

When she opened her eyes she was sitting under a wood-pile. Or, to speak more accurately, she was sitting in Mr. Halcombe Dike's lap, and Mr. Halcombe Dike was under the wood-pile.

It was a low, triangular wood-pile, roofed with pine boards, through which the water was dripping. It stood in the centre of a large clearing, exposed to the rain, but safe.

"Oh!" said Sharley.

"That's right," said he, "I know you were

only stunned. I've been rubbing your hands and feet. It was better to come here than to run the blockade of that patch of woods to a house. Don't try to talk."

"I'm not," said Sharley, with a faint little laugh, "it's you that are talking"—and ended it with a weak pause, her head falling back where she had found it, upon his arm.

"I wouldn't talk," repeated the young man, irrelevantly, after a profound silence of five minutes. "I was coming 'cross lots' from the station. You fell—Sharley, you fell right at my feet!"

He spoke carelessly, but Sharley, looking up, saw that his face was grave.

"I believe I will get down," she observed, after some consideration, lifting her head.

"I don't see how you can, you know," he suggested, helplessly; "it pours as straight as a deluge out there. There isn't room in this place for two people to sit."

So they "accepted the situation."

The clouds broke presently, and rifts of yellow light darted in through the fragrant, wet pine boards. Sharley's hair had fallen from her net and covered her face. She felt too weak to push it away. After some thought Halcombe Dike pushed it away for her, reverently, with his strong, warm hand. The white little trembling face shone out. He turned and looked at it—the poor little face!—looked at it gravely and long.

But Sharley at the look sat up straight. Her heart leaped out into the yellow light. All her dreary winter dancel and dwindle away. Through the cracks in the pine boards a long procession of May-days came filing in. The scattering rain-drops flung before her. "All the world and all the waters blushed and bloomed." She was so very young.

"I can't not speak," he told her quietly, "when I was at home before. I could never speak till now. Last October I thought"—his voice sinking hoarsely—"I thought, Sharley, it could never be. I could barely eke out my daily bread; I had no right to ask you to bind you. You were very young; I thought, perhaps, Sharley, you might forget. Somehow, I else might make you happier. I would not stand in the way of your happiness. I asked God to bless you that morning when I went away in the cars, Sharley!"

Something in her face he could not understand. All that was meant by the upturned face perhaps he will never understand. She hid it in her bright, brown hair; put her hand up softly upon his cheek and cried.

"If you would like to hear any thing about the business part of it—" suggested the young man, clearing his throat. But Sharley "hated business." She would not hear.

"Not about the Crumple Buildings? Well, I carried the affair through—that's all."

They came out under the wide sky, and walked home hand in hand. All the world was hung with crystals. The faint shadow of a rainbow quivered across a silver cloud. The first thing that Sharley did when she came home was to find Moppet and squeeze him.

"Oh, Moppet, we can be good girls all the same if we are happy, can't we?"

"No Sir!" said injured Moppet. "You don't catch me!"

"But oh, Moppet, see the round drops hanging and burning on the blinds! And how the little mud-puddles shine, Moppet!"

Out of her pen and her patience God had brought her beautiful answer. It was well for Sharley. But if such answer had not come? That also would be well.

SENATOR WADE, though beaten at the ballot box, shows no signs of bucking down from his position in regard to negro suffrage. In a recent conversation he is reported as follows:—

Now, because we've been whipped on the first trial, I suppose some of the weak-kneed brothers will be for backing out on that question. But I won't back a single inch. I'm for it now as strong as I was before the election, and stronger to because there is more need of being strong for it, to conquer a mean prejudice. But you'll see men trying to hush the thing up, and to smother it and to dodge it in every way they can, and men who call themselves radicals, too. Hell's fall of such radicals as we'll have now. I'm for it because I think it's right, and I know it's right; and if a thing is right, the only way is to keep at it till it wins, for it is sure to win sometime or another. There is not a great reform in the history of the world that wasn't unpopular at first. And not one of them was ever carried by dropping it, and running like search-hounds from it after it was beaten once. No, sir; we are committed to the doctrine of universal suffrage, and no man is a republican who would desert it now. But, although that's my belief, mark my word, there'll be the greatest crawling thing you ever saw from this time forward. Well, let them go. We can win without them, and we will win, too, just as sure as the Almighty is just and Heaven above us. It will become harder every year for the copperheads to beat us on that issue, and they won't beat us very often either, if we only make a bold front, and go at 'em with fixed bayonets every time.

TO WASH MERINOES.—An old merino may be made to look as good as new by first ripping to pieces the skirt, and afterwards washing each breadth separately in warm suds, being careful to rinse only in clean warm water suds. Cold water after warm will shrink any kind of woolen goods. Iron while quite damp on the wrong side. Afterwards fold once double on the right side, placing over it a clean newspaper, and iron with a very hot flat iron, in this way making the seam fold in all new double folded goods.

Hon. John M. Botts, of Virginia, visited the rooms of the Committee on Reconstruction Tuesday morning, and gave a different version of the declarations attributed to him in the Copperhead papers. He said the war of races had been commenced in the South, but that it had been commenced by the whites alone, and that the moderation of the colored people was extraordinary and wholly without example. He stated that two intelligent colored blacksmiths were informed that if they voted for him as a delegate to the convention their places would be destroyed. They did vote for him, and the very next evening their shops were burned to the ground.

LITTLE PLAID SUN-BONNET.

Little plaid sun-bonnet, what do you hide,
Down in the grass by the sunny wall side?
Any short ringlets half out of curl?
Any round forehead as pure as a pearl?
Any blue eyes with a laugh bubbling over?
Any red mouth closing on a red clover?
Is it the wind makes you dance up and down?
Or is it a fairy head under your crown?

O, Earth is bright by the glad summer kiss!
Millions of roses might scarcely be missed!
Acres of butter-cups growing so gay,
Cause not a sigh when their gold drops away.
Yet to my heart how your charms were destroyed,
All your fresh meadows how wintry and void,
Earth, should you lose from your beauty and pride,
Just what a little plaid bonnet can hide.

JOHN A. ANDREW.

The following remarks were made by Richard H. Dana, Jr., Esq., at a meeting of the Suffolk Bar to notice the death of Mr. Andrew, as reported in the *Boston Advertiser*:—

John A. Andrew was a great magistrate and an incorruptible man. I do not say incorruptible in that low and mean sense of being above pecuniary temptation; I should feel it derogatory to him even to allude to such an exemption; although, as times go, there are cases in which it is no small praise. I mean to say that he could not be deflected from the course of duty by any of those temptations which address themselves to the weaknesses of public men. His morality was not a graft of later years upon an ordinary stock; it was not sweet water gathered into a vase, nor the accumulations of a large reservoir; but it was a fountain of living water springing up from the depths of his nature. The foundations of his character were laid deep and strong.

In the older civilizations and religions there were scattered instances of humane men who recognized more or less the obligations or the claims of man as such upon his fellow-men; but they ended as they began with closet reflections or sublime sentiments for the reading of the few; there never was a religion until Christianity, that even professed a recognition of the great truth to which Christianity commands the obedience of all; that is the truth of the unity of mankind, the substantial equality in kind of every human being, children of one Maker, who will not allow the weakest and the meanest of them to be neglected. Mr. Andrew felt to the utmost this christian obligation, and fulfilled it with enthusiasm. No cry struck his ear in which he could recognize even the articulate sound, which is the proof of humanity, that he did not listen to. Let a cry for justice come even from the debased or the wicked, he was ready to examine, and if right to assert. A plea for a right, though it came from those who had all their lives done nothing but wrong, had its distinct claim upon him as a citizen and a man. His sympathies were quick and sincere, but it is no uncommon thing for mere sensibility to weep over pain and distress, and even to relieve it; this he would do, but his large mind and thoughtful habits led him to address himself to the causes of vice, and suffering and wrong. He was not satisfied with relieving the sufferer or the oppressed; he addressed himself to attack the causes of oppression and suffering.

I have used the word incorruptible in its highest sense, but we have not exhausted it. He appreciated office and station as opportunities for the exercise of powers which he felt that he possessed for the good of mankind, and he loved to be in the march of great events, as an incitement to virtuous activity. But he would not accept any post for the exercise of power, whatever its opportunities for doing good, upon any terms whatever that might restrict or qualify his moral power. He had absolute faith in the moral government of a Supreme Being, for whose power nothing was too great, and for whose supervision nothing was too minute. He knew that however a man may be helped and shielded and harnessed by skill and art, there was always a spear of truth which could pierce through the joints of harness, and inflict a wound past all surgery. He felt that he could not exercise his intellectual powers, except in a clear, moral atmosphere, though he was neither vain nor rash, he was ready, eye, ready for the encounter; for he had absolute faith. Whatever might be the appearance of weakness around him, and however slight might be his visible support, he knew that the very winds blew and waters rolled strength to the brave, and power and victory.

I have said he was a great magistrate. I do not purpose to say anything in support of that position. We all know it and the only question is how and why he was so, and not whether. It is recognized not by Massachusetts and New England alone, but in all sections of the country, between the two oceans, and is secured in history. I was so unfortunate as to be absent during the last few days, and not able to take part in the public testimonials at his death and burial; but this enabled me, sir, to see how deeply this death was felt, and how thoroughly his character was appreciated by the people of other States, of all opinions and conditions. Permit me at this moment to say one word in apology to this audience for myself. Just returned, as I have said, and learning that the arrangements for this meeting had been made, I did not suppose that any place had been assigned for me in my absence; and I owe to you and to his fame, an explanation for attempting to deal with a subject so large and upon which I feel so deeply and tenderly, without special preparation. Yet, sir, I must say generally that his life, his death, the character of his intellect and his moral nature has been the steady companion of my thoughts for the last few days. The difficulty of speaking upon the subject is perhaps irremediable; it lies in this: that we all think higher and feel deeper than we speak.

It is a curious psychological inquiry why it was that this man, a closet thinker, a working barrister, the holder of extreme opinions advanced to middle life without the responsibilities of official station, should have made a great legislator and a great magistrate. Mr. Chandler, one of his oldest and truest friends, has told us that many of his opinions were extreme, or certainly appeared so in the ardor of his rhetoric, which was not always as correct and as prudent as his action. How did this peace man, who seemed to us to think all war a crime, become the greatest war minister among the governors of our commonwealth, at a time

when this war was mainly carried on by governors? How did this man who seemed to shudder at capital punishment, and to be indignant at any restraints upon human liberty, march with vigor and elevation and conscious rectitude through the most bloody period of our history, and to the execution of the severest laws?

When he was nominated for the office of governor, many who knew him but slightly, mainly through his supposed opinions, looked forward to his course with apprehension. They feared that these opinions, and his habits of life, would prevent his becoming a practical magistrate. But when do we make greater mistakes than upon the subject of practical men? Men engaged in the retail and jobbing of political, social or business life, and most successfully practical in their way, in the presence of great causes and great emergencies are the most impractical and useless of men. Such emergencies require elevation of character, breadth of view, and firmness of purpose as conditions absolute to the practical man. All these we found Governor Andrew possessed. His mind was naturally broad and capable of growth and expansion; his tastes were for great subjects, and his moral nature was deep and correct. Those who would have smiled at him as a speculative philosopher had little reason to triumph when they encountered him in the hall of debate, or within the jurisdiction of the magistrate.

At the time of his nomination, I had the misfortune to know him but slightly. I acknowledge that I sympathized with these fears. All I can claim for myself is, that I believe I was among the earliest to see my mistake. And when I came to know him, as I did more and better every succeeding year, I could only regret, on my own account, that I had not known him always. I would embrace within the reasons for my regret all that has been so justly said of his genial nature, his humor, his kindness, and his extraordinary conversational powers, but I refer chiefly to what we all now understand of him—the scope of his mind and the largeness of his nature.

Not only had he been equal to the office of governor, but he seemed to raise it to its maximum of dignity and power. Not only we, but the whole country, recognized his capacity for growth, and had a feeling that he would be equal to any post to which he might be advanced.

The loss of such a man may well account for the almost unprecedented manifestations of sorrow and respect which the last few days have witnessed. Except in the case of President Lincoln, the death of no man among us, within any of our recollections, has carried such a sense of loss into so many of our households, and to so many hearts, over so large a space of our country. There was a feeling that much as he had done for his country, the time might come when he might do even more. A feeling that he was a man who, to all human view, the country could not well spare.

Mr. Chairman, our share in this public and extended sentiment, as merely members of the Boston Bar, seems to be almost unimportant. But small as it is relatively, it is positively a sincere and deepfelt sense of loss to ourselves individually, to the profession, and to whatever post his professional life might have led him; and none of us can fail to second, with a sad satisfaction, the excellent resolves which have been submitted for our approval.

The following kindly notice of one of our venerable townsmen we copy from a late number of the *South Danvers* (Mass.) *Wizard*:—

REV. ARTHUR DRINKWATER.—Sunday last, was a very interesting occasion to the members of the Baptist Society, at Danversport. Mr. Drinkwater, formerly pastor of the church, preached in the afternoon, and briefly addressed the children and teachers of the Sunday School, in the evening. It is now almost forty years since this venerable man resigned his position as pastor of the society.

He came to Danvers in 1821, and closed his useful labors in 1829. Very few of those who then listened to his voice were present to greet him on the occasion of his return. But his excellent character, his devotion to the work of the ministry, and his amiable manners, are among the traditions of the church, and he was most cordially and lovingly welcomed by the children of those who were once guided and instructed by his truthful teachings. His sermon in the afternoon left a deep impression on the hearts of all who heard it.

We cannot give a better hint of his character and value, than by observing that it reminded us of the language of Sir Walter Scott, when dying, to Lockhart: "Be a good man, my dear," said Sir Walter, "it is all that will give you comfort when you come to lie here." Mr. Drinkwater is now, we are informed, about 80 years of age. It will comfort his declining years to know that the labors of his earlier years are appreciated by the society of which he was once the pastor, and that his many amiable traits as a man are preserved in the institutions of the village where he lived.

THE Mexican correspondent of the New York Times has the following intelligence respecting Santa Anna:

Santa Anna's "trial" has been concluded, and as I predicted, he has been condemned to

Waterville Mail.

ETH MAXHAM, D. N. L. R. VING.
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . NOV. 15, 1867.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PATTENBURY & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 57 Park Row, New York; S. R. Miles, Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. P. Bowler & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 23 Congress Street, Boston, and 58 Cedar Street, New York; and T. O. Evans, Advertising Agent, 120 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the Waterville Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, and to forward the same to the publishers at the rates named above.

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

SHARP REASONING is to be expected from manufacturers of edge tools. A West Waterville correspondent of the Lewiston Journal, after enumerating the various thriving enterprises of that (our) flourishing village, says the reason they have no loafers is, that they "run no college and tolerate no rum shops." If such hits don't "run" a college it must run itself; but for the "one lawyer, two physicians and four clergymen," in whom the writer takes pride, are untouched by this close yoking of rum and education, they need his prayers. When he hints that the "price of mutton" is kept beyond the reach of that thrifty community of mechanics because they are blest with "no editors" to give them the Merinoes, we congratulate him for having less wool over his eyes than his sheepish insinuations indicate. And yet he makes one of the sensible articles that help his beautiful village to a good name abroad. "The aggregate value of its manufactures," he says, "is between three and four hundred thousand dollars, probably very near the latter figure." It must be that this growth and prosperity in the west village is having a reviving influence upon us here in the east—for without the movement of a new wheel or the addition of a dollar of capital, rents have suddenly jumped upward in a way that sets everybody to wondering who will get rich first. This produces a necessity for high prices at the stores, while the want of tenant houses and the consequent diminution of labor and laborers, makes everybody else wonder what's in the wind. Our prospective enterprises promise well, if they are not defeated by undue greediness to reap the crop before the seed is sown. If real estate will bide its time it may have a healthy rise on the shoulders of an increasing industrial population. The mere hope of this is not enough, but only tends to defeat enterprise by weakening the steps by which it is to mature. Let the owners of stores and houses be content with well-earned, without choking out something that promises better. Our townsmen at the west village raised their real estate by introducing la' or manufacturers. As both these became fixtures rents came up of course. The opposite course here is shutting out laborers and crippling manufacturing enterprises. Why should mechanics desire to establish themselves where they can have no interest in the prosperity they induce? They have no need for this when other places invite them in instead of shutting them out with high rents. Our friends at the west village have set a noble example of industry and enterprise and we are gratified to see them reaping their reward. Here we are making a greedy grab for the reward before the enterprise is developed, showing to the last breath "the ruling passion" we have mutually charged upon each other for the last half century,—of being too hungry for the golden egg to allow the goose time to lay it.

FAT UP THE OLD NAG.—Horse meat is becoming more and more fashionable in Paris, so that no bill of fare is complete without it—so say "the latest Paris reports." Very well,—of no use to mince the matter, if they eat horses in Paris we shall have to eat them in this country, for there was never a French fashion so absurd but American women were hungry for it. So feed up the old horses, for in a few months all the Hatties and Betties and Caddies and Kitties and Maries and Susies and Sallies and Lizzies and Debbies and Nab-bies and Toppies will be crying for horse meat.

FOREIGN ITEMS.—England, France and Austria, it is said, have come to a common understanding as to the policy to be pursued hereafter in the Eastern question; but we get no hint of what that policy is. The Sultan, however, has replied to their last joint note, declining to receive their advice and accepting the responsibility of the events which may follow.

The leading Paris paper admits that French infantry, armed with the Chassepot rifle, and artillery supplied with rifled cannon, took part in the battle of Monte Rotondo, and that their coming to the assistance of the pontifical troops decided the fate of the day against Garibaldi. Late dispatches state that Napoleon has ordered the withdrawal of the French troops from Italy.

THE BAPTIST MINISTERS' INSTITUTE.—The second session was held at Thomaston, commencing on Tuesday, Oct. 22d, and closing on the 28th. Fifty-five ministers were present, twenty-eight of whom attended for the first time. Rev. B. F. Shaw was chosen President. Rev. H. A. Hart, Secretary and Treasurer. W. H. Shailer, A. K. P. Small and W. O. Holman, Directors, who together constitute a Committee of Arrangements for next year. The next session will be held at Bloomfield, by invitation of the church in that place.

In addition to the prayer meetings, regularly each day, there were exercises characterized as follows by a correspondent of the Rockland Gazette:—

On Tuesday afternoon the introductory essay was read by Rev. J. Ricker of Augusta, upon "the characteristics and conditions of a successful minister." It was followed by a deeply interesting general discussion of the points brought to notice by it, and all left the place of the meeting saying, "surely this was the most fitting commencement of the Ministers' Institute." In the evening Rev. G. D. B. Pepper D. D. of Newton Theol. Seminary, gave a lecture upon the "Motives to the study of Eccl. History by the Pastor," which was marked by the scholarliness and strength that so eminently distinguish all the productions of his pen.

Wednesday forenoon an essay was read by A. Wilson, D. D., upon the work of the Holy Spirit in leading men into truth, and was followed by an essay from Rev. F. D. Blake of Gardiner, upon the same subject. After the essays a variety of questions suggested by them were proposed and discussed, the most lively interest being excited by the following: "What are the characteristics of the sin against the Holy Ghost, distinguishing it from all other sins?" In the afternoon a lecture was delivered by Rev. Dr. Pepper upon the "Doctrinal Views of Justin Martyr and his times," was a very instructive and thorough presentation of the history of opinions in that early period of the church. This was followed by a review of Dr. Stanley's History of the Jewish Church by Rev. A. H. Hall of Yarmouth. The evening was occupied by an able exegesis of Rev. 20: 1-40, by Rev. J. W. Holman, father of Mr. Holman of your city.

Thursday forenoon there was a lecture by Dr. Pepper. This was an effort to reproduce from the reply of Origen, the "Logos Altheos," the last work of Celsus, the first systematic attack upon christianity, written between the years 161 and 180 A. D. The arguments brought against evangelical christianity at the present, were shown to be but a repetition of those of pagan origin in the old time. The lecture was followed by a review by Rev. R. J. Langridge of Gloucester, of "Orthodoxy, its truths and errors," by J. Freeman Clarke. In the afternoon, an essay was read by Rev. I. Leland of Warren, upon the office and work of the Holy Spirit; also an essay was presented by Rev. N. M. Wood of Thomaston, upon the question, "Does the Holy Spirit employ the truth as the efficient instrumentality in regenerating the human soul?" An animated discussion followed the reading of these essays. In the evening the theme of the first essay delivered, "Essentials of a successful ministry," was presented anew by Rev. W. O. Holman.

On Friday forenoon there was a lecture by Rev. A. Hovey, D. D. of Newton Theol. Institute, upon the "Nature of Regeneration, Author and Means." A clear, forcible, scriptural presentation, followed by questions which the lecturer answered. In the afternoon a lecture by Dr. Pepper, on the "Self evidencing power of divine truth." This was a piece of massive logic, showing the response of the human soul to the truth of God's word. Dr. Hovey followed with a review of Dr. Bushnell's work on "Vicarious Sacrifice," which was continued in the evening session. It was a most able examination and exhibition of the principles upon which the theory of the Hartford divine is built.

On Saturday forenoon Dr. Hovey delivered a lecture upon "Human Antecedents to Regeneration, and election." The first part was a finishing of the former lecture of Friday, and the latter was presented in a strictly scriptural view without any attempt at philosophizing. In the afternoon, a lecture by Dr. Pepper on "Biblical View of Human Brotherhood." The points were made in the following order. Our origin, our nature, our law, our character, our salvation. The lecture was very much admired for its compactness of thought and conciseness of expression. A practical lecture was given by Dr. Hovey on "Commentaries." In the evening, a lecture by Dr. Hovey on the "Apparent Contradictions of Scripture."

On Sabbath forenoon Dr. Hovey lectured on "The Obscurities of Scripture"; in the afternoon, a sermon full of rich thought, admirably expressed, was delivered by Rev. N. J. Wheeler of Skowhegan, on the words of John the Baptist, "He must increase, but I must decrease." And in the evening an address to young men was delivered by Rev. A. K. P. Small of Bangor, to a crowded house, on "Lessons from the history of unsuccessful men—what they might have been, and the causes of their failure." It was a very happy effort, and the concluding part was a most thrilling warning to the young to beware of the intoxicating cup.

The last lecture of the session was delivered Monday forenoon by Dr. Hovey on "The Study of Systematic Theology by the Pastors." Resolutions expressive of high appreciation of the benefits received in the Institute, and of gratitude to the lecturers, to the steamboat and stage companies and to the friends in Thomaston were unanimously passed.

WRITING SCHOOL.—We very confidently commend to the attention of parents and others, who may take an interest in the subject, Mr. S. E. Smith's proposal to open a writing school at the South Brick School-house. He not only shows very fine specimens of a good style of penmanship, but gives evidence of a system and manner of instructing, that can hardly fail to give to the learner a good hand-writing. His terms are moderate, and the opportunity is one well worth improving.

Our neighbors at Kendall's Mills are a little ahead of us with their Soldiers' Monument, for they have the foundation laid, and have contracted with Mr. Wm. Hogan, of Bath for its erection, at a cost of \$3,700.

THE SENIOR EXHIBITION, at the Baptist Church, next Wednesday evening, will doubtless draw a good audience, for the class ranks high in oratorical ability. The music will be by the Lewiston Band.

OUR TABLE.

EDITH PRESCOTT, OR LESSONS OF LOVE. Being Aunt Bertha's visit to the Elms. A Story for Children. By Emma Marshall, author of "Happy Days at Fernbank," etc. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

A new edition of this interesting little book has just been issued, for which the publishers are entitled to the thanks of the children and their parents. The Boston Advertiser says of it:—
No child, and—as is the case with any really good book for children—no grown person, whose taste is not completely vitiated, can fail to read it with interest and pleasure. The story is simple and simply told; the incidents are natural, and the characters have that variety, which in real life we find among the children growing up under the different influences to be found even in the same family. The main point of the story, which is to inculcate the beauty of an unselfish spirit, to show that even children have the power to do a great deal of good, if they love Jesus, and try to follow him, and to teach the simple lesson of self-denial, is never lost sight of; it is not overdone upon the attention, but it does not leave the mind of the reader. In short, there is nothing in the book that could be spared, and we should be sorry for the child who could read it without deep interest, and without drawing from it nobler aspirations and higher ideas of right and duty.

It will make a good gift book for the holidays. For sale by all booksellers.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF HORTICULTURE.—The November number of this monthly is the most elegant yet published; and, if the publishers and editors continue to make the same improvement for the future which has been shown since its commencement, they will soon require a decidedly larger establishment to accommodate their business. The present number opens with a continuation of "Old and New Homes," which is a very entertaining and descriptive story of the removal of a dissatisfied family from a barren and unfruitful farm to a productive country abounding with berries and small fruits, and their settlement in the new home. Then we have a fine illustration, with description, of a new seedling pear; and another of a new peach, also a seedling. There is an elegant full-page engraving of "Pansies," with a chapter on cultivation; a paper on "New Tomatoes," with illustration; "Wardian Cases," continued from October; a very interesting chapter on "Planting Trees," evidently from the pen of Mr. Hyde, the pomological editor. By the way, the publishers are fortunate in securing the services of so reliable and gifted a gentleman as Mr. Hyde, now President of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society; an office late so worthily filled by Marshall P. Wilder. "The Cultivation of Small Fruits as an Employment for Women" is an article designed to show the means of partial or entire support for women. "Notes and Gleanings," as usual, give a large fund of practical information. But we cannot spare space here to give the entire contents of this handsome as well as useful magazine. We advise those of our horticultural readers who are not yet subscribers to become so now.

The illustrations of new fruits, flowers, etc., which are promised, will be worth more than the subscription price of the magazine. The publishers offer the remaining numbers of the present year free to all new subscribers who send in their names at once with \$3.00, or the present year and 1867 for \$5.00. Liberal inducements are held out to make up clubs.

Published by J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, at \$3 a year.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.—The December issue closes the year, with a highly attractive number. This is one of the live, progressive magazines, and while it gives ample space to matters of fashion and needle-work, which department is under the supervision of Miss Demorest, of New York, it spreads before the reader monthly an ample and varied feast of the choicest literature.

We notice that a new serial story from the pen of Miss Virginia F. Townsend, will be commenced in the January number, and that the author of "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" will begin, in the same number, a new series of "Temperance Tales"—attractions sufficient to give any Magazine the widest popular favor.

Published by T. S. Arthur, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year; three copies for \$5.

BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—This very popular and exceedingly cheap Magazine presents an attractive table of contents for December. Amethyst Wayne's charming story, "The Distant Eyes and Hair," is completed; Mrs. Edson's exciting serial, "The Lady of Lindenwald," is intensely interesting, while "Paul's Romance," by Miss Hale, and "My Darling," a poem, by James Franklin Fitts, are among the choicest of magazine reading. The illustrations are also remarkably good, making this one of the best numbers of Ballo's ever issued.

The publishers offer unusual attractions for the coming year. With the January number the Magazine will be enlarged to one hundred pages, and several new and attractive features introduced. Miss Willian has written a romance, entitled, "So as by Fire," which will commence the year. Amethyst Wayne will furnish an exciting serial story for Boys, entitled "Old Hugh's Look-out," which will be finely illustrated by Kilburn, and will appear in the new department called "Our Young People's Story-Teller," a popular author will furnish a charming story for Girls, while there will be at least a dozen other stories and poems of the highest literary excellence, and intensely interesting, all complete in the January number.

It will be seen from the foregoing that Ballo's Magazine for 1868 will eclipse its present excellence, while the extraordinary low price is retained. It is only \$1.50 per year, or 15 cents a number. Clubs receive it for \$1.25. The proprietors have good cause for calling it "the cheapest magazine in the world."

Published by Elliott, Thomas & Talbot, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for December is a splendid number, with two steel engravings, a mammoth fashion plate, a colored pattern in Berlin work, and nearly fifty wood cuts of braiding and other patterns and late fashions. The Publisher says, that, in 1867, "Peterson's Magazine had more subscribers than all the other Ladies' Magazines combined." We do not wonder at this, for it really gives more for the money than any in the world. The stories are by the very best writers and are written originally for "Peterson's." The mammoth colored fashions are the newest and latest, the Principal Editor having gone out to Paris to secure patterns in advance. About a thousand pages of reading will be given in 1868, when the Magazine will be greatly improved. The terms will however remain two dollars a year to single subscribers. To clubs it is cheaper still, viz: five copies for \$8; eight copies for \$12.00; or fourteen copies for \$20.00, with an extra copy to the person getting up the club. Specimens sent (if written for) to those wishing to join clubs.

Published by Charles J. Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW for October has the following table of contents:—
The Napoleon Correspondence; Codification; The Christians of Madagascar; Trades' Unions; Mrs. Edgeworth—her Life and Writings; Amendment of Anglican Rubric; The late Thomas Drummond; The Session and its Sequel.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 35 Walker Street, New York, the terms of subscription being as follows:—For any one of the four Reviews, \$4 per annum; any of the two Reviews, \$7; any of the three Reviews, \$10; all four Reviews, \$13; Blackwood's Magazine, \$4; Blackwood and one Review, \$7; Blackwood and any two Reviews, \$10; Blackwood and any three of the Reviews, \$13; for Blackwood and the four Reviews, \$15—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works will be delivered free of postage.

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

NEW MUSIC.—From Oliver Ditson & Co., the well known Boston publishers, we have the following new pieces of music:—
Prairie Rose Waltz, for Piano, by J. W. Turner.
Maiden Blush. Poetry by Fred M. Bates; music by M. Keller.

"All Right Folks." By Victor Andrae.
A Motto for Every Man. "Put your shoulder to the wheel." A Series-Comic Song. By Harry Clifton.
"Tell me, darling, that you love me." Serenade with chorus. Companion to "Twinkling Stars." Poetry and music by John P. Ordway, M. D.
For sale by all music dealers.

The State Temperance Convention

Holden this week at Lewiston, proved one of the most interesting and emphatic efforts that have been made in the cause for years. Its leading men were also leading men in the State—such as Sidney Perham of Paris, Judge Davis of Portland, F. J. Hieborn of Stockton, Gen. H. M. Plaisted of Bangor, B. F. Tallman of Richmond, Nye of Waterville, E. P. Weston of Farmington; whose names are in the list of officers. The reports from all parts of the State indicated a great reduction of drunkenness, in spite of the zealous efforts made by the opponents of the present law to promote at least the appearance of increasing dissipation and disorder. The general tone of the leading speakers was in favor of determined adherence to the present law, but with such amendments as the experience of the year may suggest. Among these was named a reduction of the number of deputy constables, to bring the expenses of the constabulary to a figure that would be paid by the fines collected. Another was to empower judges of courts to remit the penalty of imprisonment at their discretion, in cases where its severity was obvious. A vigorous effort was proposed, to keep the present improved condition of things before the people till a fair trial should make it obvious to all that the law is working a great moral reform among drinking men. Great confidence prevailed that the present efforts of temperance men are to be sustained, and that all attempts to break down the advance already made, by repealing existing laws, would be defeated.

A COLORED STEREOSCOPIC PORTRAIT.—full length—of one of our young ladies, in Pierce's show case, is very pretty and the next thing to life. It is a novelty, but the style cannot fail to be popular. Look at it and see if we are not correct.

THE DIRECTORS and officers of the Kennebec Railroad Company, with many invited guests made a tour of inspection over the road yesterday to Skowhegan, ending with a preliminary opening of the Brewster House, in the evening. The train stopped long enough at our depot for us to see that there was a host of jolly old corks in the crowd, which embraced three Ex-Governors, a host of Railroad Presidents, Directors and Superintendents, &c.; the magnificent patron of the new hotel, a good sprinkling of the prominent business men along the line of the road; and a very few members of the press gang. Some of these gentlemen had their wives, daughters and sweethearts along. Superintendent Hatch and Conductor Mitchell were there, of course, but Judge Rice was apparently acting as Grand Conductor, and "good for this trip," or any other. One spacious car, with a kitchen department attached, was devoted to the commissary department, and this was so well supplied that he must have been a mulish fellow who reached Skowhegan either hungry or thirsty.

Our worthy friend and neighbor, Dea. W. A. F. Stevens, makes a very handsome display of marble work in his yard beneath our windows. In the collection, to which we invite special attention at this time, will be found several high-priced monuments, chaste and elegant. Our new cemetery is full of work from this same establishment; indeed, there is very little from any other; which shows that the home reputation of the Deacon and his manufactory is good in every particular.

ELECTIONS.—Governor William R. Marshall is elected Governor of Minnesota by a majority of 5000, which is a gain of 1500 to the republicans over that of two years ago; and the amendment to the constitution, striking out the word "white," has been adopted, nine-tenths of the republicans having voted for it. Good for Minnesota.

In Iowa, Governor Merrill's official majority will be 27,796, which is a gain to the republicans of about 1100 from the vote of two years ago.

HUMILIATING.—The Boston Advertiser hastens to take the wind out of the sails of the democrats of Massachusetts, by assuring them that there is an overwhelming majority of republican members of the legislature who are opposed to prohibition and in favor of license, and that the democrats will not be allowed to lead off in manipulating the liquor law.

At a meeting held Nov. 11 the Senior Class of Colby University elected the following officers:—William O. Ayer, jr., president; R. W. Dann, marshal; E. F. Merriam, sec.; J. D. Taylor, orator; G. L. Clay, poet; H. C. Hallowell, historian; E. S. Small, prophet; L. D. Carver, adlocutor to class; G. W. Davis, Odist; H. M. Hopkinson, Chaplain; W. H. Clark and D. Palmer, committee of arrangements. E. F. MERRIAM, Sec.

The Gardiner Home Journal records the decease of Capt. David Binkley, in Livermore, who in January next would have been 102 years old,—probably the oldest man in Maine. He was born in Bath, but removed to Hallowell when he was six years old. Hinkley's Plain, the old master ground between Hallowell and Augusta, took its name from his father.

Mr. Wm. P. Whitehouse, agent for the Eastern Express Co. at Gethcell's Corner, Vassalboro, attempted to take his life, on Tuesday evening last, by cutting his throat. He was alive at last accounts.

CATTLE MARKETS.—At the Cambridge and Brighton cattle markets the supply of stock for the past week was abundant, and prices remained unchanged. J. W. Withee sold Maine oxen at 12 1-2c, 25 sk, and 2 at 12c, 35 sk; 6 at 12c, 37 sk; 2 at 10 1-2c, 40 sk; cows and heifers at 9c, 40 sk. Wells & Pishon sold 15 oxen 1513 lbs. live, at 12c, 40 sk. D. Wells sold 14 young cattle at 9c, 40 sk.

Good lots of sheep, the Boston Advertiser says, were in fair demand, while ordinary ones bring but little more than the worth of their pelts.

Why is it so hard for the Mail to see anything in Augusta to approve?—[Me. Farmer.]

We cannot see much to approve in the violation of law and order by rum-sellers and their sympathisers, anywhere; and those in Augusta are evidently no better (they cannot easily be worse) than the same class elsewhere. Is the Farmer wounded in the house of his friends, that it springs with so much alacrity to shield them by interposing the great seal of the city, thus forestalling the Standard in its peculiar vocation? We said nothing against Augusta—nothing, certainly, reflecting upon the great majority of its intelligent, law-abiding citizens; but we think that even the Farmer will admit that the same vigilant jealousy for violated law that fined the officer for fast driving, if impartially exerted, would long ago have suppressed the liquor traffic in Augusta, and rendered the visit of the State Constabulary unnecessary?

Mr. R. W. PRAY is once more the owner of the house and extensive grounds opposite the Universalist Church in this village. This house was originally built by Alpheus Lyon, Esq., now of Bangor, and afterward remodelled by Mr. Pray, who occupied it for several years. It is a great satisfaction to him that he is able, in obedience to a vow mentally registered when he felt himself compelled to surrender his pleasant home, to fulfil a long cherished wish by repurchasing it.

JONAS P. GRAY, who for so many years has run the freight train to Bangor, on the Maine Central Railroad, is acting as Conductor of the regular passenger train, during the temporary absence of Deacon Pitman, who is engaged with a Contract on the E. and N. A. Railway. Mr. Avery Allen takes the place left vacant by Mr. Gray, which he fits as though he was made for it.

The Bangor Democrat and the Belfast Republican—both bitter opponents of the war and open sympathisers with the secessionists—were very indignant because Mr. Pillsbury, late democratic candidate for Governor, participated in the Sheridan reception at Augusta; but the Standard—with its tongue in its cheek and a sly wink—affects to rebuke them quite gruffly, assuring these bad smelling democrats that the wire pullers at the capital know what they are about and understand what is the best policy. They are craftily burning false lights to deceive the people while they rope in the honest supporters of the war among the democrats, and hoodwink a few recreant republicans, whose jealousy of a prohibitory liquor law has led them temporarily into party affiliations of which many of them are now heartily ashamed.

A correspondent of the Bath Times—not a sporting man, evidently, but only a tax payer—proposes to be mortified at the action of Kennebec Engine Company in issuing its late plucky challenge to Waterville Three, and in the course of his communication he says:—

"Now if the object of our City Council in the purchase of three new hand engines was to beat all other engines, which they have failed to do, let the Mayor lose no time in calling the Council together, and urging upon them the necessity, in order to keep harmony in our fire department and keep it from disbanding, of appointing a committee and sending them with speed to Waterville, to set before Mr. Button the dilemma in which the city government and the firemen find themselves in consequence of the failure of his machines to accomplish the object intended, and to implore him to use his best endeavors—yes, agonize himself if need be—to furnish a machine that will beat—if but by a single inch,—Waterville, Kendall's Mills, Skowhegan, Bangor, Augusta, Hallowell, Gardiner, Brunswick, Lewiston, Auburn, Rockland, Portland, yes indeed all creation; for nothing less than this will be at all satisfactory."

Geo. P. ROWELL & Co., the enterprising, reliable and courteous advertising agents, deserve the thanks of the publishing fraternity for their timely exposure of the tricks of dishonest advertisers. It will trouble Temple, Richardson & Co., of New York, to do much advertising now except for cash in advance.

Very cheap and very pretty are those pictures of the families of Washington, Lincoln and Grant, now offered by an agent of the publishers.

There seems to be some ground for supposing that the government is prepared to commence the trial of Jeff Davis on the 25th inst. Whether Davis will be tried then remains to be shown.

Nathaniel D. Smith of West Waterville, has been appointed Trial Justice and Justice of the Peace and quorum for the State.

CHANGE OF TIME.—The passenger trains from the west are now due here on both railroads at four minutes past five P. M. See advertisements for further particulars.

Mr. J. H. GILBRETH, we are confidently informed, has been offered \$8,000 for his Knox colt whose performances at the late fair we noticed last week, but he refuses to sell short of \$10,000.

PURE CREAM OF TARTAR is a scarce article, but E. C. Low, of Kendall's Mills, is confident he has some, which he will warrant pure or no sale.

Winter evidently intends to be understood as threatening an immediate visit. We don't care much how soon. Both Summer and Autumn have helped to make him welcome; snivelling and drizzling till everybody is out of patience—and like an over-persuaded miser, granting their favors with a grudging that all but spoils them. Let Winter come in welcome, with his cold hands and snowy beard, and with the icicles hanging upon his brow. Genial hearts and warm firesides will thaw him like dog-days. He has a kind look for those who don't meet him with a shiver. Few they are, but he knows them. Rouse up the fire—cheer up the household—give him a strong grip—and let him into the best room with your whole heart. It's the only way.

Our government, it is said, is negotiating for the purchase of the Danish West India Islands with a good prospect of securing them.

THE MAINE STATE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION will hold a Convention in Lewiston, commencing Monday, Nov. 25th.

We learn from the Kennebec Journal that the local Sabbath School Convention of Augusta, Hallowell and Gardiner, met at the Congregationalist church in that city at half-past ten o'clock on Wednesday last week. The convention was called to order by Rev. J. Ricker, Vice President. The report of the proceedings of the last meeting was read and accepted. The committee appointed last year to take into consideration the matter of merging the local convention into a county convention reported in favor of that measure, and the local convention adjourned to Thursday P. M., and the county convention immediately assembled. Rev. C. F. Penney of Augusta, was temporarily called to the chair, and W. O. Fletcher of Augusta made Secretary. A permanent organization was effected by the election of the following officers: President, C. F. Penney of Augusta, Vice Presidents, C. A. King of Augusta, H. Albee of Hallowell, Chas. Bridge of Gardiner. Secretary, W. O. Fletcher of Augusta. Assistant Secretaries, Rev. D. H. Sherman of Winthrop, Jas. M. Larabee, of Gardiner. Treasurer, Geo. F. Hawes of Augusta. In the afternoon Rev. Smith Baker of Orono delivered a stirring and eloquent address on the work of the Sabbath School. It was a strong argument in favor of making the Sabbath School the most attractive spot on earth. We must please the children in order to teach them, and the schoolroom a place where they will be glad to come. On Thursday a half hour was spent in devotional exercises, and then followed a discussion on general topics. In the afternoon addresses were made to the children of the Sabbath Schools. The convention passed resolutions calling upon the State and national authorities to abstain from Sabbath breaking in the administration of public affairs, believing that in its observance is the only safety of our free institutions. The resolutions were warmly supported by Rev. G. W. Quinby (Universalist) of the Gospel Banner.

The New York Tribune says: The Democratic majority creeps up slowly and is now nearly 48,000—some make it over 49,000. They have also one or two more Assemblymen. The few complete returns at hand from the interior counties in the number of Democratic votes, but a heavy staying-at-home on the part of the Republicans. Probably the aggregate vote will be 100,000 less than that for Governor last year.

Reconstruction is a mooted question; on it, doctors and lawyers disagree, and none are satisfied; but, without a dissenting voice, the people all affirm that American Life Drops have no equal, as a Pain-Killer, to cure the ills of both heat and cold.

The New York Post learns that a leading New England man are about to organize a Free Trade League, in which some of the principal manufacturers are to take a prominent part. It is intended to work vigorously in every New England State to disseminate correct principles of political economy. The Post thinks "it is fit that New England, whose leading statesmen were among the 'protectionist' policy in former days, when that policy was fastened upon the country by Southern politicians, should now that the question again comes before the people, take a prominent part in urging free trade."

"Time tries all Things" and has proved that Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry is the remedy par excellence for the cure of coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, bronchitis, asthma, phthisis, sore throat and influenza. It cures coughs and colds instantly! It soothes the irritated parts; it heals the inflammation; and even consumption itself yields to its magic influence.

Miss Vest Howe, a maiden lady, between 80 and 90 years of age, was found dead in a pasture, near her dwelling, on Monday morning, Nov. 11th. She has lived alone for several years, in a small house, leading from Wayne village by the Wing School House, near the town line between Wayne and Fayette. She had been an object of charity for many years. [Winthrop Bulletin.]

Mr. S. D. Ingham, Ripley, Ohio, after tormenting his horse to madness with the various prescriptions of horse doctors for the cure of distula, resorted to cold water, which was poured from a water-pot upon the sore, and a complete cure was effected in five weeks from two daily applications.

To clean cider barrels, the Scientific American says, put lime water and a common trace chain into a barrel through the bung hole, first tying a strong twine to the chain to draw it out with. Shake the barrel about until the chain wears off the mould or pumice, then rinse well with water.

Late news from Capt. Hall, Arctic explorer, states that he will prosecute his search for the remains of Sir John Franklin vigorously during the coming winter, and will endeavor to reach the locality where, from the reports and traditions of the Esquimaux, he believes Sir John was buried. From some hostile Esquimaux he learned that at about the time of the loss of Sir John Franklin's vessel, some white men carried a dead body on shore and built a brick vault which they carefully cemented, and in which they deposited the corpse, afterward covering the vault with heavy stone flags. This body Mr. Hall believes to be the remains of Sir John, and his intention is to visit the locality and satisfy himself upon the point, if possible. He has secured many valuable articles formerly owned by Sir John's party.

