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Maxham & Wing

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BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

I did but dream; I never knew
What charms our sternest season wore,
Was never yet the sky so blue,
Was never earth so white before.
Till now I knew the glow
Of sunset on yon hills of snow,
And never learned the bough's design
Of beauty in its leafless line.

Did ever such a morning break?
As that my eastern windows see?
Did ever such a moonlight take
Weird photographs of shrub and tree?
Rang ever bells so wild and fleet
The music of the winter street?
Was ever yet a sound by half
So merry as yon schoolboy's laugh?

O Earth! with gladness overfraught
No added charm thy face hath found;
Within my heart the change is wrought,
My footsteps make enchanted ground.
From couch of pain and curtain'd room
Forth to thy night and air I come,
To find in all that meets my eyes
The freshness of a glad surprise.

Fair seem these winter days, and soon
Will blow the winds of spring,
To set the unbound rills in tune,
And hither urge the bluebird's wing.
The vales shall laugh in flowers, the woods
Grow misty green with leafy things,
And violet and wild flowers away
Against the throbbing heart of May.

Break forth, my lips, in praise, and own
The winter love severely kind;
Since, richer for its chastening gown,
I see, whereas I once was blind.
The world, O Father! hath not wronged
With loss the life by thee prolonged;
But still with every added year,
More beautiful thy works appear!

As Thou hast made thy world without
Make Thou more fair my world within;
Shine through its lingering clouds of doubt;
Strike its haunting shapes of sin;
Fill, brief or long, my granted span
Of life with love to Thee and man;
Strike when Thou wilt the hour of rest,
But let my last days be my best!

—Atlantic Monthly.

[From The Ladies' Repository.]

TWO LITTLE VAGABONDS.

It was a little attic room, high up in an old dilapidated building, unfurnished and dimly lighted by the one narrow window, at which a little figure crouched, and, with face closely pressed against the soiled glass, gazed into the street below. A narrow street it was, lined for the most part with tumble-down old houses, interspersed by such miserable shops as could be patronized by the dwellers in that neighborhood. The rainy day was drawing to its close, and the gray twilight settling down upon the town caused the few pedestrians who picked their way along that wet, uneven pavement to quicken their steps and the cartmen to urge their horses into a more rapid pace. The child drew her shawl still more closely about her as the damp air from the broken window chilled her; but she kept her post, now following with her large, dark eyes the figure of some one hurrying past, now listening to a quarrel carried on by a group of ragged children on the opposite side of the street, or watching the uncertain movements of a drunkard staggering homeward.

Presently a step on the stairs leading to the room she occupied startled her. She moved quickly away from the window and sank down in a corner, with her little head bent forward to listen, while a look of mingled terror and anxiety passed over her thin face. An expression of relief took its place, however, and a boy, some eleven or twelve years of age, entered, a bright, wide-awake little fellow, despite of rags and dirt.

"Needn't hide, Nan, it's only me," he said, flashing a quick glance at the dark corner as he deposited an armful of chips upon the floor.

The child slowly arose and went to his side, casting an apprehensive glance toward the door as he did so.

"Ain't them jolly?" exclaimed the boy, bestowing an admiring glance upon his fuel.

"Got 'em at the carpenter's shop round the corner. The man he sez to me, 'Get out, you little rascal'—so I runs, but I brings the sticks along, I did, an' I'm goin' to have a fire—reglar roaster!"

"But Moll—" began the little girl with another glance at the door.

"Who keers for Moll?" interrupted the young urchin, composedly brushing the ashes from the hearth with his little black hands.

His companion looked at him for a moment in astonishment at his newly fledged independence, and then shook her wise little head doubtfully.

"But Nick, I've been lookin' for her this long time, 'cause it's late; you know when Moll stays late she's always—"

"Drunker nor a gin-shop—perzactly. I knows the signs, I does," answered Nick complacently. "Tearin' hair, beatin' young uns, and smashin' up things; but she won't do it to-night, she won't," with a chuckle, "an' she won't come home neither. There, that's the fire for ye; just hear her snap!"

Nan nodded her head approvingly. "Nice," she said, holding her little thin hands toward the blaze, while a faint smile flitted over her anxious, unchildlike face.

"Nick, be you sure? How do you know she won't come?"

"This 'ere way. When I come round the corner I sees her comin' down street, marchin' along like she was ready to tear the house down, so I hid ahind a store-box. 'Nan an' me'll have it to-night, we will,' thinks I. But just then Maloney, she comes along an' runs agin Moll, an' then they both mad, an' into it they goes—my, but they did! Well, 'fore they knowed it two stars come along and gobbled 'em both up, an' off they come. So I goes and gets the chips and comes home. Ain't it jolly, though?" and Master Nick threw himself on the floor and watched the blaze with sparkling eyes.

"O, Nick, I'm so glad!" exclaimed the little girl, drawing a long breath of relief, and pushing back the tangled hair from her blue-veined temples—"so glad!"

The boy looked at her wan, wistful face with a kind of compassionate tenderness stealing into his bright black eyes.

"Poor little Nanny! It's downright mean the way Moll 'buses you, it is," he muttered, half to himself.

The little one shuddered as she thought of the treatment she received.

But she won't do it to-night, Nick; don't let's talk about it. She can't come to-night, and we've got a fire, too—such a nice fire! If we only had something to eat it would be almost like rich folks."

"Something to eat? Course we'll have something to eat," said Nick, proudly. "Do you see that?" drawing a dime from his pocket and balancing it on his finger. "Twasn't hooked nor begged, that wasn't; it's my own hard earnings."

Nanny's sad eyes brightened.

"And you'll buy us some supper with it?"

"Course I will—smashin' supper! Jest you wait," and snatching up the forlorn remnant that he dignified by the name of a cap, the boy darted out the door and groped his way down the dark stairs.

The little girl went to the window again and tried to see him when he reached the street

but it had grown too dark for that. She went back and seated herself on an old box before the fire and clasped her hands in her lap. It was not very cold, only the rain had made the air damp and chill, and the child enjoyed the fire as much because of the cheerful light it threw over the room as for its warmth. All faces are either history or prophecy, some one has said, and that face, though it could not have seen more than nine years, was already a history—a bitter history of want and fear, of suffering and neglect.

Very quietly she sat, scarcely moving hand or foot. She had no buoyant spirits that must find vent in action, no vitality to spare. A fire, freedom from abuse, and a prospect of food were bliss to her. Presently came the sound of Nick's returning feet. Once he stumbled a little on the long stairs, and she started quickly then, a sudden tremor running over her little form; she was so used to listening for untidy steps, poor child! A moment reassured her, and the boy came in, displaying his purchases triumphantly.

"Have some supper? I'll bet we will! Here's a loaf of bread, half a dozen buns, an' two pickles; think of that, Nan—two pickles! The woman threw them in 'cause she said they hadn't kept overly well nohow. Ain't it jolly! Here, and breaking the loaf in two he placed part of it in Nan's hands. Then, throwing himself on the floor beside her, he began a vigorous attack on the other half.

"For a time neither spoke. At last, when the first keen pain of hunger had been stilled, Nanny looked up wonderingly.

"You didn't tell me how you got it, Nick."

"That ere dime? Why, yes I did; I yearned it. Little girls dunno much about such things as them," answered Nick, proudly.

"You didn't go a washin'," said Nanny timidly, her idea of "earning" being connected with Moll's days out.

"Washin'! O, my!" Nick rolled over on the floor and laughed between his bites of pickle.

"There was a kerridge goin' down the street grand as could be, an' a woman an' gal, an' boy in it; an' 'ust thing they knowed the little feller's cap blowed off, and the kerridge stopped. Afore the black chap as was drivin' 'em could get down I runs an' grabs it up an' carries it to 'em. The lady she give me this ere dime, an' the little chap says 'thank ye, says he, an' his little sister laughed. But I'd got the dime, an' I didn't care."

"His sister? who was that?"

"Why, the gal, in course. Tell you she was one of 'em, she was! All ocbins of silks, an' ribbing, and flyers—looked just like a milliner's winder."

"Nick, am I your sister?" asked the little girl after a moment's thought.

"Well, I dunno," answered Nick, meditatively. "Dunno whose sister you air if you ain't mine. Any how I don't b'lieve Moll is no mother to neither of us, 'cause she ain't; she's just Moll."

"Seems as if I could remember," said Nanny, dreamily, "a long time ago, somebody that wasn't Moll. I don't know, only it seems like she didn't never strike nor scold. Mobby I dreamed."

"No ye didn't," answered Nick, decisively, "cause when I seen ye the first time ye was a little wee critter, an' there was another woman along of ye. 'Twasn't here—dunno where 'twas, only Moll an' me lived there. Well, the woman what was with ye she just coughed, an' coughed an' coughed, this 'ere way," and the boy imitated that hollow, dreadful cough that so quickly tells its own story to experienced ears.

"I mind that yet; used to get agoin' till you'd think she'd never stop. But she did one day—went clean dead, ye know—and then Moll brought ye where we was. I don't believe ye never belonged to her before, I don't, an' I reckon she thought you'd be a help in us to beggin'."

Any how she's had two on us to knock an' cuss at ever since. I s'pose it's a meajan of satisfaction to her," added Nick, with a look of self-complacency at being able to use such long words.

"But I don't like to beg," said the little one, hesitatingly, as if half ashamed to acknowledge such a weakness; "and I don't ever get much either, an' that makes Moll so cross. O, Nick, I'm so tired an' so afraid all the time! Moll gets worse an' worse, she does, and she'll kill us some day."

"Mobby she will an' mobby she won't," responded Nick philosophically. "I don't know where she picked me up, but I ain't ticklerly blegged to her for it—not as I know no. I guess I've been a pretty good bargain, with an air of honest pride, 'cause I've begged lots, I have. But I'd a been out of this 'ere 'twasn't for you. S'pose I'd a staid here an' took all these poundings? Bet I wouldn't."

"Where'd you want?" asked Nanny, looking at him with evident admiration.

"Runned away, gone on a chure, like the rich folks does. Seen a chap all fixed up 'other day a goin' down to the boat with a shawl on his arm, an' a black feller ahind him carryin' a leather portmotee. Another man calls out an' axes him where he was goin' an' says he, 'O, to take a little chure.' That's what I'd do, 'spect I could get along."

"I guess you could," said Nanny, appreciatively. "Cause you know so much. How do you learn all so many things, Nick?"

"Hears 'em in the street," replied the boy, gratified by her compliments. "When the rich folks talks I listens, 'cause I'm goin' to be a rich man myself some day. Goin' to have a kerridge, an' a big house with wely carpets in it, an' a gold-headed cane. You shall live long o' me, Nannie, an' if ole Moll comes along I'll just call in a star, an' haul out my pus, an' say, 'Here, pliceman, put this woman in the lock-up an' I'll pay the 'spense, that's what I'll tell him, an' he'll do it quick.'"

Nanny's large eyes gleamed like stars, and a faint color came to her cheek. She listened with suppressed breath to the glowing picture.

"O, Nick!" she murmured softly, as he paused. Then a thought of the present discomfited the dream, and the light faded from her face. "But it'll be such a long time, and Moll will come back in the mornin'." Nick—"a sudden thought striking her—"why couldn't we both run away an' go on a—"

"Chure? Why, I dunno," answered Nick, sitting up to consider the matter; "never thought about that. You couldn't stand trampin' like me."

"But we could stop an' rest," said Nanny eagerly, "an' we could hide where Moll would

not find us. O, do let's go, Nick! You could do it, couldn't you?"

Her helplessness, her confidence in him roused all the manliness and generosity in the boy's young heart, and there was not a little of it, despite his constant association with misery, selfishness, and crime, and the lessons they had taught him.

"Dunno, s'pose I could. 'Don't guess it could be no worse nor it is here for ye, nohow.'"

"O, no, no! Moll will come home to-morrow, an' I'm so afraid," her pale lip quivering.

It was not strange that she felt so. Any one looking in upon that wretched—shall we call her woman?—in the city prison that night, seeing her tattered, filthy garments, her torn hair, and bruised and blotched face, and listening to the torrent of profanity and pollution that poured from her lips, would have turned away sick and shuddering. Yet these children were compelled to constant association with her. They had no other earthly guardian, no other home than her wretched room. Think of it, mother! That boy, with so many possibilities of good in his young life, and worse still, because more in her power, that little, timid, shrinking girl, with eyes sadder but just as innocent as those of your own darling, left to the care of that wretched creature! No need to write what their life was; any one seeing them and seeing her could not fail to know.

The boy looked at his little companion thoughtfully. "Yes, she'll be back to-morrow, an' all her grudge agin Maloney and the pliceman will come on us, I do s'pose. Shall we quit this afore she comes, Nan?"

"Yes; to-night?" she asked quickly.

"No, arly in the mornin'. My, but won't Moll tear!" Then the novelty of the thing struck his childish fancy, and he grew enthusiastic. "Go a travelin'! guess we will, as well as other folks! We'll go and seek our forerunners, that's what we will, an' come back some day, an' ride along here in our kerridge. We won't need no black feller to carry our luggage for us when we starts, though," and he laughed as if that fact were simply amusing. "We haint got no gettin' ready."

"O, yes, we have, Nick—some. Folks can't go travelin' without gettin' ready," said the little one, a new interest and life coming on her manner. "We might wash our faces, you know."

Nick laughed again, but good-naturedly yielded to her fancy, and made another trip down the long stairs after some water. There was something half-amusing, half-touching in the little girl's air of importance and gravity, as she bustled about trying to find some utensil that could be made available in performing their ablutions, the latent womanliness that began to develop itself. Soap the establishment did not afford; but the children dashed the cold water over their faces, trying to make up by their energy in that line for their want of other preparations. Then Nick took a survey from the little window and called out joyfully,

"It's a goin' to clear up, Nan; the moon's a shinin'!"

At last they threw themselves down upon the floor to sleep—but there was none—wilt many expressions of anxiety from Nanny, lest they should not awake early enough, and reassuring promises from Nick. Soundly they slept, yet the boy kept his promise, and in the gray light of early morning awakened his sleeping companion.

"Come, Nanny, it's time we was a startin'," and the child's large eyes flashed open in an instant.

They descended the two long flights of stairs, hearing no sound from the rooms on either side, and reached the street. But few persons were out so early, and those few were too much occupied with their own affairs to notice the children, who hurried along with no plan save to walk in an opposite direction from that by which Moll would return to her home. By and by the milk-carts began to come into town, rattling over the stony streets. Then store-rooms were thrown open, one by one, and clerks began taking down the shutters, and the children wandered on aimlessly, looking about with curious eyes, though the sights and sounds were familiar to them. As they passed a grocery a man came to the door and threw out a number of oranges partly decayed, and therefore, unsalable. Nick sprang forward exultantly and gathered them up.

"We'll go along there an' sit down on that door-stone an' eat 'em, Nan," he said, and the child assented joyfully.

"They're more'n half good," pursued the boy. "This 'ere's a freshment s'loon we've stopped at on our journey. Didn't want to go to a hotel, 'cause it's too early in the mornin'; an' it jolly!"

"It's nicer than stayin' with Moll," answered the little girl. "See! the sun is beginnin' to shine, Nick!" and gladdened by the sight, refreshed by their oranges, and pleased by the fancy of being on a journey, they soon resumed their walk. Up one street and down another they passed—now pausing to look in at shop-windows, now stopping to listen to a hand-organ—only taking care to keep away from familiar localities, and avoid well-known faces. Once Nick started suddenly, as he saw advancing toward them a boy some two or three years his senior.

"Hullo, Nan, that's Boby Skinner! We'd better not let him see us, tell yer!" and catching her hand he hurried her around a corner and down the street as fast as they could run, never pausing till the dreaded "Boby" was far behind them, and they were both fairly out of breath. Then they sat down upon a step—Nanny frightened as well as breathless.

"Such a skite!" said Nick, panting. "Ye see, Nan, after a moment's thought, 'I s'pose we'd better take our chure on 'ards insid' o' round so circumventin'g, I do. My, such a race!"

"Well," answered Nanny, wearily, "where'll we go to?"

"Dunno; most any wheres," he replied, and indeed it was the only answer he had to give. Hour after hour wore away; it was long past noon. The streets they had walked through in the early morning were crowded with a jostling, hurrying throng, but the children had passed into less frequented thoroughfares, and still wandered on. They were growing weary, and Nanny's little bare feet lagged sadly.

"If we had something to eat, I guess I wouldn't be so tired," she said at last.

Nick looked at her, and then in a window just beside them, filled with tempting delicacies, so much within sight—within reach, but for

that thin glass, and they must suffer from hunger.

"I reckon they've got more there than they'll sell, they have, Nanny. Mobby they'd give us some stale buns or somethin'," he said, and turning went in at the open door, while Nanny timidly followed him.

"Mister, we're hungry, me an' Nanny; haint you got somethin' you can give us to eat?" he asked of a man behind the counter.

The shop-keeper was busy and scarcely looked at him, but answered impatiently,

"No, I haven't any thing for you. Seems to me that beggars are growin' thicker every day," he muttered, half to himself.

"I should think they'd grow thinner 'stead of thicker, s'cein' the high feedin' you gives 'em, I should," retorted Nick indignantly, as he walked away.

"O Nick, don't!" whispered his little companion, frightened at his boldness.

"Never mind, Nanny, he ain't the only bake-shop, he ain't, 'cause there's lots more of 'em," answered the boy consolingly. "We can ask somewhere else."

But the little girl's courage had completely vanished. "No, no, Nick, I don't want to; mobby they'll put us in jail. I don't guess I'm so hungry as I was. We'll wait till to-morrow."

On and on they went, wandering away from the center of the city to where the houses were farther apart, and now and then a vacant lot appeared. The shadows began to gather then, and they saw that night was coming. "Haze to be a lookin' up a hotel, I reckon," Nick remarked. "Let's go into that lot where all them boards is piled up."

It was a fine building site, and lumber had been already gathered there for erecting a residence. Some of the boards had been so arranged that they found a kind of shelter, and under this the children crept, and lay down to sleep. Not uncomfortable for lack of bed—they were not used to any; not afraid or lonely, for they had no home to think of or long for, and weariness and hunger were soon forgotten in sleep. There was no love to miss them or look for them. One only, who never forgets even the "least of these little ones," watched over them, and the young wanderers rested quietly till the morning's sun, high and bright, awakened them.

Somewhat refreshed they were, yet the dreams of food had in nowise satisfied their hunger, and they wandered out in search of more substantial means of stilling its cravings.

"O, it's nice here!" said little Nanny with a wishful, admiring glance at the pretty yards that surrounded some of the houses. The soft grass, already springing up fresh and green, was to her a new sight. Presently they paused to gaze through a fence where some children were playing. A mimic ten-party the little ones were having, and the two without looking at them longingly. By and by the little hostess looked up and saw them.

"Won't you come in and take tea with us?" she asked with true democratic hospitality, yet half shyly withal.

Nanny was too timid to accept such an invitation, but the little lady within, in her sweet childish way, offered them biscuit and cake through the fence, and seeing how eagerly it was eaten ran into the house for more. So the little travellers went on their way, comforted and strengthened, with a new revelation of child-life to wonder and dream over.

All day they wandered on, and when the night fell, dark and rainy, they sought such shelter as could be found in the dilapidated portico of an old house partly torn down. The next day, and the day following, were but a repetition of the preceding ones, save that Nanny's strength was failing, as they struggled on in their aimless, hopeless journeying. Nick had few promises to hold out to her. Careless and stout-hearted as the boy was, and accustomed to a vagabond life, even he began to wish he knew what and where the end of this would be—some place where they could stop at last.

They had left the city far behind them, and were walking slowly along a country road, when the sore and tired feet refused to go farther.

"I guess you'll have to go on without me, Nick, I'm so tired," said Nanny wearily, sinking down by the roadside and closing her eyes as if she had neither thought nor care for any thing further.

The boy looked at her ruefully, and then up at the cloudy sky from which the heavy drops were already beginning to fall.

"Try to go a little ways, Nan," he said, "just over to that field there, where we can creep in somewhere, 'cause we'll get a soaker here, we will."

The child scarcely cared then whether they escaped from the rain or not. The effort she made was simply for her companion's sake; and when they reached the large barn, and Nick was fairly jubilant because they found the door unfastened and they could creep in and lie on the soft hay, she only sank down without speaking, and closed her eyes with an expression of pain. "Goin' to sleep," was Nick's inward comment, and nestling down he gave himself up to the enjoyment of his own luxurious couch, till slumber made him oblivious of all surroundings.

That evening, when the dripping clouds had broken away, and the setting sun was smiting a "good-night" upon the earth, the farmer, coming out to look after his horses and cattle, saw a strange picture for such a place—two sleeping children. The one with short, close curls, and long dark lashes—a handsome, boyish face notwithstanding its accompanying rags and dirt. The other face was younger still, thinner and sadder, with a mass of fair, tangled hair tossed carelessly back from the forehead, and the child stared and astonished, and looked at them for a moment; suddenly his kind eyes grew moist:

"Poor, forlorn little toads! how ever did they come here!" he murmured softly. "I'll go and call Mary."

He retraced his steps to the house, and returned presently with his wife—a gentle, sweet-faced, motherly woman, albeit no children lips had ever called her mother. Nick awoke to find two bending over him, and started up half frightened.

"We come in here to get out of the rain, Nanny an' me, an' we haint hurt nothin'," he haint," he said anxiously. "We was so tired, an' Nanny was sick, too. I guess she's better now, 'cause her cheeks is so red. Wake up, Nan, we must be a goin'."

The child's cheeks were red indeed, but it was with the crimson flush of fever. She opened her eyes, but there was no gleam of recognition in them, and she closed them wearily again with a low moan. Mrs. Gray laid her cool hand against the hot face.

"This child is very sick Nathan; you had better carry her to the house," she said simply.

Kind hands bathed little Nanny that night, and placed her upon a softer couch than she had ever known before. Tender eyes watched over her, growing still more pitying as Nick, in his childish way, told their simple story. Long days of unconsciousness followed, but when the fever passed, and left her worn and weak, but still upon the shores of time, she awakened to a new life.

"'Cause we haint got to go a travelin' any more, Nanny," Nick exclaimed to her eagerly, as he sat by her bedside. "We can stay here always. We've got a home now like other folks, we have Nanny. Ain't it jolly!"

"And so you are going to keep those children, Mrs. Gray?" said a neighbor. "Well, as you have n't any of your own I have often wondered that you did not adopt some one. But those two—really!" Shrugging her shoulders, "I should have thought you would hesitate a little, knowing the vagabond life they had been accustomed to."

"The more wretched their life has been the more need there is of rescuing them from it," the lady answered.

"But you know nothing of them—not even who or what their parents were," her visitor urged.

Mrs. Gray looked up, with a grave, sweet smile. "They were two of God's little 'ones," she said, "and that was all we cared to know of their parentage. They were helpless and homeless, and He brought them to us; that was reason enough why we should take them and keep them."

Her friend looked at her thoughtfully.

"Perhaps you are right," she answered slowly. "They may bring a blessing with them after all."

The farmer coming in caught the word, and paused with his hand on his wife's shoulder to answer reverently.

"Surely they will. You have not forgotten who said, 'Whosoever receiveth one such little one in my name, receiveth me.' We take them willingly, gladly, not for duty's sake, nor for charity's sake, but for Christ's sake."

WHITEWASHING.—A correspondent of the Germantown (Pa.) Telegraph furnishes the following:

"As the house cleaning time will soon be here, it may not be amiss to say a few words in regard to whitewashing. There are many recipes published, but we think the following to be the best that can be used; White chalk is the best substitute for lime as a wash. A very fine and brilliant whitewash preparation of chalk is called 'Paris White.' This we buy at the paint stores for three cents a pound, retail. For each sixteen pounds of Paris White we procure half a pound of the white transparent glue, costing twenty five cents (fifty cents a pound). The sixteen pounds of Paris White is about as much as a person will use in a day. It is prepared as follows: The glue is covered with cold water at night and in the morning is carefully heated, without scorching, until dissolved. The Paris White is stirred in with hot water enough to give it the proper milky consistency for applying to the walls, and the dissolved glue is then added and thoroughly mixed. It is then applied with a brush like the common lime whitewash. Except on very dark and smoky walls and ceilings, a single coat is sufficient. It is nearly equal in brilliancy to zinc white, a far more expensive article."

GOOD ADVICE ABOUT DOING GOOD.—Why do you begin to do good so far off? This is a ruling error. Begin in the center, and work outwards. If you do not love your wife, do not pretend to such love for the people of the antipodes. If you let some family grudge, some peccadillo, some undesirable gesture, sour your visage towards a sister or a daughter pray cease to preach beneficence on a large scale. Begin not next door, but within your own door; with your next neighbor, whether relative, servant or superior. Account the man you meet the man you are to bless. Give him such things as you have. How can I make him or her happier? This is the question.—Charles Quill.

A speaker at the annual meeting of the Women's Temperance Association in Brooklyn last week declared that when he visited Washington on the day originally fixed for taking the vote on impeachment, "three or four prominent Senators, for eighteen hours or more, were in such a state of beastly intoxication that there was no chance of getting them into the Senate Chamber, and a proposition was made toward conveying them in a coach." The gentleman who makes this statement is the Rev. Dr. Biddington.

CONDITION OF HAYTI.—A mercantile house at Port au Prince has issued a circular in which the condition of Hayti is represented as deplorable. Two parties, one in the north and the other in the south, have declared against the government of President Salnave. On the 4th inst. Salnave arrived in Port au Prince with five hundred men, and on the night of the 5th the town was given over to these men, who committed many outrages upon the persons and property of the citizens. Business has been entirely suspended in consequence of these difficulties.

DEATH IN DOORS.—Multitudes of persons have a great horror of going out of doors for fear of taking cold; if it is a little damp, or a little windy, or a little cold, they wait, and wait; meanwhile, weeks and even months pass away, and they never, during the whole time, breathe a single breath of pure air. The result is, they become so enfeebled that their constitutions have no power of resistance; the least thing in the world gives them a cold, even going from one room to another, and before they know it they have a cold all the time, whereas, if an opposite practice had been followed of going out for an hour or two every day, regardless of the weather, so it is not actually falling rain, a very different result would have taken place. The truth is, the more a

person is out of doors, the less easily does he take cold. It is a widely known fact that persons who camp out every night, or sleep under a tree for weeks together, seldom take cold at all.

The truth is, many of our ailments, and those of a most fatal form, are taken in the house, and not out of doors; taken by removing parts of clothing too soon after coming into the house, or lying down on a bed or sofa when in a tired or exhausted condition, from having engaged too vigorously in domestic employment. When our wives get to work they become so interested in it that they find themselves in an utterly exhausted condition; their ambition to complete a thing, to do some work well, sustains them till it is completed. The mental and physical condition is one of exhaustion, when a breath of air will give a cold to settle in the joints to wake up next day with inflammatory rheumatism, or with a feeling of stiffness or soreness, as if they had been pounded in a bag; or a sore throat,

Waterville Mail.

EPH MAXHAM, DAN L. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... MAY 29, 1868.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS

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

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT.

ULYSSES S. GRANT,

OF ILLINOIS.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT.

SCHUYLER COLFAX,

OF IOWA.

For Member of Congress.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

Decoration of Soldiers' Graves.

On Saturday, (to-morrow,) at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, the loyal people of our whole country are to inaugurate the beautiful rite of paying a tribute of respect and honor to the patriotic dead, by decorating their graves.

As a duty of the living to the sacred memory of those who went among us, the citizens, of this place and vicinity, young and old, are earnestly solicited to meet at Pine Grove Cemetery, as above, with gifts of flowers and evergreens, and strew them upon the graves of our fallen heroes, as tokens of respect and in remembrance of their deeds.

There will be no attempt at display in the ceremony, but it will be performed by each individual according to their own good impulses in a quiet and simple manner.

We hope the schools will omit their forenoon session, that the children may participate. Every child can contribute a wild flower, an early blossom, or a sprig of evergreen, and ALL help by their presence, upon this as well as upon each succeeding anniversary of the day, to perpetuate the custom, and thus keep in remembrance, for all coming time, what it cost to save our country.

IMPEACHMENT.—The court has adjourned finally, and impeachment is at an end, while the most infamous traitor of the age yet sits in the presidential chair. On whose head is to fill the merited vengeance, is yet to be seen—or Divine Providence may yet work out, in his own way, the praise that sometimes comes from the wickedness of men. That the retribution held in the ballot-box may be stayed, is the only rational prayer we could indite for the few men from whom the country looked for better things. Whether we do them most favor by giving them credit for sincerity, or charging them with knowing better, is a question. We have but one sure anchor of political faith,—that whether satan rages, or lurks in ambush, the god-given integrity of the American people will save the country.

GRANT received his nomination very quietly and pronounced the platform good. When serenaded he made the following speech:—

Gentlemen:—Being entirely unaccustomed to public speaking and without a desire to cultivate that power [laughter.] it is impossible for me to find appropriate language, to thank you for this demonstration. All that I can say is that to whatever position I may be called by your will, I shall endeavor to discharge its duties with fidelity and honesty of purpose. Of my recitude in the performance of public duties you will have to judge for yourself by my record before you.

THE NATIONAL DIVISION of the Sons of Temperance were in session at Nashville, Tenn., last week. Our neighbor, J. Nye, Esq., a delegate from this State, and who we notice was put on the committee on the State of the Order, sends us a package of late Nashville and Louisville papers, some of which contain full accounts of the proceedings, addresses, etc. The hospitalities of the western brethren were freely extended to delegates and their lady friends, and among the entertainments in the programme were a Steamboat excursion to the Hermitage and a picnic on the grounds, and a visit to the Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky.

A TEMPORARY DAM has been thrown across the roadway of the Ticonic Water Power Co., just below the sash and blind factory, and the wheels are once more in motion. The Directors of the Company are taking the preliminary steps for the improvement of their lower water privilege, and when their surveys and plans are completed we may expect to see something done.

Mr. Greenleaf Rockwood of Augusta, died very suddenly, probably of heart disease, on Tuesday morning last. He was a brother of Mrs. R. W. Pray and Mrs. David Shorey, of our village.

[For the Mail.]

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I wish to say a few words through your columns, on a matter that has stirred my feelings almost to a boiling point, in past seasons, and to which I suppose not only myself, but others, have got to be subjected again and again, as often as Spring and Summer recur. I allude to the lawless practice indulged in by many of our citizens, of using the highways of our village for a cattle pasture. Of all the unmitigated, shameless, annoying, vexatious, unbearable wrongs perpetrated on a long suffering community, this I consider the most grievous to be borne. To see the streets of our village used as a pasturing ground, and be subject to the continual annoyance caused by this vandalism and lawlessness and disregard of others' rights, by many of our ablest inhabitants, is more than human nature can or ought to bear. To be obliged to spring to shut the gate, or bars, or have a dozen or more of these ruthless depredators, (I mean the cattle, though I think the owners of such cattle could properly be called highway robbers,) thrusting themselves into one's yard, or garden, or stable, and in an hour destroying perhaps the care and labor of years—trampling and ruining some choice and cherished shrub or valuable tree, is to me just as unbearable as any provocation I can think of.

One likes to be on good and friendly terms with neighbors, and dislikes to make a disturbance bearing the evil; but there is an end to forbearance. To rise some morning and find the gate, so carefully closed the night before, torn from its fastenings by some of these profligate and nightly depredators, a choice garden or rare shrub utterly destroyed, is the very "last straw which breaks the camel's back." How many hurried steps have I taken, and how many times have I been aroused nights, to drive away a lot of starving cattle and horses, permitted by amply able people to run at large in our streets! I am no "professed christianian," neither have I any faith in the christianity of those who pasture their cattle in the streets, how much sower they may possess.

Perhaps others do not feel so keenly on this matter as I do, and may think I am over sensitive; but had they been annoyed and troubled and injured, as I have been, by this wanton style of plundering, they might view it as I do. Cannot, and will not, people who are otherwise kind neighbors and friends—upright and honest in dealing—cannot they see this thing as it really is, and for the sake of abused and outraged humanity, abandon this deplorable practice of wronging and troubling their fellow citizens? C. H. R.

[For the Mail.]

The closing Lecture of the course before the Soldiers, Monument Association of this Village, was delivered by Gyr. Chamberlain, on Wednesday evening of last week. Subject, "The Murder of Lee."

"In thoughts that breathe and words that burn" the closing scenes in the drama of the great rebellion were recited with truthfulness, vividness, and a literary finish, that kept the audience almost spell-bound to the close of the lecture. Some of the incidents were familiar to all; but being related by one who was a prominent actor in the scenes, they seemed new, and doubly interesting.

"Up guards and at 'em," was the famous order of Wellington at Waterloo. "Smash 'em" was the more expressive one of Sheridan at Five Forks. The former order has gone down to history, and the latter will surely follow.

The description of the leaving of the pompous Henry A. Wise, at the surrender, was truly amusing, and showed up that modern bombastes in his true character.

The interest in the subject of the lecture, was not exceeded by that in the lecturer himself.

We all remember his patriotic reply to the faculty of Bowdoin College, who were using every effort to prevent his joining the army. It was a dark time in the history of the war. "The brave began to fear the power of man and the pious to doubt the favor of God." "If you succeed in preventing Gov. Washburn from giving me a commission, I will enlist as private in Jim Nichols' Company," were his noble words. We remember how, (in 1861, when told by his surgeon that he probably would not live through the day) he insisted on being carried to the polls on a stretcher, and there as he supposed gave his last vote for the right. We do not know how he voted, but suppose the politics of the ballots he cast, and that of the bullets in his body, were somewhat different.

The greeting between the Gov. and members of his old command, the 20th Maine, was cordial in the extreme.

Then was a special train on the Me. Con. road for the occasion, from Kendall's Mills and Waterville Village, which was well patronized by the former place, and by two enterprising gentlemen from the latter, the literary emporium of the Kennebec Valley. K. K. K.

West Waterville, May 28, 1868.

BASE BALL.—A new club, called the "Una," was organized in this place on the 20th inst., with the following officers:

O. D. Seavey, President; A. G. Blunt, Vice President; F. N. Esty, Secretary; C. F. Barrett, Treasurer; H. A. P. Pray, C. W. Chase, G. W. Chipman, Directors.

On the 26th they played a friendly game with Ticonic Club. At the end of the 9th innings the score stood, Ticonic 46, Una 38. Very well for the first game. It will not be so easy to beat the Unas in the next game—we guess.

Wm. H. Clark was ordained as pastor of the Baptist Church in Mt. Vernon on the 16th inst. The public services were as follows:—

Invocation, by the Moderator, Rev. A. Drinkwater; Reading Minutes of Council, by the Clerk, Rev. W. H. Kelton; Reading Scriptures, Rev. A. De F. Palmer; Prayer, Rev. T. W. Emerson; Sermon, Rev. J. Hicker, text, Col. i: 28; Prayer of Ordination, Rev. W. H. Kelton; Charge, Rev. A. Drinkwater; Hand of Fellowship, Rev. T. W. Emerson; Address to the People, Rev. A. De F. Palmer; Benediction, by the Ordained.

PORTLAND AND KENNEBEC RAILROAD.—The early morning train over this road, from Augusta to Boston, will commence running next Monday, leaving at a quarter to six in the morning; and an evening return train will arrive in Augusta at 11 P. M. Two through freight trains will also be run from Portland, the first of which will arrive here at 12 o'clock M.

INDEPENDENCE DAY will be celebrated in Augusta by a horse trot and a trial of hand fire engines.

OUR TABLE.

LITTEKOOT'S MAGAZINE.—The June number, which completes the first volume of this monthly, is a good one, and will still further advance the popularity of this growing favorite. The leading attraction, perhaps, is Swinburne's poem written expressly for this magazine, entitled "Sienna." The other articles are, a continuation of Mrs. Davis's novel, Dallas Galbraith; Day Dreaming, by Miss Kimball; American Forests, by Mrs. Isabella James; Popular Novels; by James N. Barnes; Across the Sierras, by Henry A. Boller; The Wind's Reply, by Hiram Rich; To Please Aunt Martha, by Margaret Homer; The Conversion of the National Debt into Capital, by Hon. Amasa Walker; American Culture, by Henry Hartshorne, M. D.; A Strange Passenger, by Harriet Prescott Spofford; Home of Robert Burns, by J. Grant Wilson; Major Noah, by Samuel Lockwood. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, at \$4 a year.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY for June has two fine engravings—"The Dear Love," and "The Writing Lesson." The reading matter is of the usual excellence and variety, and a specimen of its stories will be found on our first page. The number concludes a volume.

Published by Poe & Hitchcock, Cincinnati at \$3 50 a year.

EVERY SATURDAY for this week has more of "Fool Play," by Charles Reade and Dion Boucicault; several interesting articles, and a sweet poem from "Good Words." There is a full page illustration of the story.

Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$5 a year.

FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE for June has the usual brilliant display of fashion plates and engravings, with all the latest patterns and designs, including a full sized pattern, for cutting, of the Marie Antoinette Mantlelet. The miscellaneous portion of the number, which is also profusely illustrated, includes a continuation of "Steven Lawrence, Yeoman," by the author of "Archie Lovell," and many complete stories. Published by Frank Leslie, New York, at \$3 50 a year.

THE BEST AMERICAN ORGAN TO BE GIVEN FOR THE BEST AMERICAN STORY.—The Publishers of the new "Prize Story Monthly Magazine" offer as premium for the best story, one of S. D. & H. W. Smith's American Organ, valued at two hundred and twenty-five dollars. This generous award will be made by a committee of literary gentlemen. Authors will address "Pratt Brothers, publishers, 37-39 Cornhill, Boston," for particulars.

THE NURSERY for June completes another volume of this charming little Magazine for youngest readers, and like its predecessors it is full of nice stories and spirited pictures. Increased attractions are promised in the coming volume by its clever editor Miss Fanny P. Seaverns.

Published by John L. Shores, Boston, at \$1 50 a year.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.—"June Blossoms" is the title of the steel engraving in the June number, which contains a double-page colored fashion plate and numerous other embellishments and a piece of music. Two continued novels and several stories will be found in the number, which completes a volume.

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

NEW MUSIC.—The following pieces have just been issued by Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston, and will be found with all music dealers:—
Jennie Lee, Ballad, by Charles Blumhain.
"Farewell, my jolly comrades," The Bachelor's last adieu. Song and Chorus, by A. B. Hoag.
Not for Joseph. Comic Song Aloud, by Arthur Lloyd.
Cornflower Waltz, by K. Kinkel.
A Winter Flower. Value Brilliant by Wm. Tucko.

The Republican Creed:

The National Republican Party of the United States, assembled in National Convention, in the city of Chicago, on the twentieth day of May, 1868, make the following declaration of principles:

First.—We congratulate the country, on the assured success of the construction policy of Congress, as evinced by the adoption by a majority of the States lately in rebellion, of constitutions securing equal civil and political rights to all. It is the duty of the government to maintain these institutions and to prevent the people of such States from being rebuffed to a state of anarchy.

Second.—The guarantee by Congress of equal suffrage to all loyal men at the South was demanded by every consideration of public safety, of gratitude, and of justice, and must be maintained. The whole question of suffrage in the loyal States properly belongs to the people of those States.

Third.—We denounce all forms of repudiation as a national crime. The national honor requires the payment of the public indebtedness in the utmost good faith, to all creditors at home and abroad, not only according to the letter, but to the spirit of the law under which it was contracted.

Fourth.—It is due to the labor of the nation that taxation shall be equalized and reduced as rapidly as the national faith shall permit.

Fifth.—The national debt, contracted as it has been for the preservation of the Union for all time to come, should be extended over a fair period for redemption, and it is the duty of Congress to reduce the rate of interest thereon whenever it can be done without injury to the Government.

Sixth.—The best policy to diminish our burden of debt is to so improve our credit, that capitalists will seek to loan money at lower rates of interest than we now pay, and may continue to pay so long as repudiation, partial or total, open or covert, is threatened or suspected.

Seventh.—The government of the United States should be administered with the strictest economy, and appropriations which have been so shamefully misused and fostered by Andrew Johnson, should be reduced to a radical reform.

Eighth.—We profoundly deplore the untimely and tragic death of Abraham Lincoln, and regret the accession of Andrew Johnson to the presidency; who has acted treacherously to the people who elected him, and the cause he was pledged to support; who has assumed high legislative and judicial functions; who has refused to execute the laws; who has used his high office to induce other officers to ignore and violate the laws; who has employed his executive power to reward his political enemies, the peace, the liberty and the life of the citizens; who has abused the pardoning power; who has denounced the national legislature as unconstitutional; who has presided over and encouraged the most lawless and lawless acts of the nation; who has perverted the public patronage into an engine of wholesale corruption, and who has thus become a national disgrace.

Ninth.—The doctrine of Great Britain and other European powers, that because a nation is a nation, it is entitled to be protected in all its rights of citizenship as though they were native born; and no citizens of the United States, native or naturalized, shall be liable to arrest and imprisonment by any foreign power for acts done in this country; and if they are so arrested and imprisoned, it is the duty of the government to interfere in their behalf.

Tenth.—Of all who were faithful in the trials of the late war there were none entitled to more special honor than the brave soldiers and seamen who endured the hardships of campaign and cruise and imperiled their lives in the service of the country. The bounties and pensions provided by law for these brave defenders are obligations never to be forgotten; the widows and orphans of the gallant dead are the wards of the people—a sacred legacy bequeathed to the nation's fostering care.

Eleventh.—Foreign immigration in the past has added so much to the wealth, development and resources, and the increase of power to this nation, the asylum of the oppressed of all nations, should be fostered and encouraged by a liberal and just policy.

Twelfth.—This convention declares itself in sympathy with all the oppressed people who are struggling for their rights.

UNION MEETINGS, to which all are invited, will be held at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association to-morrow (Saturday) evening, and on Sunday evening at 6 o'clock; also, on Sunday evening, at the Baptist Church, at 7 1/2 o'clock.

"STITCH! STITCH!" Stitching beautifully done by Mrs. E. Dunbar. See her advertisement.

GOODWIN has left a supply of his tomato plants at Caffrey's.

HENRIKSON has crossed the street, and may now be found in his handsome and commodious new store, next north of the Post office, where he has ample room to spread out his goods so that his customers can see them. Step in and look at his great variety of articles, useful and ornamental, and you will wonder how he ever found room for them in his old quarters. He has a large and elegant assortment of paper hangings, as many people who are making Spring repairs have already found out, and many more will be glad to.

MAINE STEAMSHIP COMPANY.—In calling attention to the new arrangement of this Semi-Weekly Line of Steamers between Portland and New York, the Prize Current says:—"Reconstructed and reorganized, the line is now under most excellent management and offers every facility for the prompt transaction of business, to shippers and passengers." See their advertisement on our last page.

HON. ANSON BURLINGAME and the Chinese Ambassadors arrived at New York on Friday last.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.—"How they keep the secret," at the Division this evening. Come All.

THE PATENT METALLIC CLOTHES LINE will no doubt soon take the place of the old rope line wherever its superiority is known. The Androscoggin Herald thus enumerates its advantages:—

The merits of this line are many, but among the most prominent are, that it will never wear or rust out, is always tight, and unlike a rope line it will not break and let the clothes fall in the mud, nor need it be so high, as the middle remains as high as the ends, and being low it is far easier work to put out and take in the clothes; then if it is necessary to remove it, it is far easier to remove than a rope, for by unhooking it at one end it will coil itself up to the other end, where it may remain without harm.

Mr. W. Stevens, of Kendall's Mills, will supply these lines to all who wish to purchase.

ALL GIFT ENTERPRISES, without exception, and all lotteries, under whatever name, may be safely set down as swindles; and those who invest money in them are ninnyes. Every day brings to light a fresh chapter of rascality in the management of these gull traps. Beware of them, no matter by what cherished name they are christened, or under what hallowed institution they are sheltered.

BAPTISTAL SERVICES will be held at the Bay, next Sabbath morning, at 9 o'clock, by the Methodists.

The Maine State Convention of Universalists will meet at Norway on Tuesday, June 23d, and continue in session three days.

Gen. Nat. Head of New Hampshire, a member of the Board of Managers of the National Military Asylum, has taken charge of the work of rebuilding the Asylum at Togus, destroyed by fire last winter, and operations will be vigorously prosecuted during the present season.—[Maine Farmer.]

The following is said to be a sure cure for the Hicups:—Hold up, high above your head, two fingers of your hand; lean back in your seat, open your mouth and throat, so as to give a free passage to your lungs; breathe very long and softly, and look very steadily at your fingers.

The Free Press says that Mr. Abner Rice, one of the most respected citizens of Thomaston, fifty-six years ago on the 5th day of May was drafted as a soldier for the war of 1812 (as it is called) at which time there were several inches of snow on the ground, and the people of Worcester, Mass. (Mr. R.'s place of residence at that time) came in sleighs to attend the annual May training, after which they indulged in a spirited contest of snow-balling. When the battle of Bunker Hill was fought, April 17th, 1796, the apple trees were in bloom and the heat was so great that the soldiers suffered extremely.

The Irish Republic, speaking of the Banks bill for protection of American citizens in foreign countries, passed on the 30th ult., says:—"What democracy has failed to do in fifty years, Republicanism has done in seven. Let them respond to this action of this Republican Congress, and cast their ballots for the next Republican candidate for the presidency."

The Maine Conference of Unitarian Churches will meet with the First Parish in Portland, on the evening of Tuesday, June 2nd, and will continue in session till the noon of the Thursday following. It is expected that free return tickets will be issued to those attending the Conference.

The Augusta Farmer says the Washingtonian temperance meetings held weekly in that city are doing great good among that class who can only be reached and saved by kindly and persuasive influences.

The extent of Maine is thus given: The distance from Quoddy Head to the St. John River (eastern boundary) 195 miles; from the St. John to the Northwest State corner 360 miles; from that point to Kittery 163 miles; from Kittery to Quoddy, 226 miles thus making the outline boundary of the State 944 miles.

HARD ON BOSTON.—The Rev. George L. Chaney, of Hollis street Unitarian Church, in a recent address thus alluded to the hospitality of Boston to the stranger. He said:—

"I know only of two ways in which a young man or a young woman can make disinterested friends on coming into the city of Boston. The first is by meeting with an accident, and the second is by stealing something. There are two places which the Christian city of Boston opens with the greatest hospitality: the one is the City Hospital; the other is the jail. Break your leg by an accident, and get put into the City Hospital, and you will wonder you had not done it long ago by design, so kind will they be to you. Steal something and get put into jail, and you will wish you had been taken up at your birth, on a charge of original sin, Sheriff Clark will be such a true and good friend to you. This is the short and long of the story which we have to tell of the hospitality of that city which boasts of its philanthropy."

CATTLE MARKET.—A thin market is reported, with a slight rise in beef and mutton.

The Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, in a letter to the President in which he says that the action of the Senate yesterday forced this course upon him, has relinquished the office of Secretary of War and has left the same, together with the books, archives, papers and property heretofore in his custody, to the care of Assistant Adjutant-General Townsend, subject to the direction of the President. He will not in an official capacity again enter the war-office, and purposes soon to leave Washington for an indefinite period.

GRASING CART AND WAGON WHEELS.—Tallow is the best article we have ever tried for wooden axle-trees. The rule is a little, and often. But little can remain if a large quantity is put on, and the most of it is wasted. Castor oil is an excellent lubricator for iron and steel axles, and a damaged article can frequently be had at the apothecary's, at small cost. A teaspoonful is enough for each wheel, and it is fully to use more.

It is understood that Gen. Grant will not immediately reply to the official notification to be made on the 29th inst. of his nomination by the Chicago Convention. His formal letter of acceptance will appear in the course of the succeeding two weeks.

The subject of the admission of the southern States to representation in Congress, is generally considered, will be acted upon at a very early day. With the exception of Alabama, where a new election is likely to be ordered, it is probable that they will all be admitted before July.

The Maine Baptist Convention will hold their annual meeting with the Main St. Baptist Church in Brunswick, commencing June 16th, and continuing three days. The annual sermon will be preached by Rev. Mr. Wheeler of Skowhegan. The exercises will be interesting and the attendance large.

CURE FOR SORE TEATS ON COWS.—Take one-third salt grease, two-thirds mutton tallow with which sugar will dissolve; melt them over the fire, stirring thoroughly to mix. When cool it is ready for use. I have cured in two days where the cracks were so bad that it was almost impossible to milk.

According to the latest Cretan accounts a battle was fought on the 4th of April on the plain of Heracleon, in which 3000 Cretans repulsed a vastly superior number of Turks, who were supported by the regular Circassian cavalry. The English man-of-war Trinculo witnessed this battle. On the 6th of April the Cretans achieved another victory at Rhetymus. Other battles took place at Seino and at Velondakia. In the latter the Turks had 400 men killed and wounded. Sixty thousand Cretan families in Greece were exposed to great misery. The Greek government has so far spent \$3,000,000 to save them from starvation.

A SENSATION STORY FOILED.—The democratic story going the rounds of their papers about a horrible atrocity committed at Ship Island, in which the name of the daughter of Gen. Mower, a young lady of 17, is connected, is spoiled by the stubborn fact that Gen. Mower is a man 35 years of age, not married, and never had a daughter.

The National Division of the Sons of Temperance will hold its next annual convention on the second Monday in June, 1869, at Washington D. C.

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

Mr. Broadstreet W. Doe of Corinth committed suicide on Monday last by hanging himself. He was a respectable and industrious man, and no cause can be assigned for such an act.

The arrival of Simmons, the sculptor, in London is announced.

The wife of Leonard Griffin, of Greene, committed suicide by drowning in the Androscoggin river on Wednesday last. She told her children of her intentions, and of whom followed her. The news was immediately given, and the body recovered in fifteen minutes after the fatal act, but life was extinct.

The Saturday Review says that the Emperor of France "has neither shut nor opened the gates of the temple of Janus, but keeps them perpetually ajar."

"There was a room with eight corners. In each corner sat a cat. Before each cat sat seven other cats, and on each cat's tail sat a cat. How many cats in all?"

Adam was the only man that never tantalized his wife about "the way mother used to cook."

One of the witnesses who testified against Whalen, the suspected assassin of the Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, was brutally assaulted at Ottawa on Monday night, and another witness has been the recipient of attentions that favor of the barbarous proceedings of the Kud-Klux Klan.

Tam Neil was carpenter and preceptor in Edinburgh and a very droll character in his way. Being questioned one day by a lady at whose house he was employed, as to the reason why people of his profession were so exorbitant in their charges for coffin, he looked very mysterious, and agreed to give the reason in the form of a return for a glass of whisky. The stipulation being implemented, Tam said: "Well, ma'am, it's just because they are never brought back to be mended."

THE AMERICAN ORGANS manufactured by S. D. & H. W. Smith of Boston, Mass., are remarkably good and effective instruments. Their quality of tone is peculiar and most admirable; they have great power when played full, and possess a swell apparatus of more than ordinary excellence, by means of which a fine crescendo or diminuendo is obtained, and they also respond to the touch of their readers, societies, or musical students, who wish to procure something very satisfactory in the way of read Organs, will certainly do well to examine these superb instruments.—[Providence Journal.]

PROF. L. LYCH, of this village, is agent for the sale of these organs.

We learn from the Kennebec Reporter that a son of Jeremiah Wheeler, Esq., died of Augustus, about 14 years of age, fell from a tree at Whitefield, Thursday afternoon, and was drowned before assistance could be rendered. He, in company with another lad, were sailing for sport, and, unware, ran upon a rock, and the boat overturned. The other lad narrowly escaped with his life.

How many feet long was the snake? asked a person of a traveler who had just related a story of his encounter with a boa killed by him; "192 inches," was the reply; "has he no feet?"

Miss Dorothea Dix is to send mail-matter free for life in the United States, as a reward for her services to mankind.

In Cincinnati there are 2,280 retail liquor dealers—more than are engaged in any other business.

Money is "tight," and the rivers are "high." Has that anything to do with the whiskey question?

STORY TELLER FROM falling out, by the use of "Barrett's Hair Restorative," the Premium article.

An Italian innkeeper confessed to a priest, who asked him if he never greased the teeth of his guests' horses to prevent their eating. He replied that he had never done so. The next time he asked, while he had been in the stable several times. "Why," said the priest, "you told me last time that you had never done it." "Holy father," replied the innkeeper, "I did not know the trick then."

The case of Home, the Spiritualist Medium, which has been before the Court of Chancery for a long time, has at length been decided. The Court requires Home to repay Mrs. Leon the sum of £80,000 and costs, on the ground that undue influence and hallucination induced her course of action.

A terribly fatal disease is now raging among the cattle in some portions of Illinois. Over one hundred head have fallen victims to it within the past few days. It usually kills in a few hours. No preliminary warnings are given, and although the skill in possession of ordinary practitioners has been brought to bear upon it, it yields to no remedy or treatment, and is fatal in every instance. Its name and nature have not yet been determined.

"THERM NAME DE LEXICO" may be applied to the innumerable diseases to which the skin is subject. It would be well for those who are afflicted with apparently incurable skin diseases, such as scabies and eruptions, to use Grace's Ointment, which, if used in every instance, short time, cuts, burns, scalds, flesh wounds, &c.

BALDNESS, GRAYNESS, and other Imperfections of the Hair will be regarded as inexorable after a trial of Mrs. S. A. Allen's Improved (new style) Hair Restorer, or Dressing (in one bottle). Every Druggist sells it. Price One Dollar.

Three in each week Jean Ingelow gives a charity dinner to poor children, largely supplied from her own means. This she calls her "copyright dinner." In her own language, privately given, but worthy of publicity, she says: "I find it the great pleasure of my life, that it gives me more money for such purposes (charity) than falls to the lot of most women."

A peacock once said to a barn-yard hen—"See

