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Maxham & Wing

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HURRAH FOR GENERAL GRANT!

Hurrah for old Appomattox! Hurrah for General Grant! With him are whipped the rebels, and a song for him we chant.
We'll rally round his battle-flag, the flag of Union true,
And drive the Rebel Gray again before the loyal blue;
O! he knows the Boys in Blue! Yes! he knows the Boys in Blue,
And the Grayheads as the Copperheads will learn the truth
That the Union lads will never forget the wearing of the Blue.

They may weep for Stonewall Jackson, and of Lee they still may wail,
While we shout for Appomattox, and vote for General Grant.
They may sympathize with Davis and uphold his beaten crew,
But no Rebel Gray, shall ever stay the loyal Boys in Blue.

O! we trust the Boys in Blue! O! we know the Boys in Blue,
And they'll never flinch, nor give an inch, while we
They have to fight.
So, bring on your Rebel Gray again, and give us but a view,
And we'll show you that we don't forget the wearing of the Blue.

TWO THANKSGIVINGS

CHAPTER I. A disappearance.

It was a mild night for the New England November. A soft warm haze had fallen with the twilight and shrouded the barren landscape everywhere around Hillside Farm, wrapping the old gables of the house, the barns and out-buildings, stretching away in a long line; the hill close behind, with its crown of thick hemlocks—the only green left of departed summer, and even shutting out the long curve of the old well-sweep from the eager gaze of a pair of bright young eyes peering from the panes of Squire Holman's kitchen-window. Such a sweet childish face as was little ten-year-old Lucy Holman's—with bright coral lips, cheeks like the sunny side of a Jersey peach, forehead pure as the water-lily gathered from the pools in spring-time, and long, soft, flossy curls—framed against the darkness of the window-frame! The brightest thing was she, in that long, old-fashioned kitchen that November evening.

There was much that savored of the morrow's festival cheer going on in the old kitchen, from whose window, commanding the back-yard, Lucy gazed; for the smoke-stained ceiling seemed to dance with the ruddy glare of the fire on the broad hearth, before which stood spits laden with savory roasts; and the great brick oven's mouth-glowed like the entrance of a fiery cave, as Dame Holman and her stout, red-armed Irish maid-of-all-work cleared it of its bed of coals, and filled it with the last un-baked batch of Thanksgiving pies.

One would have thought that a host of visitors were expected to spend the good old festive day of Thanksgiving at the farmhouse, judging by the preparations. Upon the shelves of the "dresser," bright with polished pewter and in ware, stood rows of pies of every description, from the savory minced to golden squash; great puddings, from the pudding par excellence—"plum"—to the richly-browned "Indian"; and an enormous roast goose, flanked by two large chicken pies, looked crisp and dainty enough to tempt the appetite or the carving-knife. But the crowning dish of the feast—a large turkey, who had but yesterday strutted in the barnyard, his legs tied behind the door, awaiting his turn in the great oven for the last baking.

And so Dame Holman, very hard featured, and with deep lines about her mouth, perched over her cookery; and stout, red-armed Maggie stepped briskly from table to oven with the pies; and the fire glowed and crackled on the hearth; and little Lucy kept her station by the window.

"Most time for your father to be here, Lucy; seems to me he's late tonight from the village!" said Mrs. Holman, in the quick, jerking voice which characterized the second spouse of the squire—for she was Lucy's step-mother—a notable "smart" widow, who had not rested content till she had joined her neighboring farm to Squire Holman's—a bargain in which, the neighbors said, the old squire had gotten the worst of it, taking along with his new wife her sharp tongue and unkindly temper. Uncommon late—and that Lucy Jack off lounging somewhere too; and the criers yet to be foddered! I declare, that boy don't care the salt he eats! Always off when you're wantin' him! And here we're out o' firin'! Mag, go fetch some wood!"

With a clumsy step the broad-shouldered daughter of Erin left the long kitchen for the wood-shed, and soon returned with her red arms bearing a burden of hickory which she awkwardly dropped into the fire-place, exclaiming:

"An sure, Missis Holman, it's me opinion that the lad's not got over his batin' of yesterday! I see him up in the corn-chamber crouchin' this afternoon!"

"Well, he deserved it all and more too!" echoed Dame Holman, with reddening face. "When a bound boy grows saucy, and won't mind me, he'll feel the weight o' my hand—that's all!"

"O, mother, how can you talk so?" exclaimed little Lucy, turning from the window where she had sat herself to watch her father's horse when it came up the yard, and with indignation in her childish voice. "I'm sure Jack would have minded you if he could, but the bag of corn was so heavy he couldn't lift it; and he ain't a bound boy, neither, for father says somebody put him on our doorstep in the night, and he took him to bring up!"

"You shet up, Miss Lucy," said her step-mother angrily. "That comes of your father's stories. What's the difference? I should like to know, between a beggar that runs on the doorstep, and a pauper bound out by the town? He's saucy and lazy enough to need a harder mistress than he's ever got yet—that's certain!" and she clenched her hand in a vigorous rub of the rolling pin.

"I should be ashamed to talk so about poor Jack. You're a real evil woman, and you ain't my own mother, Jack says, and I'm ever so glad of it!"

"This speech, bold and defiant from the lips of usually gentle Lucy, brought condescension. The little, black eyes of the increased step-mother flashed lightning, and her red hand was instantly uplifted over the head of the girl, to whose side she had sprung. But something in the clear, firm expression of Lucy's eyes, together with the fear lest Maggie, who always took the part of the child, should report proceedings to Mr. Holman, hindered the blow and commuted the punishment.

"Go to bed instantly! Start! No supper and no candle—go to the dark! I'll see you set up till this hour, getting saucy! Stop lively, miss!"

With unflinching eye, but quivering, grieved lip, the little girl obeyed, and crept up the narrow dark passage leading from the kitchen.

"The miss! She can't be so—enough—but Jack puts her up to it! I'll flog that boy to-morrow!"

spreading for supper. At last the honest Irish girl's spirit burst forth:

"For shame, missis, for tratin' the poor children after this cruel manner! Maybe ye'll say I shouldn't be lecturin' my betters—but I know that Mag Mahoney wouldn't expect any body to love her if 'twas her tongue kept cuttin' 'em up all the while!"

What consequence would have followed Maggie's unwelcome bold speech, it is not difficult to perceive—nothing short of her dismissal—had not, at that moment, the loud "whoa" of the squire been heard in the yard, and his call for "Jack, Jack!" come in vociferous calls. Fearing lest her treatment of the boy, and the whipping of yesterday might be exposed—also realizing that the child Lucy had suffered much from her unkindness, though neither had ever dared rebel before—Mrs. Holman strove to palliate her conduct.

"Here, Mag, you take up a couple of cakes and tuck under Lucy's pillow, and then hunt up Jack and give him his supper. If he behaves himself, he'll be treated well enough in future—but he's a dreadful trink!"

The cakes were duly placed under the pillow where the little girl had sobbed herself to sleep. The squire came in, ate a hearty supper, and went to bed; but Jack could not be found, high or low. The barn, corn-house and shed were searched by the light of the lantern, after Mrs. Holman and Maggie had satisfied themselves that he had not "gone to bed";—the excuse the dame had given her husband for his non-appearance; and when they barred the doors for the night, both women felt—though each hesitated to say it to the other—that poor abused Jack had fled from the tyranny he could no longer bear.

Next morning, when Maggie's voice called Lucy to come down to breakfast, the little girl turned on the pillow where she had sobbed herself to sleep; and as she sprang to the floor the two cakes Maggie had placed there dropped to the floor also. With them also fell a square folded piece of paper—the back cover of an old writing-book—on whose blank side she read these words, misspelled words:

"Dear Lucy—I can't stand it any longer, and I want. She treats me worse than a nigger, and me goin' two runs a way. I want to see a man like cummin bak two wany you, see I want to see you, wait for me; me goin' two see I guess, and lie bring you home a sandle wul fann. Gude bi, JACK."

"Pa—it ain't emmy things yure farther or Maggie dum, only here. He cum home a rich man, when I cum, and bid you a nice house where shee can step her foot—so wait for me."

While little Lucy stood making out the large misspelled orthography, Maggie came into the chamber.

"Come, hurry yourself, Miss Lucy! Yer father's waitin' his breakfast for a sight at yer lessons fall alry!"

"O, see here, Maggie! Hark, while I read! Jack's run away to sea!" cried Lucy, imparting the contents of the letter.

"The saints be praised! But won't the old dragon scold?" rushed to the Irish girl's lips before she thought—then she checked herself, adding: "What'll yer father say now, Lucy? He took a mighty fancy to the lad—and 'twas an aisy time he'd had, but for the mistress!"

"Don't you think Jack meant I should show him this?" asked Lucy, looking half-frightened, half-relieved.

"Sure, an it's meself that wouldn't be afraid of her!" answered Maggie stoutly. "There's been a great call for the lad this morning, and they've been to see his bed, an' it wasn't slept in all the night."

"I'll show it to father. I ain't afraid, Maggie. It's all true. Jack was treated real bad—whipped and scolded, and everything!—and the girl descended into the kitchen, and walking up to her father, put the note into his hand."

"It's from Jack, and he put it under my pillow, I suppose, father."

The stout, burly squire—good-natured when he was not in perplexity, as now, regarding the boy's disappearance—looked up from his breakfast and spelled out the words with difficulty.

"What does it say, Lucy? 'Run away? Bless me!—the boy run away, and because he's been treated so?" gasped the squire.

"Yes, father; Jack's run away to sea!"

"Blast! If this don't beat all! Treated bad! Shameful! I hope you're contented now, Mrs. Holman, with your work! Good boy as ever lived, Jack was! I meant to bring him up well, and educate him—you always contrived some way or other to keep him out of school, when I said he might go—and worked and drove him like a nigger, as he says! I hope you're satisfied with your job, Mrs. Holman!" and, with angered, reddened face, fearing lest he should give greater vent to his righteous indignation, the old squire, who was proverbially a quiet man, and no match for his wife's sharp tongue, for once left her completely dumb, as he strode from the kitchen.

"A pretty Thanksgiving this!" he continued to himself as he got into the sharp, clear open air. "Droves of her relations comin' to eat and feast at my table! It ain't the expense I mind; but I do mind that poor little bird-workin' foundling had driven off by her high temper! It's enough to make a man purty wrought up!" and, thus exclaiming, he walked down to the barn to cool off his indignation.

CHAPTER II. Ten years later.

With swift and tireless wings the circling years had followed upon each other's track, till ten anniversaries had glided into the shoreless sea of the past—ten years since that Thanksgiving when little Jack, the foundling, had written his quaint farewell to sweet Lucy Holman, and bent his steps away from the old farmhouse, which kindness might have made a paradise for him, but which was fast becoming a place of opposite meaning. Where had the feet of the fourteen-year-old farm-boy wandered? Whither, over the land?—or had he addressed to his pencilled determination in Lucy's note of "goin' two see?"

The unfolding of our story shall determine. Again it was the evening preceding Thanksgiving at Hillside Farm—not a soft, dreamy autumn night, as then, but sharp and clear, with wide-awake stars cutting the steel blue of the sky with their gleam, and an early snow dropping the ground, lying in feathery flakes on the

dark hemlock grove on the hill behind the farmhouse, and resting in a long downy ridge on the rim of the barn, and the gabled roof of the house itself.

Inside the kitchen the preparations for the morrow's feast were going on, as then; and one might almost fancy that the same pies, puddings and turkeys were before them on the pewter garnished dresser; and here, too, Dame Holman, older, thinner, with eyes as keen, but mouth a trifle less firm, stepped briskly to and fro, though a new maid-of-all-work had succeeded Maggie, who, long ago, had settled down in a snug little home of her own, as help-mate of an honest Irish laborer in the neighborhood.

But there were blazing fires in other rooms of the old farmhouse that November night than on the broad kitchen hearth. The "spare chamber" showed a cheery wood blaze, and in the great west room, with its handsome carpet of striped colors, its heavy claw-footed mahogany table and chairs, its hair-cloth sofa, and massive silver candle-sticks on the cornered mantle-shelf, a ruddy glare was cast by the dancing hickory flames upon furniture, candlesticks, and the looking-glass wreathed with dark evergreens and scarlet holly-berries on the wall.

Guests were expected that evening—relatives of both the Squire and Mrs. Holman, and Lucy Holman—sweeter than a picture, in her neatly-fitting dress of crimson merino, with its dainty lace ruffles at the throat and wrists—dear Lucy, twenty now, but with the same peering red lips, peach like cheeks, eyes of heavenly blue, and hair but a shade deeper gold than her childhood—flitted about like a fairy vision.

"Most time they were here, husband!" echoed the shrill voice of Mrs. Holman from the entry she had crossed to the foot of the staircase. "Guess I'll leave the bakin' now to Nancy, and go and get my other gown and cap on. Jacob and Ruth wrote they should get here by dark; and I suppose your folks will come soon, squire?"

"Isn't it nearly time Uncle George and aunt were here, father?" asked Lucy, as he entered the parlor. "I am so impatient to see dear uncle that I can scarcely wait. It's a long time since either uncle or aunt were here."

"Yes, five years—not since his last voyage, Lucy. He's been round the world! I suppose, since that time. Brother George has been a good many trips, and they've always proved lucky ones. He took to the salt water naturally—was born for a sailor—while I stuck to dry land, and we've each of us made a comfortable living, and laid up something for a rainy day besides."

Lucy smiled at her father's idea of a "comfortable living," when she knew that there was no more valuable farm in the county than his own, and that her Uncle George's ships rode the seas.

"Hey, what are you lookin' so pleased about, daughter? Ain't a bit sorry that you are going back to Boston, and leave me lonesome here in the old farm-house?" said the squire, rubbing his hands.

"Of course I shall feel sorry to leave you, father; but I must confess that I am pleased with the thoughts of the winter visit. Uncle will hardly recognize me as the little romping girl he saw here the time of his last visit."

"No indeed—not he! The boarding-school has finished you off since then, Lucy, and I ain't ashamed o' my daughter!" said the old man, proudly. "Wonder if this young mate of his, George wrote he should like to bring up to spend a real New England Thanksgiving, if we were willin'—just as if I don't always feel better the more mild, the I see round me!—wonder if he ever met any rosier cheeks in any port the world over—eh, Lucy?"

With a smile and a blush, Lucy vanished into the kitchen; and when she returned a few minutes later, she found her father very thoughtful, and looking straight into the fire before which he was sitting.

"I declare, Lucy," he said, looking up, "how little Jack comes up before me to-night! T'n years to-morrow, and it since he went off!"

"Yes, father," answered Lucy.

"Poor Jack—and not a word from him! He can't be livin', it appears to me," said the old squire, thoughtfully.

"O, I can't think that, father!" said Lucy, hopefully, for she had always cherished, with the memory of the little pale-faced, dark-eyed foundling, the thought he would yet return to them. "You know he was to come back and marry me," she added, laughing.

"Well, when that day comes, we'll talk about your leavin' your old father and Hillside!" smiled the squire. "Le me see—" he added thoughtfully. "If poor Jack is livin', he must be twenty-four year old by this time. But (fieri's Brother George!) and he started up, as the denuded sound of wheels in the snow, and a loud shout, "House Aboy!" rang out on the stillness.

In another minute, with a great stamping on the threshold, and hearty kisses to his niece, and a cordial shake of the hand to Mrs. Holman, who made her appearance in her best black silk and cap, Captain George Holman, followed his lady wife, and a tall, handsome, dark-faced young man, whom he introduced as "his mate, Mr. Rivers, stood in the cheerful parlor, while the hired man" took their carriage round to the stable, and the squire came in, closing the doors behind him.

"Bless my eyes, Lucy, what a handsome little craft you have grown—trim, neat and saucy!" said the captain, as he sat, a little later, before the roaring fire, eying his niece with pride and mischief. "Dunt see as it'll do to take you down to Boston for the winter—there'll be a whole fleet of young fellows running in your wake, and you'll be likely to strike colors and surrender before you get back to Hillside again. You'll lose her, Thomas—certain!" turning to his brother.

The squire smiled, and Lucy retorted laughingly: "O, no, uncle, I'm already promised!" a demure smile settling round the corners of her red lips.

"Who to, you gipsy? What's the lucky fellow's name?" asked her uncle.

"Jack, that's all. You can't get the rest of his name from my lips to-night, Uncle George!" said the girl, with dancing eyes, releasing her round wrists from his grasp, and hastening to the room to the long kitchen, where the steady Nancy, wife of Peter the hired man, was preparing supper.

What was it that brought a deeper tide of blood to the bronzed cheek of the young sailor at Lucy's gay words? And why did his dark eyes follow her slender, girlish form from the apartment, and he return a random answer to the question about his late voyage Squire Holman was addressing to him?

An hour later, the Ruth and Jacob before referred to—Mrs. Holman's sister and brother-in-law, a clever farming couple from a neighboring town—arrived at Hillside, where they were received with warm welcomes, and introduced to "Brother George," his wife, and Mr. Rivers; and then the family and guests adjourned to the bounteous table, laden with the choicest cookery of Hillside farm-house. And when ten rang out clear and shrill from the old clock on the stairs, the group about the hickory fire separated, and the guests were conducted to their well-warmed rooms.

When Lucy went up to her chamber, she paused often in little reveries, before the little mirror at which she unbound her hair, while her thoughts dwelt on the stranger under her father's roof. "There is a look in his eyes that I must have met before," she said, half aloud, "and it seems as if I had known him all ways. How father took to him at once! It was because Uncle George spoke of him so highly, I suppose. I shall see him often in Boston, of course, this winter. Well, heigho! I must go to bed, and not stand dreaming here." As she turned, a little box on the dressing-bureau was brushed down by a hasty movement; and, stooping to replace its contents, which had escaped from its opened lid, a half smile and half sigh passed her lips as she picked up little Jack's ten-year-old letter, worn in the creases with its foldings.

"Poor Jack!" she said, restoring it to the bottom of the box, "we should all be so glad to welcome you back to Hillside, mother with the rest, for she is much changed in some things since those days. Then she hastily disrobed, and sought her pillow; and soon Silence and Sleep brooded over every chamber of the farm-house. Over every chamber, I said; no, not all, for on one pillow rested a head whose brain was crossed by a thousand shifting questions ere slumber closed the young sailor's eyes; and even in his dreams the Past came to join hands with the Present, and thus form a long golden bridge over which trod the feet of Youth and Hope and Love side by side.

In the morning that succeeded, while the white smoke curled from the chimneys on the clear blue air, and the sound of breakfast preparations came floating up from the kitchen below, Nancy came into Lucy's room, where the young girl stood putting the flitting touches to her toilet before the little mirror; and, with an expression of broad wonder on her honest face, she laid out on Lucy's hand, saying, "It seemed kinder queer that he couldn't wait till you got up. He's been down ever since sunrise, Lucy, and asked me to take this ere up to your room. I should admire to know what he's wrote about."

"Who, Nancy?" asked Lucy; "who sent this?"

"Lor, didn't I tell? The young sailor fellow that come 'long o' your Uncle George."

"Well, that'll do, Nancy," said Lucy, repressing her surprise till the woman had left the chamber, after seeing that her curiosity was not likely to be gratified by having the note read in her presence. "I wonder what this means. How strange!" And she tore open the sealed note, written and superscribed in pencil. But, surprised as had been her face before, it could not have possibly worn the expression that was stamped upon every feature as she read:

"DEAR LUCY.—It is ten years this morning since you read another note than this. I have performed all I promised therein, save one item, which cannot be fulfilled without your aid; and yet I heard you avow last evening that you had not forgotten me. But I came among you at Hillside again; and neither you, nor your father, nor his wife, recognized me."

"LITTLE JACK."

"P. S.—I have learned to spell, Lucy, since I asked you to 'write for me.' JACK."

Three minutes later, Lucy stood in the parlor before the fire, talking—oh, how earnestly!—with the tall, handsome young sailor, who met her with a grasp of both her soft hands, a deep look into her blue eyes, and a smile, as she entered. And when the Squire came in, with "Captain George" and Aunt Sarah, and Mrs. Holman at the same moment entered with the summons to breakfast, how astonished were the party were—the Squire, and his wife—as Lucy led forward Mr. Rivers, and said, "Father, you haven't forgotten Jack?"

As for Captain George, it was easy to see that he knew it all, had always known it, from the hour his first mate had sailed with him ten years before, a little cabin boy, and that he had planned this reunion and taken the greatest possible pleasure in bringing it about. But such surprise, and welcome, and hand-shakings, as the old squire gave John Rivers; and even Dame Holman "hoped by-gones would be by-gones, and Jack would feel at home again."

And when it turned out, further, that Jack had found out his parentage, and that a nice little fortune had descended to him from a dead uncle, who had wickedly tried to defraud him from it by cutting him out, a little wait at Squire Holman's hospitable door; it only added enjoyment to the happiness they all felt at Jack's return.

Later than Thanksgiving day, Maggie, who had heard the joyful news, came over to welcome "Master Jack," and the warmest pleasures beamed on her ruddy face.

"I told you, Brother Thomas, that Lucy'd have a whole fleet in her wake!" said Captain Holman that evening, gaily eyeing Lucy and John Rivers sitting in close conversation by the parlor window. "The flag-ship of the squadron has over-hauled her already; what say to commanding her to furl her pennon?"

And when, after that Thanksgiving eve was ended, the first mate asked the squire for his daughter's hand, it was not refused. Lucy's consent, it is needless to add, had been gained before. When Captain Holman and his wife returned to Boston, Lucy accompanied them; but it was as "Jack's wife," she left Hillside.

A young child in Chickopee, Mass., lately got a piece of cracker in his windpipe, and after many futile efforts to remove the obstruction, was laid on a bed black and lifeless, when

an old man who had "raised sixteen children" suggested violent blowing in the child's nostrils. The experiment was tried, the cracker dislodged, and suspended animation restored.

"I'LL TAKE WHAT FATHER TAKES."—What will you take to drink? asked the waiter of a young lad who, for the first time accompanied his father to a public dinner. "Uncertain what to say, and feeling sure that he could not be wrong if he followed his father's example, he replied, 'I'll take what father takes.'"

The answer reached his father's ear, and instantly the full responsibility of his position flashed upon him. If he said, "I'll take ale," as he had always said before, his son would take it also, and then? And the father shuddered, as the history of several young men who, once promising as his own bright lad, had been ruined by drink, started up in solemn warning before him. Should his hopes also be blasted and that open faced, noble lad become a burden and a curse, as they had become? But for strong drink, they would have been active, earnest, prosperous men; and if it could work such ruin upon them, was his own lad safe?—Quicker than lightning these thoughts passed through his mind, and in a moment the decision was made. "If the boy falls, he shall not have me to blame; and then in tones tremulous with emotion, and to the astonishment of those who knew him, he said, 'Waiter, I'll take water'; and from that day this strong drink has been banished from that man's table and from that man's home."

The young lad, in this brief utterance, was really the representative of the generation to which he belongs. God has so decreed it, that a father is the highest authority in the world to his child. Who does not know that "My father said so" is the end of all controversy with the little ones around us? Who does not see the parrot's tones, and gait, and manners, produced continually in the children, whose nature is now soft as wax to receive an impression, and rigid as marble to retain it; and who watch with an itching eye those who, to them, are God's viceregents?

Would that we could impress upon the fathers and mothers of this country the solemn fact, that the future character of children is being formed by them. That if they are trained up in the way they should go, when they are old they will not depart from it. But if they become vain, sensual and degenerated, the seed will have been deposited and the bias given in the early morning of their lives. If we teach them that strong drink is a good creature of God, they will believe us; and when depending upon our judgment and truth, they shall have taken it, and it shall have shown itself to be the devil's master-piece, and have bitten, and crushed, and dragged them down to ruin, we may weep and pray as we please—the blame will be our own, and we must not accuse God or cast reflections upon the gospel. We shall have sown to the flesh, and of the flesh have reaped corruption. God will have visited the sins of the fathers upon the children. They only "took what their fathers took." If, on the other hand, we banish the fiend when their young and trusting hearts are most open to our teaching, if we tell them that wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and warn them that no serpent is so dangerous, no adder so much dreaded, we shall be co-workers with all-merciful and wise God, who, to preserve them from taking it, has sent them into the world with a loathing of its very taste. Our children will believe us. They will grow up with their natural instinct fortified by our instruction and example. They will be preserved from the poisonous influence of the destroyer. There will be a bridgeless gulf between them and the companions who are most likely to lead them into the ways of sin. They will be preserved from habits of extravagance and waste. They will have no companions but those who walk in the ways of God; no employment for their spare time but that which is elevating and purifying, and when we pass to our reward, they will rise up and call us blessed, for they "took what their fathers took."

TOBACCO POISON.—In a recent lecture on stimulants, Dr. Willard Parker stated some important physiological facts concerning the use and effects of tobacco.

The five chief stimulants are: tea, coffee, alcohol, opium, tobacco.

Stimulants, when taken in a liquid form, go at once into the blood, and of course operate promptly upon the tissues of all parts of the body. Tea and coffee stimulate alcohol, opium, and tobacco poison.

Through the blood are carried on the two great vital processes, repair and waste. The human body always consuming, always replaced, is on one hand an incessant funeral, on the other an incessant birth.

Perhaps tobacco is not quite so bad as rum, but they are twin brothers, and tobacco makes men drink. Tobacco depresses, and the user then craves liquor to stimulate him. It is found impossible to care inebriate patients of the use of liquor as long as they are allowed to use tobacco.

The French public revenue from tobacco from 1812 to 1832 was annually \$3,600,000, of late years it is \$36,000,000. During the former period there were in France at any given time 8,000 lunatics and paralytics, now there are 44,000. It will be seen that the two totals increase in nearly an even ratio—six and a half times as much tobacco, five and a half times as much lunacy and paralysis. In this whole period the increase of population has been only from 30,000,000 to 33,000,000.

When Louis Napoleon learned this fact a few years ago, he caused a comparative examination to be made of the smokers and the non-smokers in all the public schools and educational institutions, and the results to be tabulated. The non-smokers were decidedly superior in physical health, intellectual acquirements, and moral deportment. Upon this the use of tobacco in the public institutions of education was by law forbidden, and thirty thousand tobacco pipes were broken in one day!

We never find a healthy person among those who work in the tobacco business. In any sickness, a tobacco-worker by the side of an otherwise healthy countryman, is slow and doubtful of recovery. The children of tobacco users are comparatively feeble.

OBEDYING THE TRUTH.—Whenever the truth of God—to whom all sovereignty, majesty, and power belongs—and the commandment of men come in competition together, we must then say, as the Apostle said—"We ought rather to obey God than man." And when this is done, it must not be called disobedience to superiors; but it is obedience to them, because it is obedience to God, who is above them. And if we be put to suffering for this, then we suffer for Christ and his Truth; and therefore, the Apostle says to servants, if they suffer anything of their masters innocently and patiently, they suffer it for Christ. So that if men's commandments be contrary to God, we must in that case submit ourselves patiently to God, and suffer rather than obey them.

ABOUT HORSES.—From a Composition on "Horses," in the Rochester Union, we take the following:

Horses, as a general thing, get too much licking and too little feed. If a man loses his hat while driving his horse, he flicks the brim to pay for it. If he runs into another wagon through his own carelessness, he flicks his own horse to make it all right. If his horse slips, or stumbles he gets kicked for it—if he does anything he gets the same. A great many horses know more than their drivers, and if they could change places with them, society at large would be the gainers and so would the horses in some respects.

Thirty-Eighth Congress, and was re-elected to the same office in the Thirty-ninth and Fortieth Congresses.

ATTENTION TO THE FEET.—It is utterly impossible to get well or keep well, unless the feet are happy and warm at the time. If they are for the most part cold, there is cough or sore throat, or hoarseness, or sick headache, or some other annoyance.

If cold and dry, the feet should be soaked in hot water for ten minutes every night, and when wiped and dried, rub into them well ten or fifteen drops of sweet oil; do this patiently with the hands, rubbing the oil into the soles of the feet particularly. On getting up in the morning, dip both feet at once into water as cold as the air of the room, half ankle deep, for a minute in Summer; half a minute or less in Winter, rubbing one foot with the other, then wipe dry, and if convenient hold them to the fire rubbing them with the hand until perfectly dry and warm in every part.

If the feet are damp, and cold attend only to the morning washings, but always at night remove the stockings, and hold the feet to the fire, rubbing them with the hands for fifteen minutes, and get immediately into bed.

Under any circumstances, as often as the feet are cold enough to attract attention, draw off the stockings and hold them to the fire; if the feet are much inclined to dampness put on a pair of dry stockings, leaving the damp ones before the fire to be ready for another change.

Some persons' feet are more comfortable even in Winter, in cotton, others in woolen stockings. Each must be guided by his own feelings. Sometimes two pairs of thin stockings keep the feet warmer than one pair which is thicker than both. The thin pair may be of the same or different materials, and that which is best next the foot should be determined by the feelings of the person.

Sometimes the feet are rendered more comfortable by beating half an inch thickness of curled hair on a piece of thick cloth, slipping this into the stocking with the hair next the skin, to be removed at night and placed before the fire to be perfectly dried by morning.

Persons who walk a great deal during the day, should, on coming home for the night, remove their shoes and stockings, hold their feet to the fire until perfectly dry; put on a dry pair, and wear slippers for the remainder of the evening.

Boots and gaiters keep the feet damp, unclean and noisome, by preventing the escape of the insensible perspiration and odor which is constantly emanating from a healthy foot; hence the old-fashioned shoe is the best for the strengthening of the ankle, by habituating it to support itself.

A piece of brown or other paper, wrapped around the foot over the stocking sometimes keeps the feet remarkably warm. Cold feet arise from the want of a vigorous circulation in them; this is often remedied by putting them in hot water in a wooden vessel, so as to cover the toes; in about ten minutes put both in cold water, the colder the better, of the same depth for half of a minute; the object being to produce a shock, calculated to draw the warm blood to the soles; this may be done on retiring and rising. Nothing should be considered a trouble which can have even a slight tendency to keep the feet warm, because there never can be recovery from disease, or substantial good health without it.

Waterville Mail.

WATERVILLE, JUNE 5, 1868.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 27 Park Row, New York, S. R. Allen Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 40 Park Row, New York; and T. O. Davis, Advertising Agent, 129 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the WATERVILLE MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required by the office.

Advertisements abroad are referred to the Agents named here.

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

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT.

ULYSSES S. GRANT,

OF ILLINOIS.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT.

SCHUYLER COLFAX,

OF INDIANA.

For Member of Congress.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

OUR FALLEN HEROES.—In consequence of the rain on Saturday, the ceremony of decorating the graves of the soldiers was postponed in many towns in our State; but here the arrangements were carried out in part though the attendance, of course, was not large. The students of Colby University, under the lead of Capt. R. W. Dunn, went down to Pine Grove Cemetery in procession in the forenoon to pay their respects to the departed heroes. They first visited the grave of Maj. Geo. C. Getchell, around which they gathered reverently while prayer was made by Rev. Wm. H. Clark, and "Wrap the Flag around Me" was sung. Casting sprigs of evergreen upon the graves as they left they then proceeded to the graves of Capt. Wm. A. and Sergt. Major E. C. Stevens, sons of Dea. W. A. F. Stevens, where a short oration (which we hear highly commended) was delivered by Mr. J. B. Clough, of the present Senior Class. At the close of the oration they deposited evergreens upon the graves of their sleeping brothers, and then proceeded to the grave of Wallace W. West, another son of their alma mater, and afterward to the grave of every other fallen brave in the cemetery, casting their perennials tributes as they went. All these graves had been previously decorated with flowers by the ladies of our village and other friends. There were many visitors to the Cemetery on Sunday.

The following is a list of deceased soldiers buried in our Cemetery:—

Capt. Wm. A. Stevens, Co. E, 10th Regt. Killed before Petersburg, June 19, 1864.

Sergt. Maj. E. C. Stevens, Co. E, 10th. Killed in action, Aug. 18, 1864.

Capt. Henry E. Tozier, Co. I, 8th. Killed in action, Dec. 10, 1864.

Mc. George G. Getchell. Died at New Orleans, Sept. 21, 1866.

Albert F. Tozier, Co. H, 11th. Died at home, March 18, 1868.

Wm. H. DeWolf, Co. M, 1st Heavy Artillery. Died at Washington, June 11, 1864.

Orren Brackett, 6th Battery. Died at home, March 21, 1868.

Wallace W. West, Hospital Steward, 8th. Died at home.

Lieut. C. A. Farrington, Co. I, 31st. Died of wounds, June 27, 1864.

Frank Dancy, Co. I, 31st. Died of wounds at home, April 10, 1866.

Patience Penny, Co. H, 3d. Died at Washington, Nov. 1, 1863.

Thomas C. Rice, of Winslow, Co. A, 2d Cavalry. Died Oct. 4, 1865.

Joseph M. Penny, Co. E, 7th. Died at home, Nov. 10, 1867.

Lewis S. Phelps, Co. G, 16th. Died July 28, 1868.

GENERAL GRANT'S LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE.

The following is General Grant's reply to his nomination by the Chicago Convention:—

In formally accepting the nomination of the National Republican Convention of the 21st of May instant, it seems proper that some statement of my views beyond the mere acceptance of the nomination should be expressed. The proceedings of the convention were marked with wisdom, moderation and patriotism, and I believe, express the feelings of the great mass of those who sustained the country through its recent trials. I endorse its resolutions. If elected to the office of President of the United States, it will be my endeavor to administer all the laws in good faith, with economy and with the view of giving peace, quiet and protection everywhere. In times like the present it is impossible, or at least, eminently improper, to lay down a policy to be adhered to, right or wrong, through an administration of four years. Now political issues not foreseen are constantly arising. The views of the public on old ones are constantly changing, and a purely administrative officer should always be left free to execute the will of the people. I always have respected that will and always shall. Peace, and universal prosperity, its sequence, with economy of administration, will lighten the burden of taxation, while it constantly reduces the national debt. Let us have peace.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT.

ANY one contemplating advertising should read the card in another column of MASS. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Advertising Agents, 40 Park Row, New York. This establishment is perhaps the most extensive one of the kind in the United States; and the very large business they control enables them to secure for their customers most important advantages.

MARSHALL'S GRANT.

The best portrait of Lincoln ever made was painted by Marshall, and he has recently completed a portrait of Gen. Grant, which is pronounced fully equal to that. Of this last portrait, as of the first, Ticknor and Fields, of Boston, have had a line engraving executed, which they now offer to all who desire an elegant picture which shall also be a faithful likeness of one whom all admire. That it is a satisfactory presentation of Gen. Grant, there is the fullest assurance. The General's family and his intimate friends, together with many of the most distinguished artists in the country, in their letters of commendation to the artist and his publishers, express themselves on this point in terms not usually employed on such occasions. It is sold only by subscription, and agents are wanted to canvass for it in every town. The low price puts it within the reach of all. Address Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

MAINE WESLEYAN SEMINARY.

The anniversary of the Calliopean and Adelphean societies, and the commencement exercises at Kent's Hill will take place on Wednesday and Thursday, June 10th and 11th. The competition for the prizes in reading and declamation will occur on the forenoon of the first day, and in the afternoon Rev. C. C. Everett, of Bangor, will deliver an oration, and Rev. Lansing Taylor from Brooklyn, N. Y., will favor the audience with a poem. Chandler's Cornet Band from Portland will give a concert Wednesday evening. Thursday will be devoted to the original exercises of the students, and there will be a Levee at the Chapel in the College building Thursday evening.

The graduating classes are much larger this spring than heretofore, there being thirty who will receive diplomas. Never have the prospects for a successful and entertaining exhibition been more promising.

OPERATIC.

A company of young ladies of this place particularly interested in Waterville Classical-Institute, have in rehearsal a Comic Opera, which they propose to perform at Town Hall Wednesday evening next. More particular notice will be given by posters. This very amusing exhibition has been received with the highest applause in other places; and if our citizens give it a good house—as we feel sure they will—they will be well entertained. The avails go to the Institute.

TO PRINTERS.

The two villains, Chas. F. & Clarence W. Shults, formerly of Troy, N. York, now of Chicago, have defrauded the newspaper publishers of the U. S. as nearly all of them are aware, of about two hundred thousand dollars, due for advertising. The whole proceeds show the meanest premeditated villainy that can be found in all this class of frauds. You all have our sympathy, except the Burlington, Vt. Sentinel, whose published recommendation of that knavish firm brought the Mail into the list of their creditors. Now, gentlemen publishers, will you keep silence towards this pair of swindlers, and help them to "do so again," or will you mark them and pass them round, to be remembered?

"LO! THE POOR INDIANS."

We have special occasion to inquire for the "Celebrated Menesco Company," whose leader and agent is "Capt. R. McDonald." If the captain is ready to proceed with his "Grand Indian Exhibition" we shall wish him great success—till his well-filled pockets enable him to pay his bills.

"HONEST ABE"

is a good name for a good horse, and is very properly applied to a beautiful young horse owned by Messrs. Smiley, at Benton Corner. In elegance of style we have rarely seen his equal—all life and beauty. Sired by the Mudget horse, whose sire was Old Drew, and having a dam sired by Hiram Drew, Old Abe may be very emphatically called a Drew horse. The best voucher for any horse is his stock; and the owners of this horse have a sucker on which they challenge competition. Admirers of good horses, as well as raisers, will find it worth their while to see Old Abe.

Great excitement has been produced in the vicinity of Kingston, Mass., by the murder of a wealthy man and highly connected, by the name of Ezekiel Holmes.

He was found with his "brains beaten out," after leaving the house of an intimate friend, where he had spent an evening. Holmes had just received a large sum of money, of which he is supposed to have been robbed. To add to the excitement, the friend alluded to, who was a man in good standing in the town, and deacon of a Baptist church, has been arrested for the murder. The affair looks as brutal as the inhuman Coolidge murder in Waterville.

In a ride of thirty-five miles among the farms of five or six towns east of Waterville, early in the week, we found fruit trees of all kinds everywhere giving good signs. A large area of ground has been plowed, notwithstanding the rain, and now that the weather is fair all kinds of farm work is going on at a rapid rate.

"OUR DUMB ANIMALS,"

is the title of a neat little monthly published by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which claims to "speak for those who cannot speak for themselves." It is engaged in a good work.

THE KENNEBEC CONGREGATIONAL CONVENTION

will hold its annual meeting in Waterville, next week, commencing on Tuesday, at 9 A. M., and continuing two days.

The Lewiston Journal says that Hon. W. B. S. Moore, of Waterville, has purchased the iron works at Lynchburg, Va., and is going to remove there and operate them.

OUR TABLE.

THE LIFE OF ULYSSES S. GRANT, General of the Army, by Henry C. Deming, Hartford: S. S. Scrantom & Co.

This book, which we announced as in press some weeks ago, is out, and we find it to be a handsomely printed volume of over five hundred pages, presented in a strong and attractive binding, and illustrated by a fine portrait of our presidential candidate. We have not had time to examine its pages very closely; but from the well known literary reputation of the author and his intimate acquaintance with Gen. Grant, we have no doubt the biography will be found satisfactory and will find hosts of purchasers.

SKETCH OF THE OFFICIAL LIFE OF JOHN A. ANDREW, as Governor of Massachusetts.

New York: Hard & Houghton.

This numerous admirer of the late Gov. Andrew will be pleased to see, republished in an elegant little volume, an article which appeared in the North American Review, for January, 1868; to which are added full copies of correspondence and documents, to which only brief reference was made in the Review; with extracts from several other articles which have appeared in other publications, including one by his pastor, James Freeman Clarke, and Governor Andrew's valdictory address to the General Court of Massachusetts. A photographic likeness of Gov. Andrew accompanies the volume, which will, no doubt, be eagerly sought for. Price \$1.25.

For sale by G. K. Mathews, Waterville. Our copy comes through Nichols & Hall, Boston.

A STANDARD WORK.—A Dictionary of the Bible, comprising its Antiquities, Biography, Geography and Natural History, with numerous Illustrations and Maps. Edited by William Smith, LL. D. Published by Messrs. J. B. Burr & Co., Hartford, Ct.

This work is a timely response to a wide-spread and urgent necessity of all Bible readers. Being the only American Edition of the only abridgment by the author's own hand of his voluminous Dictionary, which is too costly for the common purse—it is at once the only perfectly reliable and practical one, containing all that the general reader and student can wish. The publishers have in this given the public a volume of which they may well be proud. It is a standard work, commends itself to all who examine it, and should be found in every family. Be careful to get this edition, if you would have the most reliable Dictionary at the most reasonable price. It is sold by subscription only. Agents should address the publishers at once.

A RARE BOOK.—Remarkable Characters and Memorable Places of the Holy Land; comprising an account of Patriarchs, Judges, Prophets, Apostles, Women, Warriors, Poets and Kings; with descriptions of Ancient Cities and Venerated Shrines. By Chas. W. Elliott, T. D. Woolsey, LL. D., Rt. Rev. Thos. M. Clark, D. D., Rev. Joseph Cummings, D. D., Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, &c. &c. Hartford, Conn.: J. B. Burr & Co.

The great popularity which this book has achieved renders it unnecessary to say a word in its praise. The character of its principal writers sufficiently commends it. The press everywhere has uttered words of highest approval of it. It is already a standard work in the land, and is found in tens of thousands of libraries, among the most valuable contributions of the age to substantial and moral literature. The book is sold by subscription only, and Agents find a ready sale for it. Agents wanting territory should address the publishers directly.

DIKES AND DITCHES, or Young America in Holland and Belgium. A Story of Travel and Adventure. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This is the fourth of the popular "Young America Abroad" series, a library of travel and adventure in foreign lands, and is a continuation of the history of the Academy Ship and her consort in the waters of Holland and Belgium. As in its predecessors, those parts of the book which lie within the domain of history and fact are intended to be entirely reliable; and great care has been taken to make them so. There is much that is novel in the region itself, and much that is stirring in the history of the heroic people; and after finishing this book the young reader will be admirably prepared to read Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic," and "History of the United Netherlands." Though dealing largely in historical facts, the work will be found as interesting as the story books of the day.

For sale at Mathews's.

KING SHAM, and other atrocities in verse; including a humorous history of the Pikes' Expedition. By Lawrence N. Greenleaf. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

From Nichols & Hall, of Boston, we have a little volume, with this title, containing some sense but much more of nonsense, and a deal of second class wit done up in indifferent verse. It will amuse some readers.

For sale at Mathews's.

LITTLEFIELD'S GRANT.—We are indebted to Mr. J. H. Littlefield of Washington, D. C., for a copy of his fine three-quarter length portrait of Gen. Grant, engraved by H. Guger, an artist of good reputation, which is certainly a handsome picture, and is pronounced an excellent likeness by the intimate friends and acquaintances of our presidential candidate. The Portland Press, in its notice, says:

"As a specimen of steel-line work it is, we believe, not inferior to anything of its size and kind ever published in America, and will unquestionably become the standard portrait of its subject. As a likeness it is unquestionable, being endowed with a vitality, an animation, and spirit such as is generally characterized by the word speaking. The work on which this portrait was drawn is of an ingenu and beautiful accuracy—the very perfection of finish—while the whole, regarded as a picture, is remarkable for boldness of effect. The shadows of the face, the gray tint of the beard, and the liquid expression, are so perfectly and so judiciously rendered, that the portrait is a masterpiece of art. The artist has delivered a spirited answer, in this portrait remarkable, and, as such, has been much commented on. The attitude or pose is perfectly graceful, and would be recognized were the face covered."

HOUS AT HOME for June is late in coming, but it is an excellent number. Besides additional chapters of the Chapter of Pearls, and Camille, it contains the following articles:—Stockholders—Their Rights and Wrongs, by John D. Sherwood; Pawnbrokers, by James Greenwood, the "Amateur Casual," Expeditions to the North Pole, by Rev. W. E. Gage; Paul on Mars Hill; Friedrich—The Court of Peace; Earth's greatest Marvel; The Leaf Upon the Stream; The Dawn; Lord Brougham; and several articles translated from the French and German.

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

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for May is a capital number. The first article is an historical sketch—"Lord Chesterfield, the Man of the World," which is very readable, and will give a more correct opinion of him than is likely to be formed from reading his book. "Horse-flesh" contains a few hints to those who are making poor attempts to introduce a new article of diet; "Linda Trevel" is concluded; "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is concluded; "The Love and the Luck," the commencement of a new and lively story, which will cause the number to be much called for, and we advise any hesitating about subscribing to hesitate no longer; an article on the Odes of Horace appeared in the April number, and in the present issue the subject is continued, and illustrated with numerous translations and running notes on the best Odes. Every classical scholar will be delighted with this article of which a continuation is promised; "Cornelius O'Dowd" has a couple of papers in his usual style; and there are several other interesting articles.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews, and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by the Lippincott Publishing Company, 87 Walker Street, New York, the terms of subscription being as follows:—For any one of the four Reviews, \$4 per annum; any two of the Reviews, \$7; any three of the 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; 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 Review commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works under the new rates will be but 58 cents a year.

POTATOES are down to \$1.00.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

Farmington, Me., June 2d, 1868.

Eds. Mail:—The exercises of public examination and graduation at the State Normal School have just closed. The public examination which occupied the whole day yesterday, and the forenoon of to-day, took place in presence of the State Superintendent, and a large number of visitors. Governor Chamberlain and council arrived last evening, and with many other prominent friends of education were present at the exercises of to-day, which consisted of the examination of the graduating class in the forenoon, and the graduation exercises at the Congregational church in the afternoon.

The examination passed off in a most satisfactory manner, and was eminently creditable to the teachers, and highly gratifying to the friends of the school.

The exercises of graduation took place in presence of a crowded house, and called forth high commendations. Then came the report of the Principal, Mr. George M. Gage, which was followed by pithy and stirring addresses by the following gentlemen: Mr. E. P. Weston, who recounted his efforts for the establishment of the State Normal Schools, Mr. Barrell, Principal of the Lewiston Grammar School, Mr. Tenney, of the Brunswick Telegraph, Rev. Mr. Howard, Mr. Warren Johnson, State Superintendent of public schools, and Governor Chamberlain, from whose hand the members of the graduating class received their diplomas.

The present graduating class numbers thirty-five, and with the two previous classes makes seventy-seven who have graduated from this school. The friends of education have reason to congratulate themselves on the success of the Normal School, and it is to be hoped that it will receive more cordial sympathy and support from the people, and a more generous patronage from the State, both of which it justly deserves.

There will be a baptism at the Bay at 9 o'clock next Sabbath morning.

ATWELL & Co., advertising agents, have just issued the "Portland Business Directory," in good style, which, embodying much useful information, would be found a very convenient book for business men all over the State.

Four persons were baptized at the Bay, last Sabbath morning, by Rev. Mr. Hathaway of the Methodist church.

EX-PRESIDENT BUCHANAN died at his residence at Wheatland, on Monday morning last, after an illness of four weeks, in the 77th year of his age.

CATTLE MARKETS.—The Boston Advertiser says that this week receipts of cattle were considerably larger than last week, and there was a slight advance in quotations, partly in consequence, however, of the superior quality of the stock. Ordinary northern sheep and western fat hogs and shotes are somewhat lower.

SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE.—The Gardiner Reporter learns that Capt. J. C. Harward, a well-known citizen of Richmond, left his home on Monday last, since which time his whereabouts cannot be ascertained by his family and friends. A person answering to his description was traced to the United States Hotel in Boston, where he took breakfast the following morning, but here all clue is lost. Capt. H. is a man of some 60 years of age, and was never subject to any mental derangement.

During the rain storm last Friday a waterspout swept down Moody's Mountain in Hope Township, Knox County, cutting three ravines down the side of the mountain, one of them four rods wide and eight feet deep; rooting in its course trees ten inches in diameter, and raising Lincoln Pond in one night three feet higher than ever before known.

Mr. Knowlton Penney, a wealthy citizen of Belgrade, well known in this vicinity, was found dead in his pasture on Sunday morning last. He had been in good health and no particular cause is assigned for his death. His age was 53 years.—[Ken. Jour.]

A crippled Confederate soldier by the name of Ould lately undertook to establish a school for freedmen in De Soto county, Mississippi, and persuaded the negroes to build a school and meeting-house, in which he taught both the adults and children for a short time with success. But the rebel neighbors finally objected to a Southern "teaching niggers," and destroyed his schoolhouse. The negroes then rebuilt it, and Mr. Ould persisted in his philanthropic labors, but the neighbors again destroyed the building, and drove Ould away.

General Carson, better known as Kit Carson, died at Fort Lyon, Colorado, on the 23d ult. He was a native of Kentucky, spent the greater part of his life on the frontier, and many of the most romantic incidents of mountain and border life are connected with his personal adventures. He was known by every hunter and trapper in the West, and his name has long been a synonym for daring and adventure.

POISONS IN DAILY USE.—Pickles are often poisoned by being scalded in brass or copper kettles; it makes them look green, but that green renders them poisonous. Brass or copper vessels ought not to be used for cooking purposes. Water is poisoned by being conveyed in lead pipes, or standing in pails painted on the inside. Milk is poisoned by using such pails for milking. Cheese is often poisoned in this way, and by using in its manufacture brass, copper, or wooden tubs painted inside.

Ignorance places a deadly weapon in our articles of food, but selfishness often conceals a greater. It manufactures poisons for others in many temptingly disguised forms. Cake ornamented with colored dyes, candies colored in such style, toys so attractive to children, cause decayed teeth, intestinal inflammation, nauseating headache, colic, and often convulsions. Confectionery may be prepared without coloring materials so as to be wholesome.

On Saturday night, Frank Foye, a young man living in Palermo, committed suicide by hanging. He attempted to take his life some two years ago by jumping into a well.—[Ken. Jour.]

The Whig understands that a "drunken fracas" occurred on Hancock Street, Bangor, about two o'clock on Sunday morning, during which Patrick McHugh was stabbed by John Hafferty in seven places, the cuts being made on the side, back and abdomen. It is thought his chances for recovery or death are about even. Hafferty had not been arrested.

A Dover correspondent of the Press says:

"The Bangor and Piscataquis Railroad is now a settled thing, much to the gratification of Piscataquis people, who have long wished for rapid communication with the world outside. As a natural consequence, business has been greatly stimulated by the prospect ahead, and more buildings will be erected the present season, than ever before in the same time."

A correspondent of the Bath Times says that a large dam some six miles below Moosehead Lake, known as Indian Pond Dam, was carried away last Saturday morning—going by the Forks at about 5 A. M. This will be a great loss to those who drive the main river as it is used to "hoist" the drive, even to Skowhegan.

Kennebec County Lodge of Good Templars will meet at West Waterville on Friday, June 5th, at 10 o'clock A. M.

There appears to be little reason to doubt that King Theodore committed suicide. A soldier of the 33d regiment swears that he saw the Abyssinian monarch shoot himself, and surgeons who examined the body testify that the fatal wound must have been self-inflicted.

Capt. Harward of Richmond, who so suddenly disappeared last Monday week, arrived safely home last Saturday. He was taken ill and confined to a house at Newburyport where he had gone on business.

A TOUR OF THE WORLD.—When the Pacific Railroad is finished, the tour of the world can be made in two months and a half. From New York to San Francisco will take seven days; from San Francisco to Hong Kong, by way of Yokohama, twenty days; from Hong Kong, by steamer to Suez, thirty-two days; from Suez to Paris, six days; from Paris to New York ten days; in all, seventy-five days.

A BAULKY HORSE CURED.—A gentleman was the owner of a baulky horse and had tried in many ways to remedy his fault. One day while drawing a load from the woods, he was unable to prevail upon said horse to try again to start the load. Unbiting the true horse he coolly rode him home, leaving the baulky one to his meditations. Next morning, riding back to the woods, the team was arranged and told to go forward, but the baulky animal moved not. A fair coaxing and urging proved futile, and he was left to further meditations in the harness. Next morning, after fasting two days and two nights, he moved free by, and did so ever after.

ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.—"I am an old man of the bright side of seventy," said an aged man of God; "the bright side, because nearer to everlasting glory." "Nature fails," said another, "but I am happy." "My work is done," said the Countess of Huntingdon, when eighty-four years old; "I have nothing to do but to go to my father." To a humble Christian it was remarked, "I fear you are near another world." "Fear it, sir!" he replied; "I know I am; but blessed be the Lord! I do not fear it, I hope it."

We were much struck with the peculiar weather theory of an Irishman we overheard in Middle street on Saturday. "Well, Patrick," said a gentleman overtaking him, "When is it going to clear off?" "Niver, sir;" "Niver till folks leave their grumblin' and complainin', and take the weather as the Lord sends it." "We commend Pat's view to the serious attention of the discontented."—[Port. Press.]

[For the Mail.]

Having used a One Horse Pony Clipper Mower two seasons, on a rocky farm, and as it has given entire satisfaction, I feel called upon to give the public a description of its workings and advantages, over other machines. First, and most important, is its lightness, the whole being attached to the lower end of the brace bar, near the shoe, by a connecting rod under the treads, thereby giving a lifting draft, and preventing the cutter bar from catching on the ground, as in others where the cutter bar is forced ahead and downward by the brace bar.

The machine is easily worked, the lifter lever being short and close to the wheel, requiring little power to lift the cutter bar, as the horse is lifting upon it at the same time, and being thrown in and out of gear by the foot, the operator may have one hand to manage the cut, and the other to raise the cutter bar, and in case of necessity throw it out of gear at the same time. The flexibility of the shafts renders it less liable to break in striking an obstruction, and its wooden connecting rod can be replaced by a common mechanical iron, which is not liable to be done, as in lifting the cutter bar, the whole forward part of the machine is elevated at the same time, so that the connection rod will pass as large an obstruction as the shaft itself. All I have broken is the point from one knife section in the two seasons, and have used but one knife. The sections being hardened only upon the edge, they will bend without breaking in many cases.

The drive wheels run in the track made by the track board, leaving the grass in good condition to dry, and for the teeth of the rake, instead of being trodden to the ground, and perishing in it, if the ground is soft. The first season my machine was used by a four year old colt, weighing about nine hundred pounds, and last year the same colt did the mowing, raking, and pitching. The fields are now as smooth as a billiard table, and being new, having been ploughed, and being new, the stone heaps being flat, I sometimes drive over them, and cut the grass much closer than with a scythe. There being so many different machines in the market it is difficult for any one to decide which to buy, but any man will decide at once that to get the lightest draft, easiest riding, strongest and most durable, and with as little gear as possible, will be to get the Babcock. To all such I would respectfully say, examine the Clipper thoroughly before purchasing any other.

Benton, May 20th, 1868. SYRACUSE, N.Y.

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

Most of the disgusted southerners who emigrated to La Plata, South America, are returning, their disgust increased tenfold, and their purses very light.

The Philadelphia Press says that General Grant has announced himself in advance in favor of the one term principle.

Mr. Wm. F. Crozier, and the whole family prefer it. Mrs. S. A. Allen's Improved (new style) Hair Restorer or Dressing (in one bottle). Every Druggist sells it. Price One Dollar.

Hallowell is again going ahead as a business place. The Gazette says there is not an office, and hardly a building of any kind now to rent in the city.

A learned coroner being asked how he accounted for the morality this year, exclaimed, "I cannot tell; people seem to die this year who never died before."

Eminent men of Science have discovered that electricity and magnetism are developed in the system from the iron in the blood. This accounts for the debility, low spirits and lack of energy a person feels when the vital element becomes reduced. The Peruvian Syrup, a potent of iron, supplies the blood with its iron element and in the only form in which it is possible for it to enter the circulation.

The Gardiner Journal says that on last Monday Thos. Mann of Somersworth Mills, had both shoulders dislocated by falling on his hands while playing ball.

Fortham has recently buried an eccentric individual named Robert Hull, or, as he was familiarly known, "Bobby Hull," a man who, for forty years past, has carried on the soap and candle business, living alone in an old room in his factory, and leaving as his death property to the value of \$50,000.

"Too Many Colors, and more shades than I like to see, has been my experience," says the Rev. Geo. Partridge, of Warren, Ohio, by using any other than "Barrett's Hair Restorer."

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

The Quarterly Meetings of the Primitive Free Will Baptists will be held with the church at Bangham and Brighton, June 19th, at 10 o'clock. Cambridge Quarterly Meeting June 27th, at 10 o'clock, with the church in Dexter. Eld. G. MATH.

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