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Maxham & Wing

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THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

In his speech accepting the nomination, Mr. Blair said: "What civilized people on the earth would refuse to associate with themselves in all the rights, and honors, and dignities of the country such men as Lee and Johnston? (Voices, None, none!) What civilized country would fail to do honor to those who, fighting for an erroneous cause, yet distinguished themselves by gallantry never surpassed? (Applause.) In that contest for which they are sought to be disfranchised and exiled from their homes—in that contest they proved themselves to be our peers." Colonel Dick de Hart, of Indiana, in a speech at Indianapolis gave an answer to Blair in the recitation of the following stirring lines:

The loyal blue and the traitor gray
Alone in their graves are sleeping,
Side by side in the sunlight ray
And under the storm-clouds weeping.
"We well to fight the battle we lay,
God give us grace we may—
But never, while life shall last,
Can we honor or love the gray."

Our boys in blue are loyal and true,
For their God and their country dying,
With a watchful pride that is ever new,
We guard their graves where they are lying.
They were martyred by rebel hands—
They fell in fearful pain—
Guarding our flag from traitor's hands—
We do not love the gray."

We would not hate, our hearts would faint
Cast a veil o'er their shameful story.
It will not bring back our loyal slain
To recall their treason story.
But put barriers deep and wide—
Divide the false from the true—
Shall treason and honor stand side by side?
Is the gray the peer of the blue?

Answers each loyal heart to-day,
They are peers and equals, never;
The very ground is holy where they lay,
Let shame be his wrath forever.
Do they think we forget our dead,
Our boys who were the blue?
That because they sleep in the same cold bed
We know not the false from the true?

Believe it not—where our heroes lie
The very ground is holy where they lay,
His name who dared for the right to die
Is sacred, however lowly.
But honor the traitor gray!
Make it the peer of the blue!
One flower at the feet of treason lay—
Never, while God is true!

(From Ballou's Monthly.)

MISS HESTER MILLS.

BY MISS CAMILLA WILLIAM.

[CONCLUDED.]

The next morning the judge took particular pains to be at the family breakfast-table. Miss Mills was already there, but no Miss Mills whom he had seen before. She was waxen pale, looked a little weary, but was as sweet as a lily of the valley, and as silent too. A book lay beside her plate, and into that she occasionally glanced as she took her breakfast. The gentleman, finding the morning papers laid ready for him, followed her example, and they sat and parted in perfect silence. That day Miss Bannister and Miss Lennon appeared on the stage again, and quiet little Miss Mills returned. In a week Judge Ronceval was out about his business, though with his arm still in a sling; and on the very day of his going out he received another letter from his unknown correspondent, a letter more charming than the first. The lady expressed a world of gentle sympathy with him on account of his accident, of which she seemed only just then to have heard, otherwise the letter was not in any way personal. He changed his opinion somewhat about the writer. She was evidently a woman of high culture and mature mind, one fond of metaphysics and well-read in that branch of philosophy. He was inclined to think that she might be of rather mature age, maybe as old as himself. The companionship which she sought of him was evidently an intellectual one, though an occasional touch of womanly feeling or fancy prevented the tone of her letter from being too cold, and rendered that captivating which would otherwise have been only admirable. On the whole, Judge Ronceval thought that there were circumstances in which anonymous letters may be highly proper and dignified, and that this was one of those circumstances.

"I never saw a man so changed as Judge Ronceval is," Miss Bannister said, on one of those days. "He is getting really sweet."

Which was true; he had always now a consciousness that some woman, to him unknown in the flesh, but recognized and prized in the spirit, was following him with eyes that were intent and kind, perhaps loving, and that while he contracted no obligation, and was in no way compromised, that friend was in thought often by his side with her sympathy, her appreciative praise, and her carefully insinuated advice. The judge went a great deal more into society, frequented crowds, and looked more at the ladies he met in the street. Who knew but at any moment his garments might brush those of his incognito? This thought wore a rosy thread through the cold and stately web of his life, and stirred in the judge's heart emotions which he had before been a stranger to. Moreover, while it made him more observant of women who were strangers to him or but slight acquaintances, it made him more careless and neglectful of those whom he knew well. The moment a woman ceased to be a possible Dora Sutherland, she ceased to be an object of interest to him. One exception might be made. He certainly noticed Miss Hester Mills, and when she took any of her freaks, liked to pet and talk with her. He could do so without accusing himself of any falsehood toward his stately Anonyma; for Miss Mills could not be a day over twenty, and was so small, so child-like, so trusting, and so utterly unconventional when she chose, that he did not by any means look on her as a person who could excite the jealousy of a lady who could be a companion to him. It was in this light that he took her one night to the opera. He had come in from dining out and found her sitting disconsolate at home, the others having all gone to her Parapa. The judge suddenly recollected two tickets that lay disregarded at the bottom of his pocket.

"Get your gloves and fan, Cinderella, he said, cheerily, and you shall go to the opera. I will have a fairy coach here directly."

The little lady bent suddenly to push the kity away from playing about her feet, and her face reddened deeply. Perhaps she did not like this great man to take so surely for granted that she would go and be glad of the chance if he should ask her. At all events her manner of accepting his invitation was somewhat cold as well as embarrassed.

"That is, if you wish to go," added the gentleman, noticing the change.

"Better late than never," laughed Miss Mills, with a touch of scorn.

Presently she came down, a figure which not even Judge Ronceval need be ashamed to appear in public. Her trailing dress was of wine-colored silk, her ruby lined mantle of royal ermine, the tiny headress of ruby velvet made, believe he, a bonnet, was like a coronet on her head. She looked beautiful. In all the opera house there was not a more stylish lady than the one who came in late led by Judge Ronceval, and stared at by the whole crowd. It was absolutely the first time that the judge had appeared in public as the escort of a young woman. He was himself a little disconcerted by the unexpected *clat* of the oc-

casation, and as for Miss Mills she had been very pale ever since that first blush at his invitation had faded. Altogether, what had seemed an off-hand, careless affair took quite a serious aspect.

Perhaps Miss Mills would have been still less pleased had she known the root of the invitation which she had received. That morning the judge had received a letter from his unknown correspondent, and in it two opera tickets, accompanied by the singular request, that he would go to the opera that evening accompanied by the lady whom he preferred, not as a wife, but as a companion. The writer said such an act on his part would not be construed by her into a declaration of love for the lady, but an intimation that her society was pleasant to him, and that there was no one else whom he preferred to her. At first he had not dreamed of obeying this request, but had taken the sudden resolution on finding Miss Mills alone. He had made a mistake, he perceived. Instead of having on his arm a child who might be at once understood to be his pet, he had a lady sweeping in silk and ermine. Miss Mills was not so very small, after all, nor so very childish-looking when she wore that proud, grave look.

The judge looked uneasily about on his neighbors, after they had taken their seats, and just as he was looking back to the stage, he encountered a pair of eyes looking steadily at him. Brilliant and dark the eyes were, and the face and form of the lady were stately and beautiful. Instantly the judge started and blushed, and the lady blushed also, withdrew her eyes from him and addressed some remark to the gentleman beside her. A new and terrible light dawned upon Judge Ronceval's mind. This lady was Mrs. Celestine Manners, wife of the Honorable Frank Manners, M. C.; and the judge did not need to be a very vain man to know that before her marriage the lady had been more than friendly to him, and had only taken up with Manners because she saw no other hope.

The gentleman sat beside his companion utterly unable to say a word, and glancing neither to the right nor the left. Ruin and disgrace seemed to have suddenly opened a pit at his feet. A beautiful, bold woman who had failed in an open attack on him, had tried a veiled one, and had almost succeeded. He had cherished her letters; had thought and dreamed of her, had publicly obeyed her mandate and proclaimed to her his preference for this girl at his side. Where were all the delicate reserves, and lofty sentiments of Dora Sutherland? They were but the veil which were to hide a bold and dishonorable intrigue. Yet who would have believed that the woman whom he had thought to be merely a fashionable coquette had such an intellect and such a depth of soul? After all, he had in the past undervalued and wronged her.

This last thought prevented the judge from carrying out his intention to burn his next letter without reading it. Perhaps, too, he was curious to know how she would look on his young friend.

The letter contained but a line.

"I have been bold and wrong in writing to you. Forget it. I shall not write again."

Judge Ronceval felt as though something precious had been stricken out of his life.

This awakened the man's slumbering heart. He began to realize that it is not good for man to be alone. But where, among his lady friends, was he to find one who would be a fitting and congenial mate for him? There was not one who answered all his requirements. She must have beauty, purity, dignity, a good position, and the intellect and cultivation of Dora Sutherland. For the judge could not but own to himself that his mind and fancy had been captivated by his correspondent.

His only consolation was Miss Mills. With her he found rest. She grew sweet and child-like to him, seemed to divine his unrest and to delicately soothe it away, yet to affect all the time to be unconscious that anything was the matter. Besides, however kind or even tender he might be towards her, there was never any of that coquettish consciousness which shows that a girl fancies she has got a lover. The judge could smile upon this girl, be amused by her gay freakishness, and enjoy her silent sympathy, without fear of being misunderstood. Which was quite different from Miss Bannister's and Miss Lennon's way of receiving his attentions. He did not know how much he depended on his little friend, till one day he came home to find her place vacant. She had been called suddenly away by the dangerous illness of a relative.

It was now spring, and as she had intended to leave town for the summer, Miss Mills wrote to Mrs. Mason that she had concluded not to return till autumn, though her friend was better.

"I wouldn't have believed that I would miss her so much," Mrs. Mason said, to the judge, watching him covertly.

He made no reply. He felt ill-used. No word of farewell to him when she left, nor of remembrance when she wrote. It was certainly a poor return for his partiality. And how uncommonly dull the house was! He did not remember to have known or realized before how dull it could be. He resolved that he would himself try country air as soon as the hot weather should come.

One day in the course of his summer ramblings which had taken him to the mountains, Judge Ronceval lazily fell away from the party he was walking out with, and seated himself under a tree where he secluded himself, man-fashion, with a cigar, while he enjoyed the air and the prospect. Presently, rather sooner than he had expected them, he heard his party returning, that is, he heard voices, and supposed they belonged to his party. Through the trees he caught glimpses of one lady some distance in advance of the rest, leaping lightly down the hill, swinging herself by saplings, dancing like a fairy over the moss and stones. But as she turned around the last corner of the path and came upon him, he started to his feet.

"Why, Judge Ronceval!" she cried, running to him with both hands extended.

"My dear little girl!" cried the judge, clasping the offered hands and drawing Miss Mills so close to him that both blushed and drew back the next instant.

"I am so surprised!" murmured the girl, laughing, and looking back for her companions.

"And I. Where are you?"

"Here I am," with a little courtesy.

"But really—"

"We have been at the Mountain House below all the month, but we are going away to-day. Good-by," making a motion to go.

"Stay! When are you coming home?"

"Next month. Good-by!"

"Not yet!" he said, eagerly; but she escaped from him, and ran lightly down the path, never looking back, perhaps fully aware that he was looking after her.

Miss Clarissa Ronceval was astonished by a singular request from her nephew when he came back to town. He desired her to call on a young lady who boarded at the house with him, who earned her living by giving French lessons and making translations, and who, moreover, bore the terribly drab-colored name of Hester Mills. The great lady was aghast.

"I do not wish to take lessons in the French language, or to employ any one to make translations for me," she said, staring at her nephew through her eye-glasses.

"I am aware of that," the judge replied, trying to show a composure which he did not feel; for Miss Ronceval was a very awful person, and the gentleman above all things dreaded the *clat* of a family quarrel.

"What then?" demanded the spinster.

"I wish her to be received and treated with kindness by my only surviving relative," said the judge, meeting his aunt's eye firmly.

The old lady became crimson.

"I will not go near her!" she cried, bringing her cane down emphatically. "If you are forgetting yourself so far as to contemplate a marriage with a person like that, never hope for my countenance. I will denounce the whole. Not another word! I won't hear it!"

What was the judge to do between two perverse and exacting women?

"I will not listen to you without the approbation of your family," Miss Mills had said, and though she said it with a very sweet and tender smile, she said it firmly.

True to her word she kept him at as great a distance as she could, and declined to meet him other than as a friend.

"Do you think that I am a boy, to be held subject to the prejudices of an old woman?" he asked, indignantly. "I choose for myself. You have no right, Miss Mills, to refuse to hear me on the grounds of my aunt's displeasure."

"Do you think," she retorted, proudly, "that I will consent to enter any family on such terms? No, I am too proud for that. I am an equal with all, or I am nothing."

Miss Mills seemed to have changed. She had become a stately woman. Not that she was taller; but the arch playfulness of her manner had been laid aside; and certainly the ideal Mrs. Ronceval could not have looked more imposing. She could not have spoken more haughtily had the blood of all the Howards flowed in her veins.

The judge looked at her admiringly.

"When you love me, Hester, you won't stop to ask what my aunt says."

She said nothing, and Judge Ronceval was too unused to wooing to pursue what might have been an advantage. She was sweet and friendly with him after that, but never saw him alone.

At the end of a week he received a peremptory summons from his aunt. He obeyed it, and found the old lady in a towering passion. "Why didn't you tell me who that girl is?" she cried, angrily, the very moment he entered the room.

"I don't understand," said the judge.

"A fine gentleman you are, not to inquire into the antecedents of the girl you propose to marry! Is she Celeste De Ville's daughter, of the best blood in France, and the De Villes there are anxious to take her. They turned her mother off because she married against their will a poor Englishman, and this girl only refuses her advances out of resentment for that. Bring her to me instantly! What is she in a common boarding-house for? She is better born than you, Frederick Ronceval. Bring her to me at once. Her mother was my friend when we were girls. Celeste De Ville was an ornament to the French court when it was an honor to be so. Her daughter in a boarding-house, and giving lessons in French! It is shameful!"

The old lady was as prepotent in her fondness as in her anger; but then, that was easy to forgive, particularly when people are so happy. Miss Mills was taken possession of at once and treated like a young princess.

"Do you love me any better for it?" she asked her lover, wistfully.

"Nothing could make me love you better, or less," he replied, fondly. "You fill my whole heart. My love is perfect."

She looked at him earnestly, and hesitated before speaking again, growing slightly pale.

"And how about Dora Sutherland?" she asked.

He started and colored.

"What do you know about her?" he asked.

She hesitated, blushed, paled, finally burst into tears.

"Don't hate me Frederick," she said, clinging to him. "It was bold, I know, but I wanted to make you love me. I wanted to show you that I was more a companion than you were aware."

A month before Judge Ronceval would not have believed it, but Hester had developed so rapidly on a closer study, that this avowal, though unexpected, was not impossible to be credited. He gazed upon her proudly.

"My dear, I think you the most wonderful woman I ever knew."

She wiped her eyes, and laughed.

"So you liked me then?" he said.

"Well, you know, one couldn't see you every day and not admire you, and after a while I—that is—it seemed as if—I mean—There, what's the use of beating the bush!" cried Miss Mills, in blushing despair of disentangling herself while those bright, delighted eyes watched, and waited, and would not help.

"I did love you before you cared at all for me. You insensible wretch. O!"

No matter what the "O!" was about.

Judge Ronceval says that there was a slight mistake in his wife's Christian name. It should not be Hester, he says, but Hesper.

A French ship, the *Prophete*, lately arrived at Havre from Vera Cruz with a cargo of false hair only. It consists principally of Indian scalps, which as trophies of their own gallan-

ry and that of their ancestors were hidden when the French went to Mexico. It is said that the hair is nearly all black, and it is exceedingly filthy and offensive to the senses, but it will be cleaned and purified and become very soft and glossy.

HEALTH INFLUENCES OF VINELAND.

WHAT IS IT?

During the time of Dr. Rush of Philadelphia, sixty years ago, invalids were recommended to come to this section of the country for their health. Dr. Rush in some portion of his works refers to the remarkable cures which have taken place by this simple change, but professes himself unable to account for it. New York and other places have attracted great attention and for many years his particular section was lost sight of. The remarkable effect produced upon the health of many of the visitors and settlers of Vineland have brought it again into notice, and it is coming to be resorted to from all sections by persons having chronic diseases.

This is not, however, the subject to which we now desire to address attention. The question is, What is it that is so healing in its properties, as to produce the remarkable cures which are constantly taking place? These cures are certainly among the most remarkable that we have ever known,—enough to strike the mind with astonishment and embracing all classes of diseases. If it was a mere improvement in health it might be considered natural enough and easily accounted for in a change of climate acting as a simple alterant. But it is more than this. Cases of heart disease, liver complaints, diseased kidneys, asthma, pulmonary complaints, female diseases, and all varieties of diseases which "flesh is heir to," appear to be cured by as miracle almost as suddenly as "take up thy bed and walk." The question is, what is it that produces these cures? To show that this is not putting the case too strongly, out of hundreds of cases, we will illustrate by noticing several cases which have been doctored for the consumption for several years, and had wasted their time in an Infirmary. They came here and in two weeks they go to work and have been well several years since that time.

Another case of ten years' standing with chronic disease of the bladder and kidneys. The party comes here and in three days goes to work and has been well ever since, gaining about thirty pounds in flesh within two months and working every day since, excepting the Sabbath. *Nine cases out of ten of all the invalids who come to Vineland get cured as if by miracle.*

The question is, What is it? We have talented Physicians in the place, and this is a subject well worthy their investigation. If they can trace the results to some certain cause it will be of great public interest.

CHEAP PLEASURE.—Did you ever study the cheapness of some pleasures? asks some writer. Do you know how little it takes to make a multitude happy? Such trifles as a penny, a word, or smile do the work. There are two or three boys passing along—give them each a chestnut, and how smiling they look! they will not be cross for some time. A poor widow lives in the neighborhood, who is the mother of half a dozen children. Send them half a peck of sweet apples, and they will all be happy. A child has lost his arrow—the world to him—and he mourns sadly; help him to find it, or make him another, and how quickly will the sunshine play over his sober face. A boy has as much as he can do to pile up a load of wood; assist him a few moments, or speak a pleasant word to him, and he forgets his toil, and works away without minding it. Your apprentice has broken a mug, or cut the vest too large, or slightly injured a piece of work. Say "You scoundrel," and he feels miserable; but remark "I am sorry," and he will try to do better. You employ a man: pay him cheerfully, and speak a pleasant word to him, and he leaves your house with a contented heart, to light up his own hearth with smiles and gladness. As you pass along the street, you meet a familiar face: say "Good morning," as though you felt happy, and it will work admirably in the heart of your neighbor. Pleasure is cheap. Who will not bestow it liberally? It there are smiles, sunshine and flowers all about us, let us not grasp them with a miser's fist, and lock them up in our hearts. No; rather let us take them and scatter them about us, in the cot of the widow, among the groups of children in the crowded mart, where men of business congregate, in our families, and everywhere. We can make the wretched happy, the discontented cheerful, the afflicted resigned, at an exceedingly cheap rate. Who will refuse to do it?

The Bangor Whig publishes a communication containing a defense of the Grand Trunk Railway. It calls attention to the fact that there has never been a life lost by accident from any cause, where the company was responsible, or from any neglect or damage to trains, since that road was built, with the single exception of a woman who was burnt in a car from its taking fire, and died of her wounds. The article urges that to the Grand Trunk the State is indebted for the present cheap rates of fare and freightage to the West. The writer thinks the track cannot be in so bad state as has been represented, or the Railroad Commissioners would have exercised their authority.

Two thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine new liquor shops have been opened in Massachusetts since the anti-prohibitionists carried the last election there. When the new license law goes into full operation, the tide of intemperance will meet but a feeble obstruction. Those who said that the prohibitory law was needed to check the evil, are already refuted.

The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette asserts that besides the affidavit of Captain John, showing that Vallendigham was in Boston and New York during the draft riots in 1863, the government has sworn statements from other officers of the steamer on which he sailed to Halifax, and from other persons, which corroborate the story of Captain Johns in every essential particular; and, moreover, that these papers have been for a year or more in the possession of the authorities at Washington.

CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHY.

Boston, Aug. 18, 1868.

Mr. Editor.—DEAR SIR: My attention has been called to an article in the BULLETIN of July 24th, in which, taking as a text our recent production in chromo of Eastman Johnson's "Barefoot Boy," your fine-art critic has made certain severe, and in some cases, certainly unmerited strictures on my chromo-lithographic publications.

I ask you as a matter of simple justice, and in the interest of this new and important art, if not to reply to your critical remarks, at least to point out and correct the errors or misapprehensions into which you have been led, and to which you have given that scholarly and elegant stamp, which is always sufficient to secure for any opinion for a time a wide and unchallenged currency.

Your critic opens with an unflattering description of Mr. Johnson's picture in itself—entirely apart from our share in its honors or dishonors—and speaks of it as a "very humble work of art," while the artist he says that his "merits we take to be decency, propriety, a vein of pleasantness, which will never bring a blush to the cheek of the young person, a taste for little idyls worthy of Mrs. Sigourney, and a good heart." Is this quite worthy of the BULLETIN's established reputation as a candid and impartial critic, or of Mr. Johnson's worthily-won and established fame as the great American genre painter of our time? Has your fine-art critic never seen, amongst the valuable creations of Mr. Johnson, his "Pension Agent," or "Lincoln at His fireside," or even the "Old Kentucky Home," and if so, did he see nothing higher in these masterly productions than "decency," "propriety" and "a good heart"? I do not hesitate to say that a cultivated writer should not discern far higher and more poetical attributes than your critic—as I take it, in a careless and unguarded sentence—has seen fit to designate as Mr. Johnson's characteristics.

Your critic is evidently qualified for higher work than that of wholesale fault-finding. Against true genius, like that of Mr. Johnson, his indiscriminate censures fall harmless.

I do not regard it as at all necessary to defend Mr. Johnson's execution. If his figures have "no bones in them," if, when he tries to paint feet, he turns out "uncooked sausages," instead of "the face of his boy is like that of a doll"—why when Mr. Johnson is not "one of our principal figure artists" which your critic denies that he has succeeded in reproducing the American Barefoot Boy as Whittier conceived him, I think I have the right to call on a witness whose testimony in the case is surely entitled to more weight than that of all the art critics in America combined. I mean the poet himself. Mr. Whittier has examined our chromo and says of it:

"It is a charming illustration of my little poem, and in every way satisfactory as a work of art."

Your critic draws a model of an American boy of a certain type: "Whoever," he says, "has this ideal in his eye will not see much life or nature in Mr. Johnson's pretty cherub."

Very likely not; but if the poet who drew a far different ideal, when he sees it embodied on canvass declares it to be a "charming illustration" of it—what then? Is not the painter justified and the critic condemned?

Most of the strictures which your critic makes on chromos are entirely out of place, because they imply claims for the new art, which none of its friends have ever asserted. Chromo-lithography is not the art of producing original paintings, but simply the art of reproducing them in absolute or nearly perfect fac-simile. In a high sense nothing is art which is not creative and original. From that point of view, chromo-lithography is simply a handicraft. But, from that point of view, also, every painter, however eminent, ceases to be an artist and becomes a mere workman (more or less skillful) the very moment that he begins to copy one of his own pieces, or the picture of any one else. If there is no merit in copying a work of art with entire accuracy, both as to the form and sentiment, then chromo-lithography is a worthless invention, but if there is merit—artistic merit—in reproducing a work of art with fidelity—in drawing, color or spirit—there is at least as much credit due to the chromo-lithographer as to a copyist with brush or palette. As perfect a knowledge of the principles of drawing and coloring—as great a skill in manipulation—is required to produce a first-class chromo, as to copy a painting in the ordinary way. The slightest lack of skill or knowledge on the part of any one, artist or pressman, at any stage of the complex process is instantly detected by the practised eye in the finished performance.

No "tricks" whatever are used in legitimate chromo-lithography to produce the legitimate effects of painting. "Loaded touches" produce effects in a painting which nearly all "smooth touches" lack; it is absolutely necessary to reproduce these touches in a chromo in order to give the effect of the original. If your critic will examine a first-class chromo before and after what he calls the "embossing" process, he will see at once that it is one of the most important elements in an effective reproduction. There is no "deception" intended. All our chromos—all our best productions—have the name of our firm on the picture, with the name of the original artist, and the name also of the artist of our establishment, who copied it and superintended its publication, and there are only a very few exceptions to this rule, in cases where our firm was accidentally omitted. Every chromo and every half-chromo issued by our house, has also a conspicuous label on the back, which makes any attempt at deception impossible. Instead of attempting to palm off our chromos for paintings—as we have implied in the article under notice—we have published very extensively in our own Art Journal, and in hundreds of leading papers a clear explanation of "How Chromos are made." Neither in fact nor fancy, therefore, is it true that we "remain nameless," in "sublime negation," in order that we may be "true to art and his pocket." On the contrary, by every worthy and legitimate method, I make especial pains to be known only as a reproducer of works of art, and to let it be known that chromo-lithography aims and aims only to enable the people to possess worthy and artistic copies of genuine works of art. I claim, that what journalism is to literature, chromo-lithography is to art. And as Richter says: "Why should one

quarrel with the high because it is not the highest?"

Allow me to add, that I consider it beyond the sphere of legitimate criticism to characterize any work as a "swindle" especially in view of the fact that the very grounds on which the charge is based do not apply to any one of our productions. I repeat it and protest against it. Very respectfully your obedient servant.

LOUIS FRANG.

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.—One of those little romances of which the French are so fond has lately taken place in Paris, and is thus described in a journal:

M. Robert, an immensely wealthy and highly accomplished elegant, well known not only for his valuable collections of paintings and medieval relics, but for his rare skill as a designer and painter, hearing that one of his tenants, a Mr. B., whom he had never seen, kept one of the most extensive ateliers of fancy boxes and ornamental objects in France, called on him with a view to make his acquaintance.

Entering the counting-room he found a good-natured, eccentric gentleman of middle age, who greeted him, and exclaimed:

"I suppose you have seen my advertisement, and come to apply for that situation as a designer?"

For a joke, M. Robert replied that he had. M. B. supplied him with paints and brushes, and requested him to produce a design for a casket. M. Robert soon found that what M. B. really wanted was an artist who would strictly carry out his own ideas, and that these were pure, and formed on an extensive knowledge of art. In a short time he produced a sketch which suited the employer to a dot—"a point."

M. Robert very gravely engaged himself, exacted good wages, and insisted on having several new articles of furniture placed in the room which was assigned to him. But when he was introduced to the work rooms, and found one hundred and fifty girls, many of them young and beautiful, busily employed, and was informed that he would be required to supply them with designs, and show the young ladies how they were to be carried out, the young artist began to feel as if he should have been carried out himself—being very susceptible.

"Working for a living," said he to himself "is not entirely devoid of attractions. Let us work."

M. Robert being an accomplished artist, delighted his employer, and he soon found a remarkable fascination in seeing his designs realized in steel, silver, enamel or wood. He took a pleasure hitherto unknown in seeing his work in shop windows and finding them in the boudoirs of his friends. This workshop life was of course carefully concealed from "society," nor did his employer suspect that his artist was his landlord. But M. Robert soon found a more intense object of fascination in the daughter of Mr. B., a young lady who also took part in the duties of the atelier. This damsel was as remarkable for her accomplishments as for her extraordinary beauty, and M. Robert soon found that as regarded taste and culture in all matters which especially interested him, he had never met with any one like her. Step by step the pair fell in love, and little by little the artist so ingratiated himself with the father that the latter, after due deliberation, consented to their union.

Previous to their marriage the old gentleman one day spoke of a dowry. "I shall give Maria fifty thousand francs," said he, with a little air of boasting. "Oh, mon garcon?"

"And I suppose," added M. Robert, gravely, that I, too, must settle something on my wife. Well I will."

This caused a peal of laughter, which was rebuked when the artist added:

"And I will settle this piece of property, house and all, with the building adjoining, on her."

But what was their amazement when M. Robert drew forth the title deeds, and said:—"You seem to forget, then, that I am your landlord? Isn't my name Robert?"

The young lady did not faint, but papa nearly died with amazement and joy. There was a magnificent wedding, but the bridegroom has not given up business. He declares that there is as much amusement in being useful as in amusing one's self.

GIVE THE DEMOCRACY POWER and they will reduce the taxes. They do it queerly though in New York. Peter Cooper charges great abuses in the street department of the city. He says \$120,000 have been expended contrary to the provisions of the city charter relative to contracts; and of \$135,000 drawn from the treasury during the last six months of 1867 only \$25,000 was expended in repairing streets. Let all the poor men co-operate with the democracy.

A Louisiana State senator and a couple of representatives went on a trip up the river from New Orleans recently. The State senator acted as barber, and the representatives as cabin boys.—[Bost. Post, Sept. 2.]

A New York United States representative went up the river recently from New York city and opened a gambling hell at Saratoga. Which is the more honorable pursuit?—[Bost. Adv.]

Waterville Mail.

SEPH MAXHAM, DANIEL WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . SEPT. 11, 1868.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT,
ULYSSES S. GRANT,
OF ILLINOIS.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
SCHUYLER COLFAX,
OF INDIANA.
FOR GOVERNOR,
J. L. CHAMBERLAIN.
For Member of Congress,
JAMES G. BLAINE.
Electors of President and Vice President.
At Large.....**GEORGE L. BEAL,**
SAMUEL B. STRICKLAND,
Third District.....**DENNIS L. MILLIKEN.**

Kennebec County Nominations.
For Senators.....**JOHN L. STEVENS,**
WILLIAM B. SNELL,
THOMAS S. LANG.
Clerk of Courts.....**WM. M. STRATTON.**
Sheriff.....**CHARLES HEWINS.**
Judge Probate.....**HENRY K. BAKER.**
Reg. Probate.....**JOSEPH BURTON.**
Co. Treasurer.....**ALANSON STARK.**
Co. Commiss.....**ASBURY YOUNG.**

HOW SHALL WE VOTE.

A good soldier wants a few moments for quiet thought before he goes to the battle. It is not easy in the tumult of public debate to weigh carefully the strong points of both sides; and we believe that every voter who appreciates as he should both his duty and his privilege, will find at least a moment, before he deposits his vote, to bring his mind closely up to the right or wrong of what he is doing. If he dare not do this he is on the wrong side.

In the contest to be settled in Maine on Monday, some strange developments have been made,—so astonishing indeed that it needs a quiet nerve to weigh them justly. When it began, many men saw only the old party strife between republicans and democrats, in which the victors were to win the offices of the government; and no doubt many, as well old as young voters, arrayed themselves on one side or the other without dreaming of the strange disclosures that were to be made. The hollow cry about taxes, which began long before the democratic party organized in New York, was believed by many to be honestly made, and to involve the main issue. The cordial clasp of hands between the old rebel chiefs of the South and the democratic leaders of the North was thus far concealed from the great mass of the voters. Even the nomination of their candidates, in which the party are always so prompt, was deferred almost beyond the point of safety, because it was known to the leaders that when this was done it would be necessary to make disclosures that would startle the whole country.

Everybody knows, what a shock the newly fledging party sustained, when the old leaders of the rebellion, one after another, walked into the convention and "demanded" their old position in the national democratic party. There was almost a positive paralysis of the entire party machinery. But while their candidate for the vice-presidency, with the radical rebel orators, went earnestly to work to secure the extravagant claims of the rebels, the party leaders at the North doubled the din about taxation, and there was no time or room for the rank-and-file honest men of the party to listen or think.

And to-day, when the election in Maine is but two days distant, what do we see? A party openly declaring that if they do not sustain themselves at the ballot box—with all their Southern burden upon their shoulders—they will plunge the country into another civil war! This declaration has been openly made in Waterville within two days, by a prominent and active party leader. "If we have war again," said he, "it will be at our doors." All over the country this threat is made, and the southern portion of the party declare that they are prepared to rally at once a hundred thousand "Klan" men in its support. When ex-president Pierce wrote to a rebel officer that if there was war the fighting would be done at the North, all loyal men were horrified. When Mr. Blair delineates the plan for beginning the war again, the party leaders everywhere re-echo the threat that "the fighting will be at our own doors!"

It is not necessary to detail the evidences of

a mutual agreement between the rebel leaders of the South and the democratic leaders of the North, or to show that this agreement embraces the establishment of the former in the claims that led to the rebellion. The terms were fully stated in the convention and have been openly reiterated all through the South, and more or less at the North, ever since. Was treason ever bolder at the South than it now is at the north? And are the voters of Maine any more ready to accede to rebel demands today than they were when the same men commenced firing on Sumpter? After giving so many lives and incurring such an immense debt, are they ready to quail when the same question comes up again? "The defeat of our party," say the rebel orators, "caused the war, and peace can only be secured by our triumph!" Do the men who conquered peace with Grant at Richmond want to secure it now on rebel terms? Are they ready to go and shake hands with Davis and Toombs and Forrest and Hampton—as Seymour and Blair and Pillsbury have done,—and say that their "demands" shall be granted? This is the point at issue—the basis of all decisions that go to settle the question how shall we vote on Monday.

Vermont, Connecticut and Rhode Island are trying to out-brag each other on their hay crop. Why don't they wait for Maine?—and indeed all the other States that make up the great national farm? Counting what remains of last year's crop, probably there was never so much hay in the country before. And what are farmers going to do with it? With butter selling at 40 to 50 cts. a pound, is it not time to raise a few heifer calves and yearlings?—or just as wool is coming up from its long and unnatural depression, will they continue to waste away, by neglect and slaughter, their flocks of sheep—admitted, a few years ago, the most profitable animal on the farm? It is said that Massachusetts and Rhode Island farmers are buying largely of the poorer qualities of cattle and sheep at Brighton, to feed and fatten upon their farms. The Massachusetts farmer, more than any other in our country, understands the importance of dressing his land, and to this end of consuming his crops upon it. Whether it is better for the farmers of Kennebec to sell their lean kine at low prices to Massachusetts farmers, and then send their hay to the same market to feed and fatten them, or consume the hay on the farm and sell their beef ready fat? Last year hay was sold in our streets at an average of fifteen to seventeen dollars; this year it sold from the field at eight, ten and twelve, according to quality. Let the farmer make his figures upon this contrast, and see if this is not the time to turn his eye to the dairy. Too much hay is sold from Kennebec—even those farmers who sell the most admit this. Occasionally a bold operator on the farm, like Winthrop Morrill, may hit upon a plan of selling hay and yet "keeping up" his farm, but the cases are rare. This year, when hay is so plenty, is the time to revise old plans and adopt better ones—if you can.

THE ONLY WAY!

And what is it? Let every voter bear it in mind when he takes his vote on Monday. "There is but one way to restore the government," says Mr. Blair. Remember, it is no ordinary political orator or newspaper, but the candidate for vice-president, who defines this "one way" as the condition on which he accepts his nomination. The loud and foremost proclamation of that party is, that it proposes to "restore the government," and they rally at the North and strike hands with the South on the plan proposed by their candidate. Mr. Blair says:

"There is but one way to restore the Government and the Constitution, and that is for the President elect to declare the reconstruction acts null and void, compel the army to undo its usurpations at the South, disperse the carpet-bag State Governments, allow the white people to reorganize their own governments and elect Senators and Representatives. I repeat, this is the real and only question which we should allow to control us. It is idle to talk of bonds, greenbacks, gold, the public faith and the public credit."

Here then is the question—does any body in Maine, whose blood is not thickened by rebellion, want the government restored in any such way? Mr. Pillsbury and his associates talk loud of bonds, because Maine voters hold them; but Mr. Blair says to the South, where there are no bonds but bonds of treason, "It is idle to talk of bonds." Let the vote of Maine declare that the only bonds that come into consideration in this contest are those which hold together our national Union.

THE LEAD AND SILVER MINE, in Garland, in which Messrs. Daniel Moor and John Webber, of this village, and Wm. Conner, of Kendall's Mills, are interested, opens richer and richer the farther they go down. Samples taken about 24 feet below the surface, have recently been assayed by Jackson and Hayes, who report that the ore yields about 1200 lbs of lead to the ton and 64 ounces of silver.

PORTLAND ADVERTISER.—Enoch Knight, of the "Star," and H. W. Richardson, of the "Price Current," and recently of the Portland "Press," have purchased the "Portland Advertiser," and will redeem its character, making it more like what it used to be before it fell into bad hands. From the well known ability, enterprise and industry of these two gentlemen we feel confidence in predicting that the "Advertiser" will soon be a power for good in the State.

NORTH KENNEBEC AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY will hold its annual exhibition on the 6th and 7th of October. Next week we shall publish the premium list and the names of the committee men appointed.

WHO'S YOUR BED-FELLOW.

It is an old saying that "Poverty makes a man acquainted with strange bed-fellows." A change of one word gives it peculiar political significance—"Democracy makes a man acquainted with strange bed-fellows." Just look and see who at this time are compelled to take lodgings together.

Soldier, open your eyes and see who these fellows are at your side. How comes it about that your head rests on the same pillow with those old rebel officers that you went out to fight? How is it that you snore in such harmony with Jeff Davis, and dream the same dreams as the rebel soldiers that you used to hate so? How comes old Wade Hampton to your bed with his rebel spurs on his heels? When did you crawl under the same blanket with that cut throat Forrest? When did those who cheated you in the draft by running away to Canada, come back and crawl into your nest? and why do you hug them so cozily? Are they any better than they were in Canada? Suppose we have another war, will they stand by you, or will they hurry towards the north star? And where are those venerable men—your then called copperheads, and swore you would shoot as quick as you would a rebel?—men who laughed at your wounds, and folded their hands while you starved at Andersonville? Is it all right that you find yourself snugly tucked up with them in democratic blankets? When your regiment was at the front where was Forrest? and where is he now? A pretty nest you make together! And is "Governor" Pillsbury another? He was busy enlisting men for Canada while you was on the Potomac; and he swore terribly when you reached Richmond. What a glorious war record he will make for Maine when your other bed-fellows "try on" rebellion again! On the whole, "by and large," what kind of fellows do you think democracy has dumped into your bed? What kind of a regiment will you make when Blair "restores the government?"

And, Mr. "Jackson Democrat," what would Gen. Jackson have said to you, if he had found you training under Gen. Wade Hampton at the time he swore "by the Eternal" he would hang every rebel in South Carolina?—and you then shouted "Hurrah for Jackson!" Would you shout now to see your leader hung? This is a reasonable and logical question. You are with "strange bed-fellows," and the doctrines of Andrew Jackson would jerk you out of bed. They never put you there. He went for the Union, and you go for with treason and traitors. Look at them—feel of them—call them by name—and ask yourself if they are not traitors and the abettors of treason. Who doubts that Andrew Jackson would have hung his whole cabinet, if he had been in the place of Buchanan, sooner than see them destroy the government? You don't—and yet you talk of being a "Jackson democrat!" Why not say a Washingtonian traitor?

You "War Democrats,"—who have kicked yourselves out of a warm and honest bed to bundle with such men as you now find scrapping your shins with rebel spurs—how do you like your bed-fellows? Where are the patriotic men with whom you stood shoulder to shoulder in the dark hours? Was Pillsbury one?—or Seymour?—or Blair?—or Vallandigham?—or any one of the score of rebel officers who helped to nominate the ticket you now support? This is a curious state of things, that ought to prompt you at least to inquire if the democracy to which you propose to return—and which you deserted when you raised your hand against Southern treason—has not given you strange bed-fellows. Will these Southern associates, think you, help to keep treason down, while your Northern bed-fellows propose to lift it into new life? Is the "Lost Cause," that was lost by your patriotic efforts, to be found again by the aid of your new democratic spectacles? Think of it, will you?—and by one honest struggle look with open eyes upon the "strange bed-fellows" under whose blanket you have so blindly crawled. You don't belong there, and it is not too late to resume your stand on the good old Union platform.

THE ADVANCE.—This live, wide-awake Congressional paper, published at Chicago, has just entered upon its second year. It is an able paper, and we are glad to learn that its success has been commensurate with its merits. A strong corps of correspondents, many of whom are the foremost writers in the country, enrich its various departments every week. A report of the Chicago Noon Prayer Meeting is one of the interesting features of the paper, which in addition to an abundance of rich religious and literary reading, furnishes a good digest of the news of the day, the markets, financial matters, etc. It is hardly necessary to add that the Advance is sound to the core on all the great political issues of the day, and while true to its denominational ties, it is free from any taint of bigoted sectarianism. It is published by the Advance Co., Chicago, at \$2.50 a year.

Abundant rains, within a few days, have revived every green thing—democracy excepted,—and restored the hopes of the farmer in some very desirable points. Fall feed, potatoes, root crops generally, promise to revive under the potent blessing. The advantage to fall feed, in particular, is full of butter, cheese, pork, beef, mutton, and even hay—for fall feed always tells upon the winter stock of hay.

FRANCIS BEAUFORT CHROMOS are now found in the abodes of taste and refinement all over the country. He has lately finished one of Whittier's "Barefooted Boy," which is much admired. Mr. Francis's reply to some manifestly unjust criticisms upon pictures will be found upon our first page this week.

NOTES FROM WASHINGTON.

The Southern Situation.—Alarming news from all quarters.—The expected outbreak in Georgia.—The agitation against Commissioner Rollins.—What we are doing.—Personal Chat.—Certainty of a September Session.

Washington, Sept. 7th, 1868.

In the South has long been anticipated. The only question now is, shall the loyal black man be protected against the disloyal white man? The action of the Georgia Legislature in expelling the negro members from the House has kindled the torch, and from here to the Rio Grande both parties are arming as I write. From every section comes telegrams and letters urging vigorous measures, and the country wakes up to find itself in actual war. Forrest in Tennessee sends word here that he will give us massacres to read of to which Fort Pillow was child's play, and his voice is re-echoed from the Mississippi to the Atlantic by every rebel. The President is in a peck of trouble, as usual; halting and irresolute, he does not know which way to turn. The voice of the loyal men everywhere calls to Congress. Congress will respond as it should. This rebellion must stop within thirty days, or we will again have to put our President into the White House under the cover of bayonets, and keep him there. Over 600,000 men are enrolled in the Ku Klux, and in five days 100,000 trained soldiers could be put into the field. This sounds like '61 or nonsense, does it not? Don't believe it, and see where we will be. Having in pursuit of my journalistic profession smelled some powder during the late rebellion, I am not over timid, but write these facts that people may recognize the peril of the situation. We are on the brink of war. You away in quiet places, hear and see little of the startling things which, just now are kept secret, but take heed of the events of the next thirty days.

MR. ROLLINS, our able commissioner of Internal Revenue, is just now being made to feel the power of an offended Andrew—not "merry"—but mad. The charges against him amount to this: a set of convicted thieves and broken spies have given voice on him like a pack of hounds, and Andrew J., thinking the opportunity too good to lose, said "push it," and they pushed at it, but it wouldn't push "worth a cent." Rollins is master of the situation, and the whole gang, from Andy down, will feel him before they are done with him.

In the barrenness of news, I have come upon an item which to very many of your readers, will be very reasonable and interesting, and I give them as

FACTS WORTH KNOWING. * to all those, and their name is legion, who have invested five dollar greenbacks in the Paschall House Association—of which that worthy and old school gentleman, Judge Philip S. Lanham, at 496 Walnut Street, St. Louis, Mo., is manager—as the success of the enterprise is now assured, the distribution will take place on the day appointed, Oct. 8th. The sales of tickets now average \$800 per day, and as clubs on the mutual plan are being formed everywhere of 30, 50, or 100 members, such members having an equal interest in whatever prizes may fall to the lot of their club tickets, the matter is getting lively and interesting. The magnitude of the prizes—the Paschall House being the grand one—valued at \$280,000, while there are a score of other prizes in residences, etc., worth from \$10,000 to \$60,000 each, besides numberless others. Everyone will be glad to learn that the enterprise will be a success, and that all interested will get exact and equal justice.

PERSONAL GOSSIP is now exercised over the advent of a young gentleman named Nugent,—Louis E. Nugent—to be particular, who has just stepped into a fortune of nearly a million dollars; and the best part of it is that he deserves every dime of it. Three weeks ago he did not have money enough to buy a dinner, now he has on deposit here \$700,000 or more, and can buy many dinners. One year since I met him on the Plains; he was then breaking Bronco horses—training wild California horses for about \$50 per month. Only 27, he has "been around," and this property came to him from England, and has been hunting him for three or four years. Now that he has got it, how quickly it is known. The hosts of friends he could have, but he won't. Showers of begging letters from everything impudencies, from a needy college to a pauperized gold mine, rain in upon him. There come, also, scores of tenderer, daintier letters, from fair young ladies who, taking advantage of their leap year privileges, send him tender notes enclosing photographs, etc. I do not violate any confidence as I give no names—nor know none—but I have seen some post marked envelopes and dainty writing which comes from your section. Hope the girls will "go for" him strong and may some one get him, as he's worth having, and is yet heart whole and fancy free. †

will certainly re-assemble 21st inst. When that time comes look for more interesting letters, as the field is very barren now. Be thankful for what you have got. POSTED.

* Our correspondent doubtless believes what he says, but we don't—and advise the reader not to.—[Eds. Mail.]

† We hope our girls will do no such thing.

"ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS," Dr. Kane's great work, containing graphic delineations of life amid the ice, the wonders of the Polar Sea and the marvellous escape of the explorers from the relentless frost-land, is advertised in our columns this week. It is illustrated with twenty-three elegant full-page, and nearly three hundred other engravings, and is one of the most fascinating books ever presented to the reading public.

A HINT TO ORCHARDISTS.—Very nice ripe pears, such as can be raised abundantly in Maine, are now retailing in Waterville for ten cents each. This is encouraging to our friend Hiram Conforth, whose thrifty young pear orchard promises well, even at some discount from this price.

BASE BALL.—A match game was played under the Victors of Fairfield and the Nationals of Skowhegan, on the 22nd ult., with the following result:—Victors 49; Nationals 40.

A friendly game was played at Norridgewood, Sept. 2, between the Victors of Fairfield and the Sheridans of the former place with following result:—Victors 69; Sheridans 42. A match game was played at Skowhegan, last Saturday, between the Victors and the Nationals, the score being as follows:—Nationals 25; Victors, 22.

OUR TABLE.

"SUNSHINE AND SHADOW IN N. YORK."—J. B. Burr & Co., a well known publishing house in Hartford, Conn., have in preparation a work with the above title, written by Matthew Hale Smith, a man familiar with all the lights and shades of city life, and able to give graphic descriptions of all its notabilities. His acknowledged ability as a writer, and his well established reputation as a correspondent of the Boston and New York Press, are sufficient guarantees of the quality and style of the work. His professional experience has given him abundant opportunity for collecting material, and his peculiar talent for narration is allowed its widest scope in describing High Life and Low Life in New York.

The work will be sold only by subscription, and agents are wanted in every county and town to canvass for it. Address J. B. Burr & Co., 18 Aylmum St., Hartford, Ct.

THE UNITED STATES MUSICAL REVIEW for September, in addition to a choice supply of musical miscellany, contains the following music:—"My Father's Growing Old," by Will S. Hayes; An Errand of Love, by C. Kinkel; Three O'clock Saturday Afternoon, Gallop Brillante, by Wm. Dresser; Driven from Home, song, by Will S. Hayes. Published by W. C. Peters, New York, at \$2 a year.

PETERS' MONTHLY GLEE HIVE for September contains "Here Comes this Happy Couple," "Nuptial March Chorus for mixed voices, from Offenbach's comic opera, 'Bluebird'; "Gipsies are We," chorus of Bohemians, from the same opera; Old Oaken Bucket, mixed quartet; "We are Matadores from Madrid," chorus for male voices, from the opera of 'La Traviata'; The Spirit Bride, quartet for male voices; "Write Me a Letter from Home," chorus for female voices; The World is full of Beauty, chorus for female voices. Published by W. C. Peters, New York, at \$3 a year.

PETERS' PARLOR COMPANION for September has the following contents:—Grand Duchess Trolp Temp Galop (or Polka Redowa); Rigoleto Potpourri; music by Mack. Published by W. C. Peters, New York, at \$2 a year.

THE AMERICAN NATURALIST.—The September number of this popular illustrated magazine of Natural History has the following table of contents:—Death of Fishes in the Bay of Fundy; The Orchids; The Birds of Palestine and Panama compared; The Climate of the Colorado; The Buffalo Grouse; A Tropical Air-Plant; The Mottled Owl; with Reviews, several pages of interesting Natural History Miscellany, Proceedings of Scientific Societies, &c. Published by Peabody Academy of Science, Salem Mass., at \$3 a year.

NEW MUSIC.—We have the following pieces of new music from Oliver Ditson & Co., the well known Boston publishers:—An Air. Caprice for the piano. By G. D. Wilson. Wide Awake Quick Step. One of six easy pieces for beginners. By P. Hancock. The Danish Waltz. Song by Mad. Parepa Rosa. Words by Arthur Mathison; music by Joseph Tamore. The Little Brown Jug. Song and chorus. Words by Geo. Cooper; music by W. F. Wellman, Jr. Gymnastic March. By K. N. Burncock. Father, whose blessing we entreat. Contralto Song, from the Legend of St. Cecilia. By Jules Benedict.

PETER BUTLER a young man of our village, while out gunning the other day, climbed into a tree to dislodge a squirrel which he had shot. A boy who was left with the gun, accidentally discharged it, in his play, and fourteen large shot were so deeply lodged in Butler's arm and side that Dr. Porter was unable to reach and extract them. It was a wonder that the young sportsman was not brought to the ground headlong; as it was he came down with considerable difficulty, not caring for any more experience at that end of the gun.

A POLITICAL MANUAL for the Campaign of 1868, is the title of a little volume for sale by Henriksen, and which is published by the New England News Co., of Boston. It contains the population and latest election returns of every town in New England, and every State in the Union, party platforms, and other valuable information. Buy one; it only costs a quarter and is worth twice the money.

JACK HALE, the notorious horse thief, who recently escaped from the jail at Norridgewood, was retaken at that place about a fortnight ago. He had stolen another horse and wagon and had also broken into the Congregational church and stolen the silver communion service, which he had in the wagon with him. Hale is eighty years of age, and has spent fifty in jail. He has been heard to express the hope that he might die with a stolen horse in his possession.

THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF ULYSSES S. GRANT, by Albert D. Richardson, just issued by the American Publishing Company, of Hartford, Conn., is a very attractive book, differing materially from any of the other biographies before the public. It is graphic, trustworthy and valuable, abounds in personal details; sets forth with minuteness the General's views and sympathies on leading public questions; tells the story of his military achievements, and gives certified data; and furnishes many new documents. It will no doubt be very popular.

CATTLE MARKETS.—With a large supply of cattle, sheep and hogs, last week, says the Boston Advertiser, the market favored the buyer, especially for sheep.

Mr. Jos. Blaisdell is about completing a fine three-story store at West Waterville. Mr. C. E. Fulson, of the firm of Hubbard, Blake & Co., is erecting a neat dwelling house. Both these buildings have flat roofs, covered with Warren's patent roofing. The time is coming when we shall go to the dictionary for the meaning of the word shingle.

FAIRS.—North Kennebec, at Waterville, Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 6th and 7th. Waldo, at Belfast, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 13th, 14th and 15th. Kennebec, at Readfield, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 23d and 24th. Address by Rev. Parker Jaques of Winthrop. Somerset Central, at Skowhegan, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 23d and 24th.

An exciting scene occurred in the Georgia Legislature on Thursday last. The question under discussion was the eligibility of colored members to seats. Mr. Turner, colored, occupied the entire morning session. He concluded his speeches as follows: "This thing means revolution. When we go they will turn you out, impeach Gov. Bullock and upset the Constitution." In the afternoon session several members participated in the debate. On a vote being taken, the negroes were declared ineligible by a vote of 83 to 23. This twenty-five negroes were unseated, and four remain,

who claim to be white men. Their cases are to be investigated. Mr. Turner, as he walked out, brushed the dust from his feet. Other negroes bowed to the Speaker and waved their hats to the members.

MAINE STATE AGRICULTURAL FAIR.—We have received a pamphlet, giving the general regulations and list of premiums for the Seventh Annual Exhibition of the Maine Agricultural Society to be held in connection with the Cumberland County Agricultural and Portland Horticultural Societies, at Portland, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, September 29th and 30th, and October 1st and 2nd, 1868.

The exhibition of Neat Stock, Horses, Sheep, Swine, Poultry and Agricultural Implements, will take place on the grounds of the Forest City Park.

The exhibition of Fine Arts, Machinery, Floral, Horticultural and Dairy Products, Fancy Articles and Manufacturers' Products, will be at the New City Hall, Congress street and will be open day and evening. All entries to the exhibition will be free.

The following evening discussions will take place in one of the rooms in the City Hall building, and all farmers are invited to be present and take part in the same:

TUESDAY.—Insects Injurious to Vegetation, and how to destroy them. Mr. Geo. E. Brackett of Belfast, to open the discussion.

WEDNESDAY.—Breeding of Farm Stock.—Thos. S. Lang, Esq., of North Vassalboro', to open the discussion.

THURSDAY.—How can the Farmers of Maine best improve their Farms? Samuel F. Perley, Esq., of Naples to open the discussion. The annual address before the society, will be delivered on Friday, October 2, at 11 o'clock A. M. by his Excellency, Joshua L. Chamberlain, Governor of Maine.

The officers of the Fair and local committee are as follows: General Superintendent, S. T. Raymond, Portland; Assistant Superintendent, Henry Fowler, Portland; Superintendent of Hall, S. B. Beckett, Portland; Chief Marshal, George W. Ricker, Bath; Assistant Marshal, Samuel Chadwick, Portland; Local Secretary, J. R. Milliken, Portland.

Either of the above gentlemen or either of the officers of the Maine State Agricultural Society will be pleased to give exhibitors any information they may desire. It is to be hoped that the people of the State will exert themselves to make this exhibition an honor to the varied interests of the commonwealth.

L. Prang & Company will publish on the 15th a chromo called "Sunset," after Bierstadt, illustrating California scenery; one entitled "Our Kitchen Bouquet" (tomatoes) after William Haring, and one entitled "Horses in a Storm," after R. Adams.

It is reported that the Kuk-Klux-Klan in Kentucky are being more bold and defiant than ever. They recently forced an entrance into the house of Glasgow Williams, a Union soldier, and in the presence of his wife killed him, because he said he intended to vote for Grant. They also hung an old inoffensive negro, and on Friday they attacked a settlement of Shakers, inflicting damages to their property amounting to \$256,000.

The Watchman & Rifleter chronicles the death in Cambridgeport, of Mrs. Sarah Colby, the mother of Hon. Gardner Colby. She was once a resident of Waterville, and was baptised by Rev. Dr. Chaplin, the first President of the College. For half a century she had been a faithful Christian and she died peacefully in her seventy-eighth year.

The New York Evening Post notices the appointment of Miss Blandina Conant, daughter of the well-known Biblical scholar, Dr. T. J. Conant, (granddaughter of the first President of Waterville College) as Professor of English Literature in Rutgers College, New York. The Post says:

The appointment is a most excellent one, for Miss Conant is a lady of uncommon culture and scholarship, an accomplished student, not only of English, but also of French and German literature, and a precise and accurate scholar. She has had the benefit of most careful training by her father, Dr. Conant, and also by her lamented mother, who was a woman of many and thorough accomplishments, a writer of acknowledged excellence in several departments of literature.

Four years ago when the democrats declared the war a failure and called for peace, they nominated a soldier for President. Now they are ridiculing the republican demand for peace in a restored Union, and yet upbraid the republicans for nominating "a soldier rather than a statesman" for President; while at the same time they give a major-general the second place on their own ticket.—[B. st. Adv.]

The Richmond Dispatch says:—"If Maine shall show a gain, large or small, for the radicals, Seymour may consider his chance of being a successor of George Washington as small indeed." We hope the republicans of Maine will remember this next Monday.

Very low tricks are resorted to by democrats in some parts of the state. In Athens they smear paint on the stores of republicans. In Augusta they try to burn down the Grant club hall, throw stones at trains carrying republicans to and from mass meetings and give other pleasant reminders of their alliance with their brethren who founded Andersonville.

Besides the annual election of state officers the voters of Maine are to be called upon next Monday to vote on an amendment of the constitution so that the state may assume the war liabilities of towns to an amount not exceeding three and a half million of dollars. This is purely a local question and will be decided without reference to the political sentiments of the voters.

The following has been received from a leading Republican in Natchez, Miss.: "The Seymour-Blair doctrine is fully accepted here. Not a day passes but some one, white or black, is assassinated. Strange to say the murdered persons are always Republicans, while the murderers are always rebel Democrats; and still more strange, perhaps, is the fact that the rebel press, with one accord, declare these acts to be always committed in self-defense. Every assassin is taken before a rebel magistrate, and always released on straw bail. I state most emphatically, without fear of contradiction, that of the thousands of freedmen and Union men who have been murdered since the war, not one of the murderers has been punished by a rebel jury, and they are the only kind we have in this State. They do not stand in the fear of the law. When they murder a loyal man, they have no fear of being brought to condign punishment. Hence, they murder indiscriminately as their brutal passions dictate."

