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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 22, No. 14): October 2, 1868

Maxham & Wing

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Mrs. Patricia Broadie, having at an evening party triumphantly alluded to her aristocratic lineage, condescendingly asked Mr. Silvershaft respecting his. That gentleman bowed the favor of submitting his reply at an early hour next morning. The favor was graciously granted, and Oliver promptly responded—

Where old New England's grassy hills  
Sloped downward to the sea,  
My father tilled his little glebe,  
And held his land in fee,  
His patent of nobility  
From God himself he held;  
And hence it is I've always thought  
He was of high degree.

You ask me of his ancestors;  
They were, indeed, nobles,  
Worthier than ever yet have filled  
The admiring eye of time;  
More glorious, far, than England's scroll  
Of heraldry can boast.  
Since old Normandy's conqueror  
Descended on her coast:  
For they were better puritans,  
Greater than Europe's great—  
The founders of a mighty realm,  
And Freedom's glorious state.

A soldier patriot was his sire,  
Whose musket, (treasured still)  
Blazed forth the gleaming tube was hot  
In blood-stained Bunker Hill;  
On Trenton's Heights, at Brandywine,  
On Saratoga's plain,  
Against the tyrant's reeling ranks  
He hurled the leader slain;  
And when the storm of war had passed,  
And his loved land was free,  
My grandsire hung his musket up  
In his cottage by the sea;  
And yoked his team and ploughed his glebe,  
And held his land in fee,  
Where old New England's grassy hills  
Sloped downward to the sea.

A woman was my grandmother!  
There were some thousands then,  
Whose hearts, like hers, espoused the cause  
That "tried the souls of men."  
She wore a homespun gown, nor scorned  
The distaff, nor the loom,  
And health upon her modest cheek,  
Diffused a rosy bloom;  
And when she wed my grandfather,  
She married him for aye.  
And as they toiled through life, she proved  
His angel all the way.  
Ah, did his steadfast love and truth  
In every home abound,  
What tears were saved, what blight and shame  
What misery profound!

A cry went up from Lexington—  
"A rescue wide and free!"  
A'king had slain the citizens  
With murder's coward blow;  
Then Freedom's earliest martyrs fell,  
And ever since they bled,  
Children's red, old-fashioned rose  
Has blushed a deeper red!  
Up went the cry throughout the land!  
The winds the clouds they bore  
From Massachusetts, piney hills  
To Carolina's shore.

Men sorely eyed each other then;  
A phrensy seized the soul,  
As when an earthquake rocks the earth,  
And rivers backward roll—  
"Fondle! wife! I've neither flint nor ball!"  
He grimly muttered low.  
As my grandsire snatched his musket down,  
In the cottage by the sea.

A woman was my grandmother!  
Such flowers were then in bloom,  
When Freedom's blood-stained morn arose,  
Trailing in clouds of glory,  
She did not shroud her hair  
For bowstrings for the fight,  
But from her snowy neck unclasped  
Her golden beads so bright;  
"And take my velvet gown," said she;  
"Tis precious, though 'tis small,  
And lay the value out in flint,  
In powder and in ball!"

My grandsire started with amazement  
This sacrifice to see—  
But minutes flew—he wanted lead—  
The game was lost!  
He clasped his wife unto his heart;  
Serenely met their eyes;  
A moment more, and he was gone,  
Strong as the eagle's wing;  
He blazed away on Bunker Hill,  
And I am fain to sing  
He dropped a foe for every bend,  
And twenty for the ring!

The moral of my verse is this:  
Though we've no kings to fight,  
Yet the less is the more need  
To battle for the right;  
To sacrifice our vanities  
For God and human good;  
As bravely as our fathers' sires  
A kindly arm withhold;  
To teach to men and woman-kind,  
That he is but a drone,  
Who adds not to his country  
Some merit of his own.

## OUR HEROIC DEAD.

From the speech of Chaplain Quint, at the reunion of the Army of the James, in Boston, Sept. 21, we make the following extracts:

The best blood of all the choicest families in the land, mingled with the blood of the humble and less noted, yet not the less noble and worthy citizens of the republic, on the hard fought fields from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, from the orange groves of Florida to the mountain fastnesses of East Tennessee, and from Bull Run to Appomattox Court House, where the battalions of this organization won their dearly bought and honorable name. And our dead fell not alone in the crash of battle, on the lonely outpost, the picket station, or the thin skirmish line, but some of them went home only to expire in the arms of friends, wasted away in the hospital, while yet others died of disease or starvation in the gloomy prison pens of the enemy. And everywhere, living as patriots and falling as soldiers, they were noble and true and "faithful unto death."

Brave General Birney, who raised himself from the sick bed to mount his horse and once more lead out the old Tenth Corps to successful battle against an advancing foe, and then when victory was nearly won dropped down to die of the disease which had already fastened on him in his icy grasp.

General Strong, the soldier of so bright a record and of so high, rich promise, falling in the hand to hand struggle on the parapet, while by his side went Colonel Shaw, the martyred embodiment of a sublime principle, the self-sacrificing representative of a great idea, the cultured Putnam and the chivalrous Chaffin. Gallant Tom Stevenson, hardly more than a mere boy in years, while already a veteran in high achievement, beloved by his command as he was trusted by his commanders.

General Burnham of Maine and Howell of Pennsylvania, two good soldiers and true, yet how unlike. One the sturdy old lumberman, the other the courtly gentleman of the olden time; who knowing Burnham can think of him without recalling his dying characteristic order at Chaffin's Bluff—"Hearse out your skirmishers there. Boom ahead and sock 'em;" or Howell's equally characteristic response to the men who were digging him out from beneath the ruins of Gillmore's signal tower on Morris Island, where he had been buried under his falling timbers when the bursting shell scattered it into fragments—"Thank you, gentlemen, thank you, don't trouble yourselves," as he brushed away the dust from his coat sleeve, and sunk into unconsciousness from his terrible injuries. And Bell and Dutton, and Moore, and Plympton, and Spofford, and Burpee, and Converse, and a host of others. How their gallant forms pass before us in memory's review.

"Poor fellows, they all die!" said our noble General Steadman in the Petersburg trenches but a few days before he also fell in death, and this thought was often in other minds I am sure. "I vividly recall now from before Petersburg I rode over one morning, at the request of my loved friend and tent mate, the knightly soldier, to bear a message to Gen-

# Waterville Mail.

eral Howell's division headquarters. There I met the courtly general and Lieut. Colonel Weld of his staff and from them I learned that my loved brother, Lieutenant Colonel Trumbull, had just left their quarters for Broadway Landing. It seemed but a few days—the time was indeed brief—before Major Camp, for whom I bore that message, was dead; Colonel Wald, whom I met there, was dead; my loved brother, of whom we talked, was dead; and I stood alone among the dead of that well remembered group.

But it is not alone in the starred name of the gallant officers that the dead of the Army of the James are to be remembered and honored. In the mass of the dead enlisted men of our army, we find the embodiment of every virtue we would praise and every trait we could commend. Ah, the dear, brave soldier boys, who so cheerfully laid down their lives, with no inspiring hope of earthly gain or posthumous fame, dying as they had lived, in obedience to the demands of their country and the call of God. How can we ever sufficiently honor the memory of those most uncommon common soldiers who died for the government in our recent war with rebellion. That boy of Gen. Plaisant's and Major Adams' regiment, who fell in the skirmish line in that fight—which General Foster and others will remember—of the 27th of July, 1864, on the north bank of the James—Strawberry Plains we called the place. Every man of our handful counted then as ten and our brave boys knew it. One of them fell mortally wounded, and as General (then Colonel) Plaisant saw him, lying gasping for breath under the burning rays of that midsummer sun, he said to those near him, "Take up Footlocker and carry him back to the hospital." "No, no," said the dear soldier, "that would only take two men away from the front where every man is needed now. I can just as well die here!" And there he died. Can we forget him? It was about that time that on a Sunday, as I was moving among the company tents of my regiment, I found a soldier boy crying in homesickness for lack of a letter from mother or sister. He seemed too boyish for a place in the ranks of a regiment in the field.

But only a few weeks went by before our regiment stood in battle line, on the 7th of October, the fight in which General Birney spent his last strength, and as the enemy was pouring his fire directly in our faces at scarce a pistol shot distance, that frail boy, just in from a night of severe picket duty, while fighting manfully, was shot directly through his body and fell in his tracks. Lifting himself up with full consciousness of his mortal wound, he uttered never a whimper or a groan, but, tearing off his equipments to gain the breath he struggled for, he looked along the line of unwavering veterans and called out in cheering, inspiring tones:—"Fire away, boys! Fire away!" and then dropped back to die—his mission accomplished, his last strength used for his imperiled country. Shall not such a man's memory be honored? Ah, my friends, I have seen our comrades die. I have leaned over them on the breach or in the trench. They have fallen by my side at the battle's front. I have been by them in their last hours in the gloomy prison hospital. I have taken many a dying message from them to those whom they loved, and I can bear hearty and intelligent testimony to their bravery, their patriotism, their unselfishness and their worth.

God knows I honor their memories. My best words in their praise must be feeble and insufficient. But it behooves us not to be gloomy over the graves of our fellows. They were willing to die. They felt that the race might rise. But we must remember their mission and be mindful of their dying desires. They finished their part in the contest; but they left the work for us, their survivors, to perform. Let us not neglect or ignore it. What they fought for we must consider sacred as their memories. In all our love for, or service of, the country to which they gave their energies and their lives, we must consider their purposes, and think, and speak, and act as we believe they would, and would have us to, were they still by our sides.

And of their unflinching loyalty, their self-forgetful patriotism, their zeal and gallantry, and faithfulness, their nobility of soul, and their every personal virtue, "Lord keep our memories green!"

WENDELL PHILLIPS handles Mr. Parton without gloves. Mr. Parton is not the only person who, having discovered an old truth, thinks he has a patent right to use it. Referring to the Temperance movement which "has largely inspired the exhaustive and scientific investigation" of Alcohol, whose results Mr. Parton quotes, "and been the chief, if not the sole agent in circulating these results broadcast over the world, bringing them within the easy reach of such shipboard chroniclers as himself, and never rested its claims on any of them," Mr. Phillips adds—

Whether Alcohol be more or less injurious, whether it be food or poison, we have not undertaken to settle. While stating our own opinions and furnishing those of leading scientific men, we have recognized the fact that on these points doctors differ. But we have proved that Alcohol produces four-fifths of the crime and four-fifths of the pauperism, and gives cause for four-fifths of the taxation of our time. We have shown that while, for a thousand years, pulpit preached moderation and magistrates dished with license, this state of things grew worse and worse. Leaving, then, science as incidental and medicine as an auxiliary monitor, we have called on "Christian men to try the fashion of total abstinence, and on Legislatures to try prohibition as a remedy for this grave, personal, social and civil evil. So far as the experiment has ever been made, crime, pauperism and taxation have sunk more and more before this panacea.

A Kentucky correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette asserts that returns from forty counties of that state show that during the year ending last July forty-eight murders were committed. Twenty of the murdered were negroes, and but one of the murderers. In seventeen instances no arrests were made though the murderers were known. Only one of the twenty who murdered a negro was punished and he was the single negro murderer. This shows a delightful state of society in the State that gives 99,000 democratic majority.—[Boston Adv.]

[For the Mail.]

## "HAVE FAITH IN GOD."

When the storms of life sweep o'er us,  
When the tempest is most drear;  
When the blast almost engulfs us,  
Then it is that Christ is near.

Near, and dear, with love and pity,  
Love's tender and so true,  
That we need but look and see him,  
As through opening clouds we view.

Let not storms of sorrow fright us,  
Let us smile and never fear,  
For in love our Father chastens,  
And the Saviour still is near.

'Tis our unbelief that keeps us,  
In the dark and troubled way,  
Faith's most perfect work within us  
Turns our night to lightest day.

Shall we shrink from earthly duty,  
When Christ says "Come, follow me?"  
Shall we trust our souls unanchored,  
On life's troubled, boisterous sea?

Rather let us trust Him wholly,  
He so strong to shield His own,  
And to bring us all in safety,  
To our final heavenly home.

MARY M. CHANDLER.

Waterville, Sept., 1868.

LITTLE THINGS IN LIFE.—Little words, not eloquent speeches nor sermons; little deeds, not miracles nor battles, nor one great act or mighty martyrdom, make up the true Christian life. The little, constant sublimity, not the lightning; the waters of Siloam, "that go softly" on their meek mission of refreshment, not the water of rivers, great and mighty, rushing down in torrent noise and force, are the true symbols of a holy life.

The avoidance of little evils, little sins, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses, little follies, little indiscretions and imprudences, little foibles, little acts of indolence, or indecision, or slovenliness or cowardice, little equivocations, aberrations from high integrity, little bits of worldliness and gaiety, little indifference to the feelings or wishes of others, little outbreaks of temper and crossness, or selfishness, or vanity; the avoidance of such little things as these go far to make up at least the negative beauty of a holy life.

And then attention to the little duties of the day and hour in public transactions, or private dealings, or family arrangements; to the little word or tones; little benevolences, or forbearances, or tendernesses; little self-denials, self restraints, and thoughtfulness; little plans of quiet kindness and thoughtful consideration for others; punctuality, and method, and true aim in the active developments of holy life, form the rich and divine mosaics of which it is composed.

What makes you hill so beautiful? Not the outstanding park, or stately elm, but the bright sward which clothes its slopes, composed of innumerable blades of grass. It is of small things that a great life is made up.

DEMOCRATIC IDENTITY.—Judge Poland of Vermont, in his speech at Providence, said: "I heard an excellent story told the other day upon the stump, in relation to the identity of the old democratic party with that of modern times. It was said by this man who told the story that in a certain family they had a vinegar barrel that had remained for several generations in the family, and they had a great veneration for it. It was grandfather's vinegar barrel, and they all revered it. But by-and-by the hoops had become rotten, and the staves were renewed, and the heads and the staves had given away, and they were replaced; and finally an inquiry was set on foot as to the identity of this barrel with grandfather's old vinegar barrel, and after a strict examination, he said the only point of identity between the two, the only thing that remained of grandfather's old vinegar barrel, was the bung-hole (laughter). And that is just about as much identity as there is between the modern democratic party and the democratic party of the old time."

We learn from the Bangor Whig that on Saturday evening a boy seventeen or eighteen years of age, named Abiathar Grant, started in company with another boy sixteen years old, to go home to his father's, about four miles out on the Stillwater Avenue road, to spend the night. When they had got out to what is known as Lord's brook, they were overtaken by three men in a wagon, when a difficulty arose between them and during the affray Grant drew a knife and stabbed a man by the name of Kelley. Kelley's friends placed him in the wagon and started to the city for a doctor. Kelley's wounds were dressed, he having been wounded in two places. Subsequently a desperate character named Patrick Newman went to Grant's house, and upon getting his son out of doors attempted to drag him towards a wagon. Young Grant resisted and stabbed Newman with a knife, after being struck once or twice by the latter, inflicting wounds from which Newman died in a short time. Young Grant was arrested Sunday morning.

BEER NOT INTOXICATING.—The Pittsburg Chronicle says:

"I saw the man last night who doesn't believe lager beer will intoxicate. He stopped us on Vine street to say, 'Mos' harm's be'vege in er' old. Man can drink fifty glasses an' never feel it more'n (hic) I am this min'. A man drinks whiskey an' he shows it. Drinks lager beer'n don't sh-sh-show it, an' al'y did! Look at 'toble Germ' pop-pop-lash'n. Never see'm too-toe-cated, don't, so am I! Lager beer has no more 'fect on me'n so much water. Can walk (hic) hole through la'er or see crack in er sidewalk walk an' o'er man. Bet ye two dol-n'n half fican. My ladese'n find his way home with (hic) hole keg beer out of us. Y' say beer 'stroys mem'ry. 'Slic. Member better to-day than I ever did to-mor'." "Rah for—who's that ge'm'n we nom'ad at—where was o'er Conve'tion held? What am I—who are you, an' how? Please tell me I've seven street runs down street' ra'oad can get a (hic) hack'n go my way. If ra'oad has?"

"We left him, satisfied that he was right. Lager beer is not intoxicating. Oh, no."

General, then Colonel, R. E. Lee captured John Brown, in 1859, for having rebelled against the State of Virginia. John Brown, was hung. General Grant captured this same General Lee in 1865, for having rebelled and fought against the laws of the United States. General Lee is now telling us what is the proper way to rule the country.

## OUR TABLE.

WHAT ANSWER? A Story of To-day. By Anna E. Dickinson. \$1.50. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

Miss Dickinson's reputation as one of the most popular lecturers in the country will draw public attention to her novel which Ticknor and Fields have just published. Those who have listened to her eloquent lectures will turn to her book with eager interest.

"What Answer" has a skillfully-constructed plot, and deals with some of the most important events of the late war. The story is one that will deeply interest those who read simply for entertainment; the characters, incidents, and situations will attract and charm novel-readers; and no thoughtful person can be uninterested in the bold and earnest treatment which some important political and social questions receive in this volume.

THE HALF-DOLLAR TENNYSON.—The nine different editions of the Laureate's poetry which Ticknor and Fields have hitherto published seem insufficient to meet all the requirements of the reading public. Their Diamond Edition, published two years ago, was a miracle of cheap, elegant, and compact book-making. It is quite outdone, however, in cheapness and compactness, by the Half-Dollar Edition of Tennyson's Complete Poems, just published by Ticknor and Fields. This edition is from new types, set in double columns, is remarkable for beauty, and no danger to the eyes need be feared from reading it. It is neatly and durably bound in a handsome green paper cover, with an excellent vignette head of Tennyson. No one can now complain that Tennyson is beyond reach, when his entire poems can be had in handsome form for fifty cents.

These books can be procured of any bookseller, or directly from Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

BLACKWOOD for September presents the following bill of fare:—

Historical Sketches of the Reign of George II. No VI; The Young Chevalier; Bunson; Madama Anra—Part I; Cornelia O'Dowd; Disowned Diplomacy; Our States; New Laws for Old; La Marmora; International Hospitality; Letters from a Staff-Officer with the Abyssinian Expedition—Part IV; the right Honorable Benjamin Disraeli—No. II.

The four great English Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 37 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 Reviews commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works under the new rates will be but 66 cents a year.

HOURS AT HOME for October has the following contents:

Editing for the British Army: Origin of the Old Testament; The Doves; Gift Enterprises; Katydid; Buckart the Orientalist; "Lord, Save, or I perish"; Dr. Watt's Hygiene; Current Political Coin; The Vegetable Kingdom in California; Human Eyes; Strange Career of an Artist; Cargymen and the Laws of Health; My Goddies; Savings Banks; The Clasp of Pearls; Purple and Fine Linen; Books of the Month.

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

A GOOD PREMIUM OFFER.—Messrs.

Daughaday & Becker, the enterprising publishers of OUR SCHOOLDAY VISITOR, Philadelphia, have just published a large, original, finely executed steel plate engraving entitled—"General Grant and his Family," from the hand of the celebrated Sartain, which is destined to become one of the most popular pictures of the day. Six persons, three equestrian figures. Every member of the family is as faithfully likened as the photographs, which were given to the artist from the hands of the General himself, have power to express. This magnificent picture and a copy of "Our Schoolday Visitor," one of the oldest, handsomest and cheapest Young Folks Magazines in the country, which alone is worth \$1.25 a year, will both be sent to every subscriber for 1869, for \$1.50. Where clubs are formed, a still greater reduction.

The Visitor is a live, high-toned monthly for the Young of to-day. Neither sectarian nor sectional, yet securing neutrality, is independent in all things. Its aim, the instruction, amusement and elevation of our young people everywhere.

THE NURSERY.—The October number of

this magazine for youngest readers, contains the funny "Tragedy of The Wheelbarrow," in five acts, and a great many nice stories and poems with numerous spirited illustrations, the whole making a rare treat for the wee ones.

Published by John L. Shorey, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

CARPET-BAGGERS.

The following capital exposition of "Carpet-bagging" is from a speech recently delivered by Gen. Sickles, at the great mass meeting in Philadelphia:

The Southern wing of the Confederate Democracy denounce all Republican emigrants from the North, and here is presented one of the issues of the Presidential canvass. Has a man who votes for Grant a right to live in a rebel State? Proscription, violence, insults are now his lot. Elect Seymour, and the war of extermination against the Republicans of the South, alias the carpet-baggers, will be vigorously prosecuted by the Ku Klux Klan.

What means this outcry against carpet-baggers? The rebels sent a detachment of carpet-baggers to New York during the war. They came mysteriously, with queer-looking bags, containing a very small allowance of linen, and a very abundant supply of combustible material. They fired our hotels, and tried to burn the city. Then there were a good many nervous carpet-baggers, who regarded the war as extremely unconstitutional, and went over to Canada to escape the draft. John Sillidell is a carpet-bagger in Paris. The vagrant, George Sanders—the "Jem Bags" of the rebellion—wanders over Europe, with or without a carpet-bag, according to circumstances. Benjamin carries a green carpet-bag in London. Mason and Beverly Tucker are fugitive carpet-baggers, like some of the earlier Virginia Colonists, left their country, for their country's good. Brick Pomeroy is a carpet-bagger. Pollard, the historian of the "Lost Cause," and the hero of a hundred brawls, is a carpet-bagger. The chairman of the National Democratic Committee, Mr. Belmont, is a carpet-bagger from the Rhine for the Treasury of the Confederate Democracy. Counselor O'Gorman is a thrifty specimen of the Irish carpet-bagger who have possession of the city government of New York. If his bag is not full of plunder he must have neglected his opportunities. They run up our taxes from ten to twenty millions a year, and send O'Gorman to Maine and New Jersey to promise economy and honesty when they get to Albany and Washington.

The "carpet-baggers" from the North who

arouse so much of the wrath of Cobb and Toombs and Forrest and Hampton, are the discharged soldiers, the mechanics, schoolmasters, the clergy, the farmers, the merchants, and the laboring men who have settled in the Southern States since the war. The mischief is these emigrants of ours carry their ideas, their loyalty and their principles, with them. Most of them are for Grant and Calfax. They are devoted to the Union, the flag, the common school, a free press, free speech, and free labor. General Howell Cobb, and General Robert Toombs, in the name of the Democracy of Georgia, declare a war of extermination against all carpet-baggers. Andersonville is in Georgia. General Forrest, in the name of the Democracy of Tennessee, make the appeal to arms. General Forrest will give no quarter to carpet-baggers. General Forrest took Fort Pillow and gave no quarter to the garrison. General Frank Blair in the name of all the confederate Democracy, proclaims that their President, when they elect him, will disperse all the carpet-baggers, assume the power of a Dictator, declare the acts of Congress null and void, and compel Congress to submit to his decrees.

The Constitution of the United States provides that no state shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States, nor deprive any person within its jurisdiction of the equal protection of the laws. Our Constitution is the supreme law of the land. Our carpet-baggers have, therefore, the right to emigrate to any part of our country, and to take not only their goods and chattels with them, but also, their opinions, their sentiments, and their affections. And if they choose, now and then, to wear the old blue coat and the old corps badge they won in battle, and to hang out the old flag they followed in storms of shell, and rebel hand, no renegade sword, shall molest them. And if ever the time shall come to make good this right, the old army of the Boys in Blue are ready when summoned by proper authority, to re-enforce the carpet-baggers with knapsacks enough to establish forever the right of any loyal American citizen to make his home anywhere on American soil.

These carpet-baggers of ours belong to the advance guard of civilization. They are the pioneers of improvement, education, enterprise and progress. The great West is peopled by a race of carpet-baggers. Boone, Cass and Douglass were carpet-baggers. Every year we have from Europe half a million of hardy, industrious carpet-baggers. Lafayette came over here from France with his carpet-bag and sword and was welcomed by Washington. John Jacob Astor was a carpet-bagger. The illustrious General Greene took his carpet bag from Rhode Island to Georgia, and settled there when Georgia was loyal and Georgians had not forsaken their chivalry. Even China welcomes carpet-baggers, for is not Anson Burlingame her honored envoy to all nations? William the conqueror led some Norman carpet-baggers to England, and first conquered and then united with the Saxons in establishing an empire that has sent a race of carpet-baggers all over the world, most of which they own, or propose to own. Napoleon was a carpet-bagger from Corsica. The Mayflower landed a cargo of carpet-baggers on Plymouth Rock. The Huguenots of South Carolina were carpet-baggers. The missionaries of the Christian faith all over the world, preaching the gospel of our Savior, are all carpet-baggers. All hail our carpet-baggers! And may the blessing of heaven rest upon them!

Professor Tyndal ventured beyond the limits of exact science in his address before the British Association, and predicted the opening of new fields of intellectual vision at no distant day. "The process of things on this earth," he said, had been one of amelioration. It was a long way from the ignorance and his contemporaries to the President of the British Association. And whether we regarded the improvement from the scientific or theological point of view—"as the result of progressive development or of successive exhibitions of creative energy—neither view entitled us to assume that the process of amelioration stops. A time might therefore come when this ultra scientific region by which we are now enclosed, might offer itself to territorial, if not to human investigation. Two-thirds of the rays emitted by the sun fall to roost in the eye of the sense of vision. The rays exist, but the visual organ requisite for their translation into light does not exist. And so from this region of darkness and mystery which surrounds us, rays may now be darting which require but the development of the proper intellectual organs to translate them into knowledge as far surpassing ours as ours does that of the reptiles which once held possession of this planet." Meanwhile the shadow and the mystery were not without use in steadying the intellect, and rebuking the vanity to which human nature was prone.—[Bastion Adv.]

THE SABBATH.—A very admirable paper appears in the North British Review. The following passage is weighty and excellent:—"The Sabbath is God's special present to the working-man, and one of its objects is to preserve his life, and preserve efficient his working-tone. In the vital system it acts like a compensation-pot—it replenishes the spirits, the elasticity and vigor which the last six days have drained away, and supplies the force which is to supply the six days succeeding; and in the economy of existence it answers the same purpose as the economy of income is answered by a savings bank. The frugal man, who puts aside a pound to day and another pound next month and who, in a quiet way, is always putting by his stated pound from time to time, when he grows old and frail gets not only the same pounds back again, but a good many pounds besides. And the conscientious man, who husbands one day of existence every week—who, instead of allowing the Sabbath to be trampled and torn in the hurry and scramble of life, treasures it devoutly up—the Lord of the Sabbath keeps it for him, and in length of days and a hale old age gives it back with usury. The savings bank of human existence is the weekly Sabbath."

Three-fourths of the difficulty and miseries of men come from the fact that most of them want wealth without earning it, fame without doing it, popularity without paying the price, health without temperance, respect without virtue, and happiness without holiness. The man

who wants the best things, and is willing to pay just what they are worth by honest effort and hard self-denial, will have no difficulty in getting what he wants at last. It is the man who wants goods on credit that are snubbed, and disappointed in the end.

PROHIBITION.—R. B. HAYES, Governor of Ohio, issued a proclamation Aug. 25th to all persons engaged in buying, selling, and driving cattle, calling attention to an act passed by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, April 11th, 1867, to prevent the introduction of the cattle disease. The proclamation says:—

"All persons are hereby warned that the introduction into Ohio of Texas and other cattle infected with said diseases is prohibited by law, and that all drovers, dealers, and common carriers, and others, who introduce said cattle into Ohio, will be prosecuted and punished to the extent of the law."

We presume the "cattle-dealers," following the example of the "liquor-dealers" in their argument, would say, here is "prohibition" by proclamation; which "no sensible man" will pay the least attention to. A pretty "how to do," that a man and a citizen can't bring his cattle from where he pleases, and sell them to whomsoever he can bargain with.

Disseased, indeed! As if a man can't buy diseased meat if he wishes it, and eat it, too—in his own house, if he has a mind to.

Whose business is it if he does? He is his own keeper, and can do what he pleases with himself and his money.

What's poison to some men is mother's-milk to others. Not sell beef because it comes from Texas and has the fever!

You might as well prohibit a man drinking villainous corn whiskey in New York, because it comes from Kentucky. Here's a flagrant interference with the "sacred rights and liberties of a great and free people." Prohibition! Has it come to this in Ohio! Has a mere governor the right to disregard the privileges of the people? We call upon the patriotic drovers and butchers—the men who slaughter and those who are thus slaughtered—to arouse and stand firm against this wanton, this outrageous, this unheard-of, this high-handed assumption of power on the part of Governor Hayes, and teach him and his minions that we will—we, the citizens of Ohio and drovers of Texas cattle—submit to prohibition. Next it will be a liquor law—excise of rum, or prohibition of Albany ale or lager beer!

The Governor of Kentucky has also issued his proclamation of entire prohibition, and the next thing we shall have Maine and Massachusetts following in the same way.

"Rouse, ye Romans! rouse, ye slaves!"—[National Temperance Advocate.]

HOW MR. LINCOLN INDORSED THE NEGRO.—In the third year of the war, William Johnson, a negro messenger in the Treasury Department, who added to his pay and his duties the emoluments and honor of shaving President Lincoln, went to Wm. J. Huntington, Washington, to borrow \$150 on his note of hand. Mr. H., who is kind to the poor as he is rigid in adhering to the rules of good bank management, listened favorably to the financial proposition of William, and asked him what he wanted to do with the money.

"To finish my little house," said he.

"I have to require a responsible indorser;—can you give me one?"

"I reckon I can," replied William, straightening himself up with solid dignity. "I kin give you Abram Lincoln!"

"Oh! he will do," said the cashier, who turned to his desk, and drew two notes for \$75 each, payable respectively 70 and 90 days. William got Mr. Lincoln's indorsements and got his money.

When the first note fell due it was not paid, and Mr. Huntington soon after having business at the Treasury Department, sought for his colored defaulter to his big bank. William was not in his messenger's chair. Poor William was dead. The cashier, in the course of time, having occasion to do some business with Mr. Lincoln took with him William's two promises to pay. After concluding his interview with the President on the matter principally in hand he said: "Mr. Lincoln, the barber who used to shave you, I hear is dead."

"Oh yes," interrupted the President with feeling, "William is gone. I bought a coffin for the poor fellow, and have had to help his family."

"Well, Mr. Lincoln," resumed the cashier, "I was going to say that I had in the bank two small notes of William's indorsed by you, which I will now surrender to you."

"No you don't," said Old Abe, with a little firmness, and unclosing himself upwards in his arm-chair. I indorsed the notes and am bound to pay them."

"Yes," said the cashier; "but it has long been our custom to devote a portion of our profits to charitable objects; and this seems to be a most deserving one."

Mr. Lincoln, however, stood firm on his obligation and his purpose to pay the indorsements. "Well, Mr. Lincoln, I will tell you how we can arrange this," finally said Mr. Huntington. "The loan to William was a joint one between you and the bank. You stand half the loss, and I will cancel the other." Old Abe flung his leg over the arm of his chair in that irresistible funny way he frequently had of musing over a proposition.



## Waterville Mail.

BETH MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... OCT. 2, 1868.



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## REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT.

ULYSSES S. GRANT,

OF ILLINOIS.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT.

SCHUYLER COLFAX,

OF INDIANA.

**NORTH KENNEBEC AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.**—In consequence of the postponement of the State exhibition, North Kennebec Agricultural Society find it necessary to postpone their Show and Fair one week, and it will therefore be held upon the 13th and 14th of October, instead of the days first advertised. We trust the friends of the Society will see to it that this change works no damage to its interests, but will make all the more effort to ensure the success of the coming exhibition.

In the absence of the Secretary, entries of stock, &c., may be made at the apothecary store of Mr. William Dyer. A special inducement for entries of stock previous to the day of the exhibition is found in the fact that the Trustees have shortened the time by an hour, requiring them to be all in by 10 o'clock on the day of the Show.

**CHARLES W. SANGER, Esq.,** youngest son of the late Mr. Z. Sanger, long a well known and highly respected citizen of our village, has finally located in Philadelphia, after accumulating a "pile" in California. Like many other good Waterville boys of whom we are proud, he takes the "Mail," and in directing us to add the number of his residence to the direction, he tickles us with the following compliment:—"I have missed my paper for the past four weeks, and I do not like to be without it. I don't blame the Post Office clerks for their desire to read a good paper (it is commendable in them) but they ought at least to allow me the second perusal of it."

The Chief Engineer of the Hoosac Tunnel, who has been inspecting the Mont Cenis Tunnel, in Europe, says that the machinery employed in the former is greatly superior to that employed in the latter. One item of that superior machinery is the "Burleigh drill," an implement invented by Mr. Charles Burleigh formerly of Waterville, but now of Fitchburg, Mass. They are about introducing these drills into heavy mining operations, and a company, with a large capital, has been formed in Fitchburg for their manufacture.

Friend Moody, of the Androscoggin Herald, lashes the Grand Trunk Railroad with a will. The "snapper" at the end we quote below:—

Ride over the Grand Trunk and then over the Maine Central or Portland & Kennebec, and note the difference. The track of the Maine Central is as smooth as one continuous rail, and the light, handsome, and easy cars run without the least jar, while the conductors and officers of the road are ever on the alert for the safety and comfort of travellers. We once took a trip to Portland over the Grand Trunk and all the way we thought we were an Irishman ruled by John Bull; then we went from Portland to Waterville over the Portland & Kennebec, and we began to think we were President of a free and civil republic, just by the treatment and attention we received from the several conductors, brakemen and other officers.

The Portland Daily Advertiser comes to us now in place of the Star—the proprietors having concluded to adopt a name to which they are entitled by purchase. It has a familiar look and sound, and the tone of the political articles is like that of the Portland Advertiser of former days, before it fell into bad hands. Under the direction of Messrs. Knight & Richardson, it will no doubt once more battle valiantly for the right, and soon be known as a leading paper in the State.

Strange as it may seem, the Fenians and the Tories in Ireland have coalesced, and will oppose the liberal candidates for Parliament.

It is no stranger than that Irishmen in this country should unite with democrats and rebels to oppress the negro.

"EQUAL TO BOND'S"—is what the traders of Waterville say of the crackers manufactured by Harmon & Co., of the Skowhegan Bakery. But few others are now sold in our village and they give the best satisfaction.

HON. B. F. BUTLER has been re-nominated for Congress with great unanimity in his district.

Mr. G. A. L. MERRIFIELD, now Clerk in the Department of the Interior at Washington, is in town, and by referring to our hymeneal record it will be seen, that something has happened to him. George is one of the good Waterville boys, and richly deserves all the good fortune he has secured. What his Washington friends think of him and his chances, may be gathered from the following paragraph which we clip from the "Republican" of that city:—

**MATRIMONIAL.**—It will certainly be interesting to the large circle of his acquaintances to learn that our young friend, G. A. L. Merrifield, of the Interior Department, connected also with the Kirkwood of this city, and, by the way, one of the best fellows to be found, left last evening for Hudson City, N. J., where he contemplates throwing off the mantle of bachelorhood and clothing himself in the garb of conjugal felicity. In other words, he proposes to unite his hand, heart, and fortune to and endow with all his worldly possessions one of the daughters of Mr. H. I. King, the obliging proprietor of the Kirkwood. It is with extreme pleasure we record this fact, and add our testimony to George's worth and character. He is deserving of a good companion, and from what we know of the fair Ellen he is about to lead to the altar, we think it safe to predict for them a life free from the turmoil and strife so often found in the domestic circle. In bidding them God speed we pen the hope that as she ceases to be King and becomes his queen, he as her king may govern with an eye single to their mutual happiness and prosperity.

There was a very pleasant social gathering at Town Hall on Tuesday evening, composed mainly of the Sabbath School of the Universalist society—some of the older members and a few special friends of the late pastor helping to fill up the hall. On Wednesday morning Rev. Mr. Magwire, for three or four years their pastor, was to leave for another post of duty, and they gathered in this way for a parting interview. A present was made of valuable books, as a token of regard; and refreshments of cake and coffee were distributed to the company. Mr. McFadden, the superintendent of the Sabbath School, explained the object of the meeting, and in a few appropriate remarks presented the books. In these remarks, and in the response of Mr. Magwire, there was very emphatic expression of confidence, respect and love between pastor and people—such as the harmony and prosperity of this Society has indicated—the reason of the present separation being the offer of a wider field of usefulness to the pastor. It was an occasion of deep feeling, in which all participated.

Joshua Nye, Esq., who was called up for some remarks, spoke of his intimate acquaintance with Mr. Magwire in the temperance organizations of this place, and of his confidence in his earnest devotion to such labors and enterprises as he judges to be profitable to the community. He urged the duty of earnest and faithful co-operation in the efforts of a good pastor, and encouraged the Sabbath School to continue active till the Society may secure another pastor.

This meeting of pastor and people, though not needed for the purpose, was an emphatic expression of the confidence of this community in the earnest devotion of Mr. Magwire to whatever he regards as truth and duty, and the high minded integrity with which he pursues his calling in life. His many personal friends, among all classes of acquaintance, while they are glad of his removal to a field of labor more inviting, yet regret this parting, and follow him with their best wishes for his happiness.

Mr. M. goes to take the place of pastor of the Universalist Society at East Cambridge, Mass.

**Capt. Duncan's Lecture,** on Monday evening, on "The Mediterranean and the Holy Land," was positively a gem in its line. We wondered that a plain, simple talk, with no pretension to oratory or to rhetoric—though having enough of both to constitute very marked eloquence—should hold an audience in such absorbing interest. Not a thought or a word was lost, and certainly we remember no lecture that contained so many facts that an intelligent hearer would desire to remember. Geography, history and religion were combined in a continued thread of interest. With the map and the verbal details, the audience seemed to begin the voyage with the genial and intelligent company whose explorations were thus represented, and to travel with them from day to day and from place to place. And, like that company, when the feat was over they gave the most emphatic expression to their satisfaction.

Since the evening of the lecture, so strong has been the expression of regret that some of our citizens could not have heard it, that Capt. Duncan has consented to repeat it next Monday evening, at Town Hall. On that occasion we heartily advise every one to attend. Tickets 25 cts.

**POSTPONED.**—The postponement of the State Fair for one week, bringing it to Tuesday next for its commencement, and the consequent postponement of the North Kennebec fair to the 13th and 14th inst., have already been widely advertised. For this embarrassment the State Society will doubtless give their excuses in due time. Arrangements indicate unusual success to both these exhibitions.

**THE FAIRFIELD GRIST MILL,** at Kendall's Mills, has recently been put in a state of thorough repair, as will be seen by referring to advertisement in another column. Read it.

**THE QUARTERLY MEETING** of the Methodist Church in Waterville will be held at the Town Hall, next Sabbath, (Oct. 4,) in the forenoon. There will be a "Love Feast," commencing at 9 o'clock, to which all are invited. Rev. Dr. Wilbur will preach at the usual hour in the forenoon. There will be communion service after the sermon.

"A DISGUSTING SPECULATION" is the phrase applied to the New York Water Street Mission enterprise by the flippant reporters; and the papers generally, religious as well as secular, have been very ready, by snubbers and misrepresentations, to cast all the odium they can upon the self denying labors of well meaning men. The following plain statement of facts from the publisher of "Packard's Monthly," which we find in the Evening Post, disposes of the most of these calumnies, and sets the whole matter before the public in its true light:—

Will you permit the only person who can with any propriety be charged with speculating out of the "Wickedest Man" sensation to say a few words through your columns, in reply to the pungent and inclusive article in your edition of last Monday headed "The End of a Disgusting Speculation?"

First—So far as I am concerned, I confess boldly, if not contritely, that I was moved almost entirely by mercenary motives in publishing Mr. Dyer's article on "The Wickedest Man;" and I honestly believe that, if the respectable newspapers of the city had not stolen my thunder, by republishing the articles, and thus offering them to the public for a tithe of what it would cost to purchase my magazine, my "little game" would have been successful.

You remember well how gladly you pounced upon the prize, and how heartily you commended Mr. Dyer for having "studied low life in New York to some purpose;" and I remember well that a week before the second article was out, messengers from the various city papers applied for early copies of the magazine containing it, that they might not be behind their neighbors nor disappoint their readers. I paid one hundred dollars for the article; the city papers paid nothing, and understood me in the market. Where was the "speculation" here?

Second—For reasons of his own, John Allen closed his dance-house on the 25th of August; and a minister who happened to be present, and who had for two long months followed up the matter with a devotion and singleness of purpose which in any secular enterprise would have stamped him an extraordinary man, proposed to celebrate the event by returning thanks to God. As Allen did not object this was done. Thus commenced the "religious movement" in Water street. The different stages in this movement have been much more than chronicled in the daily papers, which, entirely unasked, and quite without the desire of the Christian people engaged in it, have created all the "sensation" that has existed. The reporters—and they alone—converted John Allen. They, and not the fanatical revivalists, heralded the work of grace going on in the hearts of Tommy Hadden and Kit Burns. All that the missionaries have done is to pray fervently to God that He would convert these and the other sinners of Water street, Wall street and Fifth avenue. And some of the more zealous among them have gone far enough to believe that God can do it if He will, and have said so. There may be some "speculation" in this; and it may be "disgusting" to those who know the vile sinners of these several localities; but after all it is harmless.

Third—John Allen, the "wickedest," being moved thereby by his sudden and unexpected notoriety, and the favor which he had found with men who thanked God that his dance-house was "converted" if he was not, conceived a magnificent project of raising one hundred thousand dollars to erect and endow a Magdalen asylum. This project he deliberately laid before his friends of the Howard mission, who commended him for his zeal, and advised him to begin the good work by becoming a sober man and a Christian. John had no objection to this part of the programme, but thought it best to move the entire work along together. He promised to stop swearing at once, which he did; to taper or "run lighter" on rum, and to "seek the Lord" at odd spells; but meantime, he wanted the Magdalen project pushed. So he got a sign-painter to letter the front of his old dance-house, "Water Street Mission and House for Fallen Women," and announced his intention of "going in" on a lecture scheme. He applied to Dyer to write him a lecture, and to Arnold to go along and introduce him and "do the praying," while he exhibited himself and Chester to an admiring world. As these gentlemen utterly refused to aid him in his project, he took other counselors and set out on his part of the "speculation," which, without doubt, was "disgusting" enough. After two painful and abortive efforts in the lecture line, John closed up his speculation and returned home a wiser, if not a better man.

Fourth—Some twenty Christian ministers, who would not thank me for endorsing them, are holding daily prayer meetings at John Allen's old dance-house and Kit Burns's dog pit, for which privilege they hold legal permission, having paid for the same. Where their part of the speculation comes in I don't know; but at this stage of the game they are reprobates if there are any.

A very pleasant and amusing time these ordained ministers of Christ must have in their daily visits to these haunts of vice; and a good pile of money—"stamps," the reporters call it—they must realize, to make it pay as a "speculation."

But what of the "poor sinners," who won't rush in by the hundred to be prayed for? A very great pity, it is not, that with all this trumpeting by the newspapers, with the exception of the reporters themselves, and a few "blear-eyed bruisers," none but respectable people go to the prayer meetings! They probably see "speculation" in it.

Now, suppose, if such a thing is supposable, that the newspapers of this city drop this "sensation" and let the well-meaning Christian zealots go on with their work. Some of them are rash enough to believe that a genuine work of grace is really going on in Water street.

Rev. Mr. Van Meter, of the Howard mission, had the audacity to assure me that this was so. He has told me that not less than one hundred persons have, within the past three weeks, called upon him at his private office for counsel and prayer, and that an encouraging proportion of them have given evidence of a change of heart. Here is a kind of speculation not contemplated in the article in question, but, after all, is it not the only kind that can possibly result from these efforts?

Very truly yours, S. S. PACKARD.

A telegram from California announces the decease, at San Jose, on the 24th of September, of Gen. Solon S. Simons, formerly of Waterville. Twenty years ago Gen. S. was a prominent citizen of this place and a few years later he was for a time superintendent of the A. & K. Railroad. In California, where he went some fifteen years ago, he has held some posts of distinction, among which was that of State senator. He was a genial, generous, social man, and the announcement of his death will bring to the minds of many of this vicinity a pleasant and sincere friend and a generous and kind neighbor.

It is Mr. E. M. Woodman, and not "E" Woodman, who has gone to Methuen, Mass. E. Woodman still continues at the old stand at West Waterville—so well known for its horse-shoeing excellence.

**CATTLE MARKETS.**—The Boston Advertiser reports of the market this week that the receipts at Cambridge and Brighton amount to 3541 cattle 16,142 sheep and 550 hogs. Beef is about half a cent per pound lower, but there is little change in mutton or pork.

Of working Oxen, D. Wells sold pairs as follows:—6 ft. 6 in. \$195; 6 ft. 9 in. \$225; 7 ft. 6 in. \$300; Wells & Richardson 2 pairs 6 ft. 6 in. \$180; 6 ft. 9 in. \$220; 7 ft. 6 in. \$135; J. Withee 3 pairs 7 ft. oxen at \$210, 240, 265.

Imperial France breathes easier. The official organ of the government, with the imposing gravity of heavy type, publishes a flat contradiction to the statement of the Independence Belge that the young prince imperial had said: "When I shall be emperor I shall not allow any one to be without religion." No such words, says the Monitor, were ever made use of by the prince imperial. On the contrary, when he becomes emperor he will allow Frenchmen to be without religion as heretofore.

Prof. Agassiz and his party: re now at Denver, Colorado. A correspondent writes that the great naturalist is "fairly sweltering with enthusiasm." He finds abundant material to sustain his glacial theory. According to the same correspondent "All Brazil was nothing to what he had seen of natural beauty and scientific revelation already in crossing the Plains."

**THE SOMERSET RAILROAD.**—The Somerset railroad, extending from the depot of the Maine Central railroad at West Waterville to Carraunk Falls in Solon, a distance of 24 miles, has been put under contract and the work is to be commenced forthwith.

By the lines located, the town of Anson is brought by a mile or two nearer to Portland than Skowhegan by the line of the Portland & Kennebec railroad, although the distance between the two places is some twenty miles by the river. From West Waterville to Norridgewock the distance is but eleven miles, while it is some thirty miles by the way of East Waterville and Skowhegan.—[Portland Press.

**I. O. OF G. T.**—The next session of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars will be held at Rockland on Tuesday, October 13th. Delegates from this city and vicinity will take passage on steamers Richmond or Cambridge, on the day previous to the session. The clerk of the boat will furnish free return tickets on payment of fare to Rockland. Delegates who may pass over the Maine Central Railroad, will receive free return tickets on application to the Grand Worthy Secretary at Rockland. But no steamboat tickets can be issued by him.—[Bangor Whig.

**STATE ELECTION.**—The next State elections prior to the Presidential election will be held as follows:—Nebraska, Oct. 6th; Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Iowa October 13; West Virginia, Oct. 22d. Of these, Pennsylvania gave last year a Democratic majority of 922; Ohio gave 2,903 Republican maj.; Indiana, where the election is held every two years, in 1866 gave 14,202 Republican maj.; Iowa, 31,909 Republican maj. and West Virginia 6,644 maj. in 1866. These States will all give Republican majorities next month and in November these majorities will be greatly increased.

**THE MAINE ELECTION—THE LATEST RETURNS.** Returns from all the cities and towns of the State, nearly all of them official, and furnished to the Associated Press by the Secretary of State's office, exhibit the following result: Chamberlain, 75,172; Pillsbury, 55,455; aggregate vote, 131,082; Chamberlain's majority, 20,172. It is the opinion at the secretary's office that with the correction of returns by the official report, and the addition of the few plantations not yet counted, the majority for Chamberlain will be increased from two to three hundred beyond the above figures. The official vote last year was as follows: Chamberlain 57,392; Pillsbury 45,990; Chamberlain's majority 11,342. The Republicans increased their vote 18,295. The largest vote ever thrown in Maine before this year was in 1860, when the republican vote was 70,080, and the democratic vote was 54,085. The republicans have this year exceeded their largest previous vote, 55,977, and the democrats have exceeded their largest previous vote by 1370. No further or more accurate report than the above can be obtained until the votes are counted and officially declared by the legislature.

M. Bonomi has been measuring the Venus de Medici. He finds that, allowance being made for her attitude, her height is about 5 feet 2 inches (the actual height of the statue is 4 feet 11 inches), while the foot is exactly 9 inches long, rather more than 1-7th of the whole height. This does not quite agree with Vitruvius, who gives 1-6th of the height as the proper length of the foot; but it agrees with the measurement of all the best statues, i. e., 1-18th of the height. Here, then, says M. Bonomi, we have a rule for shoemakers and shoewearers. Any lady who compresses her foot below these dimensions is not only giving herself pain, but is putting herself out of proportion.

It is reported that an official investigation of the Camilla massacre shows that it was even more bloody and atrocious than was at first reported. Capt. Pierce and Mr. Murphy saved their lives by making the Masonic signal. The negroes were hunted with dogs, and when caught they were butchered in cold blood. Gen. Sibby has sent an officer to Camilla to make a searching investigation and report upon this massacre.

The first section of the European and North American Railroad, from Bangor to Oldtown, was formally opened Wednesday. By invitation of the Directors, the Mayor and the City Government of Bangor and the Selectmen of Vassie, Orono and Oldtown, took the first ride over the road, leaving the city at two o'clock. At Oldtown they had a fine time, collation, speeches &c., and returned to the city at half past 6 o'clock.

George Alfred Townsend gives in the Cleveland Leader a sketch of Governor Chamberlain, just elected for the third time governor of Maine. He calls him "a man fit to be a citizen in the highest sense—scholar, toiler, and soldier—a 'hero of civilization,' and as 'one of the finest, youngest, liest, handsomest men in public life.'" And the State which elected him he speaks of as "one of the sturdiest States in America, a sort of northwestern New England, as if a bit of Illinois or Iowa had got detached, struck out for the ocean, and married into a school of mermaids."

In New York, the other day, a burglar was sent to the State Prison who had already passed twenty-three years in that establishment. The sad feature of the matter, however, was that the prisoner had frequently essayed to reform, but had been invariably hounded out of his honest employment by detectives who gave information about his past career, costing him his situation. The truth of this statement can not be questioned, and the fact is a disgrace to the detective police.

**THE TRUTH ABOUT THE KU KLUX.**—That the reports of the terrorism enforced by the Ku-Klux Klan are well founded, is satisfactorily shown by the testimony of a trustworthy correspondent of that trustworthy paper, The Boston Advertiser. He says:—

A history of the operations of the Ku-Klux Klan for the past six months in the interior counties—off the line of railroads—would make a fearful record and hardly be credited by those not personally aware of the state of society there. Every turnpike and cross-road is nightly patrolled by the Klan. Peaceful and inoffensive white men, as well as negroes, have been seized at night by these disguised bands and outraged in the most cruel manner. Happening to be one night at the house of a wealthy Southern born man who holds a prominent office in Rutland county, we were all aroused at midnight by fifteen men dressed in white, riding horses also covered with white. They came to terrify the family and intimidate our friend from taking any active part in politics. After calling up the household, riding their horses upon the porch, which were some two and a half feet above the ground, making all the outlandish noise possible, and threatening Mr. F., they retired without daring to commit personal violence. We learned early on the following day that they came directly from a neighbor, a quiet and inoffensive man, whom they had beaten terribly in the presence of his wife, then upon the point of confinement. Her screams were heard three-fourths of a mile, and her life was subsequently despaired of. In another county we were afterwards awakened one night by the sound of blows inflicted upon and the cries of mercy from the principal of a colored school—an Ohio man and a cripple. Forty-one ruffians struck him five blows apiece with a leather thong. At the same time and place a negro was whipped in the same manner, and both were ordered to leave the county.

A friend who has traveled in Germany, reports the following incident, for which he vouches: During the summer, Dr. J. C. Ayer spent some weeks at Dresden, in conference with the chemists of Central Europe, where he was heralded as the inventor of the world renowned medicines that bear his name, and considered one of the American celebrities. While riding, one day, his open carriage fell in with the cortege of the King of Saxony, on a drive from the review. The Doctor soon became the chief attraction, and received the marked attention of the people, who were even more demonstrative in their courtesies to him than to the King himself, whom they see so constantly. King John, observing this, wrapped his military cloak around him and reclined upon his seat, while our great American medicine man did the honors for the royal retinue, graciously bowing, hat in hand, on every side, until wearied by his excessive condescension to this old monarch's people.

**STEALING SNAKES.**—A Pittsburg paper tells of two thieves who robbed a gentleman one night of a box he was carrying under his arms with great care. The gentleman was a naturalist, and the box contained four rattlesnakes. The rascals must have experienced a sensation when they opened the box and divided this booty. While we laugh over their consternation, and feel that the fangs of the snakes inserted in their flesh "where it would hurt, but not kill, would not have been a great departure from the line of strict justice, yet we may see in their cupidity and disappointment a picture of what inspires very frequently, and possibly very near at home. Every man who does his neighbor a wrong has stolen a snake, and must carry it with him into eternity, unless restitution is made. He may never meet in life the victim of his rapacity or oppression; the deed may be hidden from all human eyes; he may gloat over his ill-gotten gains, and revel in the splendor and pleasure they will buy, but the serpent is still there; it coils around his treasures, it enters into his very soul, and leaves its trail in every chamber of his heart. It will "cling to him everlastingly." He may be unconscious of its presence for a while, but the hour of terrible surprise will come when he finds how empty are all his treasures, how hollow are all his joys, and the serpent with deadly hiss and expanded fangs, reveals the fatal prize his sinfulness has won.—[Texas Christian Advocate.

The alleged incendiaries of the fires at the United States Arsenal in Augusta, who were examined on the 17th inst. before Commissioner J. H. Manley, had their case re-opened by consent of the Government, and after an elaborate examination Friday were again held under heavy bonds to appear before the high court for trial.

The latest reports concerning the Spanish revolution indicate the probable success of the movement. Nearly all the provinces are armed and arrayed against the Queen, the capital is threatened, the royal troops are retreating to its defence, and the efforts of the government to stem the tide in favor of a change, appear to be growing weaker.

The Spanish revolutionists appear to have gained a complete triumph over the royal forces, and have established a provisional government at the Capital. The Queen is a fugitive in France, deserted by all her chief officers.

The frame of the Methodist church is up.

## FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

**PUZZLE.**  
I went to the wood and caught it;  
Then I sat me down and sought it;  
The longer I sought,  
The less worth catching I thought it.  
I would rather have sold than bought it.  
And when I had sought  
Without finding anything,  
Home in my hand I brought it.

A white garment appears worse with slight soiling than do colored garments much soiled. So a little fault in a good man attracts more attention than great offences in bad men.

Regret not a golden age that is behind. There is one before, and it beckons you. Its rewards are not for the idle, but for the brave hearts disciplined to toil.

The Rebels say Seymour's election will secure to them "all they fought for." If so, we shall lose all we fought for. The people are hardly prepared for such a result.

Seymour repeatedly declared that his acceptance of the nomination would be "the loss of his personal honor." Now, is it safe to put the Nation's "honor" in the hands of a man who cannot preserve his own?

Lord Brougham in speaking of a man whose case came before him at least twenty times, said he was bored, unlucky, "and I believe, if he had ever fallen upon his back, he would have broken his nose."

John H. Sumrall has been discharged from custody at Washington by Judge Wylie, on a plea of limitation of statute. It is not probable that a new indictment will be found. The result creates great surprise universally.

The Republican daughters of Minnesota who voted against negro suffrage have now a chance to have a chance to amend their vote, as a constitutional amendment of the same kind is to be submitted this year.

One of the "metropolitan" dailies of New York starts us with the following mixed metaphor:—"When the takes up a position it harps upon it till it runs it into the ground."

Hon. T. A. D. Fessenden, a son of Hon. Samuel Fessenden, late of Maine, died at Lewiston, Me., Nov. 1st. He was elected a member of Congress in 1862, to fill out an unexpired term. He graduated at Bowdoin College in the class of 1844.

Speaking of the high price of beef a Philadelphia paper says that the same stores of beef a year would have allowed for joy at bringing out the present rates.

Messrs. S. L. Gould & Co., of Skowhegan, are erecting a machine shop and foundry, forty by one hundred and fifty feet. They have placed the back end of their shop directly across the traditional landing place of Benedict Arnold's expedition.

"How many regular, steady boarders are there in this house?" asked a census taker of a servant girl. "There's fifteen boarders in all, sir; but not more than four of 'em is steady boarders. The rest is Democrats."

Frank Blair said eight years ago, "I would rather sleep with a nigger than with a Democrat." But, finding that the nigger would not sleep with him, has gone to bed with the whole Democratic party.

MARY SUFFER rather than take nauseous medicines. All who suffer from coughs, colds, irritation of the bronchial tubes, hoarseness, &c., will find in Dr. WISTAR'S BALM OF WILD CHERRY a remedy as agreeable to the palate as effective in removing disease. The Balm is a pleasant remedy; it is a safe remedy; it is a speedy remedy; it is a remedy that cures.

A Southern ballad-monger has shed new light on the causes of Lee's surrender, in the following verse:

"Wee gallant Lee, exhausted by  
The victory, as he had won,  
Gave up his sword and staked his arms,  
Ulysses' work seemed done."

While a talented temperance orator was recently speaking at Cleveland, he was asked: "What shall we do with the grain that is now required for distilling?" "Feed the drunkards with the children's wheat," he replied. "Have you hungry long enough," was the ready reply.

All the returns from Colorado are in, and Bradford, republican, is chosen delegate to Congress by seventy-nine majority. The democrats have boasted of carrying the territory, and called it one of the signs of the "reaction."

General Hindman, formerly of the rebel army, and living in Helena, Tennessee, was assassinated on Sunday night.

Why is a baby like wheat? Ans. Because it is first cradled, then thrashed, and finally becomes the flower of the family.

Our government has been asked by Russia to join with the great powers of Europe in abolishing the use of certain explosive materials in warfare.

Twenty-three ladies applied for admission to Washburn College, Indiana, but were rejected on account of sex. They tolerate no Yankee notions.

A German Democratic paper in Cleveland says: "The campaign has been lost by the Democrats, but they have their votes; but from thistles we cannot expect 'reapings!'"

A. P. Marble, Esq., a graduate of Waterville College, and formerly a successful teacher in Waterville, has been chosen Superintendent of the public schools of Worcester, Mass.

The United States Military Asylum at Augusta will be ready for occupancy by the first of November. The number of persons now at the Asylum is one hundred and ninety.

The Bangor Whig is assured by one of the Railroad Commissioners that they have been and are now, taking notes, as rapidly as possible, to compel the proper repair of the Grand Trunk road.

General Sully has beaten the Indians in Kansas, and killed and wounded 70 of them, with but slight loss to his force.

Gen. Geo. B. McClellan, with his wife and family, arrived in New York by steamer for Liverpool on Tuesday last. He has been absent in Europe nearly four years.

A hidden light soon becomes dim, and if it be entirely covered up, will expire for want of air. "So it is with hidden religion," we would call the apostle's statement of a Christian whose light in some aspect does not shine.

(MONDAY EVENING—BY SPECIAL REQUEST.)

**Capt. C. C. DUNCAN,**

Originator and Commander of the Great Excursion to the  
Mediterranean, Crimea, Holy Land, Egypt,  
&c., by the "QUEEN OF THE DESERT,"

will repeat his Lecture, descriptive of the voyage, the points visited, incidents, &c., at  
**TOWN HALL, WATERVILLE,**  
Monday Evening, Oct. 5th.

Lecture to commence at 7.30 precisely. Tickets 25c.

**Fairfield Mills.**

WE would respectfully announce to our old friends and the public generally that we have now opened our new and improved MILL, and are now prepared to do all work usually done in a custom mill in a manner unsurpassed by any mill in New England. We would call the especial attention of wheat raisers to our

**IMPROVED BOLT FOR MAKING FLOUR.**  
It gives great satisfaction.

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**NEW BOOKS FOR**  
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**MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS**  
to which are added, as published,  
**ALL NEW AND POPULAR WORKS**  
AND ALL THE MAGAZINES,  
  
**ALL KINDS OF SCHOOL BOOKS**

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PICTURES IN GREAT VARIETY,**  
Including Chronos, Steel Engravings, Card Photographs,  
Stereoscopic Views, etc.


TOILET and FANCY ARTICLES:  
All of which will be sold as low as can be purchased  
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*permanently and elegantly*  
**PAPER HANGINGS**  
High priced and low priced; Paper Curtains; Curtain Shades;  
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AND

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To those afflicted with

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**OCULISTS**  
AND  
**OPTICIANS**  
**OF HARTFORD, CONN.,**

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PERFECTED  
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**THERE IS NO GLIMMERING,  
NO WAVERING OF THE SIGHT,  
NO DIZZINESS, OR  
OTHER UNPLEASANT SENSATION**  
But on the contrary, from the peculiar construction of the  
lenses, they are soothing and pleasant, causing a feeling of  
relief to the wearer, and

Providing a Clear and Distinct vision,  
 in the natural healthy sight.  
 They are the only Spectacles that preserve as  
 well as assist the sight.  
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 We employ no Peddlers.



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**HARDWARE STORE,**  
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**CLINTON.**  
A general assortment of Hardware, Iron and Steel  
Stoves and Tinware, Plows and Plow Castings.  
We keep the Haviland Plows, all kinds Do  
Castings, Horse Rakes, Horse Rakes, Drag  
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Snaths, Shovels, Hoes, Forks, and  
all kinds of Farming Imple-  
ments. Spinning Wheels,  
Lead, Nails, Win-  
dow Glass,  
Pumps,  
Pump Chains, and everything belonging to a  
Hardware Store, will be sold as low as any-  
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**STOCKS AND PRICES**  
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**CHILDREN**  
**TEETHING**

**MOTHERS! MOTHERS!!**  
**MOTHERS!!!**  
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**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup,  
For Children Teething.**

This valuable preparation has been used with  
NEVER FAILING SUCCESS IN THOU-  
SANDS OF CASES.

It not only relieves the child from pain, but  
restores the mother's milk, cures bowels, corrects  
acidity, and gives tone and energy to the whole  
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**Gripping in the Bowels and Wind Colic.**

We believe it the BEST and SUREST REM-  
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TOLERANCE AND DIARRHÆA, and the only  
wholesome and safe remedy for the  
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**WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP,  
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