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Maxham & Wing

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BY ALICE CARY.

The rust is over the red of the clover,
The green is under the gray,
And down the hollow the fleet-winged swallow
Is flying away and away.

Fled are the pees, dead are the roses,
The glow and the glory done,
And down the hollow the steel-winged swallow
Flying the way of the sun.

In place of summer a dread new-come
His solemn state renews;
A crimson splendor instead of the tender
Daisy, and the darling dews.

But oh the sweetness; the full completeness,
That under his reign are born!
Russet and yellow in apples mellow,
And wheat and millet and corn.

His frost so hoary touches with glory
Maple and oak and horn;
And rising and falling his winds are calling,
Like a hunter through his horn.

No thrifty-sower, but just a mover
That comes when day is done,
With warmth a-beaming and gold a-gleaming,
Like sunset after the sun.

And while fair weather and frost together
Color the woods so gay,
We must remember that chill December
Has turned his steps this way.

And say, as we gather the house together,
And pile the logs on the hearth,
Hold us to follow the light little swallow,
Even to the ends of the earth.

TOM MADRELL'S AUNT.

"And now that I have told you the whole affair from beginning to end, I think you will acknowledge that I am in as jolly a fix as any fellow could well get into," said Captain Elton, when he had concluded a circumstantial detail of his difficulties to his trusty friend, Tom Madrell, in whose cosy Temple chambers the two now sat smoking choice Habanas and drinking coffee. "Can you see a way out of it, my dear boy? I'll be hanged if I can, except by selling out, and that would make my uncle furious. Besides, I really love my profession, and should be very loth to leave it. Come, speak out! What can I do?"

"That's just what I'm thinking about," replied his taciturn friend; "but the more I look at it the more I can't see a way out. What the deuce made you bet so heavily on Vau-ban?"

"Well, it's no use talking about it; I'm in a mess, and the only question is, how to get out of it?"

"And then," continued his friend, following out his own thoughts without paying much attention to Captain Elton's remarks, "was there no way of facing settling day but by having recourse to bill discounts?"

"None but selling my commission," replied Elton.

"Do you suppose there is a writ out against you already?" said Tom.

"I am almost certain of it," was the reply. "I noticed a couple of dirty-looking rascals following me down the Strand. I crossed, and my gentleman did the same, pressing on as fast as they could; so I put on a spurt, and distanced them. I don't think they saw me turn into the Temple."

The young lawyer put his head out of the open window, and pretended to be occupied in watching the workmen at the Thames embankment.

"Take a cautious peep over my shoulders," he said, "and see if you recognize those two loafers talking to the porter under the archway."

"Those are the very men," replied Elton, reddening with vexation. "What is to be done? Am I a prisoner already?"

"Not a bit of it," said his friend. "Keep cool. Only keep quiet, and don't get so excited. You're not on leave, you say?"

"No; and I must be at the barracks this evening," replied Elton.

"That you must not, or you're a gone con," said the lawyer, in a tone of authority. "You must be invalided. I'll write a note to Jones, and send my boy off with it at once. Jones will manage the whole thing."

The note was quickly written, and the sharp boy despatched on his errand, with a caution to be quite positive that he had never seen a gentleman answering to the description of Captain Elton, if any inquiries should be made—a piece of foresight that was thrown away, for the lad evidently underwent a close questioning from the two watchers under the archway.

Assistant-surgeon Jones answered the summons promptly; and after a careful examination of his patient's symptoms, promised to place him on the sick list, and obtain for him a few weeks' leave.

"So that's settled," observed the lawyer, when the surgeon had departed.

"A mere temporary staving off is no settlement," Tom, replied Elton, sadly. "But I am equally grateful to you and to Jones for your friendly offices. I shall now have time to breathe, and shall be spared the disgrace of Whitecross street. I came to you for advice; but, in stating the case plainly for your enlightenment, I have got a clearer view of it myself, and I have fully made up my mind as to the course I must pursue."

"What is it?" demanded his friend anxiously. "I hope you'll do nothing rash. There's plenty of time for mature consideration."

"I shall write a full confession to my uncle, in the first place," said Elton.

"Why so?" objected the other, "when you know his detestation of all kinds of gambling?"

"I should have thought of that before," replied Elton. "It is too late now. I owe him a full avowal of my errors, both for his past kindnesses, and because, knowing his strong prejudices against racing and betting, I should be a mere swindler if I kept him in ignorance of my transgressions, and suffered him to bequeath his estate to a gambler."

"If that is your resolution," said Tom, "why didn't you tell him at once?"

"His health was so bad that I feared the shock might kill him," replied the captain. "The German baths have improved him greatly, and I shall now defer it no longer. If he expects me out of this mess—which I don't in the least expect—everything will be set right; but if he discards me, as I deserve, I have nothing to do but sell out, pay my debts and emigrate."

"Emigrate?" observed the lawyer, contemptuously, taking up one of the young officer's kid gloves, and twirling it in his fingers.

"I have proved that I can work, Tom," said Elton, with a heightened color, "and suffer privation, hardship, cold, heat, all starvation, at times, without giving in. We all proved that in the Crimea, I think."

"Ay, ay, my boy; but that's no reason why you should go in for the same kind of thing again for your own amusement; yet I don't see what's to be done," said the lawyer, pacing thoughtfully up and down the room. "I do not see what's to be done. By jingo!" he exclaimed, stopping short, the light of a brilliant idea irradiating his countenance. "I say, Elton, if my aunt Tabitha could only be induced to marry you, it would all be plain sailing afterwards—she's immensely rich."

"I trust, Madrell, that you say this in the earnest jest," replied Captain Elton gravely. "You should know me well enough to be convinced that I would never marry any woman for her money, even if she were young and

handsome; but an old woman whom I could only seek from the basest and most sordid motives—it's preposterous."

"Pray forgive me for the untimely joke," said the lawyer, with an odd twinkle in his eye, though the tone of his voice expressed penitence; "I was thinking of the old girl's money, that's the truth."

"Don't let her money disturb your thoughts, my dear friend," said the philosophic soldier, "until, in the course of nature, it becomes your own. You'll have trouble enough with it then, for you will doubtless be appointed guardian to a household of pet cats, parrots, and lap-dogs."

"Very likely," said Madrell. "In the meantime, do you see any objection to your taking up your abode in a little fishing-box in my aunt's park? It's the quietest place you can possibly go to, and she is always very willing to lend it to me. She says it keeps the ghosts away. It is a mile at least from the house; so you will neither be a trouble to her, nor be plagued in your turn by her cats, dogs, parrots, or monkeys. You can take your Zouave with you to be head cook, bottle-washer, and maid-of-all-work; and as he can't speak English enough to hold a conversation, and none of the villagers understand a word of French, there can be little tattling and tale-bearing. There's fish enough in the streams and ponds—or lakes, as they call them—to satisfy Isaac Walton himself; and as you are a lover of the sport, you will find it better and less obtrusive than shooting. There you can remain in safety till you get a reply from your uncle, and have to decide upon your next step."

"Are you quite sure," said Elton, "that it will not incriminate your aunt to have a stranger in her domain?"

"Quite certain of it," replied his friend; "I'll write by to-night's post, and tell her I want it for an invalid friend. In two days I shall have her answer. In the meantime, you remain here a close prisoner; and on the night after I receive her letter I'll convey you by a way I know of, through a friend's chambers, and out by a bye-street, and so to Paddington Station, where your faithful Pierre will meet us with your traps in time for the night express. I'll run down with you, see you comfortably settled, pay my respects to my aunt, (I won't even introduce you to her, as you don't seem to wish it, though I assure you she's a clever woman, and you'd find her society agreeable—that is, if she chose to be amiable, for she's a professed man hater,) and back to town before any one has had time to notice my absence. What think you of my plan?"

"That it looks feasible," replied Elton, "provided the old lady does not object."

"O, never fear! I'll answer for her," said Tom Madrell, confidently.

His confidence in his maiden relative was not misplaced, for three days more saw his programme carried out to the letter, and his friend Elton, low-spirited indeed, but firmly resolved to sacrifice his future prospects, his social station, everything, to preserve his truth and honor, and end of fishing-rods and tackle, in a sweet little cottage, covered to the very chimney-tops, with trailing plants, that afforded a succession of fragrance from the earliest summer till far into the autumn.

All the appointments of this fairy habitation were in a style of luxurious simplicity; nothing was wanting. Even the little kitchen was admirably furnished, and Pierre was in his element, for now he could cook to his heart's content, and no one interfered with him. Cooking was his hobby, his passion; but his recognized office being that of valet to Captain Elton, he had not usually many opportunities of indulging in his favorite amusement. He might easily have obtained a place as professed cook, but he had one passion even stronger than his love for his master. Pierre had served as a Zouave in the French army in the Crimea. He was desperately wounded in the leg, and would have died but for the humanity and courage of Captain—then Cornet—Elton. His wound resulted in a permanent lameness, which rendered him unfit for military duty. No sooner was he free and well than he sought out his preserver, and entreated so urgently that he would take him into his service, that young Elton engaged him as his valet, and found him a most zealous and efficient servant. It is always cheering to have a happy and contented person about one; and Captain Elton would have quite enjoyed his quiet and lonely life, unbroken by glimpses of Pierre's smiling face, and occasional snatches of merry song, but for the heavy load of anxiety that weighed upon him.

Tom Madrell staid only a few hours, just to show him over the place, and make him feel quite at home. In the course of their rambles they approached the gardens of the fine old mansion. Up and down a broad terrace walked a lady of about fifty or sixty; tall, majestic, and handsomely dressed, with massive gold chains and glittering brooch, and rings innumerable, which were shown off to advantage by the way in which she held her lace-covered parasol. In the garden below the terrace a younger lady was gathering flowers. Her dress was a plain gray merino; her ornaments were few and simple. Not a ring was to be seen upon her soft-looking hands, which were slightly browned by exposure to the sun. A large hat of coarse straw shaded her face, yet not so completely as to hide it from the view of the two young men. She was not handsome; but her countenance expressed such perfect good temper, combined with intelligence, that it was a pleasant face to look upon, notwithstanding its want of beauty.

"My aunt and her companion," whispered the lawyer, as they retreated quietly behind a group of evergreens.

"Poor little companion!" murmured Captain Elton. His friend made no remark. Perhaps he did not hear what Elton said.

A few days after, as the soldier, in a fit of depression even deeper than usual, was strolling by the margin of a lovely brook in the most sequestered part of the park, he became aware that a young lady dressed in gray merino was angling on the other side of the stream, and that, startled probably by the appearance of a stranger, she had thrown her line away, and got it entangled in the drooping branches of a weeping willow. A glance sufficed to show that it was Miss Tabitha Madrell's poor little companion.

"Will you permit me to assist you?" said Captain Elton, with a low bow, as he raised his

cap. "I should be much obliged to you," she replied, with a frank unconcerned manner; "but I don't see how you can do it on that side of the brook."

"That is easily managed," he replied; and taking a short run, he cleared the impediment at a bound.

"Oh, how I wish I could jump like that!" she exclaimed, looking at him with undisguised admiration.

"No doubt you might acquire the accomplishment by practice," he replied; "though—pardon me—I fear, from her appearance, that Miss Madrell would not be the kind of person to appreciate or approve your performance."

She cast upon him a keen glance of half comic, half earnest inquiry. He saw but misinterpreted its meaning, and hastened to satisfy her curiosity respecting himself, and his knowledge of her identity.

"I am an old friend of Tom Madrell's," he said. "You know Tom, of course? I am staying at the little fishing-box yonder, and he told me who you were one day, when you were in the garden with the old lady."

"Why did not you come in and be introduced, like a Christian," she said, "instead of peeping at people over the hedge?"

"I regret that I did not, now," he replied. "When I decline I Tom's offer of an introduction to his aunt, I supposed that the old lady was alone, and I had no wish to intrude upon her, especially as I am here on sick leave."

"You jump remarkably well for an invalid," she said laughing heartily. "I am afraid the exertion of disentangling my fishing-line will be too much for you in your present weak state."

"I don't think it will," he replied, as he climbed into the tree and disengaged the line. An hour or two passed away in conversation that must have been very pleasant to both, for it was with a tacit understanding that they would probably find each other fishing at the same spot at an early hour on the following morning.

The morning came, and the two anglers met; but the fish had a holiday.

The next day Tom Madrell received a letter and a visit. The letter was very brief.

"DEAR TOM—Tell me, upon your honor, all that your friend Elton knows concerning Miss Madrell's poor companion."

"Yours ever, TABBY."

The visitor was Major Winter, George Elton's maternal uncle.

"Where is my boy?" he demanded, in accents that trembled with emotion. "and where are those confounded bills? Let us get those paid off at once. It was nothing but hearing that he had been betting on a race that caused my illness, Tom. And then the grief at his protracted silence about it made me worse. There's always some kind friend ready to tell us of unpleasant things, you know; and I was duly informed of this on the day after the Derby. He thinks me foolishly prejudiced, and so do you, no doubt; but neither of you know the cause I have to hate the turf and every other form of gambling."

"We both give you credit for having some reason for the dislike," interposed the lawyer. "Reason enough, as you will acknowledge," said the old soldier. "His father ruined himself by gambling, chiefly on the turf. In a fit of despair he blew his brains out. His wife, my dear sister, was left with her infant son, penniless. But that was not the worst. The shock unsettled her reason, and she died a few years later in a lunatic asylum. Have I no reason to hate the turf, and to dread that my nephew may inherit his father's fatal love of gambling? But when the dear lad wrote so frankly, and told me all, explaining also why he had concealed it so long—gad, sir! I jumped off my bed like a young fellow, packed up bag and baggage, and have come back quite strong again. And now, where is he?"

Tom entered into a full explanation, and then showed him the note.

"How is this?" asked the major, turning the brief epistle round and round, as though to come at the sense of it. "Who in the world is Tabby?"

My Aunt Tabitha, in whose fishing-box I have established our friend till his affairs can be arranged," replied Tom.

"Oh, I see!" said the major. "And the old lady is anxious about her companion. Is she such a fascinating girl? If so, by George I think it is time for me to make inquiries, too. My nephew is too honorable a lad to make a fool of any girl, but that's no reason why he should not make a fool of himself."

Tom Madrell stood for a few moments in silent cogitation.

"Major Winter," he said, at length, "I will take you into my confidence. I am very anxious that your nephew should marry my aunt, and there really seems some prospect of it as I read this note."

"Bless my life, sir! Marry an old woman! and for her money! George Elton would never do it, sir!" he exclaimed.

"Allow me to explain, sir," said Tom Madrell. "My grandfather, when a widower of sixty, married a young but penniless girl, by whom he had one daughter, whom, for some freak or other, he christened Tabitha Kate. I well remember the birth of my ridiculous little aunt, when I was about six years old. The old gentleman died shortly after, and his young widow married again. Her second husband was a very wealthy man of the name of L'Estrange. He had no children, but became so devotedly attached to little Tabby, that he left her all his property, on condition that she took his name."

"And is she then the wealthy and eccentric Miss Kate L'Estrange of whom I have heard?" inquired the major.

"The same," replied Tom; "but to me she will never be anything but Aunt Tabitha or Tabby. I love the name for her sake. Her eccentricity consists only in this: she has the greatest dread of being married for her money, and consequently has refused every offer, and avows an intention of dying an old maid, should she live long enough. She is the dearest girl in the world, but she is not handsome, and an over-sensitiveness leads her to imagine herself so positively ugly that no man would seek her for her own sake. I am quite sure that a sensible man like Elton would appreciate her, if she gave him the opportunity; and I have arranged matters so, that he thinks she is my aunt's companion, while they will be sure to

meet as they are both fond of fishing, and then the deuce is in it if they don't get acquainted. By this note of Tabby's I should judge that some progress has been made. I'll answer her to night, and praise the dear fellow as he deserves. But, if you will follow my advice, you will continue at the German baths for a short time longer—you understand?"

"Ay, ay; so as to give them time to settle everything," said Major Winter, laughing, "and prepare to emigrate after his commission is sold! Poor, dear boy! we'll all take him in, and cheat him. But those bills must be taken up at once. Will you see about it?"

Some days after this conspiracy was hatched in Tom's chambers, Captain Elton was wandering through Miss Madrell's park, with his arm round the supple waist of Kate L'Estrange, laying plans for their future life in the distant land where his strong and willing arms were to earn her bread. Kate looked quite handsome under the influence of a happiness that she had never ventured to hope for—the happiness of being loved for her own sake.

"I shall not be a very useless wife to you, dearest George," she said; "I can milk cows, and make butter and cheese, and bread too; such nice bread, you would hardly believe any one but a regular cook could make it so good."

"It could not help being nice, mad; by these dear hands," he replied, lovingly pressing her soft hand to his lips; "and will it not seem doubly sweet when the corn has been reaped on our own land by my labor, before it comes to my darling wife to be made into bread? Oh, what a lucky horse old lanky Hermit has been to me! If he had not half ruined me, I might have gone through life in ignorance of life's truest happiness. My darling, how much you are going to sacrifice for me!"

"Sacrifice!" she repeated, ironically; "what do I sacrifice in giving up a loveless and lonely life for one of love and happiness?"

"But Miss Madrell would leave you well provided for, in all probability, if you remained with her," said Elton.

"I prefer you infinitely to Miss Madrell, or to a hundred Miss Madrells," she replied. "In fact, for the first time in my life, I have taken quite a dislike to Miss Madrell, and wish to be rid of her."

Captain Elton had acted throughout his short courtship with his usual straightforward candor, representing his circumstances as more desperate than they were, so that his "dear girl" might not be even unintentionally deceived. He had written to Tom, requesting him to sell his horses, jewelry, everything that he possessed, even to his books, the costly buildings of which would insure a good price. The only things that were to be saved were some presents from his uncle, concerning the safety of which he gave his friend many directions, which were all duly detailed to the delighted old gentleman, who entered heart and soul into the plot.

I have not space to relate all that took place. Aunt Tabitha was in constant communication with her affectionate nephew, and Tom paid a visit to the fishing-box, during which he went with Kate to buy a licence, and the next day George Elton was married to Tabitha Kate Madrell L'Estrange. He had not heard her full name till it came from the lips of the clergyman, when, instead of repeating "I take thee, Tabitha Kate," he could only utter the word "Tabitha," in blank amazement, with wide-open eyes, staring from his bride to his friend Tom.

"Hush! Yes—my godmother gave me her name," whispered Kate, while her eyes danced and sparkled with the laughter she could hardly suppress; and the bridegroom, though still rather bewildered, went through with his part of the ceremony.

"And now I am Mrs. Elton, the wife of a poor emigrant!" exclaimed the bride, when they had signed their names in the registry. She had thrown her arms round her husband's neck, and was looking full into his eyes, for she did not seem to mind the presence of Tom and the clergyman in the least. "But I don't think we will emigrate, George, dear. I have something to confess to you; I have a little farm and a house of my own; but I would not tell you of it before, lest you should want to make settlements, and all that nonsense. Come and see it. We will live there, if you like it, instead of going to Australia."

Before George Elton could reply, his eye fell upon a tall, soldierly figure in the doorway, and, uttering the one word, "Uncle!" he almost pushed his wife aside, and was received in the arms of Major Winter.

"My boy! my dear boy!" he exclaimed; and in those few words, but still more in the tone in which they were spoken, a full explanation, pardon, and reconciliation, were all expressed together. "But, look here!" he said, controlling his emotion by a strong effort, and pointing to Tom Madrell, who was kissing the bride with great fervor. "Do you allow that?"

"Permit me, my dear uncle, to introduce to you my respected Aunt Tabitha," said the lawyer, bowing to the astonished Elton; "I wish you very much to marry her, though she has vowed to remain single all her life; so I laid a plot to circumvent you both; and, with the help of your uncle and my aunt, it has succeeded gloriously. You have married my wealthy maiden aunt (only half aunt, by the-by,) and she is quite certain that, ugly as she thinks herself, she has been wooed and won entirely for her own sake."

"What a sell!" cried George Elton. "Why, then you've made me marry a rich woman, alter all! But I'll be revenged, for I'll never call her anything but Tabby as long as I live."

"Oh, you darling! I'm so glad of that!" cried the bride; "for I love my little pet name, by which dear old Tom has always called me. I was afraid you would not like it, and would insist upon calling me Kate."

"No, no; I love Kate," he replied, "but, after all, I think I shall love the little conspirator Tabby still better, if that be possible."

SAVE THE DEAD LEAVES.—If every horticulturist and farmer would think for a moment on the nature of fallen leaves,—which contain not only the vegetable matter, but the earthy salts, lime, potash, etc., needed for the next season's growth and fertility,—and that, too, exactly in the proportion required by the tree or plant from which they fall; nay, more, if they would consider that it is exactly in this way, by the decomposition of these very fallen leaves that nature enriches the soil year after year, in

her great forests, it would hardly be possible for such a reflecting horticulturist or farmer to allow these leaves to be swept away by every wind that blows, and finally lost altogether. Nor would he give them a day, as many now do. He would rather collect, from week to week, the leaves that fall under each tree, and by digging them under the soil about the roots, where they will decay, provide in the cheapest manner the best possible food for that tree. If this plan should be tried we should not see old orchards dying out for want of nourishment; but they would, in this simple manner, receive all the enriching they required. Pear trees, and doubtless the peach, would be greatly benefited by this procedure. In certain vineyards in France and Italy, the vines are kept in the highest condition by simply burying at their roots every leaf and branch that is pruned off or falls from the vines at the close of the season. It is a well known fact that no manure is more eagerly sought for by the florist than leaf manure. It enters largely into the compost prepared for potting. Leaves collected and mixed with barnyard manure, greatly enhance its value. Therefore gather up the leaves that nothing shall be lost.

LAFAYETTE'S WIFE.

The life of Madame de Lafayette, written by her daughter, Madame de Lamoignon, and just published in France, is as interesting to us as to the Parisians. The memoir is preceeded by a sketch of the Duchesse d'Ayen, written by Madame Lafayette, her daughter. The duchess, her mother-in-law, wife of Marshal Noailles, and the elder sister of Madame Lafayette, the Viscountess de Noailles, were guillotined on the same day during the reign of terror, and the bodies were thrown into a hole dug in a bleak field. Subsequently the three daughters of the Duchesse d'Ayen opened a subscription amongst the relatives of other victims buried there, bought the spot, surrounded it with a wall and erected on it a convent, now known as the convent and cemetery of Picpus. Madame Lafayette had a life of constant anxiety. She married before she was fifteen her husband being a year older. She was only eighteen when he left for America. Her family was extremely angry with him for this step, but his wife defended him warmly. She was a devout Catholic, but this did not chill her devotion to her husband, who was of a contrary school. "You are not a Christian, then?" She said to him just before her death, and as he made no reply she added: "Ah! I know what you are, you are a fugitive." "You believe me very proud of it," he said, "but are not you a little too?" "Oh yes, with all my soul; I feel I would give my life for that sect." On the eve of her death she said to him: "I love you Christianly, worldly, passionately; and at the supreme moment she took his hand and exclaimed, "I am all yours." The last few years of her life were spent happily at Lagrange, where Lafayette had turned farmer, but her constitution never rallied from the injury she received during her imprisonment at Olmutz.

THE VIRTUES OF BORAX.—The washerwomen of Holland and Belgium, so proverbially clean, and who get up their linens so beautifully white, use refined borax as washing powder, instead of soda, in the proportion of a large handful of borax powder to about ten gallons of boiling water; they save in soap nearly half. All the large washing establishments adopt the same mode. For faces, cambrics, &c., an extra quantity of the powder is used, and for crinolines (requiring to be made stiff) a strong solution is necessary. Borax being a neutral salt, does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the linen; its effect is to soften the hardest water, and therefore it should be kept on the toilet table. To the taste it is rather sweet, is used for cleaning the hair, is an excellent dentrifice, and in hot countries is used in combination with tartaric acid and bicarbonate of soda as a cooling beverage.

CHEMISTRY OF FURNITURE.—Young housekeepers do not always understand the theory of the Chemical and mechanical action of different substances on articles of furniture. The substances from which furniture is chiefly exposed to injury are water, oils, alcohols, and acids. Acids act on marble. Marble is itself composed of carbonate of lime; that is, it is a compound of carbonic acid and lime. Now, the carbonic acid has a comparatively weak affinity for lime, and most other acids will prevail over it and take its place when brought in contact with it thus destroying the texture of the stone, liberating the carbonic acid, and leaving nitrate of lime, or murate of lime, or sulphate, or acetate of lime, as the case may be, in the form of a white powder, in its place. But oils, alcohols, and water produce no effect on marble. All varnished or polished surfaces of wood, on the other hand, while not injured usually by acids, are attacked by alcohol. Varnishes are composed of different gums and resins, which are generally soluble in alcohol. Many of them are made by dissolving the material in alcohol so as to liquify them, and then, when applied, the alcohol evaporates, leaving the gum or resin in a thin, even coating over the surface. If now any alcoholic substance comes upon such a surface, whether it be alcohol itself, or used for lamps, or spirits of any kind, even wine, which contains but a small per centage of alcohol, a portion of it is dissolved, and the brilliancy of the surface is destroyed. Oils will not attack either marbles or varnished surfaces, and will do no injury except to naked wood or other porous substances which admit them into the pores, from which they cannot afterwards be easily expelled. Water affects no substances except such as have open pores exposed, in which case it enters and causes the substances to swell, or such as are soluble in water as glue in joints, and mucilage or gum arabic, used sometimes for attaching superficial ornaments to fancy work.

POISONING THE LANGUAGE.—Photogram is the latest kind of the grams. If the eyes of the man who invented it chance to light upon this Parragon, we hope he will send us his autogram, that we may have his epitaph engraved upon a centimam in commemoration of his genius. If he lives across the water let him send it by a cablegram.—[Louisville Courier.]

The Captain-General of Cuba has issued a proclamation to the inhabitants and the army announcing the creation of a provisional gov-

ernment in Spain, and acknowledging the same. He invites all to join him in allegiance and loyalty to that authority, and recommends all to peacefully await the course of events. The proclamation has been well received.

A Haytian letter says there is a great outcry against the United States for the assistance given Salnave in fitting out the gunboat Alexandre Petion, which is said to be commanaded by an American naval officer. The loss of the two steamers by being sunk by her was a severe blow to the revolutionists, who are erecting shore batteries to repel her at other ports.

The Revolution, referring to the meagre wages on which poor working-women in New York starve, and the glittering temptations offered them in the "pretty waiter-girl" sphere of action, very truly says that large establishments that will secure to women and girls profitable employments will do more to save them from destruction than all the prayer-meetings that can be organized in the John Allen dance-houses. "Work is worship," says Emerson.

WATERVILLE MAIL.

ON THE WING.

VINELAND, N. J. Oct. 12, 1868.

The Junior has made his way down to this famous locality, and having tarried here a few days with his eyes and ears open, proposes to give the readers of the "Mail" the results of his observations; and first, let us tell you

HOW WE GOT HERE.

Having packed our kit, we (in this case including something more than the regular editorial "we") consigned ourselves to the care of Conductor Lincoln, of the Portland and Kennebec Railroad. The Senior has chanted the praises of Conductor Mitchell, and we can testify to the truth of all he wrote, for we, too, have known something of his courtesy, as well as that of Conductor Howard; but we confess to a warm admiration of Conductor Lincoln—he is so modestly attentive and quietly efficient. And here a low us to remark in passing, that we have never encountered a railroad conductor who was not a gentleman. Of course they vary; but while all are civilly courteous, many are very kind and attentive, ever on the alert to promote the comfort of their passengers. They seem to take pleasure in giving you the information you seek of them, and it will always be found reliable, which is more than can be said of that furnished by some other officials. We wish we knew the name of one conductor on the Fall River route, who procured us a state room, which, singularly enough as we thought, we could not secure in Boston. We (with wife and little ones) had special reason to feel grateful to him after we arrived on the boat, and saw the array of dismal looking dis-appointed applicants, "lying around loose," with no house of their own.

A very pleasant ride of about four hours took us to Portland, where we transferred ourselves to the steamer John Brooks, of the Boston line. We secured a state room as a necessary base of operations, and then depositing our extras, we put ourselves in light marching order and spent several hours in a tour of observation about the beautiful Forest City, which we had last seen immediately after the great fire. North, east, south, west, we went wherever we liked best; up past the Observatory and through the burnt district in various directions—our admiration for the pluck and enterprise of the Portlanders increasing with every step. Had they possessed Aladdin's magic lamp they could hardly have effected a more wondrous change. We encountered several of the "cattle kings" of Kennebec in Portland—Percival, Taylor, Dillingham, &c.—who had come up to attend the State Fair, and there was a busy din of preparation at the City Building, that promised well for this department of the Exhibition.

We always look after the "Waterville boys," wherever we are, and seeing the name of our young friend and subscriber, C. W. Wingate, on a sign directly opposite the Falmouth Hotel—"gilded serpent" the *Sunday Advertiser* calls it—we went in to find him established in elegant quarters, with a magnificent stock of silver ware, &c., including many high cost articles that are seldom found except in metropolitan stores. It always pleases us to record the success of "our boys," and we advise those of our citizens who are in Portland, especially if they are in want of articles in this line, to give Charley a call.

making her way up through the interesting scenery of Boston harbor.

How did we sleep? Well, very well; especially after the fog whistle subsided. The noise of the machinery and the rush of the boat through the water has a lulling effect upon the senses, and "tired Nature's sweet restorer," to one who lies down confidently in the everlasting arms of Almighty Love, comes as readily upon the water as upon the land. Any one going from the Kennebec to Boston or New York, finds himself in either city by boat a part of the way just as soon as though he had gone through by rail, with these advantages—he saves quite a share of the charge for fare and also of hotel bills, and being recuperated by the change and a good night's rest, is fresh for business.

Our second day we spent in Boston, and under the lead of our old friend Stevens, whom all the former readers of the *Yankee Blade* will remember as the wide awake, energetic business manager of that once popular sheet. He still clings to his first love and has an office somewhere on Court Street. Boston has spread herself within ten years, especially at South end and in the neighborhood of the Public Gardens. This last is not a great spot, but it is certainly a gem of which the inhabitants of the city of Nations may well be proud.

Tuesday afternoon we took the cars and rode down through an interesting country to Newport where we took one of the splendid steamers on that route for New York, leaving a beautiful run and arriving in that "wickedest city" early the following morning. Now here occurred the first break in our arrangements. We overslept a little, and discovered as we left the boat that we were in danger of losing the first train on the Camden and Amboy Railroad, which takes passengers direct to the West Jersey Railroad. Thinking to expedite matters we took a hack with an assurance from the proprietor that there was time enough. But he bothered so long in bringing up his coach and loading the baggage, that we arrived at the Cortlandt Street Depot in time to be fifteen minutes late, with no other train for Philadelphia sooner than ten o'clock. Very well; check the baggage and we will wait until that time. But no; the baggage could not be received until a quarter to nine. What could we do? The Irish driver—and he was endorsed by the Irish porter employed at the depot—said, "O go across the street with your people and sit in the parlor until train time, and then you can have your baggage brought over." Think of what the parlor of a hotel at the foot of Cortlandt street must be? We had had enough of that combination, especially as we felt pretty sure that the hack driver and the hotel proprietor were one and the same. "Could we deposit the baggage at the side of the gangway?" "Oh, yes, but the company would not be responsible for it." "Well, like Andrew Jackson, we'll take the responsibility; for, in Yankee parlance, we mean to *freest* to that baggage until we see it checked; and we believe this gangway a pleasant location than any hotel in this vicinity." Thus it was that we mounted guard for nearly two hours at the depot of the Great Camden and Amboy Company at the foot of Cortlandt Street, in the magnificent city of New York. We found opportunities of doing good, however, even in that unpromising position, for pretty soon a lady made her appearance in the same predicament that we were, and we accepted the custody of her baggage also. Then an old gentleman came who wished to leave his valise and go up town, and we added that to the heap. Then came another company from Central New York—a father, mother and daughter—who had also been belated, bound for Vineland like ourselves; and we admitted them to a share in the concern and continued the partnership until we reached the end of our journey, apparently with mutual pleasure and profit.

While on guard there we had an opportunity for seeing how strangers are fleeced by a combination of hackmen, baggage men and porters. A nice old Quaker gentleman had two small trunks brought to the depot, from how long a distance we cannot say, but we know that Dodd's Express will transport the same for any reasonable distance for a dollar. He was very coolly charged three dollars and a half by the Irish boy who brought it; and when he remonstrated, the boy confidently appealed to the Irish porter, with a significant look, at the same time lending him a hand in the lifting of some heavy baggage. "Oh, well," said the porter, with his tongue in his cheek, "give him two dollars or two and a half, any way you like;" and then he shook them off with a gruff "I can't afford to be bothered with little matters like this, for I have too much business of my own to attend to."

At the appointed time our self-appointed sentinels came to an end, and we gladly crossed over to Jersey city, heartily echoing the indignant expression of the lady whose baggage we had in charge—"That depot is a disgrace to the city of New York."

It is a beautiful ride from Jersey City to Philadelphia, especially in the vicinity of the latter city. As we made our way out of Jersey City our eye caught sight of the large and beautiful watch manufactory of Giles, Wales & Co., which we recognized at once, even before we read the sign, from the picture of it which we had seen at home. Mr. Wales, one of the partners of this firm, (which has its headquarters at 13 Maiden Lane, New York City,) formerly resided in Waterville, where he married the adopted daughter of our townsman, J. M. Crocker, Esq. Our acquaintance with him, however, commenced in the office of the *Yankee Blade*; for he it is known, he was once a humble disciple of the immortal Faust. If we had had the time we should have looked

into No. 13 Maiden Lane; but we had to content ourselves with the sight of his elegant manufactory. Mr. Wales, we are glad to know, is an ardent and enthusiastic republican, and we heartily rejoice at the evidence we have of his prosperity in business.

Giving our baggage in charge of an express agent, we made our way across the city of Philadelphia by the aid of the horse cars to the West Jersey Ferry, at the foot of Market Street, where we were pleased to greet our friend, Capt. Samuel Haynes, in whose company we journeyed to his residence in this famous town of Vineland, and under whose hospitable roof we have been sheltered and kindly cared for to the present time. Of this place we cannot write now, but will in our next.

Waterville Mail.

WITH MAXIM, DAN L. R. WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . OCT. 23, 1868.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

M. PETTINGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 40 State Street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York; S. R. Niles, Advertising Agent, No. 3 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 10 Park Row, New York; and T. C. Evans, Advertising Agent, 129 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the *WATERVILLE MAIL*, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required by us.

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

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT.

ULYSSES S. GRANT,
OF ILLINOIS.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT.

SCHUYLER COLFAX,
OF INDIANA.

PREMIUMS.

The following summary of premiums awarded by the Agricultural Society last week, embraces those most accessible. The remaining reports will be published, in substance, after the return of the Secretary.

- HORSES—ALL CLASSES.**
- Best Stallion, O. O. Crosby, Albion.
2d Henry Lawrence, Fairfield.
3d H. J. Morrill, Waterville.
- Best Brood Mare, J. H. Getchell, Fairfield.
2d J. A. Judkins, Wat.
3d I. H. Low, Wat.
- Best Family Horse, C. R. McFadden, Wat.
2d Warren Clark, Fairfield.
3d I. H. Low, Wat.
- Best Walking Horse, Warren Clark.
2d I. H. Low, Wat.
3d C. B. Gilman, "
- Best 3 yr-old, Henry Taylor, "
2d C. B. Gilman, "
3d D. W. Moor, "
- Best 2 yr-old, J. S. Gifford, Fairfield.
2d A. T. Gifford, "
3d C. B. Gilman, Wat.
- Best yearling, I. H. Low, "
2d J. D. Richardson, Belgrade.
3d Warren Clark, Fairfield.
- Best Sucker, J. A. Judkins, Wat.
2d Stephen Judkins, "
3d J. H. Getchell, Fairfield.

- BULLS.**
- Best 2 yr-old over, L. A. Dow, Wat.
2d G. E. Shores, "
3d H. C. Burleigh, Fairfield.
4th B. D. Howard, "
- Best yearling, F. T. Shores, Wat.
2d J. W. Hersom, "
3d L. A. Dow, "
- Bull calf, W. P. Blake, Wat.
2d W. & W. Jones, Fairfield.

- COWS.**
- Best Dairy Cow, Sam'l. Doolittle, Wat.
2d Henry Taylor, "
3d Asa Mayo, "
- Best Stock Cow, W. P. Blake, Wat.
2d H. C. Burleigh, Fairfield.
3d G. E. Shores, Wat.
- Best for all purposes, H. Taylor, Wat.
2d H. Taylor, "
3d W. & W. Jones, Fairfield.
- Best 3 yr-old, H. C. Burleigh, Fairfield.
2d W. & W. Jones, "
3d H. Taylor, Wat.
- Best 3 yr-old heifer, H. Taylor, "
2d and 3d, G. E. Shores, Wat.
- Best 2 yr-old, H. C. Burleigh, Fairfield.
2d G. E. Shores, Wat.
3d Galen Hoxie, Fairfield.
- Best yearling, W. P. Blake, Wat.
2d L. A. Dow, "
3d Galen Hoxie, Fairfield.
- Best Heifer calf, L. A. Dow.
2d H. C. Burleigh.
3d H. Taylor.

- FAT CATTLE.**
- Best pair fat Oxen, Winthrop Morrill, Wat.
2d Jno. Richardson, Belgrade.
3d W. & W. Jones.
4th Nahum Tozier.
- Best single, M. H. Alexander, Belgrade.
2d W. & W. Jones.
- OXEN.**
- Best 5 yr-old and over, Stephen Cannon.
2d W. & W. Jones.
3d H. C. Burleigh.
4th Wm. Nowell.
- Best 4 yr-old, H. C. Burleigh.
2d G. E. Shores.
3d John Richardson.
4th M. S. Carson, Waterville.
- Best Drawing Oxen, H. C. Burleigh.
2d Nahum Tozier.
- Best do. under 5 yrs. old, M. A. Alexander.
2d D. P. Morrison.
3d J. M. Richardson.

- DRAWING HORSES.**
- 1st and 2d prem. to C. C. Bickford, Wat.
3d A. C. Marston, Wat.
- STEERS.**
- Best 8 yr-old, Winthrop Morrill.
2d W. & W. Jones.
3d Wm. Nowell.
- Gratuity to M. H. Alexander.
2d W. & W. Jones.
3d Dr. Campbell, Wat.
- Best yearling, Russell Freeman.
2d J. C. Blairdell.
3d G. E. Shores.
- Best Calves, G. E. Shores.
2d W. P. Blake.
3d G. E. Shores.
- Best Trained Calves, R. W. Smiley.
2d and 3d Andrew Rice.

- SHEEP.**
- Best flock, 25 or more, Dr. Campbell.
Best Buck, G. G. Hanscom, Albion.
2d G. D. Pullen, Wat.
3d G. E. Shores.
4th J. B. Mitchell, Wat.
- Best Buck Lamb, G. G. Hanscom.
2d G. E. Shores.
3d H. Taylor.
- Best 10 or more Ewe Lambs, H. Taylor.

- SWINE.**
- Best Boar, H. A. Archer.
2d J. Percival.
- Best Breeding Sow, G. A. Parker, Wat.
2d S. Chandler, "
Best Litter Pigs, G. A. Parker.
2d S. Chandler.

- FARM STOCK.**
- Best Herd, W. & W. Jones.
2d H. C. Burleigh.
3d G. E. Shores.
4th H. Taylor.

- SAMPLE CROPS.**
- Best Beets, Weymouth Jones; Turnips and Carrots to same; Squash, G. Taylor; Potatoes, B. Wilkins, Fairfield; Watermelon, C. Emery; Beans, C. Emery; Flour, J. B. Stratton; Corn, Orison Ellis.

- POULTRY.**
- Hens—H. A. Archer, 1st, on White Leghorns, and gratuity for Brahmas; Jos. Percival 2d; Wm. Dyer, 3d.
- Geese—W. C. Pearson, 1st; L. A. Dow 2d; J. Percival 3d.
- Ducks—H. A. Archer 1st; W. C. Pearson 2d; E. W. Cook 3d.

- BUTTER, CHEESE, BREAD, &c.**
- Butter—Mrs. J. F. Hallett 1st; Mrs. J. B. Clifford 2d; Mrs. Chs Stuart 3d.
- Cheese—Mrs. E. Spring 1st; Mrs. E. Mitchell 2d; Mrs. E. Spring 3d.
- Brown Bread—Mrs. J. Percival, 1st; Mrs. Comfort Morse 2d.
- White Bread—Mrs. L. T. Boothby 1st; Mrs. Samuel Bowman 2d.

- Best Bread by girl under sixteen—Carrie Ricker 1st; Katie E. Blaisdell 2d; Genoa Ricker, Lillie Taylor and Mary Taylor, each, gratuity of 50 cts.
- Maple Syrup—W. C. Pearson, 1st; Jellies—Mrs. Pearson 1st; Mrs. W. E. Drummond 2d; Mrs. E. R. Drummond, gratuity.
- Honey—Galen Hoxie, gratuity.

- FRUIT.**
- Best Winter Apples—O. Emery 1st; B. Wilkins 2d; Wm. Otis 3d.
- Best Grapes—Josiah Goodwin 1st.

- GIRLS' WORK.**
- Annette Drummond, tating collars \$1; Mabel Crosby, hose \$1; Ellen F. Corson, pillow cases \$1; Girl 6 yrs. old, patchwork \$1.

- FARM IMPLEMENTS.**
- Your committee found twenty-four premiums offered on farm implements; and five entries, none of which belonged to the class for which premiums were offered.

It is a growing custom not to erry any article to the fair in this department unless it is new and rare, forgetting perhaps that the Society offer premiums for the best, and not the newest things; also that a very few of the thousand new inventions ever become generally used. A committee is in danger, until they see a thing proved by time and use, to say that it is better than the good old ways; and while we recommend inventors to present their articles, we also urge manufacturers to present their goods, if they be old, and let them be compared and examined by the wide awake and inquisitive, who always go to the fair.

No. 1.—Of the five entries, this was the Old Oaken Bucket, with windlass and chain, and a device for tipping the bucket and emptying the water into the pail. Presented by G. D. Pullen, West Waterville.

No. 2.—Corn husker, by the same gentleman—but the machine did not come to time.

No. 3.—Palmer's Sower and Reaper Knife Grinder. A wheel made of emery and vulcanized rubber, revolves very fast by crank and gear—adjusted to grind any level—can be operated by one man. Exhibited by Benj. Wing, Vassalboro'.

No. 4.—Plow Clevis. The patentee says it is so arranged as to gauge the depth and width of the furrow any desirable distance in one minute; can be adjusted to any plow. Exhibited by David Stewart, Corinna.

No. 5.—Plow followers—a little instrument to be tumbled to the plowman; with steel spring extending to rear of mould-board, and on the end a cone-shaped wheel for pressing the furrow down flat and smooth.

All the above are intended to be labor saving to the farmer, and in time may come into general use. The exhibitors are entitled to the thanks of the Society for exhibiting and explaining their operations.

FLOUR.—Of the sample of flour presented at the Fair, from Daniel Allen & Co., Kendall's Mills, the committee say—"Good, and in our judgment equal to any Western Flour." There is no doubt that Allen & Co. give their customers as choice an article of flour as can be procured. Their mill is one of the very best, and they have taken the utmost pains in this particular article. A wide extending patronage is their best certificate.

The Anson Advocate says that a movement is on foot to divert the Belfast Railroad from its present location, and run from Belfast westwardly to Winslow, thence on the Somerset and Kennebec road to Skowhegan, and up the river to Solon and ultimately by Bingham through to Moosehead Lake.

Mrs. Mary Hutchinson, the Mother of the Hutchinson family of singers, died of paralysis at Milford, N. H., Sept. 20, aged 83. She was

the mother of 16 children, to whom the musical powers with which she was naturally gifted were generously transmitted.

There was a great shock of an earthquake at San Francisco, Cal., on Wednesday morning, and nearly a dozen minor shocks during the day. The shock was also felt throughout California. The lower part of the city, on made land, was materially damaged. In one place the ground opened several inches, and a strong sulphurous smell was emitted. Several buildings were shaken down. The city Hall is a wreck. The U. S. Hospital is regarded unsafe; the Mint is damaged; business at the Post Office suspended; the chimney of the Gas Works is thrown down; the gable end of the Blind Institute fell. Four lives are lost, and a million of property destroyed. San Francisco is all consternation. The water of the bay was quiet.

CHANGE OF CANDIDATES.

The past week has been one of great commotion in the democratic party, caused by a proposition to drop their present candidates for president and vice president and nominate again. The suggestion grows out of the great panic caused by the republican majorities in Ohio, Pennsylvania, Indiana and Nebraska. The plan, whether carried out or not, reveals beyond all dispute the forlorn and disheartened condition of the party; a revelation that could not have come to the rank and file of the party in a way to have more fatal effect. It relinquishes all claim to a ray of hope with the present candidates; while the most despairing can see in the proposed resort only a plan to make defeat doubly sure. Thus far the scheme has only called out all the complaints that are so plenty and so easily made against the present candidates. The burden of these is thrown upon the shoulders of Mr. Blair, whose bold and hot-headed manner of declaring the principles and objects of the party, especially at the south, are declared to have produced the ruin in which the friends of the "lost cause," open and secret, direct and indirect, are so plainly involved.

The subject is still in debate, though it seems probable that it will be concluded that it is better, in this case, to die in the "first ditch" than to plunge prematurely into the one they talked of so loudly during their rebellion.

MASONIC.—The festival at West Waterville yesterday, embracing the Dedication of the new Masonic Hall, and the Consecration of "Drummond R. A. Chapter," was an occasion of much interest. The dedicatory services, by D. G. M., Josiah H. Drummond, of Portland, commenced about 11 o'clock; following which was a collation, furnished by the ladies, that elicited unlimited praise. The feast ended, a procession led by Trinity Commandery, of Augusta, and De Mollay, of Skowhegan, marched through the principal streets—making a very fine appearance.

The consecration of the R. A. C., with the Installation of Officers, followed by an interesting address by Rev. Z. Thompson, constituted the afternoon services, and were public at Mechanics' Hall. The forenoon exercises were at the new hall, which is beautifully furnished, and in every respect an honor to the order.

The following are the officers elect of the R. A. C.:

C. H. Blaisdell, H. P.; J. W. Hubbard, K.; S. W. Willard, S; G. W. Gilman, G. C. of H.; H. C. Winslow, P. S.; W. H. Wheeler, R. A. Capt.; H. A. Bachelder, Warren A. Farr, and C. W. Bates, M. V.; W. M. McCartney, Sec'y.; Z. Thompson, Treasurer; G. B. Benson, Tyler.

YET ALIVE.—Some months ago it was announced in the Boston Post that Mr. Augustus M. Hill, of Chinese Camp, Cal., had been killed while in pursuit of horse thieves. Mr. Hill was a Waterville boy, son of Mr. Purmort Hill, of this village, and went to California about nineteen years ago. The above report gave great alarm to his relatives here, and we are glad to announce that it has since proved to be untrue. Mr. Hill went in pursuit of some sixty horses. He followed them eight hundred miles, and there overtook and arrested them, and recovered most of the horses. With the thieves and horses he returned to Chinese Camp, where he was well rewarded by the owners of the recovered property. During his long absence it was natural that his friends came to the conclusion that he had been killed. Mr. Hill has long been known in California as one of the most daring and efficient detective officers.

The following is reported to be the substance of what was said by Mr. John Quincy Adams in a conversation in the cars on his return journey from the South. Mr. Adams it must be borne in mind, is the democratic candidate for governor of Massachusetts. Speaking of the presidency he said:

"It is now too late to change the candidates. The election of General Grant is inevitable, and such a movement would materially damage the interests of the democracy." He never believed that Mr. Chase could have carried the day against Grant, and certainly not now. Nor was there, he thought an available man in the field, even if the time were afforded. He condemned the platform of the democracy more than the candidates, and thought the only issue upon which they should have gone before the people was reconstruction. The finance and other matters should have been left for future settlement, when peace and Union were restored.

In reply to a question whether Frank Blair's letters and speeches did not seriously injure the democratic party he said:—

"He had not read his speeches, but his Brodhead letter was certainly indiscreet and had damaged the party." He considered it also a very unfortunate that such men as Wade

Hampton, Forrest and others like them ever participated in the campaign, though of Hampton he had the highest opinion as a gentleman, and as a good citizen, who, against his own will, had been forced into politics.

From the administration of General Grant he had the best hopes that peace would be restored, and that this question of negro domination, and consequent ruin of the South, would be speedily disposed of, and that ere long we would be again living under the Constitution as it was.

In regard to his own chances for the governorship of Massachusetts, he said his nomination was more of a compliment to him than anything else. He had not the slightest expectation of being elected.

The popular Weed Sewing machine, of which Mr. T. M. Goding is agent in Waterville, won great favor in the fair, where it was seen in operation. This machine took the first premium at the State fair, and seems to be taking a very prominent lead among the most distinguished machines. It claims to be the most simple, and easily learned and operated, and therefore not liable to get out of order. This is a great consideration, and those who saw it work were convinced of its superior merit. Mr. Goding is selling them in great numbers, and its presentation at the fair will give new life to its already brisk sale.

The horse "Gen. Knox," injured at the fair last week, is reported as doing well, and likely to be entirely restored.

Mr. H. A. Archer's exhibition of white Leghorns, Buff Shanghae and White Brahmas, at the late fair, was much admired. He has very pure breeds, and all very beautiful and good kinds.

The Monitor, a Seymour and Blair organ in Tuscoloso, Fla., has a cut of two men hanging from the limb of a tree, and the editor remarks:

"The above cut represents the fate in store for those great pests of Southern Society the carpet-bagger and scallawag—if found in Dixie's land after the break of day on the 4th of March next."

The New York World, in one of its famous comments on the Maine election, said:

"The same ratio of increase will give us in October Ohio by over 50,000 majority; Indiana by over 20,000 majority; and Pennsylvania by over 90,000 majority, and in November we will elect Horatio Seymour President by an overwhelming majority in the electoral college."

A passenger on a train near Wilmington, N. C., who claimed that he "only associated with gentlemen," said:

"When Seymour and Blair are elected, the bond-holders will find they won't get a dollar for their bonds. No, sir—not a dollar. And as for carpet baggers in this State, they will have to leave. If we can't make them go peaceably, we will find a way to make them start."

A NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.—President Johnson has issued a Proclamation appointing Thursday November 26th, a day of Thanksgiving to be observed by all the people of the United States.

In the year (he says) which is now drawing to its end, the art, the skill, and the labor of the people of the United States have been employed with greater diligence and vigor, and in broader fields than ever before, and the fruits of the earth have been gathered into the granary and the storehouse in marvelous abundance. Our highways have been lengthened, and new and prolific regions have been occupied. We are permitted to hope that long protracted political and sectional dissensions are, at no distant day, to give place to returning harmony and fraternal affection throughout the Republic. Many foreign states have entered into liberal agreements with us, while nations which are far off, and which heretofore have been unsocial and exclusive, have become our friends. The annual period of rest, which we have reached in health and tranquility, and which is crowned with so many blessings, is, by universal consent, a convenient and suitable one for cultivating personal piety and practising public devotion.

It is expected that the Governors of all the States will appoint the same day for State Thanksgiving.

THE LARGEST ADVERTISING CONTRACT given out in 1868, and probably the largest ever given to one advertising firm at one time, is that of the proprietors of Plantation Bitters to Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 40 Park Row, New York, on the 18th of Sept. for \$43,776.26.

Messrs. P. H. Drake & Co., have for years been among the largest, if not the largest, advertisers in America, and the contract mentioned above is but a small part of their expenditure in this way for the present year. It is only those who have tried printers' ink most extensively that are so firmly convinced of its efficacy.

This Advertising Agency which is sending out this order is another example. It commenced business less than five years since, and the fact that it now controls a greater advertising patronage than any similar establishment, is without doubt to be attributed to their having expended more money in advertising themselves and their facilities within that time than all other advertising firms put together, since the establishment of the first agency a quarter of a century since.

The Prasque Isle Sunrise learns that a Mr. Varney, recently from Kendall's Mills, on Friday evening last was found dead in a well, at limestone, into which it is supposed he had thrown himself. He had been at times in a desponding frame of mind, had written letters to his friends that life was of little worth and letters were found in his trunk of the same tenor.

The Kennebec Journal says that Miss Almada Hodgdon of Lewiston, who died at the hospital for the insane at Augusta, on Thursday, committed suicide by drowning. She was out walking with an attendant, and running to the river, jumped in. Her body could not be recovered until life was extinct. Miss Hodgdon was about 22 years of age, and was an accomplished and educated young lady.

We call attention to the advertisement of the St. Louis and Iron Mountain bonds. They are pronounced to be among the very best secured and cheapest bonds offered.

The Sunrise says Mr. Alanson Backliff, of Presque Isle, raised from half an acre 15 bushels of corn, 8 1-2 bushels of white beans and 100 pumpkins, one of which weighed 47 lbs., the whole worth at least \$60. On another acre he raised 21 bushels of beans, worth \$63. Mr. S. D. Butterfield has raised this year from one acre and two rods of land, 440 bushels of potatoes, worth, at the price that potatoes sold for last spring—60 cents per bushel—\$264; at 25 cents per bushel, \$110. Nothing made by farming in Aroostook! Almost every farmer has raised just as good and profitable crops as the above.

In a garden in Lynn there is a pear tree which was grafted four years ago, and by mistake an apple cion was put into it. It has now on it several ripe apples of a new variety, unknown to fruit growers.

A large gray eagle has been seen recently flying around Lake Bombazine, Vermont, with a bell attached to its neck. Mr. Cyrus Small of Lawrence, Mass., writes the Boston Herald that twenty-eight years ago he caught a large gray eagle in a trap in the town of Limington, Me., and after keeping the bird several days and finding him untamable, he fastened a bell about his neck and set him at liberty. He thinks the eagle seen in Vermont is the same one.

The N. Y. Sun now looks to see one of the most excited contests in Connecticut, New Jersey and especially in New York that have ever marked their annals. But, with the odds so heavily against the Democracy, it believes they will all drift with the tide, leaving to Gov. Seymour not one of the old free States, and only Delaware and Maryland this side of the Alleghenies, and with a bare chance of obtaining six or seven States out of the entire thirty-four that will vote in this Presidential election.

The Republicans have carried the Legislatures of Pennsylvania and Indiana, and will therefore elect Republicans to the U. S. Senate in place of Buckalew, Pa., and Hendricks, Ind.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 18.—The Sheriff and parish Judge of St. Mary's parish were assassinated at Franklin last night. The Sheriff was killed in his hotel and the body of the parish Judge was found on the street by a patrol which was organized immediately on the discovery of the Sheriff's assassination. The corner's inquest elicited nothing towards the discovery of the perpetrators. Several persons were engaged in the transaction, but they mounted horses and escaped in the darkness before they could be recognized.

A High Handed Outrage by the Ku-Klux.

MEMPHIS, Oct. 17.—Steamer Hesper, Captain Houston, which left this port yesterday evening for Little Rock, laden in part with 3370 muskets consigned to Governor Clayton for the use of the State militia, was overtaken 25 miles below this place on the Arkansas shore, by a steam tug, which was forced into service by about 50 armed Ku-Klux Klam men in masks who with cocked pistols at the head of the boat's officers, coerced them. Concealing themselves they came along side the Hesper, shooting indiscriminately into the cabin and engine room. The captain and two others having worked a boat ashore escaped into the woods. They were fired upon, and balls took effect in their clothing. The boarding party ran the boat into the centre of the stream and they threw the arms overboard, except one gun each for their own use. After three hours labor destroying the arms, leaving the boat in charge of an engineer they returned in the tug to a point near Memphis and there ran ashore and escaped into the woods.

"Do Steamers Run Above Omaha?"

What a question for the President of a New York Bank to put! Yet he so enquired of a friend of mine the other day who is in the banking business at Omaha, and does his eastern portion of it through this same New York bank. And the moneyed man, who knows Wall Street so well, and probably Liverpool and Canton, did not know that from Omaha, steamers run up twenty-three hundred and sixty-eight miles to Fort Benton. If he had stood on the levee at Omaha the other day he would have seen the steamer Success come down that long run, and round to, with \$300,000 in treasure. When will eastern capitalists and politicians, and christians, learn where and what the west is? Some seem to think that it is the Holland Purchase, or Genesee country, or at the farthest, Ohio. Ohio "is down east" to a western man. "Our ideas of the national domain are sadly dwarfed. The growth of them has by no means kept pace with our increase. The Louisiana purchase in 1803 for \$15,000,000; the Florida purchase in 1823 for \$3,000,000; the annexation of Texas in 1845; the California, New Mexico and Utah purchase in 1853 for \$15,000,000; the Arizona purchase in 1854, for \$10,000,000; the Russian purchase for \$7,500,000, and purchases that would have bought out central and southern Europe and the British Islands. A provincial eastern mind has no tolerable conception of the magnificent distances that measure and bound these regions. The banker asked an innocent question, not dreaming that an American can run between the banks of one of his own rivers more than three thousand miles on a steamer up Missouri.

Steamers above Omaha! Why man of Wall Street, after a steamer has run three hundred and fifty miles above Omaha, on the Nebraska shore, she runs on somewhat diagonally across Dakota Territory (as large as seven Empire States, as large as forty Bay States), and is nine hundred miles below Fort Benton where the Success took on board your \$300,000, in treasure.

And as vast as these distances, and terrible and steamboat excursions seem, to one who west, the idea is to be taken into an eye, and if possible, that our geographical conceptions for the national domain, in a long distance beyond the head of steamboat navigation up Missouri, that being thirty-one hundred seventy-five miles above St. Louis. Out sent center is near the mouth of the Colorado on the Pacific, measuring from Cape Maine, to the extreme western Aleutian Islands in our Russian purchase.

When the Englishman boasted to the effect that the sun never sets on British soil, the dman replied: "The Great Spirit no trusts hisman in the dark." It certainly is hoped that our pride will not swell with domain, or our spread eagle sprain his by stretching them to our two extreme limits some national flutter. The mileage now by the delegate in congress from New Territory is about \$11,000 for each seat for a delegate from New Aranchel in at least \$20,000; and when one shall down from Barrow's point to represent national halls his polar bear and walrus tuncy, his mileage must go vastly at score of thousands. [Correspondent of gregoriati.]

