



3-12-1869

The Waterville Mail (Vol. 22, No. 37): March 12, 1869

Maxham & Wing

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville_mail



Part of the [Agriculture Commons](#), [American Popular Culture Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 22, No. 37): March 12, 1869" (1869). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 289.

https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville_mail/289

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Waterville Materials at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby.

Said Christ our Lord, "I will go and see
How the men, my brethren, believe in me."
He passed not again through the gate of birth,
But made himself known to the children of earth.

Then said the chief priests, and rulers and kings,
Behold now the giver of all good things;
Go to, let us welcome with pomp and state,
Him who is alone mighty and great.

With carpets of gold the grotto they spread
Wherever the Son of Man should tread,
And in palace chambers lofty and rare,
They lodged him and served him with kingly fare.

Great organs stung through the arches dim,
Their jubilant floods in praise of Him,
And in church and palace, and judgment hall,
He saw His image high over all.

But still, wherever his steps they led,
The Lord in sorrow bent down his head,
And from under the heavy, foundation stones,
The Son of Mary heard his groans.

And in church, and palace, and judgment hall,
He marked great flames that rent the wall,
And opened wider still the windows wide,
And the living fountain heaved and sighed.

"Have ye founded your thrones and altars, then
On the bodies and souls of living men?
And think you that building shall endure
Which shelters the noble and crushes the poor?"

"With gates of silver and bars of gold,
We have fenced our sheep from their Father's fold,
I have heard the dropping of their tears
In heaven, these eighteen hundred years."

"O Lord and Master, not ours the guilt,
We built but as our fathers built;
Behold these images how they stand,
Sovereign and sole through all our land."

Our task is hard—withered and faint
To hold thy earth forever in thine hand,
And with sharp crooks of steel to keep
Still, as thou leavest them, thy sheep."

Then Christ caught out an artisan,
A low-brow, stunted, haggard man,
And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin
Pushed from her family want and sin.

These set he in the midst of them,
And as they drew back their garments' hem,
For fear of defilement, "Lo here," said he,
"The image ye have made of me!"

[From Harper's Magazine.]

LOVE ON CRUTCHES.

Persis came hopping in like a bird.
"Dear, dear!" said she, presently, peering
out from a cloud of silks and laces, "what
shall I do for a dress-maker?"

"Why, where is Rhoda Tracy?"
"Gone to fill a vacancy, mamma. In other
words, she has married a widower."

Mrs. Talbot laughed.
"Well, let her go, my dear; you can have
Mrs. Blake."

"Oh, but Rhoda is better. Only think of her
leaving me and becoming somebody's second
wife! For my part I wouldn't thank any man
for his affections warmed over."

"My little Persis, don't fret. No man will
ever offer you his affections, either fresh
or warmed over, you may depend on that."

"Then he needn't, and I shan't have to re-
fuse him," retorted Persis, gayly, as she dipped
swallow-like, this way and that, laying away
the silks.

But there was a painful flash on her young
cheeks, and a moment after she swept grace-
fully out of the room. Unless you looked
twice you would never have divined the cause
of her peculiar sideways motion. The gold-
mounted crutch which peeped in and out of
the folds of her dress was like a wand of en-
chantment, and, as with Alice Sallow, all her
steps were sentimental.

When Persis was a baby her perfect beauty
had well-nigh wrought her ruin. The nurse
proud of her superb little figure and graceful
poses, was accustomed with criminal reck-
lessness, to perch her on a broad mantel and
show her off to visitors. In this way the little
creature had a full whiff of the air, and
the mortification had been intense; it had
given a morbid coloring to all otherwise ro-
saceous life.

"No man will ever offer you his affections,
you may depend on that," repeated she, bury-
ing her face on a soft pillow. "Mamma says
it, and it is true; I knew it all before. Stan-
ley Warner means nothing by all his tender
words and tenderer glances. He is as proud
as Lucifer, and would never admit the mortifi-
cation of a lame wife. It does seem cruel! But
I will not eat my heart for any man! I ex-
claimed so, spiritedly, springing up and dash-
ing off the unsold tresses. "And now for the
party, and a gay dress! I'll send for Mrs.
Blake forthwith."

It so happened that Rhoda, in flying away
with her widower, had dropped her mantle on
Mrs. Blake, who used her needle and scissors
like a fairy straight from the land of elves.
How marvellous a dress she fashioned out of
"such stuff as dreams are made of," and how
Persis floated off in it like a vision of beauty!
As fair and sweet, said Celia Warner, as a
"wounded dove." Persis caught the world,
and the little morbid spot in her heart ached
afresh.

"No, Mr. Warner," said she, proudly, as he
asked her to dance. "I prefer to sit at this
window; it is so pleasant to watch the world
in motion."

"Pardon me," replied Mr. Warner, biting
his mustache, and moving away with a grace-
ful flourish. "I was thoughtless to make the
request."

And he never dreamed that his words hurt.
"He forgets sometimes that I am a 'wound-
ed dove,'" sighed Persis from the window-seat,
"but sooner or later, he always comes to his
senses."

There was one man who did not forget, and
that was Ephraim Zelle. But then Persis did
not care to think what Ephraim remembered
of what he forgot. He was a "worthy young
man," and she said in her girlish intolerance,
"If there's one thing stupider than another, it
is your 'worthy young man'!" He taught
school and studied law, and I am not sure but
he "carried on" a large farm at the same time;
but when you tried to draw him out in general
conversation it was like drawing a sound tooth.
He was the most industrious of men, and the
kindest of sons to a widowed mother; but then
his eyes were so green under rugged cliffs of
eyebrows, his hands were horny, and his angles
as acute as a lawyer's wits.

Seeing Miss Persis alone in the window-seat
he ventured to go up and address her, though
his heart thumped a loud opposition to his
boldness.

"How do you do, Miss Persis?" said he,
offering his honest hand, while his plain face
narrowly escaped becoming expressive.

"Very well, Ephraim; and how are you?"
replied she, rousing from a sad reverie. She
always called him "Ephraim," because she
had known him from a boy. He had lived a
year at her father's, and worked for his board
while attending the academy. How Ephraim
at this moment envied other youths their no-
chance of manner! Here was he standing
before the very woman he wished most to
please, but he was tongue-tied. She sat there
self-possessed and beautiful, scanning him from
head to foot, he thought. She was not haughty

in the least, but she might have placed him at
his ease, and she did not care to do it. If she
had once turned the conversation to "old
times," and the well remembered incidents of
that too happy year, Ephraim would have been
himself in a moment. Would he ever forget
the afternoons on the "basin," and the efforts
he made to teach her how to skate, having first
modeled for the shoemaker a pair of little
skates which were maimed to fit her unequal
feet? How carefully he had guided her over
the ice! He kept the precious red comforter
still, the "life-preserver" she had called it, by
which she had clung to him in her timid efforts
to stand upright.

Id those old times Persis liked him; he was
stirre she did. She had sat in the kitchen
while he plodded at his Latin Grammar—he
was a hard student always—and her bright
face had been as good as an extra lamp. She
had confided to him her childish sorrows, which
generally spring from one cause—her lame-
ness; and he had pitied her with all his heart.
Then his awkwardness and ugliness had raised
no barrier between them; but lately it seemed
different. She had learned to set a high value
on wealth and appearances; much of the
childlike simplicity was gone from her charac-
ter. Ephraim never saw her now, but he
thought of his ungainly hands and feet, and
every mole-hill of a defect loomed up like a
mountain. Persis had spent years at boarding-
school forming her mind and manners, and
though Ephraim was fully alive to all the ac-
quired elegance, he mourned for the old-time
cordiality. It had got lost in the process of
polishing. He was rising in the world; he
thought she might see one day that he had not
been laboring for naught; but his hope of win-
ning her for a wife was dying a slow, hard
death.

While he was still stammering before her,
trying to find words for his thoughts, Stanley
Warner approached, sparkling with the ex-
citement of his dance. Persis had been watch-
ing him while she talked absently with Eph-
raim; and now, as he smiled down upon her
graciously, she looked up at him with a glow
in her eyes which the poor young lawyer could
not bear. He turned on his heel and walked
away, grumbling some resentful thought under
the sole of his big boot.

Persis scarcely noted that he went. Some
time hence, when years of experience should
soften her harsh judgments, she would learn to
appreciate a lump of genuine gold, even though
it lay buried in quartz; not yet.

"Was it a pleasant dance, Mr. Warner?"
said she, playing with the delicate fan she had
just rescued from the clumsy clasp of Mr.
Zelle.

"Indifferently so, Miss Persis. With
another lady I might mention a partner, it
would have been impossible to say how
enjoyable."

Persis blushed, agreeably to expectation.
Mr. Warner liked to play with those blushes;
it was delightful to call them up at his bidding;
such bright, shy things that even the odious
crutch was forgotten, or glorified, in their rosy
light.

"So, in spite of my neglect, you were not
left to play the wall-flower," continued he, tak-
ing a seat beside her, and boldly possessing
himself of her little hand.

"No, not a wall-flower," repeated she, timi-
dly, half withdrawing her hand, half yielding it
to his clasp.

"It seems to me, Persis, that young lawyer
hovers about you very persistently."

There was the slightest touch of pique in
Mr. Warner's tone, and it thrilled the simple
heart of Persis.

"He is a worthy young man, mamma says,
and I must like him," replied she, with a re-
assuring smile. "He does not smoke cigars,
like the beasts that perish," added she, in her
quaint way.

Mr. Warner offered a correction. "Man is
the only animal that smokes," said he with a
wise smile; for he never understood Persis
when she talked playfully. Mr. Zelle had the
advantage of him there.

"He is a tremendous worker, that Zelle;
began at the foot of the ladder, and is steadily
climbing up. Forgive me, Persis, but seeing
how he presumes upon your old, child-friend-
ship, I have sometimes feared—"

"Oh, Stanley!"

The frank, guileless eyes which looked up in
honest surprise at the unspoken suggestion of
attachment for another, how could Mr. Warner
mistake her meaning? He did not mistake it.
The heart of his little friend had long been
to him an open book, and very easy reading.
Not that Persis was by any means forward or
unusually; but she had not yet learned the
woman's lesson of concealing her emotions.
Perhaps if there had been a trifle more of the
blindness of love toward the young man's
vision he could not have seen to read so clearly.
He sincerely admired Persis; he thought
he loved her, or that he should love her if he
only dared. But then that terrible crutch! It
swung over his head like the sword of Damoc-
les. To-night he seemed for the first time to
forget it. She looked so unusually beautiful;
she had such sincere affection for him; how
could he resist the attraction?

"Persis," said he, in low and thrilling tones,
"words cannot say how dear you are to me.
May I hope, etc., etc."

A commonplace love-scene. Another was
going on under the same roof that very evening,
and not a pin's choice between the two; but
you may be sure it was all as fresh and glorious
to Persis as if the world had just been created,
and she and Stanley were alone in it. The
little hand which lay in his was not withdrawn
was there the faintest sign of indifference
in the eyes bent timidly on the floor. It all
ended in the most orthodox manner: they left
the party betwined.

As Persis passed Ephraim on the stair-way
he faltered out a hurried "Good-night," and
she beamed down upon him so graciously that
he walked home on a bed of roses, and never
feared to see his senses till Mrs. Blake dropped
in to see a week afterward and said her char-
ming young friend, Stanley Talbot, was going to
be married. (Think what a plebeian he took in
seeing!) She was a quiet, sensible woman, who
attended strictly to her own business, and had
almost pricked away her left fore-finger down
to the bone. What she said was usually the
simple truth, and you might depend upon it.

Ephraim's heart stood still.

"Persis Talbot, did, you say?" asked
he, picking a currant out of a bun with the
coolest deliberation.

"Yes, to Stanley Warner; the affair is cut-
and-dried," replied the not over-elegant Aunt
Blake indifferently, her nephew thought, as
if she had been alluding to a bushel of pippins.
Mr. Zelle sat late at his desk that night, and
scribbled a black "I chabod" on every blank bit
of paper at hand. It was all the outward sign
he ever gave of the hidden wound. His own
mother observed no change in him except that
he fell away from his food and stood in daily
need of chamomile tea.

Even Persis herself, "walking on thrones,"
never once suspected she was trampling over
a heart. The happy young creature saw in
life but one shadow and that was her crutch.
It might now be supposed to grow less, but, on
the contrary, it rather increased.

"Oh, mother," she sighed one day, "Stan-
ley says it is all the defect I have—this lame-
ness, I mean."

"Does he?" remarked Mrs. Talbot drily,
and with the set look about the lips she always
wore when Stanley's name was mentioned.
"Does he? Then I suppose he is thankful
for that one defect. Not being anywhere near
an angel himself, he can't wish for perfection
in you."

"Oh, mamma, he knows I am very human
indeed; it is only his way of talking," said Persis,
with one of her quick blushes. I should be
so glad for his sake to walk like other peo-
ple. Do you know there is a way—a terrible
way—I hardly dare tell you."

"A terrible way to what?"

"To walk," gasped Persis, the color dying
out entirely, and her white lips trembling as
she spoke. "Amputation—as far as the ankle.
Then, when the time comes a cork foot. You
know, mamma, a cork foot walks beautifully."

"Persis Talbot, how could you conceive such
a dreadful idea?"

"Oh, I heard of a girl once who had it done.
I have seen her—Abby Harlow. You would
never detect the slightest limp. You know,
mamma, all the patent contrivances for the
feet do no good. I must always swing this cruel,
detestable crutch, unless—"

"Persis, when did you see Abby Harlow?
Who introduced you?"

"I saw her last week, mamma, when I went
with Stanley to the Islands."

Mrs. Talbot's lips shut together as with a
spring-lock. What she thought of her son-in-
law elect it had always been easy to guess by
what she did not say. Persis looked, at her
inquiringly, and, as their eyes met, a cold
glitter of determination rose in both pairs of eyes.
Gentle Persis had steel in her composition as
well as her mother; the two natures met some-
times and struck fire.

"I think, mamma," said the young girl a few
weeks later, "I shall go to Boston and submit
to the operation I spoke of."

Her voice was low and sweet, but there was
no wavering in it.

"Not with my consent, my daughter."

"I am so sorry, mamma; but you will think
better of it. Papa has consented. He is go-
ing with me, and—Mr. Warner too."

There was no help for it. Persis had set
her feet in the "terrible way," and Mrs. Talbot,
with a mother's heart, could do no less than
follow. The world knew nothing of the object
of the journey. But Ephraim Zelle learned it
from his Aunt Blake, who, unless she shut
her ears, could not help hearing the warm dis-
cussions between mother and daughter, which
were incautiously carried on in her presence.
Womanlike, Mrs. Blake took sides against that
"cold blooded Warner," who hadn't any more
feeling than a bill of rock-mule."

"She went to her nephew with the story because she
knew he had a friendly interest in Persis."

"But if you'd ever set eyes on the sweet
lamb you couldn't but want to take her part,"
cried she, thrusting her needle into a bit of
cambic as savagely as if it had been an imagi-
nary poniard, and the cloth the unfolding
breast of Mr. Warner.

Ephraim set his teeth together and whittled
a single into the shape of a tomahawk. It
would have been a waste of breath to tell Aunt
Blake how he longed to rush to the rescue and
save his devoted Persis from her "hard-wood"
admirer.

"If she was going to marry a man with a
soul as big as a nine-pence I could bear it,"
groaned he inwardly. "Oh, little Persis, is
there nobody to save you?" My poor, dear
lamb!

Next morning she knocked betimes at her
mother's door.

"What is it, my daughter?"

"When does the early train leave, mamma?
I think I will go home."

"Why, Persis, this is the day!"

"On which I have come to my senses?"

"What do you mean, child? I wish I could
hope you had given up this mad scheme; but I
suppose that is just playing for."

"No, mamma, I have given it up; and that
is not all, nor half. I give up also the proud
man who is willing to let me suffer."

Mrs. Talbot caught her beautiful daughter
in her arms.

"Bless you, my own little Persis," said she;
and the rigid look she had worn ever since
starting for Boston fell off like a mask.

"He is a cold, ambitious man," went on Per-
sis, rapidly. "I always knew it, but I kept
trying to think it was not so. The man I mar-
ry must not be like that. He must be as ten-
der and kind to me as you are, mother."

This was all the poor little girl could say;
clinging fast to the one dear friend whose love
had never failed her. The brave spirit which
had been ready for physical suffering had not
yet braced itself against this new and worse tri-
al. To live, and live without Stanley! The
thought seemed to blacken this whole future
with the abomination of desolation.

"Stanley," said she, as they met in the par-
lor, "I am going home to-day."

"Going home!" repeated he, in astonishment,
looking at her with his placid blue eyes which
certainly were not dimmed by want of sleep.

"Yes," said Persis, with sad emphasis. "I
have spent the whole night in thinking. I do
not blame you for being what you are; but I
shall not give up my crutch; Stanley, and so
can never keep pace with you. For the future
you and I must go separate ways, my friend."

"My sweet Persis, and you have never so
much as hinted at this before. Your nerves
are shaken. Let us walk in the fresh air and
talk this over a little."

The tone was kind, but there was just en-
ough patronage in it to irritate Persis, and con-
firm her in her new resolve.

"My nerves are as firm as steel. Oh, Stan-
ley, it is not that! It is that you are willing
to let me do it! Don't you talk to me of love!
I have had a vision of what real life is; and it
is something quite, quite different from yours!"

Persis's voice quivered, and the words came
with difficulty.

"Poor child," replied Mr. Warner, indul-
gently, "as if I had ever advised; as if I
wished!"

But the girl had fled. Out of the room, out
of the house, anywhere just then, to escape the
presence of the man she had determined to
thrust from her heart. Gasping a little for
breath, but otherwise composed and quiet, she
stopped at the end of the corridor; near an
open door, and casually glanced out at the street.

In so doing her eye fell upon a familiar face,
and she turned suddenly away, but not before
she had been observed.

"Persis, Miss Persis!" cried an eager voice,
and Ephraim Zelle rushed up the steps with
both hands extended.

"Ephraim is a fishy young man; he will
make his mark in the world," said she, slyly;
"but look, Persis, how awkward he is."

"Yes, mamma," was the quiet reply; "but
for my part I am tired of elegance; I consider
awkwardness so refreshing!"

"Ah ha! Blows the wind in that quar-
ter?" thought mamma, and went on demurely
with her knitting.

Persis and Mr. Zelle had grown to be fast
friends again; but it was a long time before
Persis understood the nature of their friend-
ship, or came to any knowledge of the deep
love which lay concealed beneath Ephraim's
rough exterior, like a pure fountain under-
ground. She had grown a little distrustful.
"Men were all alike," she said.

But somehow, when Ephraim spoke, she
listened and rejoiced. She believed in him;
and so, at last, the "worthy young man" was
rewarded for his years of hope-less constancy.

"It took a bitter experience to teach me the
difference between gold and tinsel," said the
happy bride, hopping up to her husband's chair
one day and stroking his rugged eyebrows with
her slender hand; "but nowadays I must say,
Ephraim, a lump of the genuine ore looks
good to me, even if it is half-buried in quartz."

"Thank you," laughed Ephraim, "if you
mean me!"

THE SWELLS.

Hear that noisy lot of swells—
Silly swells!
What a lot of trashy talk their company foretells?
How they chatter, chatter, chatter,
In the ball room of a night!
Making such a fearful clatter,
As if something were the matter,
And had put them in a fright.

Killing time, time, time,
In the hall of a night!
(Never thinking of a crime.)
With the foolish conversation to the little, laughing
bells,
Of the swells, swells, swells,
Of a swells, swells, swells,
While a-walking and a-talking with the bells.

See those dissipated swells—
Broken swells!
What a tale to temperance that tipsy tumbler tells!
In the startled air of night
Ringing bells with great delight,
And singing songs with all their might,
Although the words they do not quite
Distinctly tell.

Seeing, seeing, seeing,
Swells, swells, swells,
Rolling, rolling, rolling,
On their homeward journey strolling,
With a resolute endeavor
Now, swells, swells, swells,
Side by side with their companions in the gutter,
In the gutter—
Arm in arm with their companions in the gutter.

See those horrid dandy swells—
Scented swells!
What a world of vapors talk their company compels
How disgusting their company
And affected gloration
Of every exclamation
Of the bells!

Oh, madmen young and single!
Let your ears with pain should tingle,
Never listen to the jingle
Of the swells—
Of the swells, swells, swells,
Swells, swells, swells,
To the jingling and the dingling of the swells.

OUR TABLE.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for March is a very
good number, and so very attractive did the copy
mailed to us prove, that some one, with more literary
taste than honesty, stopped it on its passage. But
the publishers have kindly sent us a second copy, for which
they have our hearty thanks. The illustrated articles in
the number are as follows:—Police of the Sea, with
some very spirited marine views; South-Coast Sauter-
ings in England, (III) in which we find portraits of Percy
Bysshe Shelley, Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, William
Godwin, the Shelley Monument, etc., with much racy
go-as-you-please about Shelley, and the tragic story of his life; The
Lands of the Earthquake, with many striking pictures;
The number contains three chapters of "My Enemy's
Daughter," Justin McCarthy's interesting serial; and
several other good stories, one of which we publish this
week, with much valuable reading as usual, a spicy
Editor's Drawer, etc. There is no greater favorite with the
reading public of this country than Harper's Monthly.

Published by Harper Brothers, New York, at \$4 per
annum.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY for March has
two beautiful steel engravings:—The Crown of New
England, (a fine view of Mount Washington, from a
famous picture by the well known artist, Geo. L. Brown,
and which is soon to be done in chromo by Parag), and
"A Mother's Influence," a charming domestic picture.
The only portrait in the number is one of Dante, among
the wood engravings, of which there are a goodly num-
ber, and which is accompanied by a biographical sketch
and a notice of his great work. The number is rich in
religious literature.

Published by Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati, at \$3.00
a year.

THE MANUFACTURER AND BUILDER, a
Practical Journal of Industrial Progress, for March, is at
hand with its usual supply of valuable articles on a va-
riety of subjects, several of which are illustrated. It
includes several building designs. We recommend this
work to the attention of carpenters and builders, though
it has a value for all.

Published by Western & Company, 37 Park Row, New
York, at \$5.00 per annum.

SEVENTY THOUSAND.—Almost seventy
thousand fraudulent votes were thrown in the
Democratic State of New York at the last
election, and Congress has been obliged to
deprive the local courts of New York city
of the power to naturalize.

HOW TO MAKE GOOD YEAST.—On Mon-
day morning put two ounces of beat blue hops
into a gillon and a pint of cold water, boil half
an hour, strain hot, and dissolve two ounces of
finest table salt and half a pound of A sugar in
the liquor; when cooled to new milk warmth,
put one pound of sifted flour into a large
basin, make a well in the center of it with the
hand, and add the liquor by degrees, stirring
round and round with a spoon, until the whole
of the flour is evenly mixed with the liquor;
set the pan with the liquor on a stool by the
stove in winter time day, and night. In hot
weather this is not requisite. On Wednesday
morning boil and mash finely three pounds of
good potatoes, and mix them with the liquor in
like manner as the flour. On Thursday morn-
ing there should be a heavy drizzle of rain on the
surface. The yeast must now be stirred thor-
oughly, and strained through a sieve or colan-
der into a gallon jug, corked firmly, tied down,
and placed in a cool cellar. Shaks well before
using.

N. B. The yeast should be stirred three or
four times a day during the process. A gallon
serves my family for sixteen bakings. I use no
drugs, as soda, etc., etc., in my bread, nor milk

as that causes bread to dry rapidly. It is best
to add a teaspoonful of salt when you bake,
and that should be dissolved in a little warm
water, and mixed with the yeast in setting the
sponge over night. When the bread is once
kneaded and put in the pans to rise, it may be
left for hours with safety from souring, it will
only be too porous.—Scientific American.

NEVER WAS WITH HIM.—About ten years
since a young man of good character hired a
horse from a livery stable to ride to a little
town about twenty miles distant. Unfortun-
ately, about half way out the horse was taken
sick and died. The livery man sued him for
the value of the horse, representing that the
horse had been killed by his driving. One of
the young man's witnesses (rather green or
supposed to be, and who had a peculiar way
of talking very slowly,) was called to the stand
and questioned thus by the proprietor:

"You are acquainted with the prisoner at
the bar?"

"Y-a-s," (very slowly drawled out.)

"How long have you been acquainted with
him?"

"About three years."

"Well, sir, please state to the court what
kind of reputation he holds as regards fast
or slow riding on horse back?"

Waterville Mail.

E. H. MAXHAM, DAN. R. WING,
PRINTERS.

WATERVILLE... MAR. 12, 1869.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 4 State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York; S. R. Niles Advertising Agent, No. 1 Seely'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 at this office.

Advertisements are referred to the Agents named above.

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

WATERVILLE TOWN MEETING.

The voters came together on Monday in the full spirit of '76; paying no more regard to "King Caucus" than if he had been an honest man of their own class. The truth was fully confirmed that this "old public functionary" has but a waning power in Waterville. Abuse of privilege, year after year, and times without number, has brought him to his knees. Henceforth let him walk humbly and try to redeem his position. We are glad to see him humbled, after a most villainous reign.

Joshua Nye was elected moderator and E. R. Drummond town clerk.

Noah Boothby, John M. Libby and William Balentine were elected selectmen, and afterwards made preservers of poor, assessors, and highway surveyors—two republicans and one war democrat. The caucus nominees were C. R. McFadden, Geo. W. Hubbard and L. E. Crommett. Mr. Boothby has been chairman of the board for several years, and was re-elected by a vote of nearly three to one. Temperance laws and measures were not made terms in the election of Joshua Nye, chief of police with their approval, and by a large vote. They will not fail to sustain him in the vigorous enforcement of law, on which they know he is determined.

SCHOOL COM.—D. N. Sheldon elected for 1 yrs.; B. F. Folger in place of Mr. Kelton, Prof. Lyford remaining chairman.

TREAS. AND COLLECTOR—Ita H. Low, (with 1 per cent. for collecting and disbursing). TOWN AGENT AND AUDITOR—Reuben Foster.

CHIEF OF POLICE—Joshua Nye.

TRUST OFFICERS—Jos. Percival, A. P. Benjamin, C. R. McFadden.

CONSTABLES—H. B. White, Joshua Nye, Simon Keith, G. H. Esty, C. A. Dow, F. S. Chase, L. T. Boothby, C. R. McFadden, C. Crowell, Wm. Golder, Geo. Rice, W. J. Morrill, L. A. Dow, Joseph Percival, A. T. Welch, Wm. Balentine, G. W. Hubbard, H. A. Bachelder, Ira H. Low, J. R. Elmes, C. G. Tilton, W. W. Edwards, A. H. Dunbar, Amos Tozier, Jeremiah Proctor, Allen Emery and Benjamin Hersom.

POUND KEEPER—W. H. Carter.

SEXTONS—W. L. Maxwell, Pine Grove; R. H. Wilbur, Waterville.

CULLERS—J. Higgins, G. H. Boardman.

FIRE WARDENS—H. B. White, Wm. Gutchell, Jr., B. C. Benson, J. M. Libby, B. F. Otis, C. R. McFadden, H. W. Gutchell, C. Crowell, I. B. Bradbury, Robert Cornforth, E. L. Gutchell, J. P. Blunt, John Cornforth, E. H. Piper and N. H. Wilbur.

FENCE VIEWERS—H. B. White, L. A. Dow, S. Heath, James Stackpole, I. T. Stevens, G. T. Hubbard, A. Morrill and Reuben Cook.

PINE GROVE CEMETERY COM.—E. G. Mender, L. E. Crommett and W. L. Maxwell. None chosen for West Waterville Cemetery.

HEALTH COM.—Jos. Percival, L. E. Crommett, Noah Boothby, J. M. Libby, William Balentine, Drs. N. G. H. Pulaifer, Atwood Crosby, H. H. Campbell and Dr. Holmes.

TOWNS HALL KEEPER—Appointment referred to selectmen, who appointed Marshal N. Soule.

The S. S. Committee made their annual report by Dr. Sheldon, and it was ordered to be printed. The subject of re-districting the town was referred to the selectmen and school committee.

Voted to raise \$4500 for schools—\$3000 for support of poor—\$5000 for roads—\$1800 for current expenses—\$5000 on interest and principal of town debt, and authorizing selectmen to raise money to pay or renew orders that may come due.

The Gilman road article was dismissed—and the re-laying of a street at the west v.l. large accompanied with \$65 dollars to build it. The discontinuance of a portion of Water's, in this village, and the opening of a street from Main-st. near the Continental House, to Water-st., were voted, and \$1200 raised for damages and construction. The Marston road article was dismissed. Voted to alter Church-st. near the Baptist church.

Voted to hold the annual September meeting of the town at Mechanics Hall, at the west village. Also to pay \$2000 for the two proposed soldiers' monuments, one half to each, with the condition that all the names of deceased Waterville soldiers be inscribed upon each monument.

A REVELATION!

Those who lived in the town of Clinton some twenty-five years ago, will remember a man named Bryant Fly. Not that he was a man of much distinction, but because he became a man of considerable notoriety by being suspected of a murder. Murders were less common then than now, and so made more talk. A man named Allen came from Vermont to Clinton, where he bargained with Fly for a piece of land. He had some money and a watch, with which, as Fly reported, he made the first payment. Soon after the purchase Allen proposed to return to Vermont, and Fly took him down to Augusta, where he was to take some kind of public conveyance.

From that time forth Allen was not heard from. Fly reported leaving him at Augusta, and told among his neighbors the particulars of the land trade; showing the watch and stating the amount of money paid him. In time, letters of inquiry came from his relatives in Vermont to persons in this vicinity, and the account detailed by Fly was sent to them in reply. The circumstances were calculated to excite suspicions, though we do not know that the previous character of Fly had aided them. From day to day the story went from neighbor to neighbor, and from town to town—with such decorations, true and false, as were known or surmised. Everybody who lived within the circumference of the wonder at the time, as child or adult, will remember having listened to the story of the murdered Allen. In time it wore out, as such things do now; and as it had never been shown that there had been a murder, of course there had been no arrest of the murderer. Years afterward Fly died in his bed, as other men do.

But now comes the revelation!—for the sake of which we have called up the ghost of this almost forgotten wonder. At the time of Fly's death a young man named J. B. Farnsworth, now Col. Farnsworth of Iowa, lived in Clinton, and was familiar with the thousand-and-one stories about the murder. Indeed, he was at the death bed of Fly. Going afterwards to the far west, where he settled, business led him, several years later, away up to Fox Lake, in Wisconsin. Here he stopped at a tavern kept by a Mr. Allen, and was detained several days by a storm. Talking one day with the landlord, he spoke of his former home in Clinton, Me., when Allen inquired if he ever knew a man named Bryant Fly—and the conversation at once brought forth the whole story of the murdered Allen. The landlord was a nephew of the murdered man. He lived in Vermont at the time, and shared in all the excitement about his lost uncle. "But," said the landlord "the whole matter came to light a short time ago. An aunt of mine, sister to the supposed murdered Allen, received a letter from him from the city of N. York, saying that he was sick, broken down and in poverty, and asking permission to come and spend his last days in her care."

A lady of Waterville, sister of C. I. Farnsworth, who has just returned from a visit to his family, gives us this story, with the assurance from the Colonel that it is a perfectly reliable solution of the mystery of the murder charged upon poor Bryant Fly.

WINSLOW TOWN MEETING.

At the annual meeting in Winslow, on Monday last, the following officers were chosen:

MODERATOR—David Garland.

CLERK—B. C. Paine.

SELECTMEN, Assessors, Overseers of Poor and Road Surveyors—J. C. Hutchinson, S. R. Gutchell, J. W. Withee.

AGENT—C. C. Cornish.

S. S. COM.—Albert Richards.

TREAS. COLLECTOR AND CONSTABLE—B. C. Paine.

AUDITORS—C. C. Cornish, C. Drummond and Joseph Eaton.

The town voted to raise \$7200, divided as follows:—War Debt, \$1000; Sebasticook Baingo, \$900; Schools, \$1700; for support of Poor and current expenses, \$1600; Roads and Bridges, \$2000. The total debt of Winslow is now \$3,054. The war debt strictly is but \$2,804. Total pauper bill \$1,388.22—outside pauper bills \$1,001.53—home paupers \$386.69.

FAIRFIELD—Moderator, Jas. Plummer; Clerk, Wm. H. Emery; Selectmen, E. G. Pratt, A. N. Greenwood, Jas. Plummer; Treasurer and Collector, Andrew Archer; School Com., S. S. Brown, S. S. Chapman; Town Agent, Nabum Totman; Auditors, Geo. Richardson, G. W. Witherell, S. Conner.

Voted to raise \$1500 for poor; \$2000 for incidental expenses; \$3000 for schools; \$5000 (in labor and materials) for highways. Present town debt about \$8,800.

KENNEBEC LOG DRIVING CO.—The following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:—D. C. Palmer, Clerk; William Philbrick, Treasurer; Philander Coburn, Joshua Gray, Elias Milliken, J. C. Atkins, Silas Bates, Directors.

Mr. G. W. SEAVEY, formerly of Waterville, now with his father in Concord, N. H., has opened a school in that place for the instruction of pupils in oil painting.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.—A large number of cattle were present at Cambridge and Brighton this week, and prices were depressed. No change in sheep.

DEATH OF HON. W. B. S. MOOR.—News of the death of Mr. Moor was received in Waterville on Wednesday. It took place at Lynchburg, Virginia, where he had business enterprises, and where he has spent most of his time the past year. It was not unexpected to his friends here, as he had been declining for some months past; and Mr. Dudley Moor, his son, with other members of the family, had recently gone to Lynchburg on this account.

Born in Waterville, where he took his college diploma, and where he spent most of the years of his life, Mr. Moor was widely known in Maine. As a party politician, few men have wielded a stronger influence in democratic councils. Indeed it may be said that not many have been more favored in the results of political labor. He was four years attorney general, having previously represented his native town in the legislature. He was appointed U. S. Senator after the death of John Fairfield, and served the unexpired term of that gentleman. In 1847 he was appointed by president Buchanan consul general for the British American Provinces. Previous to this last appointment he was closely engaged several years in railroad matters, and was an extensive contractor on the Penobscot & Kennebec road. He was a lawyer of marked legal learning and capacity, studying at Cambridge, and coming to the bar in 1834. Always earnest in politics, and fitted by bold self reliance and legal tact for a leader, the early years of his manhood were closely associated with the political history of Waterville for that period; and he will long be remembered by his associates of those days and scenes, for the qualities that enabled him so successfully to lead them to political triumphs.

In his social relations Gen. Moor was genial and courteous; in his family, especially, giving hope and cheerfulness to all by uniform dignity, kindness and affection. Children and grandchildren survive him, to whose interests and comfort his life has been largely devoted, and to whom his death brings deep affliction.

The Brunswick Telegraph has the following notice of Mr. Franklin Bridge, who recently died at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. E. C. Lowe, at the age of 91 years.

Mr. Bridge was the oldest citizen of Brunswick. He removed to this place from Freeport 47 years ago, and built a house on what is now called Franklin Street, named probably from respect to him. He was a stone cutter by trade, and supported his family by working at this business till disabled by infirmity. He brought up a family of seven children of whom all but one are living, married and settled with families within a day's journey of the old homestead. He served through the war of 1812, a part of the time being a prisoner at Halifax.

He was an honest, industrious man and good citizen. For more than fifty years he was a worthy member of the Free Will Baptist church. Though decided in his denomination, at preference, he was no bigot, often, for convenience, worshipping with other denominations with much cordiality, and opening his house for religious meetings. He was sustained to the last by an unflinching christian trust. He is remembered with much respect by his neighbors.

HON. W. A. BURLEIGH sends us a copy of his speech made in the U. S. House of Representatives on the 9th ult. It is an able plea for justice to the Indian and is alike creditable to the head and heart of the author. Dr. Burleigh, it may not be amiss to state here in his old home, has just completed his second term as Delegate from Dakota and now goes back to make his permanent home on his rancho at Bon Homme.

DEPUTY SHERIFF BUNKER, of Anson, we should suppose would feel bound to make every exertion for the re-capture of young Love, he having escaped by reason of the incompetency of his keeper to whom he was temporarily entrusted by Mr. B. It is quite important that the gang of young thieves in that vicinity was broken up.

MAYOR PUTNAM, of Portland, says he shall take no special pains to enforce the liquor law, but that it must take its chance with the others.

Mr. A. M. Savage's horse, "Live Oak" took the \$50 purse trotted for on the ice at Lewiston last week. Time 1:21 1-2.

A PICK QUOR CLUB has been formed in Portland—composed, probably, of printers.

NEW HAMPSHIRE did nobly on Tuesday—electing the republican ticket by about 4000 majority. The three republican members of Congress were re-elected, and the legislature is largely republican.

Mr. F. G. Cook, formerly a citizen of our village, received 248 votes for Mayor of Rockland last Monday, and would have got the office if 280 ballots had not been cast for a rival candidate. Mr. G. W. Kimball at the same time. Mr. Cook is a democrat and that is what's the matter.

The Levee of the Unitarian Society is arranged for Wednesday and Thursday, evenings of next week. The attractions will be of the usual variety—dramatic, musical and financial. The pretty opera of "Pepita," by a company exclusively young ladies, is arranged for a prominent place. Much pains have been taken to arrange an agreeable plan, and two pleasant evenings are very confidently promised.

AUGUSTA did nobly in her election on Monday. A clean sweep was made and every republican candidate elected from Mayor to Constable. The democrats were at their old tricks however, and had erased about twenty names from the check lists at a late hour, but that did not help them. Mr. A. F. Emory, formerly of Waterville, was chosen one of the councilmen in Ward 3.

OUR TABLE.

THE INDIAN PASS. By Alfred B. Street, author of "Fugitive Poems," "Faintness," a poem, "Forest Pictures in the Adirondicks," etc. etc. etc. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

This little volume, coming to us through Lee & Shepard, of Boston, and handed by Mr. Carter, our book and periodical dealer, contains the record of a trip in Essex County, New York, with highly poetic descriptions of its wild mountain scenery, and graphic details of incidents by the way—the whole making a charmingly readable book. The name of the author is a familiar one in this department of literature, and this fresh contribution will be warmly welcomed by his numerous friends and admirers. It can be had of booksellers everywhere.

THE PLANET, A Song of a Distant World—By Larry Best. Cambridge: Printed at the Riverside Press.

The story of this poem is thus stated:—The poet, dissatisfied with the vanities of Earth, longs to dwell upon a favorite star which he conceives to be the abode of unalloyed purity and bliss. The Mass comes to his relief, and he is translated thither. There he finds that Evil has preceded him, and that a majority of the inhabitants have yielded to its influence, leaving but a remnant steadfast in their integrity. For the destruction of that remnant a plot is contrived by their enemies, the progress and result of which are recited.—The versification of the poem is very smooth, but there is a lack of life and vigor; and then the whole thing is so inconsequential, that at its close one is tempted to ask, "Well, what of it?"

BROOKLYN MONTHLY.—A new magazine comes to us with this title, its one embellishment being a portrait of Henry Ward Beecher, by whom Brooklyn is chiefly made famous. The magazine puts in a good showing for a first appearance, and its contents embrace many articles of interest. "He Knew He Was Right," Anthony Trollope's new story, is commenced, and an anonymous one, entitled "Chronicles of Granville," by a lady whose name is not given, is begun; and there are readable articles on "Newspaper Life in New York," by Augustus Mervier; "The Hymns of the Middle Ages," by Benjamin D. Siliman; "A Morning in a New York Police Court," by John F. Baker, etc. etc. If we see anything more of this magazine we shall make further notice of it, but the custom of the city press makes it somewhat doubtful.

Published by Horace W. Love & Co., Brooklyn, N. Y., at \$2 a year.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE.—There will be preaching at the Rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association next Sabbath forenoon, at the usual hour, and regularly hereafter, until further notice. Seats free to all.

SHEET AND PILLOW CASE MASQUERADES are the latest fashionable folly, and one of them was held at the Augusta House on the evening of the 5th inst.

JAMES G. BLAINE was chosen Speaker of the U. S. House of Representatives by an undivided republican vote.

MR. GEO. C. HOPKINS, well known in this vicinity has been chosen City Clerk of Portland by the democratic City government. Older residents among the faithful are said to be indignant.

A TEMPTING ARRAY OF FRUIT, and other good things, may be seen in the windows of G. A. Chalmers & Co., fresh from the city.

A GRAND PROMENADE CONCERT AND HOP will be held at Coburn Hall, in Skowhegan next Wednesday evening, March 17th. It will be under the auspices of the De Moly Commandery of Knight Templars, and the music will be by Chandler's full Concert Band.

The Augusta Journal has the following timely caution, which those interested would be wise to heed:—

Many fruit trees are nearly buried in snow and there is great danger of injury, if not destruction by the settling of the snow and stripping the branches. The owners of trees should look to this and shovel away the snow where they can, or throw sand, soot, or saw dust among the branches to attract the sun and melt down the snow before it settles in a body.

Another terrible snow storm in Canada on Thursday.

Burglary.—The store of H. N. Priest & Co. at North Vassalboro, was entered by burglars on Tuesday night last, and robbed of goods valued at \$300; consisting of woollens, furs, gloves, and other articles of dry goods. The proprietors offer \$50 for the detection of the robbers.

THE CABINET.—President Grant's "reticence" has not worked as well in the arrangement of his cabinet as in some other respects. His nominees are not as ready to take office "without a why or wherefore" as he supposed. One after another begins to make excuse, until he has much of his work to do over again. On Thursday he submitted to the Senate the following nominations: Geo. S. Boutwell of Massachusetts as Secretary of the Treasury, Hamilton Fish of New York as Secretary of State, Gen. John A. Rawlings as Secretary of War, F. B. Washburne of Illinois as Minister to France, Frank Moore as assistant Secretary of the Legation to France, A. K. Smart as Marshal for the District of Columbia, A. G. Curtin of Pennsylvania as Minister to St. Petersburg.

A Waterville gentleman who has had great experience at hotels, writes us from the "St. Julian" at Portland—"St. Julian must have been a Saint after my own heart, if he was as good in every respect as the house at which I am sojourning." No doubt, for the St. Julian is becoming a special favorite with Kennebeckers—it is so neat, and quiet, and elegant.

Dr. N. T. True, recently of the Maine Farmer, has become connected with the Lewiston Journal.

The terms of Chief Justice Appleton and Associate Justices Dickerson and Walton expire the present year, and the vacancies will be filled by the Governor and council. The term of Walton expires in May and that of Appleton and Dickerson in October.

The following town officers were elected on Monday in Benton: Moderator, S. Skillings, Dem.; Town Clerk, Sprague Holt, Dem.; Selectmen, Asher H. Barton, Rep.; Jas. W. Sylvester, Dem.; H. J. Drake, Dem. Being a republican gain of first Selectman.

MAINE LEGISLATURE.

The session is drawing to a close and the story of their doings during the past week we shall tell briefly in results rather than by enumerating the several steps of progress.

The Constitutional amendment, recently passed by Congress, has been ratified.

The bill to promote Scandinavian Immigration was killed.

The Resolve in favor of State Reform School was passed.

The Senate refused to request the Governor to commute the sentence of Clifton Harris.

The House refused to concur with the Senate in appropriating two hundred dollars towards a monument for the late Dr. Holmes.

Resolve in favor of biennial sessions of the Legislature was referred to the next Legislature.

Bill providing for removal of Normal School from Farmington to Gorham, was refused a passage; also bill to provide for taxing bank stock.

Resolve in favor of State Agricultural Society was indefinitely postponed in the House.

Bill to incorporate Athens Railroad has passed; also act authorizing Ticonic Village Corporation to raise money for certain purposes.

The following are on their passage:—Resolve relating to the distribution of the Adjutant General's Alphabetical List of Maine Soldiers; bill to provide for more effectual protection of fruit growers against trespassers; and the new bill for promotion of medical science.

The bill creating a State Police passed the House 62 to 49, with 27 absentees; but was refused a passage in the Senate 13 to 14. The bill is now in the hands of a committee of conference.

A bill has been reported for the more effectual prevention of cruelty to animals.

Resolve in favor of the State College will pass if the two branches can agree.

The general Railroad bill, giving a charter to any party who desires to construct a railroad, was defeated in the House.

Bill an act to define and punish murder, and to execute sentence in capital cases, has passed to be engrossed in the House.

A dispatch in the Bangor Whig has the following in relation to Friday's proceedings:—

Our Common School system was entirely changed by the Legislature today. A bill was passed retaining the State Superintendent and creating County Supervisors for the better supervision, and County Institutes for better instruction. Twenty thousand dollars appropriated to carry out the act.

HARRIS HUNG.—Friday, at 12 o'clock, this sinner against God and Society was hung by the neck until "dead dead!"—and the prayer of the State, through the judge of their appointment, "May God have mercy upon his soul!" has gone with him up to the higher court. His last confession fully sustains his first testimony against Verrill; so that the public mind must be left with the festering conviction that a murderer equally guilty with Harris has escaped the meshes of the law, and is at large to repeat his crime.

THE CATTLE PLAGUE.—In the March number of the AMERICAN STOCK JOURNAL is a long and valuable article on the Lung Plague in Cattle. Of all the Cattle diseases pleuropneumonia is in the long run the most destructive, because the most insidious and the least likely to rouse a people to united action for its effectual suppression. The Editors of the JOURNAL being extensive breeders and dealers in Cattle, have printed an edition of over half a million copies for gratuitous distribution among our farmers. We hope all will avail themselves of this generous offer and send for a copy. Address

N. P. BOYER & Co., Publishers, Parkersburg, Chester Co., Pa.

Perley, in his dispatch to the Journal, says President Grant, in selecting his Cabinet, evidently kept in view his proposed domestic and foreign policy, which is no secret. He desires, first to elevate our public credit so that specie payments can be resumed and financial prosperity restored; and secondly—to assume such a decided attitude toward foreign powers that Great Britain will pay the just demands made upon her for the Alabama depredations; and the United States will exercise a controlling power in Mexico, the West India Islands and Central America.]

Judge Rice, President of the Portland & Kennebec Railroad, has given notice of the appointment of Mr. Levi L. Lincoln to the superintendency of the road, vice Walter Hatch, resigned. The feeble health of Mr. Hatch has compelled him to relinquish the position. He has been a faithful and popular officer. Those who have had business with the road need no introduction to the new superintendent. Mr. Lincoln has been in the employ of the company since its organization, is thoroughly conversant with every department of railroad business, and is every way worthy of the promotion which he has received.

KISSING HIS WIFE WHILE DYING OF HYDROPHOBIA.—Mr. Eckerson who died of hydrophobia at Saddle River, N. J. had to be held by five or six men, and during his lucid intervals begged to kiss his wife, who was very ill in another part of the house. Just before his last dreadful fit he pleaded so piteously to kiss her once more before he died, that, risking the consequences, they took her to his bed. The dying man carefully wiped the froth from his face, and compressing his teeth tightly to prevent any of the poisonous saliva exuding from his mouth, kissed the lips which he had so often pressed in love and affection, and then resolutely turning away, after bidding her adieu forever, relapsed into a dreadful paroxysm and died.

Weston, the unsuccessful, not satisfied with his recent failures, is out with a challenge, to another good-for-nothing for a match, which elicits from the Times this remark: "It is a noble thing, we suppose, to be a 'great walkist,' and still more noble to be a 'champion walkist,' but if Weston would only sit down and shut up for a little, we should admire him more than we do now."

The Secessionist Democrats of the Illinois Legislature having left the General Assembly without a quorum by their resignation, being determined to defeat the ratification of the 15th constitutional amendment, Gov. Baker has issued writs for special election to fill the vacancies on the 23d of March. This course is rendered necessary from the fact that no appropriation bills have been passed.

THE CHARACTER OF LOPEZ EXPOSED.—At an interview with Mr. Porter C. Bliss some additional and important information was obtained in regard to affairs in Paraguay, by a reporter connected with the New York Sun. The most interesting part of his conversation turned on the character of the Dictator Lopez, which proves him to be deserving of anything but sympathy from the civilized world. From this picture of him he seems to be a duplicate of the most cruel and sensual of the emperors of ancient Rome. This man about the year 1852 was sent on a mission to Paris by his father, where he became enamored of a French woman, the wife of a surgeon. She was a person of great beauty and imposing appearance, but unhappily frail, having left her husband and become a *Femme de ville*. When Lopez left Paris, this woman followed him not long after, and became his mistress in Paraguay. There she had six or seven children, the oldest being a boy of fourteen, who is noted for being particularly fat. He has proved himself something of a soldier, however, as he now holds the rank of captain in his father's army, having risen from the grade of corporal.

Lopez's French concubine did not become mistress of the situation as often happens in such cases. Her influence over him was not great, although she was able to be of some service to Bliss and Masterman during their imprisonment. She still retains many womanly instincts but seems to have been able to make but little impression on the savage and despotic Lopez. He himself is a man both beastly and cruel.

It is said that he is a voluptuary of the worst sort, and that the young girls of any beauty in his dominion are subjected to his passions. He is a Mormon and Turk combined. In natural disposition he shows the traits of a tiger. The public are led to believe he is fighting for liberty, and that his banners are supported by willing followers. But nothing could be further from the truth. He brought on the war by an endless and impertinent interference in the difficulties of Brazil and Uruguay, and commenced hostilities himself with Brazil. He had premeditated the war for a long time previous, and was busy for months in accumulating arms and ammunition. Instead of governing by law, he rules his subjects by fear, and even his French mistress would be glad to escape from him now.

There has lately been a strong effort to transfer the credit of the noble action so grandly related in Mr. Whittier's ballad of "Barbara Frietche" to another. A lady wrote a letter claiming the honor for herself, giving her name as Mrs. A. M. Quantrell, while another wrote to say that Barbara might have waved a flag. It was a very little one and did not attract the attention of the rebel officers. Mr. Whittier has written the following letter to the editor of the Washington Star on this subject:—

"I have received a copy of the paper containing a letter from a lady who claims to have been the heroine of the flag at Frederick. I have never heard of her before, and of course, know nothing of her veracity or loyalty. I must say, however, in justice to myself, that I have confidence in the truth of the original statement furnished me by a distinguished literary lady of Washington as respects Barbara Frietche—a statement soon after confirmed by Dorothea Dix, who visited Frederick and made herself acquainted with many interesting particulars of the life and character of that remarkable woman.

Very truly thy friend,
JOHN C. WHITTIER.
Amesbury, 19th, 2d mo., 1869."

In a list of persons recently invited to unite in the formation of the Academy of metaphysical and ethical sciences in New York, as a branch of the National Institute of letters, arts, and science, were the names of Pres. Woods of Brunswick, Pres. Champlin of Waterville, and Prof. T. C. Upham of Kennebecport. These were from Maine. A meeting was held on the 22nd of Dec. at the room of the Law School in Lafayette Place; and the Academy was formally organized. Pres. Hopkins of Williamstown, Mass. was chosen President; Prof. Henry B. Smith formerly of this State, Vice President; and Rev. J. P. Thompson D. D., of New York, Secretary. The National Institute, when fully completed and in action, will be found to be an important instrumentality in the advancement of knowledge. [Mirror.]

MILITARY AFFAIRS. An order was issued the 5th inst. by the order of the President, revoking the order of February 23d, relieving Paymaster-General Bries, and restoring him to duty. The following nominations have been confirmed:—Lieutenant-General William T. Sherman to be General; Major-General Philip H. Sheridan to be Lieutenant-General; Vice Sherman promoted; Brigadier-General John M. Schofield to be Major-General, vice Sheridan promoted; Colonel Christopher C. Auger to be Brigadier-General, vice Schofield promoted. The last military order issued by General Grant as General of the Army is dated March 3, and relates to the economical disposition of condemned government property.

THE NEW SENATE will have a slightly increased republican preponderance, and nearly absolute control over all legislation of a political character. The three Senators elected as Republicans who were thrown out of the places by the centrifugal forces of 1865-6, retire, Mr. Buckingham taking the place of Mr. Dixon from Connecticut, Mr. Carpenter the place of Mr. Doolittle from Wisconsin, and parson Brownlow the place of Mr. Patterson from Tennessee. The three States of New Jersey, Ohio and California exchange Republicans for Democrats, sending Mr. Stockton in place of Mr. Frelinghuysen, Mr. Thurston in place of Mr. Wade, and Mr. Cassady in place of Mr. Conness. Two able Democratic Senators retire, Mr. Buckalew giving way to Mr. Scott, Republican, from Pennsylvania, and Mr. Hendricks to Mr. Pratt, Republican, from Indiana.

THE SARSAPARILLA DIGGERS OF YUCATAN.—This singular set of people are descended from the ancient Aztecs of Southern Mexico, and still retain some of the peculiarities which Stevens and Prescott gave of their ancestors. Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co. employ a small army of them in digging Sarsaparilla root. Provided with narrow spades, a coil of rope, and a bag of water, they are ready for the forest, where the wild banana furnishes them with food, and thick-leaved trees their only shelter. Few of those who find themselves rejuvenated by this product, know how much they are indebted to the toil of these humble laborers, who dig health for thousands of Dr. Ayer's patrons, while they themselves lose their own. [Boston Commercial.]

Every freeman in Chicago has his

