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Maxham & Wing

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THE WINTER SNOWS.

Over the mountains the snow-wreaths are drifting;
Hanging their garlands on laurel and pine;
Robbing the fields with an exquisite beauty,
Bending the tattered sprays of the vine,
Falling like down on the breast of the river,
Crowning the maple tree over the way,
Drifting along on the winds to the southward;
Hiding the vessels way out in the bay.

In the red sunset the snow-flakes are shining,
Snow-drift on snow-drift; curl upon curl;
Flashing back colors of exquisite brightness;
Diamonds and rose leaves and mother-of-pearl.
Softly, ye snow-wreaths drop over the hill-side,
Where, in still slumbers, the weary deer rest,
Where by the pine tree my mother is sleeping,
Tenderly lay your white folds on her breast.

Soon shall a spring-time break over the mountains;
Over its beauty no cold wind shall blow;
Frosts shall not breathe there to wither the flowers;
Never again shall they lie in the snow.
Eye hath not looked on that spring in its beauty;
Songs of the seraphs shall welcome its birth;
Come the beauty and glow of the morning!
Spring-time eternal! dawn over the earth.

THE BLIGHTED LIFE.

A PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

It was some months since I was roused; very early one Sunday morning, by the deputy jailor of County Jail, of which I was then the attending surgeon, and requested to come at once to the jail, to attend a prisoner, who had attempted, during the night, to commit suicide. Robbing myself as quickly as possible, I hastened with him to the prison, and, as the distance was considerable, gathered, during our rapid walk, these particulars: The prisoner was a man apparently not far from fifty years of age, and had been committed, a few weeks before, for drunkenness. He had appeared to be a man of more intelligence than most of the prisoners, was very quiet, amusing himself in his cell with writing, sometimes in a little book and sometimes on cards or slips of paper, which he distributed to the jailor's family and to visitors. The exquisite penmanship of these cards had attracted considerable attention, and the sentences written were generally moral precepts, or passages from books which indicated that he had received a good education. Later he had seemed quite depressed, and, the night before, had been overheard by some of the prisoners, talking to himself about a conspiracy to take him, but no one had supposed that he had any intention of committing suicide. By the time I had learned these facts, we were at the jail, and I found the patient in the hall, to which he had been removed by the jailor's orders as soon as his condition was discovered. In an extensive practice of several years I had a large city, a part of the time in connection with a great hospital, it had never fallen to my lot to witness such determined and persistent efforts to destroy life as this poor wretch had made. The only instrument which he possessed for the purpose was an old jackknife, whetted to sharpness probably on the floor of his cell. With this, he had inflicted ten or a dozen wounds upon his throat, plunging it into the thyroid cartilage and turning it about until he had succeeded in cutting out a portion of the cartilage the size of a dime, and leaving a jagged and horrible wound. As this had not induced death, or insensibility, he had next thrust it in the sides of his throat, narrowly missing the carotid arteries, plunged it almost to the hilt into his shoulder, and several times into his side, where, however, he had struck the ribs each time, and, finally, had buried the whole length of the blade in the pit of his stomach. So many and severe wounds had necessarily caused great loss of blood, which had caused the patient to form a ghastly pool upon the floor, and this effusion had produced fainting and insensibility. Administering some stimulants to hasten reaction, I examined his wounds carefully, and soon ascertained that, severe as they were, no great blood-vessels had been injured, and that recovery was possible, though certainly not probable, from the depressed vitality which was evident in his whole appearance. I could not avoid noting, however, the broad, capacious brow, and the decidedly intellectual expression of the face, which satisfied me, as the jailor had suspected, that he was an educated man.

I visited him repeatedly during the day, and found that, when reaction supervened, it was accompanied by violent delirium, during the paroxysms of which he raved constantly of a woman who had infuriated his enemies where he was and induced them to come with her to carry him to prison and to execution. Under this delusion the expression of horror and distress in his face was fearful, and too truly of years of suffering. Occasionally he would mutter something of "forgiveness and escape, but so incoherently that I could make nothing of it. The next day he was evidently stronger, but the delirium continued, and if the watchfulness of his attendants was relaxed for a moment, he would spring from his bed and rush to some dark corner to escape his enemies, who he asserted were searching for him.

Two or three weeks passed without much change in his condition; he had become rational, or, apparently so, but constantly interfered with the dressings I put upon his throat, tearing them off and enlarging the wound. He did not have now concerning his enemies, but expressed his firm determination to repeat his attempt at suicide, and the next time so effectually that there would be no decision for my services. This determination was evidently not the result of physical suffering, for he bore pain with a stoical fortitude which I have never seen equalled; but the reason he assigned was doubtless the real one, that he was utterly tired of life, and that the mental suffering he had endured for many years had been so terrible that death was preferable.

By degrees, however, as his body wasted and weakened under the exhausting process of suppuration, his earnest longing for death subsided; the eye, at first so fierce with delirious light, became mild and calm; the brow, which had been knit with the resolution of ending his long agony by death, grew smooth and placid, and as he listened to the kind words of a devoted city missionary, who told him of the compassionate Jesus, who forgave and loved even the greatest of sinners, the tempestuous throbblings of his aching heart ceased, and he became, once more, like a little child.

Availing myself of this condition of mind, I sought to win his confidence, and learn his history; for I had become deeply interested in the man, and was satisfied that his earthly career would soon close. At first, he seemed reluctant to reveal to any human being the tale of crime and sorrow which had, for so many years, blighted his existence; but at length, satisfied of my friendly interest in his welfare, he requested the attendant to bring him his clothes, and drew from one of his pockets a manuscript note-book. "Here, doctor," said he, "is the story of my sin and suffering, noted down as it occurred. I can talk but little, for I am too weak; but I will only say, as introductory to what that will tell you, that though brought here a vagabond, I was not always one. I was born in Canada, of wealthy and highly respectable parents, and sent by them, at an early age, to one of the provincial colleges, where I graduated with honor. My father had been a merchant, and desired me, his eldest son, to follow

the same profession; and, in accordance with his wishes, I entered upon it. I was not extravagant, nor given to vicious indulgence; and about the time of commencing business, I married one who was an honor to her sex, and whose memory I shall ever cherish as that of an angel on earth. I do not think, however, that I possessed a high order of business talent; my preferences for literature were very strong, and though I was prudent, industrious, and attentive to my business, nothing seemed to prosper in my hands. My father died, and his property, which had been supposed very large, proved but just sufficient to furnish to my mother and sisters a home. As the great crash of 1837 drew on, I found myself deeply embarrassed—the rest the book will tell you. Exhorted by this effort, he lay panting upon his prison couch. The exertion had brought a hectic glow upon his cheek, and though the eyes looked dark and cavernous, and the face was emaciated, yet there was an intellectual beauty and glory there which the suffering of years had not been able to quench; and which contrasted painfully with the surroundings.

Toward evening I visited him again and found him rapidly failing. I took his thin, wasted hand in mine, and asked him how he felt. "Peaceful, peaceful," he replied in a scarce audible whisper. In the morning I returned to the prison and learned that he was dead. The weary struggle so long protracted had closed, and he had passed away so quietly that his attendants could not ascertain the moment of his departure.

That evening I examined the little book he gave me and found it a journal or a diary in which he had chronicled the downward steps of his sin; his sorrow, and his life-long remorse. Like the mystic roll of Ezekiel, "there was written therein lamentations, and mourning, and weeping." I subsequently learned from other sources some incidents of his later history which were not there recorded, and these I have woven into this narrative. I have thought, however, that I could not present so forcibly in any other language than his own, the temptations which, in his case, as in that of hundreds of others, led to the commission of his crime, the penitence, remorse, and horror which followed, the bitterness and seeming malignity with which society hurled back into the pit of despair those poor sin-stricken souls, who would fain ascend if they might, from the depths of sin to a higher and purer life. The first extract I shall give is the first entry in the book, and reveals a troubled and anxious heart:

July 6, 1837. Am sorely distressed to obtain the means of meeting my notes. J. & P., my bankers, will not loan me a dollar, nor will the C. Bank, nor the P. Banking Co. K. and S. and D. have failed to-day. Would that I could do so, and thus buy out this pest of anxiety. But if I fail now, W. and T. must go too, and what a wretch I shall be reckoned if I bring them to ruin. What shall I do?

July 10. Have been trying, for four days past, to get a discount or loan on my securities, without success. To-morrow the note of \$5000 to B. must be paid, or I must go into the Gazette. Where shall I obtain it? Alas! I know not, and though, for many nights, sleep has deserted my eyes, as I have revolved plans for relief, yet I can find no ray of light.

July 11. Arose this morning after a wakeful night, almost in despair. On my way down, met Q., a broker, whose enormous slaves have ruined so many. He met me with a smiling face, inquired concerning my family, and said, "You look worried and ill. I hope you don't have any money troubles these days." I am satisfied that he had marked me for a victim, but I was desperate, and replied, "I do have some trouble, like every one else, I suppose." "Can I be of any assistance to you?" he asked in his bland way. "I have a little money to lend, if you have good securities. I went with him to his office and showed him my securities. "Ah, yes," he said, after a while, scanning them carefully, "these are fair, quite fair. How much do you want?" "I named the sum I was short. "A large sum, young man, a large sum. However, I suppose I must let you have it. I knew your father very well, and dealt with him often. "My rates," he continued as he saw my face lightened up at the prospect of relief, "are five shillings per £100 per day." "Five shillings per day!" I exclaimed in astonishment. "Why, Mr. Q., that is 90 per cent per annum." "Exactly," was the reply; "but, my young friend, we don't talk of per annum here; you want this only as a temporary loan; isn't it worth that to get such a cloud off your brow as I saw on it this morning? Besides, we are through the worst now; and in a few days the banks will be glad to discount your notes." Seeing that I still hesitated, he added: "How, I do not wish to urge you. Don't do it, if you can do any better. I have customers enough for all my money." There was no help for it. Enormous as the interest was, it was the only offer I had had, and I accepted it.

July 18. Met Q., to-day. In his blustering tones, he said, "You are looking much better; I hope you sleep well. I ought to have inquired," he added, "the other day, how long you wanted that £2000, but your honest face made me negligent." I replied that I hoped to pay it in three or four days, as I was making exertion to obtain a discount. "One thing more," he said, as we parted, "you are ready I suppose with your interest to-day; we are obliged to collect our interest weekly, in these affairs; short settlements, you know, make long friends." I thought a moment; the interest was already £35, and I had not half that sum by me. I told him so. "I am sorry," said he, "shall have to compound it then, I suppose." And waving his hand graciously, he passed on. I must get out of this man's clutches, or he will soon ruin me.

July 23. Have been struggling constantly for almost two weeks, to raise the means to pay up Q., but it is of no use; matters are getting worse instead of better. Advertised my home-stead property, but find no purchasers.

July 25. Q. called on me for my interest to-day £70, 12s., 3d. Had not money enough to pay it, and besides, had £1000 coming due to-morrow. Gave him my note for the interest. He asked for security for this too, and I was obliged to give it. What shall I do for £1000 to-morrow?

July 26. Borrowed £950 more of Q. It is easy to see that this must have led to ruin, and that speedily. We pass over two months.

Sept. 25. Q. is getting clamorous for his interest, or more securities. Smooth as oil him-

self, he keeps around his establishment some half a dozen rough, ruffianly fellows, who slide out upon me at the corners of the streets, come to my house at all hours, stop me if I am walking with a friend, and annoy me every day and hour, with "Mr. Q. wants to know if you will call and pay that interest to-day. I have paid what I could, but trade is utterly dead, and every day sees me more, and more involved. When I see Q. he tells me he does not care for the money, but he wants a little more security. Oh, God! keep me from yielding to the temptation which has haunted me for a month past, to offer him a—, I cannot utter it—a—note."

Sept. 30. My poor wife seems my face with deep anxiety. "What is it," she said to me this morning, which gives you such a care-worn, worried look, and who are those rough-looking men who come and call for you so often?" I faltered out some intelligible explanation; and imprinting a kiss on her brow, escaped from her, glad to evade further questioning.

It has been a hard day for me. My interest to Q. was due, over £200, and I could not pay it, and had no securities. Again and again came up that fearful temptation. Would it be wrong to give a note to such a man for security? My brain whirled. What shall I do?

Oct. 8. The deed is done. I offered Q. to-day a—note, and he took it as security, asking no questions. He said he was so much harassed now for a time—but oh! at what a cost have I purchased exemption!

I pass over the record of this repeated temptations and sins, and hasten to the account of his arrest.

In prison, April, 1838. That which I feared is come upon me. Yesterday I was arrested on the charge of forgery. Yes! I, always proud of my honorable name, am in prison as a felon. Can it be? No! it is a horrible dream from which I shall soon awake! But, if it is a dream, what mean these iron bars, that shut out the blessed light of heaven! What mean these massive doors, that grieve so heavily on their hinges? What is this clanking of chains? I am—I am—a prisoner, God help me! Yet this gloom is not utterly rayless. My wife, blessed angel of mercy, has come, and tells me she will stay by my side, and that she loves me and trusts me as much as ever. And yet—and yet—how can I permit it? What terrible ruin have I brought upon her, deeply as I love her. How have I blighted all her hopes; dashed to the earth all her cup of happiness; and shall I now suffer her to drag out her life in these prison walls, for and with me? No! no! She must leave me to my despair. I have brought it upon her myself, and none should share it with me. Oh, that I could die! Oh, that I had died ere this dreadful day! Yes, ere I had brought such sin and sorrow upon my family, my friends, and myself.

April 24. She will not leave, and it is well, perhaps that she will not, for ought but her presence keeps me from madness; yet I might better be a maniac than her health and life be the penalty of her devotion.

June 16. I have been brought to the borders of the grave, and though mercifully preserved by delirium from the consciousness of suffering, my piteous wailings, for death to release me from my agony, almost broke the heart of my poor wife. During this time my friends have been untiring in their efforts to procure my pardon. They succeeded in arranging with my creditors for their claims, and they have been pleading with the governor-general for a conditional pardon, but thus far without effect. He insists that I must be made an example. Oh! God! can nothing but my death on the gallows appease the justice of the law? To-day my aged mother and my devoted wife have gone once more to make a last, earnest, and urgent appeal—I hardly dare hope for their success.

June 18. God gave power to their pleadings. My wife returned last night almost frantic with joy, and completely worn out with excitement. The governor-general, she says, at first endeavored to avoid seeing them, and sent them word that deeply as he sympathized with them, he could not interfere; the law must take its course. But they were not to be repulsed. My mother insisted on direct interview, and with tears streaming from her face, and her feeble frame shaking with agony, plead for her first-born, reminded him of his mother's love, and sought to make him change his purpose; he was evidently distressed, but still remained firm. He had refused to see my wife, probably fearing that her pleas might be too strong for him to resist; but his wife with her woman's heart could not witness such suffering as my poor Louise manifested, unmoved, and taking her arm within her own, brought her into the governor's presence, in direct violation of his commands. At first he frowned in anger; and they feared that all was lost; but at length the eloquence of my wife's plea for her husband—a plea in which she seemed to have received supernatural aid, moved him to tears, and his own wife joining her in pleading for me, he yielded so far as to consent to my being set free, if I would never return to Canada. I hardly dared indulge the least hope of this, and the transition from despair to hope was completely prostrated me. Well, life is sweet, and though it must be in exile, far from the home of my childhood, yet, if I may but live in freedom, I may be able to regain by years of penitence and honest living the position in society I have forfeited.

July 1, 1838. Escaped last week to S— N. Y., under an assumed name, have obtained employment in a grocery store. No matter. An honest livelihood, however humble, is preferable to dependence and debt.

July 31. Have been getting along very pleasantly here, suiting my employer, and hoping soon to have my dear wife come to me, when, this morning, I took up an S— newspaper, and found the following paragraph: "We cut from the Canadian Gazette the following: We think the young man is in a store, not a thousand miles from G— street."

"The consummate scoundrel and hypocrite, James S., who, by the aid of his friends succeeded in bribing justice and eluding punishment, has, we understand, made his escape to S— N. Y., and is employed there under an assumed name in a grocery-store. We are sorry the galleys are robbed of its due; but we advise our S— friends to look out for him; for a greater villain never went unhung."

I had hardly read this when my employer

came in. "Henry," said he, "does that paragraph mean you?" "I suppose it does," I said, utterly overwhelmed at the question. "Well then," he replied, "you will have to leave here; I'll have no jail-bird on my premises." "But," I urged, almost in despair, "I am not the hypocrite or scoundrel that paper calls me. Give me the chance for an honest life." "I can't do it—should lose my business if I did," was his reply. "Here," he added, tossing me a five dollar gold piece, "take that and clear out. I don't know how much you have stolen from me already." My wages due were over thirty dollars, as I had drawn nothing and was hired at thirty-five dollars per month, but this paltry five dollars was all he would give me, and I started on foot for Albany, with no acquaintance or character.

Poor James met with similar treatment at Albany and at one or two of the towns on the Hudson. At length he found employment in New York, and turned for a little time seemed prosperous. Humble, industrious, prompt, and careful, he succeeded in winning his way to the affections and regard of a house in the wholesale trade, and finally ventured to send for his devoted wife. Gladly did she come to him, and as gladly was she welcomed. Would space permit, we would willingly copy the passages of the journal, which describe this meeting. It required the hand of a master to portray the loving fidelity and outgushing affection of the wife, the tenderness and love, mingled with pride and gratitude, of the husband, so admirably as it is done in this little note-book. But their happiness was of short duration.

The devoted wife, whose constitution had been undermined by her voluntary imprisonment and anxiety for her husband, soon sank under that deadly disease, consumption, and James, when he closed the eyes whose last look was one of the purest and deepest affection for him, felt that he had lost all that made life endurable. To add to his distress, his employers failed, and all of his little gains, which he had deposited with them for safe keeping, were swept away in the wreck. When the pangs of his grief at the loss of his wife was a little abated, he again sought employment, and found it; but the enemies, who had so often before annoyed him, were on his track; and again and again deprived him of a situation. Once he went to the West Indies and obtained a good place as an accountant there, when he was thrown out of it by reports sent from Canada, and this time by a woman. He returned to New York, thoroughly discouraged. After long waiting, during which he almost perished from starvation, he obtained a place, of which he thus speaks:

Oct. 3, 1847. After being out of employment for nearly six months; I have at last obtained a situation. It is a tediousness my soul abhors, but it is this or starvation. Oh! my poor Louise, much as I miss thee every day and hour, I cannot but be thankful that thou dost not live to see me in such a wretched business."

Here, probably to drown the sorrow and remorse which was consuming him, he occasionally indulged in the use of the liquors he sold, and at last, being unsteady, resolved, in 1850, to go to California. Even there his enemies found him, and, with relentless hostility, thwarted all his efforts to obtain a livelihood, while remorse for his errors and shame at finding himself becoming a slave to his appetite for strong drink, were fast breaking down his manhood. At last he tore himself away from California, and resolved to come again to the East, and try once more to lead an honest, manly, and temperate life. It was sixteen years since his crime was committed. But let him tell his own story of the cruel Nemesis which still dogged his steps:

B—, Miss., Jan. 12, 1853. I have now been here six months; and begin to hope that my wanderings and troubles have come to an end. The people seem to be very pleasant and sociable, and I have taken more pleasure in society than in years before. The debating society is very large and interesting; and I have once or twice taken a part in the discussions with, I hope, some little credit to myself. I have not touched any intoxicating drink for ten months, and feel that I have conquered my appetite for it."

Feb. 3, 1853. It is useless for me to contend against fate. Here, where I had hoped to pass the rest of my days in quiet and peace, I am again driven out like a rabid dog. Yesterday, I went as usual in the morning to the counting-house of the B. Co., where I am employed, and had just taken my seat at my desk, when my relentless enemy, whom I had not seen for seventeen years, but who had so often tracked me out, came in. I knew him at once, but hoped he did not recognize me. Vain hope! He stared at me, but said nothing, and stood left. At noon, as I passed along the street, I overheard one and another say: "He's an old jail-bird—fought largely over so many years ago in Canada—and this even up to every thing that since." I rushed to my room in perfect agony. I did not go down to dinner, but my landlord came up and told me he had rented my room to another man, and wished me to find another boarding-place. I packed my trunk, and, promising to take it at night, went to the counting-house, where the agent of the mills came to me and said: "Henry," this was my assumed name—"how much is due you?" I mustered courage to answer: "Why do you ask?" "Because," he replied, "it has come out that you are the noted forger, James S., and our directors would turn me out if I kept you another day. You have been faithful and trustworthy here," he added, "and I will give you a certificate to that effect, in your assumed name, if you wish, but you must leave here."

Feb. 12. The cup was full, I left, and, reaching a small village in the neighborhood, steeped my senses in liquor for a week. This was foolish, no doubt, but there seemed no longer any room to hope, and I could only attempt to drown my woe in forgetfulness. We are rapidly hearing the last sad months which preceded the tragedy which I have already narrated. For a time the demons of intoxication seemed to have taken possession of him. He drank that he might remember his misery no more. At length he roused to better thoughts. He abandoned the intoxicating cup, and invoking his memory who, amid all his errors and sins had been his moral lodestone, he resolved that he would drink no more. He sought employment in another manufacturing

town, remote from his last residence, and found it. For a few months he was again allowed to be quiet, and once more dared to indulge the hope that misfortune was weary of persecuting him. His hours of depression, though still many, were fewer than formerly, and his patient devotion to the interest of his employers won their esteem and affection. Occasionally he could be drawn into conversation; and the fine classic culture which had marked his youth shone out and made those around him wonder that one so gifted could be content with a station so humble. But alas! not yet; had he reached the climax of his woe. Again a woman from his native town came to the place where he resided and recognized him; more, it is to be hoped, from the love of gossip than from malignity of heart, she narrated his story with not a few embellishments; and a robbery having taken place in the village, he was at once arrested as its author.

Before the day appointed for his trial, traces were found of the real rogues, and he was set at liberty, but the iron had entered his soul. When released he was found to be insane; and, pitiful, indeed, were his petitions to be saved from falling into the hands of that woman, who would take him back to Canada to be executed.

He had somehow concealed the impression that the persecution against him was of Roman Catholic origin, and that he was to undergo the tortures of the Inquisition. "You may put me in prison," he would say, "and, if it must be so, you may hang me, but I can't be tortured on the rack." Occasional lucid intervals occurred after a time, but, under his partial insanity, the appetite for strong drink was again awakened, and he became a vagabond. It was in one of these fits of intoxication that he was committed to the county jail, where his career of suffering terminated so tragically.

Such is the sad record of a blighted life.

A STATUE OF LINCOLN.—Dr. Holland writes as follows in a private letter from Rome:

What do you suppose I went first to see in Rome? Not St. Peter's, nor the Coliseum, but Randolph Rogers' colossal statue of Abraham Lincoln. It was unveiled to the public the morning after my arrival, and I was among the first to pay it attention and homage. It is, without any qualification, a grand success, and the city of Philadelphia, for which it has been modeled, will, after the Munich founders have translated it into bronze, possess in it the finest representation extant of the honored and lamented subject. The figure of Mr. Lincoln was not in elegant one, and the marvel of the statue is that, without the addition of a single fictitious grace, it presents Mr. Lincoln to the eye as a grand man. The figure is seated in a chair, with which is thrown a cloak, and this

it holds in an open scroll, representing the emancipation proclamation, and in the other a pen. There is nothing else but plain Abraham Lincoln in his frock coat and trousers. The face, deeply lined, earnest, solemn, sad, tells its own story of the struggle through which he had been brought to the crowning act of his life, and his sense of the importance of the act itself. Such was the effect of the statue upon one lady whom I noticed in the little gathering of Americans present that she wept during all the time she remained in the apartment; yet I was assured that she had never seen Mr. Lincoln in her life; and of course was touched by no personal associations. There is but one voice among all the Americans here, in regard to this statue, that is, that it fills their noblest ideal of the man it represents, and does the highest honor to the sculpting hand and true genius that fashioned it.

A former Confederate officer has related to an Albany lawyer the following interesting reminiscence of the death of Gen. Phil. Kearney which he says he was an eye-witness to: The gallant Kearney, he said, received his death wound from a private in my command, and when he fell from his horse, I hastened with many others to the point where he lay, not supposing that his wound was a mortal one. Just as we reached his body, however, his limbs gave the convulsive quiver, and then all was still. Seeing that he was a Major General, word was sent to headquarters to that effect, and General Jackson coming to the spot immediately gave the glance at the dead officer's features, and exclaimed, "My God, boys do you know whom you have killed? You have shot the most gallant officer in the United States Army. This is Phil. Kearney, who lost his arm in the Mexican War." He then involuntarily lifted his hat, every officer in the group following his example, and for a moment a reverential silence was observed by all. Subsequently the body of the dead soldier was placed upon two boards, and when being removed to headquarters was followed by General Jackson, General Ewell, and other officers, while a regimental band preceded playing a dead march.

FOETIT AS AN EDUCATOR.—The men who know man best are the great poets. They are great poets through the warmth and breadth and faithfulness of their sensibilities, their sympathetic consonance with all the voices of the human heart, and above all, through ceaseless desire for the better. To utter and embody conceptions springing out of such soil there needs a rich and flexible, a clean, refined diction. Hence poets are the regents of language. Great poems are the highest classics; that is, they are the best products of the first class of literary work. Thus, besides the primary claim which good poetry has to be an educator, as tending through the truthfulness and purity of its thought and sentiment, to purge and elevate the sensibilities, it has but a secondary claim, as furnishing the finest moulds of speech, transparent, sparkling, deeply-fraught words in golden cadences. These their claims have been always academically acknowledged. [From "COLLEGE EDUCATION," in Lippincott's Magazine for April.

HOW TO CURE THIRST.—An exchange prints the following sensible and simple recipe for allaying thirst and restoring a feverish system back to health: When persons are feverish and thirsty beyond what is natural, indicated in some cases by a metallic taste in the mouth, especially after drinking water, or by a whitish appearance of the greater part of the surface of the tongue, one of the best "coolers" is to take a lemon, cut off the top, sprinkle over it some

loaf sugar, working it down into the lemon with a spoon, and then suck it slowly, squeezing the lemon and adding more sugar, as the acidity increases from being brought up from a lower point. Invalids with feverishness may take two or three lemons a day in this manner with the most marked benefit, manifested by a sense of coolness, comfort and invigoration.

FIGHT WITH WILDCATS.

Over in Sullivan county, along the Nevorsink, is a little settlement known as Eden—so named, probably, as a kind of compensation for being as unlike the primitive Eden as one could readily imagine.—One of the celebrities of the neighborhood is Jonas Brooks—a tough-looking backwoodsman, a terror to all sort of wild "varmint" that prowls about that part of the country, which are his special aversion. The number of wildcats which he has killed is immense—so much so that he is known everywhere about that region by the sobriquet of "Jonas Brooks, the Wildcat Killer of Eden." His various exploits and adventures in that line, if properly written up, would make a book of thrilling interest—a worthy companion to "Tom Quick, the Indian Slayer."

Some few weeks ago Jonas caught one of these hated felines, while going through a piece of woods, and, true to his instinct, he made after the thimal, without stopping to consider that he was unarmed—not even having a jack-knife about him. He followed it until it retreated to a sort of cavern in the rocks, where Jonas made up his mind to "go in" and capture the "varmint." So, picking up a tough hickory club, he proceeded to enter the cave. After passing the entrance, to his surprise he found quite a lofty cavern, extending some thirty feet, and in the furthest extremity glowed not only one, but half a dozen pairs of ferocious eyes, which betokened that work for any intruder. Jonas was undoubtedly "something" took back, as he expressed it, at sight of so many glistening eyes fixed upon him, but as it was not in his nature to retreat under any circumstances, he cautiously advanced into the cave. He soon discovered that he had walked into a den littered by wildcats—two old ones and four young ones—and about the time he had got through counting them the biggest one of the six "went for him." Throwing himself back in angle of the cavern, the heroic backwoodsman met the ferocious monster with a well swung blow of his cudgel, which rather "wilted" the animal for a moment; but before Jonas had time to fairly recover from the first onslaught, the other old cat made a dive at him; catching on his hind and shoulder and almost rendering him powerless, so terrible was the gripe of the monster's claws. With his left hand, however, Jonas grasped the throat of the animal, and after a desperate struggle succeeded in shaking him off. Jonas now thought that discretion might be the "better part of valor," and accordingly began to consider the chances of retreat. He revolved all the chances in his mind "in about the millionth part of a second," he said, and came to the conclusion that it wouldn't do for him to leave the little angle in which he was so well posted.

Both of the old wildcats, meanwhile, were lashed into a state of the most intense ferocity, their eyes glaring like coals of fire, and their hair literally standing on end, and to do to Jonas's discomfiture, the four young ones—which, although only "kittens," were not exactly of the kind which a lady would like to hold in her lap—began to exhibit symptoms of joining in the fight, just to "get their

This was a situation. Jonas began to think this would be his last fight with wildcats, and the wildcats would probably have the extreme felicity of eating Jonas Brooks for their supper. All these thoughts of course passed through Jonas's mind, while the animals were for a moment kept at bay by the lively motions of his hickory cudgel. Only for a moment, however, as his first antagonist again took the lead in an attack, and although she met with a sharp blow of the cudgel, the whole litter fell down in such quick succession that Jonas was unable to keep them off. And now ensued a struggle which it is useless to portray.

The ferocious animals clayed into Jonas in every quarter while he made almost superhuman efforts to tear them off—knocking about right and left with his club, as well as he was able, and clutching them by the throats with his left hand when he got a chance. Luckily Jonas was arrayed in a good suit of home-spun; instead of "shoddy," or he would have been stripped to the skin in no time. The fight was a fierce and lively one for a time, as can readily be imagined. Jonas was fighting for his life; however, and soon succeeded in putting the young cats *hors de combat*, by cracking them judiciously over the heads. His blows upon the old ones also began to tell, and after a hot desperate struggle, in which one of them got a finishing blow, the other retreated to the back of the cave, where Jonas proceeded to do for him also, leaving Jonas "master of the situation." An inventory of our hero's wardrobe, taken after the fight, exhibited one suspender, about half of a vest, one leg of pantaloons, no shirt to speak of, and a pair of boots that wouldn't "shed a heavy dew," as Jonas expressed it. His whole body and limbs were frightfully lacerated, and the blood fairly ran from his wounds. Notwithstanding which, Jonas tied the tails of the six wildcats together, and swinging them around his neck, he walked home with his trophies. [Middleton (N. Y.) Mail.]

We have had a surfeit of cave hoaxes and treasure discoveries in this country, but we turn with pleasure to one which at first sight seems utterly ridiculous, and which yet attempted here. At a recent sitting of the Hungarian Academy, one of the members, Dr. Louis Mekei informed the assembly by letter from Venice that he had discovered there a quantity of Greek, Latin and Hebrew works, whose existence had hitherto been unsuspected. He mentioned among others a Hebrew translation of the laws of Moses, a complete translation of the laws of Solon, as large as the official collection of Austrian laws; an epic poem on our Savior by Josephus, of considerable length and merit; many works by Archimedes, including treatises on geometry, meteorology, and the use of the thermometer; and a poem by Hesiod, in which the sciences were described in beautiful hexameters. The joke of this was the fact that the "savant" was the person who was sold. He had stumbled upon a collection of exercises by medieval scholars, and had taken them for genuine. There is no difficulty in believing the statement that the communication was received with shouts of laughter. [Bos. Adv.]

Our accounts from some of the logging districts are of the most unfortunate character. The great depth of snow, which came so suddenly, and the rain following, had the effect to almost effectually prevent communication with the outside world. The snow and water has been about five feet deep upon the ice at the crossings of Moose Head Lake, and it has been impossible to transport forage for the teams. In several cases it has been found necessary to feed the horses with flour. [Bangor Whig.]

Waterville Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DAN'L. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . MAR. 26, 1869.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 4 State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York; S. R. S. Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 10 Park Row, New York; and T. C. Evans, Advertising Agent, 122 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.

ATWELL & CO., Advertising Agents, 7 Middle Street, Portland, are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisers abroad are referred to the Agents named above.

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

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We are sending bills to all of our subscribers who are one year or more in arrears, and our need is such that we shall regard it as a great favor if those receiving their bills will promptly remit the amount. Most of these are small, singly, but the aggregate is of considerable importance to us. The larger the bill, the more urgent the call.

GOOD OUT OF NAZARETH.—If Brigham Young has not been sadly misrepresented, the hunt for honey in mud, the pearl in a toad's head, or a good thing in Nazareth, would promise better results than looking for good moral or social philosophy in the teachings of the Prophet of Salt Lake. But Brigham Young should have fair play. He has lately given an address before the Female Relief Society of Utah—(it is not said what kind of relief the members of the society seek)—in which there certainly are some scraps of common sense that would not injure a christian community in Maine. He advocates a higher standard of education for women as teachers and mothers, for the reason that the mother's influence contributes largely to the character of the children, and in return a deeper interest in the subject of public and private education. He likes a touch of worldly accomplishments, with a touch of the paint brush and piano; but he abominates "female loafers,"—such as need not be described in Waterville— and hates the fashionably educated women of the world, of which two classes he says, "They are no good to themselves or anybody else." Who objects to thus much of Mormonism? But when he so far touches upon the alarming theories of women's rights as to propose "a business education to such women as have any taste for business," and would make them mechanics, artists, naturalists, book-keepers and painters, as well as tailors, shirt makers and milliners, he had better keep clear of good old Kennebec, where one wife, like the average, is enough.

AN OLD 'UN!—Our neighbor Blanchard, at the old Stilson paint shop, hands us a copy of Ames' Almanack for the Year of our Lord Christ 1768, one hundred and one years ago. It is very much like the fashionable Almanack of 1869, saving the style of its dress—differing less than the miss of to-day and the great-grandmother who kept this almanack hanging so carefully on a nail over the "mantle-tree." It was printed in Boston, when that city was so far from being "the hub," that the following was a fair exhibition of its spokes for the guide of travelers:

"Between Boston and Portsmouth, one Stage-Coach passes and repasses once a Week.

"Between Boston and Providence, two Stage-Coaches pass and repass twice a Week, 2 Dollars each Passenger.

"Between Providence and Newport, two neat Stage-Boats ply twice a Week with Goods and Passengers.

"Between Newport or Rhode-Island, and New-York, four Stage-Boats which ply constantly."

From a table of roads and distances we learn that the "Road to the Eastward over Charlestown Ferry" extended to "Fort Western," (Augusta,) and thence 18 miles to Fort Halifax, (Winslow,) and that "Norridgewalk" was then 27 miles (now 15) further on towards "Great Carrying Place," which was thirty miles beyond, on the road to Quebec.

WILLIAM KENDALL, Esq., formerly a resident of our village, and a well known inventor and millwright, is said, by the Bangor Whig, to be the oldest Free Mason in the United States, his connection with the order dating back to March 5, 1804, when he joined Kennebec Lodge No. 5 at Hallowell. He is now 87 years old.

MAJ. JOSEPH MARSTON has purchased the old Blackwell store, and lot, nearly opposite the Mail office, and is preparing to put a new building upon the lot, two stories in height—the upper loft of which he will finish for a dwelling.

TWENTY OF BRIGHAM YOUNG'S WIVES are on their way to Washington.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for April, with attractive contents, is for sale at Henrickson's.

SOUTHERN CORRESPONDENCE.

GREENVILLE, S. C., March 16.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—I left your pleasant village for the "Sunny South," on the 23d of March. I travelled one day and night, and in the morning found myself in N. Y. City. Took the evening train for Washington and found myself on the morning of March 4th in the capital of our great nation, in season to see the invincible General made a President; who, I hope and trust, in this highest position of responsibility and honor our nation can confer, will be no less invincible in the administration of all that is just and righteous in the onward march of our nation, in its advancement towards that point when it shall be the synonym of all that is equitable, true and good.

As we were assembled before the capitol to witness the inaugural ceremonies, and as the procession filed into the square in front of where the exercises were to take place—in which the army and navy were appropriately represented, then the veterans of 1812, then the veterans of our late war, colored and white, &c.,—there appeared in the train a wagon with several men on board, and a printing press in motion, representing free speech, free press, &c. I noticed on the back of the wagon, in large letters, this inscription, "Equal Justice to All," and on one corner, near the inscription, was hung a carpet bag. Ah, thought I, that means me; the incoming administration will protect the "carpet bagger" in the South. I find protection; but six months ago one of my own brethren, a member of the Conference, was shot dead, not many miles from this, by three ruffians called good democrats by Southern democracy. But thanks be to God! times have changed for the better.

I wish to mention one thing more I saw in that inaugural procession. Towards the last of the train four men appeared, carrying a very nicely made bier, with a large silk banner standing upon it, on which was painted a full sized portrait of Lincoln. They brought it along in front of where the inaugural exercises were being performed and set it down. To me it was a very touching scene, and I could scarcely refrain from tears.

All the exercises of the day passed off pleasantly; a day long to be remembered. I last saw our President and family on Sunday at the Metropolitan M. E. Church. He sets the people the worthy example of church going. I hope they will follow him in this respect.

On the 9th I left Washington for Charleston, S. C. I went to Aqu Creek, took the cars to Fredericksburg, directly through the fortifications there, and on to Richmond, out through the fortifications of Petersburg, and down the Weldon R. R., directly through the country where the awful tide of battle and mortal conflict at times surged so fearfully! but who knows how fearfully? None but our brave men who fought our battles and saved a nation's life.

I have not seen any snow since I left Washington. As we entered S. C., we saw peach trees in blossom, flowers blooming by the road side, and all has the appearance of early summer. In Charleston roses in the gardens are in full blossom, and dandelions under our feet and plum trees over our heads are all full blown. Really, summer has come at once; or, (Some more some other time.)

Yours truly, TRUE WHITTIER.

To-day, the 27th of March, with two or three feet of snow—compacted by freezing and thawing almost to solid ice—no wonder if some of the happy owners of rheumatism shudder at the thought of the "sudden change of weather" that must occur between this and planting time. Owners of water power stock may possibly find it going down a little when the ice goes out.

BOSTON is in a ferment over the project of erecting a building on the parade ground on the Common, for the projected Musical Peace Festival. The consent of the City Fathers was obtained, and notwithstanding a large number of the citizens memorialized them to reverse their action, they refuse to do so.

P. S. All is quiet at the Hub. The National Peace Jubilee Association have concluded not to invade the Common, against the wishes of the people, but will erect their building on St. James Park, west of Berkeley Square. Classes of singers, to take part in this jubilee are forming all over the country.

SMASH THAT STATE.—We have the authority of Purley, of the Boston Journal, for the statement that the Maine delegation in Congress have agreed to support Neal Dow and John L. Stevens for foreign missions. Whew! Think of John L. Stevens as the representative of this great nation at any of the European courts.

CHARLES LOVE, the young man who escaped from the officer at Anson, recently, after being arrested as one of the buffalo thieves, was re-arrested on Monday night by Sheriff McFadden of our village, who took him from his bed in the house of his old friends in the west part of our town. He waived an examination, and was ordered to give bail in the sum of \$1200 to appear for trial in August, failing in which he was committed to jail in Augusta. The Officers are confident that the gang with which he is connected is an extensive one, with headquarters in New York city.

FIRE.—Mr. Winslow Marston's match factory, at Crommett's Mill's was burned at noon on Tuesday. Two of our village engines went to the rescue, but too late. The threshing machine and department were included in the loss. There was also several hundred dollars worth of finished matches ready for market; which, with all the stock and machinery, were consumed—with no insurance. Whole loss ten to fifteen hundred dollars. This is the fourth time in which Mr. Marston has been partially or wholly burned out; this time losing all he had.

FAST DAY.—Some of the papers announce that Gov. Chamberlain has fixed upon the 15th of April for Fast Day, but we have seen no proclamation and the Kennebec Journal says nothing of it.

THE YOUNG LADIES connected with the Congregationalist Society are making preparations for a Levee to be held some time during week after next.

OUR TABLE.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—In the April number the two serials, "Malbone," by Colonel Higginson, and the "Foe in the Household," are continued, and there is the beginning of the "Autobiography of a Shaker," by F. W. Evans. "A Strange Arrival," by J. W. De Forest, completes the unusually large amount of fiction in this number. Of poetry we have "Run Wild," by Bayard Taylor, and "To-day," printed anonymously. The other articles are The Mission of Birds, by Thomas M. Brewer; How We Grow in the West Northwest, by S. H. Gay; A Carpet-Bagger, in Pennsylvania, by J. T. Trowbridge; Our Incubates, Classified and Clarified, by an inmate of the Dillingham Asylum; Doorstep Acquaintance, by W. D. Howells; The Pacific Railroad, Open, by Samuel Bowles; and A Ride with a Mad Horse in a Freight Car, by the Rev. W. H. H. Murray. Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$4 a year.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for April, has a full page illustration, and the following contents:—Beyond the Breakers, a novel, Part IV., by Hon. Robert Dale Owen; Hans Breitmann in Poetland, II., by Charles G. Leland; College Education, by George H. Calvert; The Prince's Surprise, a Tale, by Sidney Hyde; The Neglected Grave, a Poem, by Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper; Our Globe is 1840, by Prof. Schiele de Vere; Traditional Fish Stories, by W. W. Crane; First Fruits, a Poem, by Sidney Hyde; Over Yonder, a Novellette, (concluded), by the author of "The Old Man's Secret," etc.; Women, by Sidney Harbert; Sam's Sermon, by S. W. Tuttle; A Plea for the Shad, by Thaddeus Norris; Our Monthly Gossip; Literature of the Day.

The twelve numbers of Lippincott's Magazine for 1868, containing Mrs. H. H. Davis' charming novel, "Della Galtrith," (published at \$2.00,) will be given for each subscription (\$4.00) to the magazine for 1869 received between this date and the 1st of June next. Specimen number, with premium list and club rates, sent to any address on receipt of two-cent postage stamps to pay return postage. Address J. B. Lippincott & Co., publishers, 715 and 717 Market St., Philadelphia.

THE GALAXY, for April, is at hand. It opens with the second installment of Charles Reade's novel, "Put Yourself in His Place," which bids fair to prove one of the author's best. Mr. Justin McCarthy sketches "The Exile World of London;" Dr. Draper continues his excellent series of papers with one on "Animal Food;" T. M. Coan writes thoughtfully and on the whole, sensibly upon the important question "To Marry or Not Marry;" E. Darwin Smith contributes an article on "The Great Danger of the Republic;" H. J. Winsor writes of the ever present "Velocipede;" Mrs. Edwards' "Sarah Fielding" is continued, and the preposterously unnatural and impossible "CIPHER" is concluded.

Published by Sheldon & Co., New York, at \$4 a year.

HOURS AT HOME.—The April number completes another volume of this popular monthly of instruction and recreation. In it two serials—"Motherless Girls, a Story of the Last Century," and "Christopher Kroy, a Story of New York Life"—are continued, and among the other articles are the following:—A biographical sketch of Bismarck; No. 4 of Books and Reading; No. 2 of Syrian Rumbles; the conclusion of Sevastopol in May, 1866; Spiritual Problems; Present State of the Prison Question in the United States; Henry Pestalozzi; Punishment—its Meaning and Ground.

The aim of the conductors of this magazine is, they say, "to furnish for the Family a monthly second to none in its literary merits, and yet wholly free from the sensational, frivolous, anti-religious, and corrupting elements which mar and render injurious so much of our current literature." That they succeed in doing this is shown by the appreciative patronage bestowed upon the work by the best portion of the reading community.

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

RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE.—In the April number Hans Andersen sends a special greeting to his young friends in America. His pretty story, "Luck may lie in a Pin," ends with a word to his readers which every child lover of Andersen ought to see. Andersen's connection with the "Riverside" seems to be a first one, each month he sends some new story, which is printed for American children before Danish children may see it. Porte Crayon, who has a portfolio full of stories and pictures about old Virginia, reappears here in his serial "The Young Virginians." Dr. Abbott tells a big fish story. Mr. Benjamin, author of "The Turk and the Greek," begins a series of rambles about Constantinople. There are stories about flowers and about dogs; "Suggestions for Fables;" "One of Anne Silvermill's charming sketches, with a child's old picture; a story from the Bible, 'Sitting in the midst of the Doctors;' a horse-car horse story, 'Tom and Joan;' a practical paper on the use of legs; and finally, as it began with a frontpiece of boys playing horse, it ends with a 'Velocipede Race.' A lively out-of-doors number.

Published by Hurd & Houghton, New York, at \$2.50 a year.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.—The April number is very attractive. It includes two chapters of Mr. Aldrich's popular "Story of a Bad Boy," a description of Corals by Mrs. Agassiz, the tenth packet of the "William Henry Letters," an essay on "How to Talk," by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, and several good things in poetry, besides the usual amount of puzzles of various kinds at the close.

Mr. Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy," proves to be very attractive, being highly relished by old and young. It has no doubt helped to increase the circulation of this charming magazine. The publishers still offer to send the first four numbers of this year free to any one who wishes to examine the magazine and will send his address.

Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$2 a year.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received from Mr. R. M. MANSUE, dealer in organs, melodeons, sheet music, etc. Augusta, a copy of the first number of *Home's Musical Monthly*, containing twenty-one pieces of music in one cover, (nearly \$6 worth, as sheet music is usually sold) which is sent by him to any address upon receipt of 35 cents. We have also several samples of his cheap new style sheet music, which he sends for 5 cents each, embracing many popular pieces. Order of him, and see for yourselves how cheap he sells.

MR. NYE'S CADETS.—The annual festival of this large class of the children of our village grows more and more attractive. The gathering on Wednesday evening gave new evidence of the need of a larger hall. The programme was truly "short and sweet,"—embracing, after the noisy but hearty greetings of the children; 1st, refreshments in the lower hall; 2d, Songs, by Miss Addie Smith, (a special musical favorite, who sang better than ever, and was loudly applauded,) accompanied by the fine alto of Miss Emilie Phillips; 3d, Dancing by the children and such of their young friends as chose to fall in; and 4th, Dismission for home in good season.

MASONIC.—Waterville Lodge ate their annual festive supper last night, assisted, and approved by their wives and daughters. There was very choice music, as nobody would doubt if we gave names; and the quality of the viands has the conclusive endorsement of G. H. Mathews. The occasion was worthy of a body so well honored in its members.

We have received from Horace Capron, Commissioner of the Agricultural Department at Washington, a quantity of Arnautka Spring Wheat, which we would be pleased to put into the hands of some one for careful experiment.

GOV. CHAMBERLAIN'S POSITION.—The Gardiner Journal makes an apparently candid exhibition of Gov. Chamberlain's position before the public in the present emergency of the temperance question. It publishes the substance of his speech on taking the chair of the convention of 67, and states his action since—summing up as follows:

To sum up—in 1867 Gov. Chamberlain presided over a State Temperance Convention (one of the most radical ever held in the State, by the way,) and said he did so notwithstanding people might think it indelicate for him to do so; in 1868, he would not preside, because doing so might be construed as showing he would not be impartial to any action of the Legislature upon the subject, and in 1869 he has got over all such ideas of delicacy, so far as to permit the most determined enemy of the Police bill to use his name against it in the Senate, even when it had been passed by a large majority in the other house.

WATERVILLE SAVINGS BANK.—The persons named in the act of incorporation met at People's Bank on Tuesday last, accepted the charter, chose Homer Percival, Esq., as Secretary, voted in several additional members, and empowered a committee of three to prepare a code of by-laws, to be submitted at an adjourned meeting which will be held next Monday.

WHAT NEXT?—It is now claimed that the "Burial of Sir John Moore," Wolfe's famous ode, is a translation either from the German or French; for, singular as it may seem, a poem in each language has been found, almost identical in rhythm and spirit with our old favorite. Is there nothing true, and are our idols all of clay?

BETTER THAN JERSEYS.—Of Herefords, or Short Horns, or Rose Potatoes, or Black Spanish biddies; better, we had almost said, than pure blood Spanish Merinos, better than any or all of these, as a source of profit, are canary birds, according to the report of Mrs. W. Chipman, of our village. Beginning last April with a pair, she has sold of the proceeds to the amount of thirty dollars, and has three birds left. Who can beat that?

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.—The catalogue of this institution gives the number of students as 118; science class, 6; medical students, 87; total, 211. Charles Rowell, of Kendall's, Mills is a member of the senior class, and Everett Tottman, of the same place; is a member of the Freshman class. Elmer Small, a graduate of Colby, is in the Medical school.

ACCIDENT ON THE MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD.—Mr. J. Russell Hobbs, a young man about 20 years old, who was engaged in loading lumber at the depot at Hunter's Mills, was run over by the passenger train going east, on Tuesday evening, and so badly injured that he died the same night.

THE METHODIST SOCIETY of our village have their church in such a state of forwardness that they will occupy the vestry a week from next Sabbath—Sabbath school in the forenoon and sermon and other appropriate services in the afternoon.

GOOD STEERS.—Mr. Geo. E. Shores has a very pretty pair of steers, well built and nicely matched, that weighed, when one was a few days more and the other a few days less than a year old, 1830 pounds. They are Herefords and very fine samples of that class of stock.

REV. G. W. BICKNELL, of Skowhegan, will preach Sunday forenoon, at the Universalist church, in Waterville, and in the afternoon at Kendall's Mills.

CATTLE MARKETS.—The Boston Advertiser reports that the supply of stock at the cattle market continues to be rather in advance of the demand, and prices are slowly declining. Feeders are anxious to dispose of their cattle and sheep, and many are despairing of the usual and hoped for advance at this season.

WHO HAS CHANGED?—When Andrew Johnson first came to Washington he had his nose pulled as he passed through Lynchburg, Virginia; but when he recently passed through the same place on his way home, the citizens gave him an ovation.

CHOATE, arrested as the author of the numerous incendiary fires in Newburyport, Mass., has been examined and bound over for trial.

A BRAVE ACT.—The Cape Ann Advertiser tells the following story of the gallantry of a Maine sailor during the fearful gale of Sunday, 7th instant on Georges Banks.—There were about one hundred and fifty sail at anchor on the Banks when the storm came on Saturday night, and about twenty rode out the gale at anchor. The rest had cut and run and most of them have since made a port.

Mr. Joseph H. Webber of Bremen Me. one of the crew of the schooner A. H. Winslow, performed an act of heroism worthy of honorable mention. On Sunday while the vessel was lying at anchor with her full string of cable out, it was observed that the parcelling on the bob-stay had worked loose and that the cable had commenced chafing. Directly astern were two vessels, and if the Winslow parted her cable, sure destruction awaited two if not three of the craft. At this time of peril Mr. Webber stepped forward saying, "Put a rope around me, and I will go over the bows and put the parcelling on so as to stop that chafing." His companions endeavored to dissuade him; the brave fellow was not to be deterred. Over the bows he went. One moment the bold soul would plunge beneath the foam and he would be completely immersed, then he would come up and continue his labor. He stuck to it manfully, and in reply to the repeated inquiry, "Shall we haul you in?" he said, "not until I finish my job." He did finish it, and the A. H. Winslow rode out the gale. When taken on deck he was pretty well exhausted, but soon recovered and did not suffer any material injury from his arduous undertaking.

There would be fewer air castles built on expected legacies from family ancestors in

England if everybody knew the simple fact that no alien can inherit land in England, or even take it by will; and further, that as land there always descends to the eldest son, no title derived through a younger brother can be good in any event.

A LOVELY BEAST.—A vague idea seems to prevail with some that a good cow makes her milk in some mysterious way, drawing it from the depths of her moral consciousness, rather than the food she puts into her machine. Some farmers seem to act upon this theory and thus take pains not to supply their cows with plenty of good succulent food. Verily, these Sol Silcox farmers have their reward; their cows look meanly, and give as little milk as possible. These men take no prizes at agricultural festivals, they envy those who do, and they are apt to be slow about paying up their grocer's bills. There are a number of them about the country, but we trust the last will soon die out.

A good cow deserves a better man than that. A good cow does her best to administer to our pleasure and profit, and deserves careful and good treatment. Remember that, after a sort she is violating her nature to please us. The natural or wild cow gives milk to suckle her young for a few months, and then runs dry some eight or nine months of the year; while our cow gives her milk for ten months in the year without ceasing. We deprive her of the pleasure of suckling her young, and say to her: "Grind up this fodder into milk for us—work 1" and she does it, producing for us some three thousand quarts of milk per year. We have induced her to forego her own pleasure, to forget her child and to work for us; and, for my part, I hold her to be a lovely beast. He, therefore, who strikes a cow, or kicks a cow, or starves a cow, deserves the stick, the kick, and the starvation. When I am king, I propose to myself to keep, for such fellows use, a breezy knoll, wind always north, thermometer at 10 degrees, a gentle sleety rain seasoned with hail, a four-rail fence, mostly tumbled down; in this delicious retreat I propose to allow the Sol Silcoxes to stand, without overcoats, with their backs up and heads down; there they can chew their cud, and perhaps find them sweet—as the good cows do not.

What we ask the cow to do, and what she does do, is to convert cheap or unwhitening food into good and dear food. That is, we put into a cow, per day, say

Twenty pounds of hay, at one-half cent	10
Nine pounds of sprouts or meal, at two cents	18
Total	28

and we ask her to produce from it ten quarts of nice milk, worth, at six and a half cents, some sixty or sixty-five cents. Now, the cow does not wish to do this, she wishes to suckle her calf, to lick and play with it, and then to wander at her own sweet will along the meadows and bushy pastures. But she foregoes her own wishes, and pleases us; and more than that she does it kindly and serenely. Is she not then a lovely beast?

Is there any human beast who ever does so? None! not one!—"The Milk Makers," in April Galaxy.

SPECIAL AGENTS.—The Tribune explains the mysterious announcement that Postmaster General Creswell has revoked the commissions of special agents of the Post Office Department "without pay,"

The meaning of this is that hereafter Gov. Randall's crowd of adventurers and confidence-men are to be stopped from traveling free over all the railroads and steamboats of the country. Whenever the Postmaster-General wanted to oblige a friend, or send some [striker off to cook up a convention, or manipulate a caucus, he made him a Special Agent without pay. The commission was simply a universal railroad and steamboat pass. Sometimes a single train going into Washington would contain a dozen of these "Postal Agents" whose "green seals" were flourished in the face of the conductors, in lieu of tickets. A train between New York and Washington was scarcely ever without a brace of them. Men made business trips over the whole South and West on special Agent commissions. Of course the railroads found some way to get even with the Department, and the Government eventually had all the promiscuous free riding to pay for.

NEURALGIC HEADACHES.—About ten years since I was laid up with an excruciating headache, which seemed to encircle the ear of that side of the head alone affected. The idea that the headache had something to do with the ear as a center occurred to me, although in the ear itself there was no pain. I had a little almond oil, and also spirits dropped into the ear, but without any good effect; when the thought suggested itself that perhaps a little of the anæsthetic ether (not the nitric) might do good by deadening the nervous pain. I had some drops of rectified sulphuric ether, therefore put into the ear; and in the course of half an hour my headache was entirely gone.

I have since found, both from my own occasional experience, and that of others, that ether so applied, is in nearly all cases an effectual cure of these very painful headaches, faceaches, jawaches, and toothaches, which are commonly known as neuralgic and rheumatic.

If a very severe case, two or three days may elapse during which the pain may be apt to recur especially from new and even slight exposure to draughts; but repeated applications, of half a dozen drops or less, of ether, at a time seem certain to subdue the most violent attack, sometimes in a very few minutes. A drop or two of almond or olive oil, afterwards put into the ear I have thought tended to protect from a new attack. As the ether sometimes gives pain in the ear for a moment while being applied, a single drop should first of all be carefully put in, and then more, as the case will allow; but I have never suffered the least bad effect either in my hearing or otherwise from the use of ether in this way, nor have I heard any from others who have tried it at my recommendation.—[Ex.]

BE STEADFAST.—Never let your honest convictions be laughed down. You can no more exercise your reason if you live in constant ridicule, than you can enjoy your life if you live in constant terror of death. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a point of morals, do it—not for insolence, but seriously and gravely, as if a man were a big soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion. Be true to your manhood's conviction, and in the end you will not only be respected by the world, but have the approval of your own conscience.

IS BEING DONE.—What then is the fatal absurdity in this phrase, which has been so long and so widely used that, to some people, it seems an old growth of the language, while it is in fact yet a mere transplanted sucker, without life or root? It is in the combination of *is* with *being*; in the making of the verb to be

a supplement, or, in grammarian's phrase, an auxiliary to itself—an absurdity so palpable, so monstrous, so ridiculous that it needs only to be pointed out to be scouted. To *be*—called by Latin grammarians the substantive verb—expresses mere existence or affirmation. It predicates of its subject either simple absolute existence or whatever attribute follows it. To *be* and to *exist* are perfect synonyms, or more nearly perfect, perhaps than any two verbs in the language. In some of their meanings there is a shade of difference, but in others there is none whatever; and the latter are those which serve our present purpose. When we say *He* being forewarned of danger fled, we say, *He* existing forewarned of danger fled. When we say that a thing is done, we say that it exists done. When we say, That being done I shall be satisfied, we say, That existing done I shall be satisfied. *It being* done is simply *existing* done. To say, therefore, that a thing is being done is not only to say (in respect of the last two participles) that a process is going on and is finished, at the same time, but (in respect of the whole phrase) that it exists existing finished; which is no more or other than to say that it exists finished, is finished, is done; which is exactly what those who use the phrase do not mean. It means this if it means anything; but in fact it means nothing, and is the most incongruous combination of words and ideas that ever attained respectable usage in any civilized language.—RICHARD GRANT WHITE in March Galaxy.

A CURIOSITY FOR THE LADIES.—There is an exhibition, at the salesroom of Messrs. Wheeler & Wilson, No. 625 Broadway, the first Sewing-machine (No. 1) made by that Company, the present number being \$50,000. Let the interested compare the machine sold in 1851 for \$125, with those now offered for \$55. The former owner of this machine gives its history as follows:

"The machine was finished early in 1851, and I learned its use from Mr. Wilson himself. I was thus you see the first to work the Wheeler & Wilson Machine, and learned on the first machine they ever manufactured.

In 1854, I earned, with the machine, \$295, besides doing my own housework and taking care of my baby. In 1856, we came to Davenport, and brought the machine with us. I believe it is the first machine ever brought to Iowa.

I run that machine almost constantly for more than fourteen years, on all sorts of work from the finest dressmaking to the heaviest tailoring. I quilted a full-size white bed-spread with it, which has been exhibited three times at the fair. It took me three weeks to do it with my other work; but it could not have been done by hand in as many years. I have even stitched leather with it, and at the time I exchanged it (in 1865) for No. 193,330, it worked just as well as when made.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary for me to add that I believe the Wheeler & Wilson to be vastly superior to any other machine made.

Yours respectfully, P. E. B.

KNOWING AND NO-ING.—Henry Ward Beecher, when a school boy, had no fondness for study, but owing to the judicious severity of his teacher he became the subject of a distinct, intellectual "conversion." He tells the story thus:

"I first went to the black board, uncertain, soft, full of whimpering. 'That lesson must be learned,' he said, in a very quiet tone, but with a terrible intensity, and with the certainty of fate. All explanations and excuses he trod under foot with utter scornfulness. 'I want that problem. I don't want any reason why I don't get it.'

"I did study it two hours."

"That's nothing to me; I want the lesson. You need not study it at all, or you may study it ten hours—just to suit yourself. I want the lesson. Underwood, go to the blackboard!"

"Oh, yes, but Underwood got somebody to show him his lesson."

"What do I care how you get it? That's your business. But you must have it."

In the midst of a lesson his cold and calm voice would fall upon me in the midst of a demonstration—"No!" I hesitated, stopped, and then went back to the beginning; and on the same spot again—"No!" uttered with the tone of perfect conviction, barred my progress. "The next!" and I sat down in red confusion. He too was stopped with "No!" but went right on; finished, and, as he sat down, was rewarded with "Very well."

"Why," whispered I, "I recited it just as he did, and you said 'No!'"

"Why didn't you say Yes, and stick to it? It is not enough to know your lesson. You must know that you know it! You have learned nothing till you are sure. If all the world says No, your business is to say Yes, and to prove it!"

A Memphis jury having convicted a man of murder now finds that the murdered man is living. The question is whether the verdict shall be rescinded or the man be allowed to murder his victim.

George T. Downing, Frederick Douglass and other colored men, have issued proposals for the publication of a first-class weekly journal in the city of Washington, in the interest of the colored people of America.

At the present term of the Supreme Court at Augusta, Mrs. Serena Shaw of Waterville recovered \$1641.00 against Dr. Charles H. Rowell

