



5-7-1869

The Waterville Mail (Vol. 22, No. 45): May 7, 1869

Maxham & Wing

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Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 22, No. 45): May 7, 1869" (1869). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 297.
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KAISER HENRY THE SECOND.

[After the German.]

BY FRANCIS A. SHAW.

His heart was heavy, his head bowed down,
What were kingly sceptre and golden crown?
What purple mantle and royal state,
To one by fortune left desolate?
His trusted page these trappings bore,
And laid them down at the cloister door;
And king Henry said: "This worldly gear,
These worthless baubles, renounce I here."
With a robe of black and a beard of snow,
The Abbot stepped from the priestly row.
Before him the Kaiser bowed the knee,
And said: "My life I will end with thee."
"My royal crown hath too heavy a prest,
In God's service seek I peace and rest."
"Too wild and treacherous hath been life's sea,
Too cruel the fates that encompass me."
"Treason hath broken the sword I bore,
My foes are like sands on the ocean shore."
"In the thick of battle my leader led,
And placed himself at the foeman's head."
"My royal crown hath too heavy a prest,
Oh, give the weary warrior rest."
Then Henry spoke in tones of woe,
Before the Abbot bending low,
The Abbot said: "O King, I see
The Lord hath deeply humbled thee."
"But canst thou bear my son, my son,
Our father's burdens none may shun?"
"Its orderings share, its labors do,
And swear obedience strict and true?"
"In all your labors, I'll bear my part,
And serve my God with a humble heart."
The burdens meet for the lowliest here,
Place on my shoulders without a fear?
"Let fastings and scourgings and want be mine
To thy dying day, and I'll not repine."
"O father, obedience I swear to thee,
Lay whatever command thou wilt on me."
"Well, then!" in a voice with a master's ring,
Cried the gray old monk to the suppliant King:
"Rise up, son Henry, and seal thy vow
By obeying the order I give thee now!"
"Put on that crown, and a coward, flee
No more from the burdens God lays on thee."
"Come weal or woe, bow to Heaven's decree,
And true to thine office and people be."

AN OLD YOUNG MAN.

Joseph Hannaford was an old young man. Care and responsibility had come to him in early life, for he was not more than sixteen when his father died, and left his mother and his young sister to his keeping. There was property enough for them all, to be sure; but it was chiefly in land and stock, and needed Joseph's vigilant superintendence to make it profitable. This superintendence he gave faithfully and willingly, and never once complained that to do so forced him to resign unduly cherished personal ambitions of his own. But all this responsibility wrought its own work upon his nature—made him provident, thoughtful, calculating, thrifty—precisely an old young man.

This state of things continued for ten years. Then his sister married, and removed to the next town. His mother desired to accompany her, and was only prevented by the difficulty which attended obtaining a suitable housekeeper for Joseph.

You perceive, therefore, that at twenty-six Mr. Joseph Hannaford was just in a position where marriage became convenient and desirable. Otherwise, I rather think, he was quite too well-disciplined to have cherished any idle fancies or importunate longings.

Whether, before this epoch, he had ever suffered any transient thoughts to wander in the direction of Miss Carry Fay, who had been growing into sweet womanhood not very far away from his door, I cannot conjecture. I only know that about this time he began to discover that her eyes were blue, and her hair golden, her cheeks were flower of the peach, and her lips blossomed with a sweetness which he longed to taste.

He told her these things in some discreet fashion of his own, and she—he was her first lover, and the right of discovery has gone for a good deal in all ages.

Every one said he was making a great mistake. The neighbors thought they knew what he wanted a great deal better than he himself did; and were sure that a good, strong, thrifty girl, used to working and saving, would be just the one for him. Carry was pretty, and fanciful, and dainty. She was an orphan; but an uncle, who had no children of his own, had kept her from feeling any sense of loneliness or desolation by his constant and fatherly kindness.

Under his roof she had grown up to seventeen years, and at that period the old young man came along, and woe and woe won her.

Her uncle felt sorely uncomfortable, for he understood just what Carry was better than any one else did; and he knew that it would be no easy matter to make a working-bee out of a golden-winged butterfly. But on the other hand, Carry was evidently in love with her suitor; and Mr. Hannaford was certainly well-to-do—quite able to marry to please himself, and make his wife comfortable in her own way afterwards.

So, in due time, the wedding took place, and Carry Hannaford went away to her new home, where, before very long, a change came over the spirit of her dream.

She had begun by first idealizing, and then adoring her lord and master. He was, certainly, well-looking, in a kind of regular, massive way. His face had in it not much suggestion of sentiment. His eyes were clear and shrewd, though kind; and his lips were firm and rather thin. He knew beauty when he saw it, but he would never be ruled through his senses. His features were well-shaped. There was power in his face. He was a man who knew how to say no to himself and others. There was a manly vigor and symmetry in his well-knit frame; and, in short, he possessed a good many of the attributes which go to the making up of a girl's hero. But Mistress Carrie reckoned without her host when she proposed to make a post-matrimonial lover of him.

He evidently did not believe in connubial love-making. Philandering, as he called it, was not to his taste. Courting was very well in its way. It had not been without its sly delights, even for him. But they were married now, and it was time to settle down and begin life as they could hold out. Their wedding day was in September; and when the late October winds blew away the sapless, withered leaves, Carry felt as if her hopes which had blossomed so fairly, were blowing with the leaves, and withered as they, down the wind.

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dress and the ribbons he had praised six months ago; and meet him, her eyes bright with hope, her cheeks pink with expectation. Was he blind to all this—such an old young man that the sweet devices of youth had no longer for him any language? At any rate he made no sign.

How dull, and prosy, and commonplace were the long winter evenings which they passed together. They got through supper, and were seated before the Franklin stove in their little sitting-room, at six o'clock, punctually; and there for three mortal hours they sat in unbroken quiet, he reading his newspapers through and through, and she watching him, and wondering, wondering, wondering whether life was to go on at this dead level forever. Punctually as the clock struck nine, he would get up, light his lantern, and go his nightly rounds among cows, and oxen, and horses. Then he would come in, take off his boots, leisurely warm his feet at the open fire, and go to bed. She grew to hate the precise epoch at which he pulled off his boots. It seemed to her that just up to that pass she could bear on silently, but as if then she must utter some outcry, or silence and constraint would choke her.

Once or twice she made some few forlorn attempts to better the condition of things—brighten them up, if possible. Once she planned the beguilement of a little supper. Having made all ready beforehand, while he was out upon his evening round, she stewed some oysters and brewed some coffee, fondly fancying her small feast would be a success; but the wise old young man would not see the fun. He did not believe in oysters at bedtime; they would disagree with him he knew. As for coffee, he was sure a single cup would keep him awake all night; but if Carrie could take such things at nine o'clock, and not have them hurt her, he had not the slightest objection. So, with no heart to taste it herself, she carried away her little treat; and if a few tears cooled the coffee she had poured for him in vain, he, at least, was none the wiser.

Slowly the winter wore away—the long, sad season of snows and sins. Birds came back from over seas, and began to sing. Violets opened shy blossoms. Grass-blades sprang up greenly; and even Carrie Hannaford brightened up with the brightening of nature, and began to remember that she herself was young.

One day in May her husband came to her with the proposal that they should take a summer boarder. He put the matter in the most ungracious way, as is the matrimonial wont of precisely this class of men. As she would be having a hired girl anyway, he said—and he used, in saying it, a tone which made her feel herself a monster of extravagance—they might just as well have something to keep her busy; and this boarder, who wanted to come, this Mr. Hugh Waring, would pay well, and make very little trouble. He knew this, because three years ago, in his mother's time, Waring had boarded with them for some months.

Of course Mistress Carrie consented—for what could she do else?—and kept secret her own dissatisfaction with the prospect before her.

It only took Mr. Waring's arrival, however, to reconcile her to his presence. With his first deferential bow over her hand, she became his willing hostess. He was a person of such type as the young wife had never before, in her short, quiet life, encountered—a man of wealth and of leisure, high-bred, scholarly, and belonging to the ancient Order of Gentlemen. He was a handsome man, too, than one often meets, with his clearly cut features, his warm coloring, and the chestnut hair and flowing beard, which the eye marked.

He was not an old young man. Impulse was strong within him; discipline had not yet taught him discretion. When he felt strongly, he would, perhaps, act recklessly; but, under ordinary circumstances, he had the aplomb and the cool self-possession of a man of the world.

Very soon he began to perceive that to board with the Hannafords now was a slightly different thing from what it had been in the administration of Joseph Hannaford's self-administered mother and staid sister. Joseph Hannaford's wife was altogether another order of woman. It may be questioned whether she would have made any serious impression on him had he met her as Miss Carrie Fay. But, since her marriage, a soul subduing pathos had grown into her look which somehow went to his heart. Perhaps, too, the strongest appeal which can be made to a man's chivalry, is the sight of a sad and disappointed woman, who neither parades nor confesses her misery.

Hugh Waring was not a bad man. In some respects, indeed, his heart and his life were purer and fresher than those of most men. He certainly meant no harm to his fair young hostess. He would not have added a feather's weight to the burden which had already borne so hardly upon her life. But he commenced by pitying her; and Love has been Pity's neighbor ever since the world began.

He was tender and gentle to her as no one had ever been before. He was not too busy to notice the blush roses in her hair, or the blushes on her cheeks. If she liked a wild flower he had brought home, he made light of a long tramp to fetch her its kindred. While she sewed, he read to her, and taught her to love Keats, and Shelley, and Browning. At nightfall he used to sing to her—while her husband was busy about the late "chores" with which a New England farmer fills up the summer twilight—sweet, suggestive love-songs, and old ballads which have faltered down through the centuries their tearful music.

All this time I doubt if he had thought of the danger for himself or her. She, certainly, never had. Her delight was pure and sweet. She would have said, if any one had questioned her, that Mr. Waring was her friend, the best friend she had ever had; but unquestioned, she did not say even so much as that to herself. She scarcely knew that it was summer with her heart, as well as with the year; or that the summer days were flying fast.

Nor did anything in the aspect of affairs make her husband uneasy. To do this young man, whom perhaps circumstances, rather than nature, had made old, justice, he was neither mean nor ungenerous. His confidence in this young wife of his was perfect. She loved him; she was his to have and to hold; why should he grudge her a few hours which some one else made pleasant after a fashion not his own? I do not think he was likely to lose anything by this generosity, or that any amount of suspicious

espionage on his part would have served his own cause better.

There came, at last, an evening of revelation of the two who were going on so blindly; or perhaps it had come to Waring before He had been sitting silently through the sunset, watching the play of the warm light on Mrs. Hannaford's fair face and golden hair. She looked wonderfully young and helpless; with her extreme delicacy, her appealing eyes, and her soft white dress, made as simple as a babe's, and girdled with a blue ribbon. A languor, born perhaps of the summer heats, oppressed her. She dropped towards him, leaning her head upon her hand, and looking frail as a snow wreath which a wind might blow away. Waring sat silently, as I said, and watched her, until the sunset lights had gone out of her hair, and a curious awe began to steal over him, as he saw her through the gathering shadows, white, and still, and utterly as a spirit. Then, out of the semi-darkness, his voice came to her in a sort of chant, too low and even to be a song—

"Sweet is true love, though given in vain, in vain;
And sweet is death that puts an end to pain;
I know not which is sweeter—no, not I."

Love, art thou sweet? then bitter death must be!
Love, thou art bitter; sweet is death to me.
Oh, love! if death be sweeter, let me die!"

Sweet love, that seems not made to fade away—
Sweet death, that seems to make us loveless clay,
I know not which is sweeter—no, not I."

Her tears were falling fast before he had finished. A spell was upon her which she did not understand, and could not evade. Still, she kept silent, and waited for his words—words which, when they came, pierced her like a sword.

"Mrs. Hannaford, I think I must go away to-morrow. It is midsummer, and all the hay is down."

"But I thought," she faltered timidly, "you were to stay the summer through."

"So I should if all things had been as of old. It is not good for me to be here under the new regime."

"I have tried," she began; and then she stopped. Her tears choked her. She could not go on, and tell him, in simple commonplace, that she had tried to make him comfortable.

"If you had done no more than you tried to do, all would have been well," he cried, his tones fervent with sudden passion. "I saw you just what you were, and your husband just what he was. I saw how much it was in you to give to some man; how little you were even asked to give to him? God help us both, for I have learned to love you. I covet my neighbor's wife. I dare not stay here."

She said nothing; but he heard through the stillness the bitter sobbing which she strove to smother. It was more than he could bear. He crossed over to her, but he did not take her in his arms. "Some shield of purity was about her which still held him away from her, though he was close at her side."

"Carrie," he said, calling her for the first time by her name, "I must go away to-morrow; but you shall go too, if you will. Your love would be worth to me any sacrifice. What would mine be worth to you? You know just how much your husband cares for you. You have seen what life with him is. Do you think it would break his heart to lose you? I tell you, no. He would very composedly get a divorce from you, and marry more wisely next time. You would be free in a few months, and the moment you were free, you should be my wife. So help me God, I would deal honorably with you. Don't you believe me?"

He caught a low "Yes," murmured under her breath.

"Then you will come? I think I can make life a different thing for you from what it ever has been. You shall know what it is to be loved by a man with a man's heart in him. Will you come, or will you settle back on the old life, and send me away alone to curse the fate that ever brought me to you?"

He stopped, and then she could hear his heart beat in the silence. Temptation beset her sorely. How sweet this love would be of which he spoke—this love for which she had so hungered—this passionate, lover's love, which Joseph Hannaford would never give her. She had a temperament to which love was the supreme thing. It was her one idea of Heaven. But she had not gone far enough away from the innocence of childhood, for her guardian angel to have forsaken her. Clearly, as if some human voice had spoken it, she heard a whisper, "Come again and again, and would be obeyed—Pray!" She got up at last, and saying to Hugh Waring nothing but "Wait," went away to her own room.

In the darkness she did not see her husband, who sat there in an arm-chair, too tired to care for a light, and waiting for her. He would have spoken, but somehow he felt the excitement of her mood, and was silenced by it. She knelt down, and tried to obey the voice. But she could not collect her thoughts, and only two words would come, over and over again—"Help, Lord, help!"

Vaguely, Joseph Hannaford comprehended that she was passing through the crisis of an agony such as he, in all his placid life, had never experienced or witnessed. Some intuition withheld him from trying to comfort her—made him feel how idle would be any consolation which he could offer; but when at last she left the room, he arose and stole softly after her. A deep, yearning tenderness for her filled his soul full.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE OLD HYMNS.—Fanny Fern asks:

Did you ever know any person who was brought up on the good old Zion hymns, whom they ever failed to move to the foundations when heard? The feet moving on unholy errands linger on their way past the church door, as the melody floats out upon the night air. That man—who has wasted life, and energy, and talent, which might have blessed mankind, to reap only the whirlwind—he is back again with his little head upon his mother's lap while she sings that same hymn, which will never grow old, about "the beautiful river." His eyes moisten as he thinks how pained she would be, were she living to know him now. The hymn ceases, and the low benediction follows, and as the worshippers emerge he recollects himself, and with an impatient pshaw! passes on. What! he moved at a "conventicle hymn"! He, who for years has never crossed the threshold of a church? He who believes neither in prayers nor priests, Bible nor Sundays? He,

who has "outgrown all that?" Ah! but he hasn't. He can't outgrow it—it is there. It will come, whether he desires it or no. Come, in spite of all his efforts to laugh or reason it away. Come, though he live in open derision and mockery of that religion whose divine precepts he cannot efface from his mind. Come, as it did to John Randolph, who, after years of atheism, and worldliness, and ambition, left on record that "the only men he ever knew well and approached closely, whom he did not discover to be unhappy, were sincere believers of the Gospel, who conformed their lives, as far as the nature of men can permit, to its precepts." "Often," he says, "the religious teachings of his childhood were banished wholly by business or pleasure; but after a while they came more frequently, and staid longer, until at last they were his first thoughts on waking, and his last on going to sleep." Said he I could not banish them if I would."

THE DIVORCE ANTIDOTE.—The editor of the Liberal Christian says, on the divorce discussion:

A great many wise suggestions have been made as to the way of curing the disorder, and pairing every man and woman, and tucking them snugly away in a domestic berth of some sort for life, if they will only have the good sense and the good manners to stay there. But the trouble is, they won't stay there. And what is worse, in many instances it is not wise nor right for them to stay there. The seat of the difficulty lies a good deal deeper down in our customs and ways of thinking than these social Solomons seem to imagine. It is not in the facility with which people get divorced, but in the facility with which they get married, that the mischief inheres. It is not in the unmarrying, but the marrying—the marrying without proper consideration, marrying from wrong motives, with false views and unfounded expectations, marrying without knowing who or what—that causes the disturbance. And there is altogether too much such marrying. Marriage is a thing of quality and degree. A marriage of the blood is usually a short-lived affair, while a marriage of the brain or of the heart is lifelong. When man and woman marry all over and clean through, every faculty and sentiment of each finding its complement and counterpart in the other, separation is impossible. But when they are only half married, when only a third of them is married, when they are married only in their instincts, or their imaginations, or their fortunes, the unmarried part of both of them is apt to get uneasy and rebel, and they find a Bedlam where they look for Elysium.

There is altogether too much marrying by forms of law those who, at the most, are only a third or half married in other ways. And there is altogether too much urging, and coaxing, and alluring young people into the most important and sacred of all human relations, before they are prepared for its responsibilities, or moved to assume its burdens, and by those who ought to know better and act with more consideration. We make too much of marrying and being married, until it is thought by many people somewhat of a disgrace for a woman to pass through life alone; when, in fact, the life of many a single woman is poetry, romance, rapture even, in comparison with that of many a wife. So there is a vast deal of marrying with very little real marriage; a vast deal of discontent, heart-ache, misery, infidelity, and unmarrying at the last. What we want is not a more stringent divorce law, but a better understanding of the divine law which forbids the marrying of those not already one; not less unmarrying, but less marring where there is no real marriage.

RULES OF HEALTH FOR MARRIED LADIES.—Get up at three o'clock in the morning, clean out the stove, take up the ashes; sweep the front side-walk, and scrub the front steps; nurse the baby, put the mackerel to soak, build the fire, grind the coffee, get your husband's things to warm, see the shirt aired, fold the mackerel, settle the coffee, set the table, rouse the house, carry up some hot water for shaving, take that brute of a lazy husband, and the morning paper. By this time you will have an appetite for breakfast. Hold the baby during the meal, as you like your breakfast cold.

After breakfast, wash the dishes, nurse the baby, dust every thing, wash the windows, wash and dress the baby—(that pantry wants cleaning out and scrubbing.) nurse the baby, draw the baby five or six miles in the wagon for his health; nurse him when you return; put on the potatoes and the cabbage, nurse the baby—and the corn beef—don't forget to nurse the baby—and the turnips—nurse the baby—sweep everything; take up the dinner, set the table, fill the casters, change the table cloth—there, that baby wants nursing. Eat your dinner cold again, and nurse the baby.

After dinner, wash the dishes, gather up all the dirty clothes, and put them to soak; nurse the baby every half hour; receive a dozen calls, interspersed with nursing the baby; drag the baby a mile or two; hurry home; make biscuits, pick up some codfish, cut some dried beef, Catnip tea for baby's internal disarrangement; hold the baby an hour to quiet him; put some alcohol in the metre; baby a specimen of perpetual motion; tea ready; take yours cold, as usual.

After tea, wash up the dishes, put some fish to soak; chop some hash; send for some more sugar—(good gracious! how that sugar does go—200 cents a pound!) get down the stockings and darn them—keep on nursing the baby—wait up till 12 o'clock nursing the baby, till husband comes home with a double shuffle on the front steps, a decided difficulty in finding the back yard. Drag him up stairs, to bed; then nurse the baby and go to sleep.

Women in delicate health will find that the above practice will either kill or cure them.

Weston has been examined by a physician who tells him that his walking has caused a serious enlargement of the heart, and forbids him ever to start on another tramp. No one will regret the result even if some deplore the cause of his ceasing to walk.

Senator Sprague having recently made a speech purporting to favor workingmen, he was serenaded and praised therefore; but the next day a laborer came out in a Washington paper protesting against any particular respect being paid till he had reduced the hours of labor in his own mills in Rhode Island.

OUR TABLE.

"THE CLOUD ON THE HEART," by A. S. Roe, author of such well-known stories as, "A Long Look Ahead," "Tru to the Last," &c., has just been received from the press of Carleton, New York, through the New England News Company of Boston. Mr. Roe's new book abounds in sentiments of the highest morality, while it carries the reader through a series of incidents sufficiently exciting to entirely engross his attention, and awaken interest in the plot and character without catering to sensational taste, so often aroused by the lighter and less high-toned works of fiction of the present day.

The delineations of character are vivid and natural, the dialogues full of good strong common sense, and the representations of scenery, while evincing strong descriptive powers, are true to nature.

The objects which the author has, are essentially good and true, and no young reader can be worse—he is likely to be much better—after reading his stories. More than 100,000 copies of them have been sold in this country, and they have been largely reprinted in England. For sale at Henrichson's.

HOWE'S MUSICAL MONTHLY No. 2 contains the following instrumental pieces:

Amors Pétite Valtzes; Sounds from the Maine Waltzes; Paniclek Waltzes; Cornet-valtzes; Polka Redowa; Violette Polka Redowa; Tip-top Polka; Harlequin Polka; Sleeping Daring Polka; Valse-petite Schottische; Wild Hunt Galop; In Line and Column March.

And the following Songs, with piano accompaniments:—

Dear Old Songs of Home, Old Arm Chair, Beautiful Bells, Up in a Balloon, Little Maggie My, Golden Ring, Not for Joseph, Thy Heart for Mine, Departed Days, As I have thought close to do.

Giving about \$5 worth of music for thirty-five cents, this work must speedily attain a great circulation. Published by Elias Howe, 103 Court Street, Boston, at \$3.00 a year.

MERRI'S MUSEUM for May opens with a charming war story by Louisa M. Alcott, and contains another instalment of "Hollywood," by the author of "Little Pearl"; another Picture from French History; "Frank's First Visit to the City," with more which we will not enumerate, and the usual well filled "Scrap-Bag" and "Puzzle Drawer," a piece of Music, &c. Published by Horace B. Fuller, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

LADIES' REPOSITORY.—The May number has two fine embellishments—"Sutteeism in India," and "Waiting at the Spring"—the last being charming in its simple beauty. There are also eight wood engravings in the number; and there is an abundant supply of good reading for all, old and young. The Repository is a very good Home Magazine.

Published by Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati, at \$3.50 a year. J. P. Magee is the Boston Agent for this work.

DOCTRESSSES IN NEW YORK.—At a recent anniversary of a medical college for women in New York, Dr. Willard Parker, who stands at the head of his profession in that city, if any man does, gave a most hospitable welcome to the young college among the medical institutions of that city. He said that a reform surpassing all other reforms of the day, was in progress in the medical profession, and that this woman's college was the only medical institution which had fully appreciated and acted upon the subject of hygiene as the most important part of medical treatment. The old Romans, he stated, had increased greatly the average of human life by their baths, and sun treatment and drainage. It fell off again in the middle ages, but in Geneva the average of human life has doubled in three centuries by hygienic science, and in England now the average of human life was much increased through the application and study of sanitary laws. Women, more than men, were naturally adapted to the study and application of hygienic laws, and almost to the jealousy of sister colleges, the women's college was the first in America that had a "professorship of hygiene." Whether this statement be literally true or not, it is quite certain that hygiene is the most important branch of medical science. As Dr. Parker says, a profound reform in this direction is probably of more consequence to the happiness of mankind, than all the legal, political and social reforms of the century. It is, in fact, the direct application of science, not to cure nor only to prevent disease, but to create as perfect health as human circumstances will allow, by perfecting the conditions and studying the laws of complete sanity of body and mind. The first elements of the science have already lengthened human life in all large cities, saved vast numbers of young children, prevented pestilences and foul air diseases, and directly increased the power and wealth of civilized communities. And in its future development who so fitted for taking a powerful part as women? Their superior fineness of sense, their delicacy and close observation, their study of minute symptoms, and their experience with children, fit them peculiarly for hygienic studies and practice. The hygiene of every household now depends mainly on woman. It is she who knows the vital importance of sunshine, who first suspects local causes of disease, who provides most carefully for ventilation and temperature, and is forever occupied in guarding children or neglectful men against hidden sources of sickness. She is certainly by nature a "hygienic doctor," and it is in this field especially that she will confer such vast blessings on the community in future.

In the above reflections we but follow the train of thought which we find in the New York Times, but without sharing the half-suppressed skepticism of the article from which we take the sayings of Dr. Parker. We have no doubt that the medical education in other directions, will be followed by greater benefits than can possibly be balanced by any incidental evils which the imagination can suggest. And we rejoice that Dr. Parker has added the influence of his name in support of their claim to the study and practice of medicine.—[Springfield Republican.]

HOW TO MAKE SWEET BREATH.—Food to be perfectly digested, as we have elsewhere seen, must be taken only in such quantities as the system demands, and if we take only natural food, in which is the appropriate mixture of necessary elements, the appetite can always be trusted to interpret the demands of the system, and in that case we should never eat too much, but eating, as we do, flour, butter, and sugar, which have but a part of the elements required, these articles can only be digested as they are eaten with food deficient in the elements which they contain, and these are very few.

Consequently these redundant articles, in just about the proportions in which they are eaten, remain undigested in the stomach, and bowels, causing flatulency and derangement of the secretions of

the stomach, mouth, and all the digestive organs, and the sordest of the teeth, bad taste in the mouth, foulness of breath, and fastidious appetite, which they always have who live on these concentrated carbonaceous articles.

I have always wished,—but of course never dared to suggest the idea,—that our fastidious, confectionery and cake-eating young ladies, who have no appetite except for unnatural carbonaceous food, and whose breath in consequence is so offensive to themselves as to require constantly some aromatic seeds or trix, and whose mouth is so filled with offensive saliva, and whose teeth so covered with sordest, that charcoal and a tooth brush used every day will not keep them clean, might look into the mouth of a cow, a dog, or even a pig, neither of which use charcoal, tooth brush, or trix, and see how clean the mouth and teeth are, and how pure the secretions, and—(sing—is and ministers of grace defend us!)—how sweet their breath is!—comparatively. Now why is that of a little child who needs no more charcoal, trix, or tooth-brush than a pig? and why is not her appetite always as good, and her mouth as clean? No reason can be given but that to which I have referred. Little children, cows, dogs, and pigs digest all their food, and the waste passes off, leaving the system pure. The food of the young lady who lives on cakes, pastry, starch, and butter, remains undigested, to derange all the digestive functions and secretions in just the proportion as these carbonaceous articles take the place of natural food.—[From "How Not to be Sick."

HOW QUARRELS BEGIN.—"I wish that pony was mine," said a little boy, who stood at a window looking down the road.

"What would you do with him?" asked his brother.

"Tie him; that's what I'd do."

"All day long?"

"Yes, from morning till night."

"You'd have to let him ride him sometimes," said the brother.

"Why would I? You'd have no right in him if he was mine."

"Father would make you let me have him part of the time."

"No, he wouldn't!"

"My children," said the mother, who had been listening, and now saw that they were beginning to get angry with each other, and all for nothing, "let me tell you of a quarrel between two boys no bigger nor older than you are, that I read about the other day. They were going along a road, talking together in a pleasant way, when one of them said:

"I wish I had all the pasture land in the world."

The other said, "And I wish I had all the cattle in the world."

"What would you do then?" asked his friend.

"Why, I would turn them into your pasture land."

"No, you wouldn't," was the reply.

"Yes, I would."

"But I wouldn't let you."

"I wouldn't ask you."

"You shouldn't do it."

"I should!"

"You shan't!"

"I will!" and with that they seized and

pounded each other like two silly, wicked boys, as they were.

The children laughed, but their mother said: "You see in what trifles quarrels often begin. Were you any wiser than these boys in your half angry talk about an imaginary pony? If I had not been here, who knows but you might have been as silly and wicked as they were?"

Senator Trumbull, in a recent conversation, thus illustrated the effect of the present system of office seeking on Congressional independence:

"For example, I want the Secretary of the Treasury to give my man an office. I go up to the Department and wait there for an audience, long or short as the case may be. The Secretary speaks encouragingly. Next day I go up again, and he is not quite so sanguine. It is by this steady persistence that offices are obtained here. Not merit, nor recommendation, nor impulse, but dingdonging obtains the offices. Well, the Secretary has a financial policy, perhaps how can I as Senator, speak independently of his policy while my man is in a state of suspense. Thus the executive part of the Government paralyzes in a great degree the legislator's independence. We must reform this altogether, or the political state of the country will be degraded beyond recovery."

The following is a list of those appointed county supervisors of schools:—Aroostook, W. I. Sleeper; Androscoggin, Charles B. Stetson; Cumberland, J. B. Webb; Franklin, A. H. Abbott; Kennebec, William H. Bigelow; Knox, A. B. Abbott; Lincoln, David S. McMillen; Oxford, N. T. True; Piscataquis, W. S. Knowlton; Penobscot, A. S. Plummer; Sagadahoc, Daniel F. Potter; Somerset, G. W. Hathaway; Waldo, N. A. Lucas; Washington, William J. Corthell; York, Charles H. Milliken.

Waterville Mail.

EDW. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... MAY. 7, 1869.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

B. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York; S. H. Niles, Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. P. Howell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 40 Park Row, New York; and T. O. Evans, Advertising Agent, 129 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the WAT. VILLE MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by us.

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

A POLITICAL MOVEMENT.—A letter has appeared in the republican papers, addressed to Gov. Chamberlain, urging him to consent to run for governor for another term. This letter is signed by Abner Coburn, D. L. Milliken, Nathan Dane, Noah Woods, Washington Long, J. P. Morse, G. F. Shepley, Geo. L. Beal and Thomas S. Lang. Appended is the reply of the Governor, consenting to become a candidate before the republican convention.

Notwithstanding the high political character of these gentlemen, we cannot announce this new and singular measure without expressing our regret that they should have thought it either necessary or expedient. We make no inquiry into the hopes or fears that moved them to the act. We regret it solely because we believe it will tend to precipitate the party more directly and deeply into the embarrassment it aims to avoid. We had earnestly hoped that notwithstanding the recent movement among prominent temperance men, no real break would occur in the republican ranks. To this end we acted in the Grand Division, and the result of their debate, as given in their resolutions, left the way to harmony apparently easy. We thought that if the nominee of the republican convention should not be entirely satisfactory to radical temperance men, he would at least embody such compromises as would command concession from reasonable men, and put off for another year, if not forever, the threatened rupture. We had even trusted that if that body, with fair representation, and after full discussion, should nominate a man who, like Gov. Chamberlain, stood publicly committed against favorite radical temperance measures, the great mass of temperance men embraced in the republican party would, considering the lateness of the hour and the renewed hopes that would point to the next legislature, still rally together on the old platform. The entire harmony with which the Grand Division put their resolutions on file with the public—even modifying as they surely did the tone of the Grand Lodge—seemed to warrant these comforting conclusions. It would be easy for the convention to select from the many true temperance men who are and have been its prominent party leaders, one who could be trusted with all the interests the party has claimed in the cause of temperance; and with the imperative admonitions to such a course everywhere seen, who could doubt they would do it? We knew that this was the hope of the men who had been prominent in suggesting a new party organization; and we felt equally sure that all such party leaders as those who have made this appeal to Gov. Chamberlain desired the same result.

This was our "situation" when this letter came to the public. Now we honestly believe that, with the temperance question ignored, Gov. Chamberlain would command, even after three years service, the entire strength of the party; and that he possesses as eminently as any other man all the needed qualifications for the office he holds. The State has prospered and will continue to prosper under his administration. And yet the action of these men—meeting as it already does from radical leaders the charge of being premature, dictatorial, and suggestive of want of faith in the regular and usual action of the people in convention—a step to forestall public opinion, and indicating disrespect to the opinions, and efforts of temperance men—is in our view the most effective that could be taken to divide the republican party.

We know it is said in reply to this that the course of the temperance leaders is liable to the same charge—that it has been aggressive and dictatorial towards the republican party. We leave the two hostile charges to meet each other with what strength they have—but with the admonition that two wrongs neither make a right or neutralize each other.

NATIONAL BANKS now find it necessary to be prepared for examination all the time, for they are not required to make regular quarterly returns, for which they might "diet," but they may be called upon to report their condition at any time.

YOUNG CHALONER, on trial for shooting the seducer of his sister, in Quebec, was acquitted, the people heartily endorsing the verdict of the jury.

MAY-DAY FOR THE HORSES.

Having heard that May-day was coming to Kendall's Mills on horseback, we secured a share in the festival. We don't suppose that the fashions of the world are leaving human society to go among the animals. The time for this has not yet arrived;—but as the famous horse "GILBRETH'S KNOX" has reached a Fifth Avenue position among horses, and his blood promises to become among them what Caesar's is claimed to be in the dynasty of Napoleon, his owner has determined to make May-day, which happened to be the birth-day of his favorite, a festive day for horses during all coming time. The beginning has proved well. We doubt whether the same number of colts ever came together to endorse so young a sire with so much honor. The exception, if any, must be "General Knox." Together, the horse and his stock, there was an exhibition of speed, size, elegance, and the various qualities aimed at by the horse breeder, such as has rarely been seen. The horse that at the late State fair stood second only to his own distinguished sire—distinguished the world over—must be "the coming horse;" and here in this crowd of colts are the tokens of his merit.

As none of these colts were old enough for saddle or harness in showing speed, they taxed the best muscle and bottom of the young men who led them, some of whom proved admirable samples of both qualities.

The first colt that came to the assigned locality on Main-st., was a large and elegant mare, coming three, owned by Mr. James Wiggins of Vassalboro'. Her owner was evidently well pleased to find his pet so well sustained by her relatives—among whom she promises to become one of the notables. She had not been handled enough to make a fair show of speed under the saddle.

Mr. Ansel G. Shorey exhibited a large bay two-year-old, from an excellent Messenger dam—far which he will sometime get a heap of money if nothing happens.

Mr. Gilbreth showed three very fine colts; one raised by Mr. Furber of Winslow, 11 months old, and bought for \$200—another of the same age, raised by J. F. Noyes, and bought for \$225—and a third, "Crowning Glory," from a superior Drew mare. But the best promise of speed was in a colt from the well known Bunker mare, which he has significantly named "Knox-them-all." He bought him for \$200 when two months old, and a bargain it was, too. Some one said he was "big enough and all trot at that." He tried the speed of the fastest boys.

A 2yr-old filly, owned by Mr. Fessenden Colcord, seemed to be one of the attractions—the owner evidently feeling satisfied that if she don't prove a trotter it is of no use to try again. Of course only the movement and style, and not the speed of these colts could be shown here, though their owners may have seen them "strike the quick" at some other time and place.

The noted Getchell colt, owned by Mr. A. F. Gerald, who bought him at seven months old for \$200, bid fair for the honor of "May King." He is now 11 months old, 15 hands high, and weighs over 700 lbs. He took much attention by way of his education, answering questions by nodding or shaking his head, presenting a fore or hind foot as ordered, galloping, and other collegiate exercises. Mr. Gerald has declined chances to double his money. "He's a beauty," was heard from more than one. So he is.

"Donnybrook," owned by John W. Bodfish—now gone west—and in the care of Henry Tucker, is "one of the bloods," and saucy as any colt of his age. John says he has got a trotter, and that he will return in about four years to prove it. Henry is his backer, and he says, "They can't match him—do you hear what I say?" Henry "knows a horse."

One of the knowing ones in the crowd says, "Gilbreth, you named the wrong colt 'Knox-them-all'—for John Noyes's colt ought to have that name; she is trotting awfully." Noyes's colt is a mare, coming two, and in color, size, style and gait a perfect mate for Knox-them-all. Both are black, with a star, and weigh about 800 each. Her dam was a little big trotter, weighing 835 lbs., brought from Boston by Noyes. One man called this colt a gem and another a star—she may prove a gem of a star among the horses, sometime.

"Silver Eye," just a year old, owned by Elihu Lawrence, is on the very front seat of attraction. He was raised by Joseph Nye, and cost Lawrence over \$800 at 9 months old. He had a wonderful development of maturity for his age, and his movement was that of an old trained trotter. He is coal black, large size, and every way an extra colt; and being in good hands, promises to be heard from in due time.

There was considerable inquiry for the young gray colt sold last winter by Mr. Gilbreth to Messrs. Jones and Tozier for \$800—mention of which we made at the time in the Mail. He was finally reported sick with a cold, and not in condition to be taken out with safety. He is owned at Fairfield M. H. by the purchasers named, and continues to give promise of marked trotting qualities.

As it was proposed that Mr. Hartford should take a photograph of the crowd—men, horses, carriages, dogs and all—the pride of the festival, "Gilbreth's Knox" in harness, took a position in front of his family, and this horse May-day was stamped for posterity. We left the infant we were put on record as "a horse man," and so failed to see the lesson in speed given by the sire to his colts; but we hear that he showed them how to do it in true Knox style, when they got old enough.

We have been somewhat particular in details of this show, because we think Mr. Gilbreth

after Mr. Lang, has the first position as a breeder of Knox horses.

The Lewiston Journal says "the fact that Governor Chamberlain has served already the longest time that any Governor ever held office in this State, and in his last annual message indicated his desire to retire, leaves the leaders free to adopt a wise, conciliatory and just course, by presenting a new candidate." But what if the people prefer the old one?—[Port. Adv.]

Sure enough, "what if;" but then again, "what if not?" "The Lord has nothing to do with it; it's them pesky Indians!" I was the answer of the good old lady up in York State, when the pastor assured her that Lake Erie would not be *canted* over to drown out the settlers, for the Lord had promised there should never be another flood. Now instead of being "Vox Populi," which to many is "Vox Dei," are you sure this late pronouncement is not the work of "them pesky" wire pulling politicians?

Those who remember the lectures of the venerable "Father Hills," in this or adjoining towns, some ten years ago, and at various times previous, will be gratified to learn that he is again here, and laboring in his favorite vocation of promoting the physical, moral and mental good of all who hear him. He is emphatically a remarkable man, and apparently endowed by Providence for the peculiar work in which he is engaged. None hear him but with deep interest—learned and unlearned, men and women, girls and boys, all drink in his rich lessons of self-knowledge as if they were the very waters of life—as indeed they are. We trust we do not need to urge our citizens, one and all, to see to it that the hall is well filled for the few evenings he is to remain. Those who hear him once will go again.

FAMILIARITY, if it does not always "breed contempt," as the proverb hath it, often renders us oblivious to what our eyes look upon every day. We were reminded of this recently, while in the cars, by the exclamations of delight from several strangers, as we came in sight of Ticonic Falls—the full-banked river at this season rushing madly over the ragged rocks, foaming feathery white for a long distance, and then bounding away from the foot of the fall in long leaping billows, from the tops of which the spray is flung wildly up as they pass the "Devil's Pumps." Old Watervillean! gazes at the scene again, with your eyes open and see if you have not been overlooking the picturesque at home.

By the way, Carleton has just made a fine picture of the Falls, embracing the new dam, etc., a copy of which hangs among his other pictures at his door. With it may be seen some fine stereoscopic pictures, home views too, for which he ought to find ready market. He proposes to add to these soon, and when he is ready to operate we should like to point him to a few "beauty spots" in this beautiful home of ours.

Mr. Nye's Cadets took a tramp into the woods on May-day, to the number (for a careless guess) of nearly two hundred, boys and girls. Returning with their evergreen decorations, they marched through several streets with apparent consciousness that they were having a good time. So was their leader, who can doubt? For their kind "three cheers for the Waterville Mail" they have our hearty thanks. With the patronage of the parents and the cheers of the children, who would not take courage?

TICONIC VILLAGE CORPORATION.—At the annual meeting on Monday afternoon, C. R. McFadden was re-elected Supervisor, and H. B. White, Clerk; and I. H. Low was chosen Treasurer; E. L. Getchell Auditor of Accounts; W. A. Caffrey, Chief Engineer; H. G. Tozier, 1st Assistant; Geo. Jewell, 2d Assistant; and the following Five Wards were selected, in addition to those chosen by the Town who reside within the Corporation limits:—Geo. Jewell, Jos. Percival, Wm. Dyer, N. Boothby, James P. Blunt, B. P. Manley.

A committee, consisting of C. R. McFadden, Wm. A. Caffrey, Noah Boothby, Wm. Dyer and E. L. Getchell, was chosen, who are to examine the condition of the cisterns and engine houses, and to authorize the Supervisor to make such repairs and build such new cisterns as may be needed,—the expense of which however, shall not exceed the sum of \$2,000.

The usual pay of engine men, \$150 to each company, was voted, and the Supervisor was directed to raise by loan the sum of \$1,500, to carry out the above votes and meet the liabilities and current expenses of the Corporation. The present indebtedness of the Corporation is about \$2000.

WATERVILLE SAVINGS BANK.—At the first annual meeting on Tuesday, held at People's Bank, the following officers were chosen: Trustees—Wm. Dyer, C. F. Hathaway, M. Lyford, Ira H. Low, N. G. H. Pulsifer. Advisory Board—Geo. Wilkins, Vassalboro'; J. B. Bessey, Albion; Wm. Conner, Kendall's Mills; A. P. Benjamin and L. D. Emerson, West Waterville; A. H. Barton, Benton; Nahum Totman, Kendall's Mills; E. F. Webb, T. W. Herrick, S. C. Marston, H. Percival, Waterville.

Wm. Dyer was afterward chosen President, by the Trustees, and H. Percival Treasurer. The Bank is now ready to receive deposits.

Dr. Sheldon will preach the second in his series of practical discourses on the Ten Commandments next Sunday evening. His subject will be the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal;" and he will consider some of the ways in which the right of property is violated.

The liquor dealers in Massachusetts are organizing in opposition to the will of the people as expressed in the new prohibitory law.

The Bangoreans are arranging for a centennial celebration of the settlement of their city.

COLBY UNIVERSITY.—The annual Prize Declamation of the Sophomore Class at the Baptist Church on Wednesday evening drew a full house, and the large audience were evidently highly pleased with the literary and musical entertainment provided for them. The speaking was very good, with perhaps a little too much dramatic recitation somewhat overdone. The following was the Order:—

1. Scott Hodge Blount, Augusta, Ky. "Advantages of Education."—Everett.
2. James Franklin Chaney, Clinton. "Religion and Politics."—Jesse.
3. Charles Wilbert Foster, Portland. "The Voices of the Dead."—Jesse.
4. David Wm. Campbell, Cherryfield. "Richard Coeur De Lion at the Bier of his Father."—Hennans.
5. Daniel Randall Stover, Harpswell. "Immortality."—Mastlin.
6. Fred Irving Campbell, Cherryfield. "Abraham."—Willis.
7. Albanus Kimball Gurney, Cape Elizabeth. "Texas."—Jesse.
8. Walter Forrest Marston, Bath. "Parrhasius."—Willis.
9. Fred Wilson, Waterville. "Edinburgh after Flood."—Jesse.
10. William Libbey, Livermore. "Popular Education."—Everett.
11. Charles Howard Sturges, Cherryfield. "Great Ideas of the Future."—Jesse.
12. Willis Bronson Matthews, Auburn. "The Dying Alchemist."—Willis.
13. Arthur Nash Willey, Cherryfield. "The Battle."—Schiller.
14. Delwin Augustus Hamlin, Sidney. "The French Revolution."—Burke.
15. George Stratton Faine, Winslow. "Bardell vs. Pickwick."—Dickens.

The first prize was awarded to Walter F. Marston, and the second to Willis B. Matthews. Johnson's Band, of Lewiston, furnished the music, most of that in the house being orchestral, which was a decided improvement. After the Exhibition, the officers were serenaded as usual, responding with short speeches.

PORTLAND AND KENNEBEC RAILROAD.—The afternoon train from the west now arrives at 4.35, or about a half an hour earlier than formerly. Some other changes of time will also be found in the advertisement on our last page.

There are also other changes to note. Mitchell—who has been on the road, we believe, from the start, and who has always been a favorite—has retired, to take charge of an excursion steamer in Portland Harbor, of which boat he is one of the proprietors and principal manager. Mr. Lincoln—brother of the Superintendent—who has acted as conductor for about two years, winning golden opinions from the public and his employers by his courtesy and quiet efficiency, takes Mitchell's train; and the place he vacates is filled by Mr. Thomas Howard, of Westbrook, who comes now from the Bath road, but is well and favorably known on the Kennebec. This road is very fortunate in its conductors, and so are the people who pass over it.

One other change we should have noted some weeks ago. Mr. N. Stiles, formerly agent for the paper mill in our village, has been station agent here since the first of April.—Mr. L. T. Boothby, who held the office very acceptably for so many years, having built up a more profitable business of his own. We are confident that Mr. Stiles will give the very best satisfaction to the public and the officers of the road. Let us hope that he will soon have a new and more commodious depot.

CATTLE MARKETS.—There was a decrease in the number of cattle and sheep at Brighton and Cambridge this week, and prices of beef receded about half a cent a pound from last week, but mutton held its own with a brisk sale.

The Faculty of Colby University will attend to the examination of candidates for the West Point cadetship on the fourth Wednesday (the 26th) of May.

HONEY.—See advertisement of Bees, in another column—two superior hives, in fine condition—a chance rarely found.

A party of the officials of the Grand Trunk Railway Company—including Mr. Brydges, Managing Director, Mr. Bayley, the Gen'l Superintendent, and others—went over the Maine Central Railroad, on a tour of inspection, on Monday last. They were taken through from Danville Junction to Bangor by special train.—F. E. Boothby, General Ticket Agent at this Station, acting as conductor—and dining in Bangor were returned the same day. These gentlemen had just been over their own road, which is immediately to be put in a state of thorough repair, the work of laying new iron having been already commenced.

Spaulding's Bell Ringers, advertised for Monday night, offer one of the most charming entertainments of the kind. The harp performance of Miss Georgia is a wonder. As a whole, the exhibition is chaste, refined and charming—the comic portion being of a choice kind. Of course there will be a crowded house. [See advertisement.]

A SUGGESTION.—That the Board of Agriculture next year require each agricultural society to distribute gratuitously among its members a certain number of the newspaper "Our Dumb Animals," published in Boston by the "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." It would be money and labor turned to good account.

The School meeting in District No. 1 stands adjourned to next Thursday evening.

EDWARD W. BUSH has been appointed Postmaster at Vassalboro', in place of H. Fishon, who resigned.

NEGRO SHOT BY AN F. F. V.—Joseph Holmes (colored), a member of the late constitutional convention, was killed at Charlotte Court House, Virginia, recently. A personal difficulty occurred between him and John Marshall, a son of Judge Marshall, of whose family Holmes was formerly a body servant. Both parties drew pistols, and firing commenced, which was participated in by Marshall's friends. After being shot, Holmes walked into the court house and fell dead.

We are always willing to believe that Waterville grows,—that all its enterprises are onward and its aims upward. We find testimony just to the point in looking over Caffrey's furniture rooms, at Appletons Hall. All at once this well known establishment has thrown out branches that reach to all the departments of housekeeping. The main store is crammed with crockery and glass ware, carpets of all shades and prices, and all the et-ceteras these things suggest. The furniture goes upward, the large hall of the third story, with its two ante-rooms, being crowded with the styles, qualities and prices that meet everybody's wants. The large point room yields part of its spacious floor to cabinet wares, and the frightful "coffin department" is solidified to a single room. So spacious an establishment devoted to housekeeping was never before seen in Waterville. That these wares are to be rushed off in the quickest way, to make room for more, may be learned from our advertising department. We can assure buyers that Caffrey has "turned over a new leaf" in business, and that goods in his line are going to be sold at prices lower than ever known in this market. So he says and so he means. They are already going with a rush that gives proof of this.

Senator Sumner is reported as saying in a recent conversation:

Mr. Motley sailed on the 19th of this month. As I have already said, he understands the question, and is fully apprised of the wishes of the administration. Until he arrives in England nothing can be done. It has been reliably ascertained that the instructions of this Government to Minister Motley do not suggest any mode of adjusting the pending questions between the United States and Great Britain. Nor do they require him at present to propose the reopening of negotiations for the settlement of the Alabama and other claims. Our government will act with the deliberation due to this important subject, and carefully avoid any cause of offence, while firmly presenting the American side of the question to Her Majesty's government when occasion shall require.

AWFUL TRAGEDY.—The Somerset Reporter says: "Mr. James S. Pierce of this town received a letter a few days since from his sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Longley, formerly of Bingham, now living at Beloit, Wis., which gives an account of a terrible tragedy. A man named Lambert, who married a daughter of Mrs. Longley, lived on the adjoining farm half a mile away. In the fall he hired a man who happened along, for a few days, after which he desired to work for his board during the winter. He so conducted himself as to gain the esteem and confidence of the family. Early in March Mrs. Lambert went away on a visit of a few days, and during that time this stranger murdered Mr. Lambert, set the house on fire, took all the money, nearly \$1000, and a horse of Mr. L's and left. He was arrested shortly after, the money found on his person, and he is now in jail awaiting trial. The body of Mr. L. was almost entirely consumed by the fire. The writer has many connections in this section."

The Providence Journal calls attention to the fact that the clause in the sketch of Senator Sprague in the "Dictionary of Congress," which says he entered the Senate as a Republican, has been corrected by the Senator himself, in the last edition, so as to read, "was elected to the United States Senate as a Democrat."

The Southern Opinion, a rebel sheet published at Richmond, has been given up. The editor says the distinct Southern principle upon which the paper was founded are dead in the heart of the people. This is a hopeful indication of the tendency of public opinion at the South.

MARTIAL LAW IN CUBA.—Count Valmaseda, who commands the Spanish forces in the Eastern Department of Cuba, has issued an order containing three clauses which for cruelty of intent and condensation of cruelty by expression, rivals any of the persecuting *provincia mientes* ever published by his countryman. It is decreed by the Count that native males over fifteen years old absent from home without cause shall be executed; any dwelling not displaying a white flag shall be burned; All women away from their homes shall be forced to report at certain headquarters.

Charles A. Atkins of Augusta has been appointed commissioner of fisheries, under the act of the last legislature. The commissioner holds his office for three years, unless sooner removed, and is to have the general supervision of the inland fisheries. He is to have the care and superintendence of the construction of fishways, and is to introduce and disseminate valuable species of fish. The act by which the office is created is very elaborate in its specifications, and if faithfully enforced will greatly aid in restocking the inland waters with sea fish.

The main effort of the commissioner this year will be to superintend the erection of fishways over dams in rivers formerly stocked with salmon or alewives. Several fishways, made by order of the fish wardens, have been found useless, and have, therefore, been abandoned.

John L. Brown of Bowdoinham, and Charles Witham of Bath, have been appointed fish wardens in the Kennebec district, and N. B. Chadman of Madison, for Somerset.

The Maine Farmer says that an extensive breeder of the different breeds of swine, in our own State, for "his own eating" prefers pork from a pure Suffolk hog, and would give two cents per pound more for it than for pork of any other breed. But if a man raises a large hog he would advise the full blood Chester White. They fatten easily, attain a large size, and make nice white pork.

A colored preacher at the South recently said in a prayer, "O Lord be pleased to shake your great tablecloth over your hungry children, that they may be fed with the crumbs of your love." Another, preaching at Fort Hudson, used the following illustration:—De whole of God's relation to us am like the wheel. De Lord Jesus Christ am the hub, de Christians am de spokes, and de fire am de grace of God a binding them all together; and de nearer we get to de hub de nearer we get to each other.

A writer in the Galaxy says the secret of fitness in marriage is "opposition of temperament with identity of aim." But men are not apt to take such theorizing much into account. As Emerson says, they marry first and consider the theory afterwards.

PERSONAL.—We had a call yesterday from a representative of the Advertising House of Coe, Wetherill & Co., Philadelphia, who was on a business visit to the city. The firm of Coe, Wetherill & Co., is one of the most prompt, reliable, and honorable Advertising Agencies in the United States, and we are glad to know that they are doing a prosperous and profitable business. In these days, when newspaper publishers are so often fleeced by swindling advertising agencies, it is a pleasure to do business with such a firm as Coe, Wetherill & Co., who not only always pay newspaper men a living for such advertisements as they send them, but price are always prompt to the day in their settlement.—[Pittsburg, Pa., Dispatch, of April 8th.]

A PREMATURE REPORT.—The announcement that the Pacific Railroad is completed is premature. Only thirteen miles remain to be finished, but the work upon the last section is so tedious that it will take two weeks more to complete it.

The human family is so numerous that a birth and a death occur every moment. Every second a child is born; every second some one dies. The prevalence of sickness in the world may be realized in Dr. J. C. Ayer's Laboratory, where medicines are made for all mankind. It would scarcely seem that there are throats enough to swallow the doses he issues daily.—Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Ague Cure, and Cherry Pectoral, by the thousand gallons, and Ayer's Pills literally by the ton. But they must all be wanted, or he could not make such quantities for so many years.—[Northfield Telegraph.]

A man from Rangeley, Monday morning, came as far as Phillips, a distance of fifteen miles, on runners, with the snow a part of the way five feet deep, says a correspondent of the Lewiston Journal.

MR. SEWARD'S SAVIOR REWARDED.—A gold check for \$500 was recently presented to Sergeant Robinson who saved Secretary Seward's life at the time of Payne's assault. It came from the citizens of Nevada, who thus testify their regard. It took some time to find him, but he was finally discovered—a clerk in the Quartermaster's Department.

Secretary Boutwell proposes to discharge forty more female clerks in the treasury, and has created a sensation by forbidding calls during business hours and the use of liquor or tobacco.

The manufacture of the French Atlantic cable is rapidly approaching completion. The total length manufactured is 3,033 nautical miles, and there only remain 537 miles now to be finished. The Great Eastern and Scandinavian have taken on board 1,750 miles and 450 miles respectively.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—Over 1200 Yards made with one Needle. It will be ten years next March since I purchased a Wheeler and Wilson Sewing-Machine, which I have used ever since in vest-making. In that time I have made more than 3500 vests, and have done all my family sewing beside. I have used the needle in the machine for nearly four years, and made with it over 1200 vests.

MRS. A. ST. JOHN.
No. 23 Alexander St., Rochester, N. Y.

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

George Bond recently tried to chaff a black-headed went too slow to suit her. "When a man is not three intelligent than his wife, he does not become a black-man," he replied. "It is true, madam; if nature had given me more sense, I should not be in this box—I should be a noble writer."

An individual in San Francisco, descending on what he would do were he an editor, said: "If I had a newspaper office I would run it. A friend standing by quietly remarked: 'Yes, and at the first symptom of difficulty you would 'leg it!'"

A person of experience crystallizes the wisdom he can acquire in that way in the following sentence: "Courtship is bliss, but matrimony is bluster."

A story is going the rounds of a party of ladies who were caught in a shower having the color washed from their cheeks. A lady at our elbow thinks the color of some of the gentlemen's noses could not be washed out with a water-pot.

Wm. H. Wheeler, formerly of the Bangor Whig is now managing editor of the New England Farmer.

Ha Howell, which once had four hotels, is now without any, the Hollowell House having been sold and closed up.

The citizens of Kendall's Mills, on Saturday last, voted to build a brick school-house, at a cost of seven thousand dollars.

A paper out West says: "Erratum.—In our paragraph yesterday concerning thirteen ministers who had been snatched in infancy for granted and ready converts, the Scientific American observes that the dispatches sent by the Atlantic cable telegraph from London, to-day, arrive in New York yesterday."

A romantic individual was asked the other day why he showed greater attachment to a very thin lady than to one who was more stout. "It is," said he, "because I am never her heart."

An army officer has reported officially that all efforts to make peace with the Sioux Indians are failures. They decline their preference for the war, and are constantly committing murders and other outrages on the settlers within their reach.

The Memphis Post of the 15th inst., reports Andrew Johnson's last speech in a single word: "Ditto."

An Indiana husband advertises his runaway wife, saying that she "has left him just as summer's work is beginning, notwithstanding he has had the expense of wintering her."

There is said to be one street in Philadelphia, where the atmosphere is so impregnated with the rum sold in the neighborhood that the very horses shudder as they pass through it.

In the village of Tipton, Indiana, all the liquor saloons are closed and have craps on their doors, the combined effect of a revival and of a raid by the ladies.

Dr. Holland, who is travelling in Europe insists that drunkenness is exceedingly prevalent in wine-producing countries, contrary to the prevailing impression.

The venerable Rev. Elijah Jones, one of the oldest Congregational ministers in Maine, died at his residence in Minot on Thursday, at the age of 78 years and five months.

"The Gates Wide Open" is the title of a book by Mr. George Wood, of Washington, author of "Modern Pilgrims." It is announced as a companion to "Gates Ajar."

Since the month of August, 1865, the public debt has decreased at the rate of about \$80,000,000 a year.

EXAMPLE.—A Georgia correspondent deems that the southern people have any idea of engaging in the Cuban revolution. He says that they have "quit making revolutions and taken to planting potatoes."

Protestant churches are organizing in all the Turkish towns.

During a recent recitation on Natural History in one of our well known colleges, a student in the pursuit of knowledge concerning the habits of animals, said: "Professor, why does a cat, while eating, turn her head first one way and then the other?" "For the reason," replied the professor, "that she cannot turn it both ways at once."

"Tommy, my son, fetch in a stick of wood." "Ah! my dear mother," responded the youth, "the grammatical portion of your education has been sadly neglected. You should have said—'Thomas, my son, transport from that recumbent collection of combustible material upon the threshold of this edifice one of the certified excrements of a defunct log!'"

When telegraphing to a newspaper, correspondents do well to concentrate their ideas. It is quite "according to Hoyle" to call a simple dance "a terrific and frenzied festivity which brought the satirical acquisitions of the participants into the most pleasurable play."

This is the form of the invitation to balls among the elite of Great Britain, Calcutta, &c.—"On the evening of — your company is solicited, with that of your selected attendant, at the —. Husbands admitted during good behavior." Mrs. —.

