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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 23, No. 04): July 23, 1869

Maxham & Wing

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HE LEADETH ME.

He leadeth me!  
Not always by green pastures and still waters,  
Not always over fertile plains and dewy meads;  
But oft o'er deserts hot and parched; His sons and daughter  
are.  
Or through the mountain pass, our Father leads;  
Yes, though my path may rugged be,  
I fear not, for He leadeth me.

He leadeth me!  
Not always are His golden sunbeams playing,  
Not always does my landscape answering catch their  
smile,  
His clouds are often more than fleecy shadows straying,  
In yon blue ocean many an errant leech,  
But let the storm-clouds gather free!  
And harkless—for He leadeth me.

He leadeth me!  
Not ever is His guiding finger pointing  
Clearly along my near and distant way,  
My eyes are sometimes dim, despite their high anoint-  
ing,  
And cannot trace Truth's clear and silver ray.  
Yet, though one step alone I see,  
I follow—for He leadeth me.

He leadeth me!  
I may not always feel His pierced hand clasping,  
Nor in my feeble touch forever firmly grasping  
His cross, my fainting spirit's only choice.  
And yet, though I may falter, he  
His hold is firm; He leadeth me.

He leadeth me!  
No cloud by day, by night no fiery pillar,  
No visioned choir of the hosts above  
Appears; but far more glorious is His voice—though  
still  
Thou artion roll call, for it speaks of love.  
And thus I ever know that He—  
My Guide, my Saviour—leadeth me.

He leadeth me!  
In each event in every joy or sorrow,  
In every care or hope my life may know,  
Through every dark and starry night, or glowing morn-  
ing,  
Or where His Spirit calleth me to go;  
He the first Pilgrim deigned to be  
In pathways where He leadeth me.

He leadeth me!  
North from these gloomy shades of death and terror,  
North from this blighted earth and stormy sky,  
In safety through the perilous hosts of sin and error,  
Or where His Spirit calleth me to go;  
These threatening ranks I only see:  
He is my shield; He leadeth me.

He leadeth me!  
Up to His heights whose light celestial, gleaming  
In glory, earthly tongue may not portray;  
Where glassy seas, and gold and marble whitely gleam-  
ing,  
Images that faintly forth that upper day.  
I know I shall its glories see  
Uncolored, where He leadeth me.

He leadeth me!  
No longer then by faith alone, or in dim vision  
And mourning of the hidings of His face,  
Beside bright living fountains, in His courts Elysian,  
Or where His Spirit calleth me to go;  
Tears wiped away, forever free,  
Up to His throne He leadeth me.

THE LAVENDER ORAPE SHAWL.

I was up in my room, tying my bonnet-strings rather nervously before the mirror, and thinking how much more becoming lavender would be than the pink and gray I had worn for two seasons. Mother was quite ready and in the parlor waiting for me; for it was most three, and at three o'clock we were all to meet at Will's to choose our shawl-boxes.

It was in the days when sea captains used to bring home wonderful things from foreign parts, with the scent and the flavor of the tropics still clinging to them; ivory fans carved to a miracle of delicacy by the cunning-fingered Chinese; dainty tea-pots covered with queer arabesques of the most fanciful flowers and vines that the artists of Japan could devise; fragrant trifles of sandal-wood; and dress goods of curious fabric and more curious pattern. Uncle John had always brought us something to remember him by when he came home from his long sea voyages; and now this time, when he had exchanged ships at the Sandwich Islands, thus lengthening his three years' absence to six years, he sent his gifts to us by his first mate. So when the Mary Ann was spoken outside the bar, and when with the next tide she came sailing into the harbor, we were all on the look-out for dear old sun-burnt Uncle John, and instead there came Steve Belden with a letter and some crape shawls.

We had heard so much about Steve Belden that he did not seem like a stranger; and, besides, sailors' people are not very ceremonious in their friendships; so he had already spent an evening at our house and at Will's and cousin Nell had met him too. Moreover he was invited to be present at the lottery of shawls. I was lottery, because Uncle John had written that we were to divide them among us, adding, in his funny way, that he "had hidden a charm in one for the luckiest." It was easy enough to say, divide them; but when we came to open the boxes, Nell, Rose and I each wanted the prettiest—the lavender shawl—and each was frank enough to say so. There were four shawls in all, of the very finest quality of crape, soft and creamy to the touch, and each in its own black perfumed case. The cases were as like as peas, but not the shawls. One was black, rich and lustreless; one was pure white, like the white of calla lilies, and embroidered heavily with the same; the third was white too, but a wreath of pink rose-buds ran around the border—pink rose-buds and green leaves daintily worked; the fourth was the lavender. That was the beauty. It was before our own manufacturers knew what exquisite shades could be produced, and we had only the commonest purples. But this—it was ineffable, the shimmer of palest violets in the sun. Rose threw it over my shoulders, and as I looked in the glass I felt that if ever anything in the way of clothes could make me perfectly happy it would be this shawl. My eye loved to dwell upon it, my hand loved to touch it; it made me look almost pretty too, and I had so few becoming things. But there! It was just as becoming to Nell or to Rose, and they wanted it as much as I. So we decided on a sort of lottery.

Rose was my brother Will's wife—a gay, jolly, good-natured little thing; and Nell was my only cousin. Nell was tall and stately and beautiful, with a proud, clear look in her eyes, and a snowy grace in all her ways; by which I mean she was stately and fair, like the snow, and cold like it too. But the cold of snow is not like the cold of frost, you know, for flowers live under its drifts sometimes.

Each shawl was to be looked up in its own black case, and then, Will was to lay the cases promiscuously on his parlor table, and then we were to choose each for ourselves. Mother and I were to be there at three o'clock. I gave a last pull at the old gray and pink ribbons; then I was down to join her, and started.

They were waiting for us.

"Oh, take off your bonnets quick!" cried Rose; "I'm wild to have it all settled. Will has shuffled the boxes, and I'm teasing him to make me a sign which is the lavender, but he won't."

"Aunt Mary will choose first, of course?" suggested Nell.

"Not unless her name is drawn first!" said Will, with mock solemnity, writing all our names on slips of paper and holding them behind him.

"We wait your pleasure," said Nell, retreating to a corner of the sofa. She spoke indifferently, but I knew in her heart she was secretly anxious to gain the lavender.

"Belden hasn't come yet," said Will.

"Oh, never mind Belden," exclaimed Rose.

"What does he care? He would only laugh, and it is really very important. It's after three. Come, Will."

"Very well, he replied; 'then let's proceed. I presume you won't call mother unfair, so she shall draw the names, and the one that comes first, chooses first.'"

Had the moment really arrived? My heart palpitated, it was almost like election day when they begin to count the votes. Mother, in her placid, gentle way, drew one of the slips, and we all shouted, for it held her own name.

"Oh, mother, who would have thought you were so shy!" laughed Will. "Well, come to the table and choose your box."

I thought to myself, if mother got the lavender she would give it to me. But the suspense was not long; she took the box nearest her and opened it. It held the white crape embroidered. Rose laughed uneasily. One of us would have to draw the black one now. It was growing serious.

Mother drew another slip. It bore Rose's name, and the color went and came in her cheeks as she looked at the three boxes and hesitated. You may think it was curious we should care so much; but we were none of us rich, and a handsome crape shawl would be a great addition to either of our wardrobes. Rose at last, in a flutter, took the box farthest from her. It contained the white shawl, the pure creamy white, and Rose pouted.

"What made me take that one?" she said regretfully. But the deed was done.

Mother drew another slip, and read my name—George. Wait.

Just at that moment a cold tremor was seizing me. It was not that my name was being called; it went deeper than that; it was that I recognized the box that held the lavender! The slightest mark, the merest pin scratch, down in one corner of the lid; but letters of fire could not have seemed plainer to me at that instant. I had noticed it in the morning without speaking of it, without really thinking of it, when we were so busy planning the distribution; it had passed out of my mind at once, and I had not remembered it since. But there it was; it had suddenly caught my intent eye, and now I could look at nothing else. It seemed so plain as if every one must see it, as if every one must know that that one of the two held the precious beautiful lavender shawl! And there was mother calling my name, and the rest waiting for me to take my choice. Oh, didn't they see, didn't they know? Suppose I took it, would it be a shame fastened upon me forever? Should I be magnanimous, and choose the other box? Then I must go moping about in the black shawl; and I imagined cousin Nell, all ways stately and fairer than I, making herself yet more fair and stately, wrapped in that exquisitely tinted drapery, a vision of loveliness all summer long, whenever she went abroad in the streets of our little town. Only the night before I thought from something Steve Belden said that he thought I was pretty; but now no one would notice me any more—no one would have eyes for anybody but Nell. But—I had not chosen yet?

"Come, hurry, George!" exclaimed Rose, and mother looked at me wonderingly. Oh, what should I do? Would it be so very dreadful? Perhaps the tiny dint was providential, on purpose to guide my hand to what I wanted so much. And Nell always looked handsome in black; she would not mind very much. There she sat, tastefully dressed as usual, and I in my poor old pink and gray things! No, I would not make the sacrifice! Down, conscience, down!

I stepped forward, and laid my hand on the black Chinese case.

"Open it!" cried Rose, impatiently. But I absolutely could not, and Will opened it for me. There it lay, the beautiful wonder that I had bought with a price.

"Oh, George, George, you got it after all!" said Rose. "Lend it to me once in a while, won't you? And Nell must take the black. Poor Nell! I hope it isn't a bad omen."

"I don't care for omens," said Nell, quietly drawing the remaining box toward her.

"I will take the omen myself," said dear mother; "let us exchange, Eleanor. The black will be much more suitable for me; and what could I ever do with this shawl covered with rose-buds?"

"I don't know what to do with the rose-buds either," replied Nell ruefully. She never made choice herself of such gay contrasting colors.

"I do, then," interposed Rose. "Come, let's arrange it in this way. Let mother take Nell's, and me take mother's, and Nell take mine. Then we shall all be suited, though not so well suited as George, of course."

So the exchange was effected, while I sat apart brooding over the coveted lavender, now my own. Of course it was my own; no one doubted that. Mine, with its soft, curling, silken texture; mine, with its fascinating color; and Rose said how queer I was not to triumph more in my success. But something kept running through my brain and beating in my heart—a haunting memory of the high honor of our Winthrop race; and the portrait of a great-uncle, who died before any of us were born, hanging on Will's wall, seemed to look me through and through with stern blue eyes. That portrait had a look of Nell, so people said; but Nell did not look me through that way. She seemed rather to shun my gaze when I glanced at her. Perhaps she was envious.

In came Steve Belden, bringing a rush of fresh air with him, vexed at being too late for the drawing; but he had been detained by an unexpected encounter with an old shipmate on the street. Rose danced about before him in her gaily-broidered shawl, and Nell pensively allowed mother to drape her in the creamy white. Steve glanced at me. I smiled and held up the coveted lavender.

"I'm glad you got the one you wanted," he said, pleasantly.

"Now, said hospitable Rose, 'you are all to stay to tea, Steve Belden and all, and we will have a good time. I'm going to make some French biscuit.'"

So away she flew. The rest of us sat a little while talking, and then mother went to help Rose, and Will said he had an errand down street.

"Put on your bonnets, girls," said Steve to Nell and me. "Put on your bonnets and your new shawls. There is just time for a walk before supper, and I shall be proud to have your company if you will go."

Our new shawls! Nell smiled assent, and

slowly refolding her white crape placed it around her shapely shoulders with the air of a princess. I thought to myself it was fortunate I wore my black silk, for the lavender would go so nicely with it; and Rose, putting her head in at the door to see what we were doing, exclaimed that I must not wear my old bonnet, but take her stylish little hat with the ostrich plume. So I equipped myself, and took a sly peep in the mirror to be sure that the lavender shawl was really as becoming as I hoped, and then, with a flutter in my heart, started out with Nell and Steve, and I was the one nearest to Steve.

We walked down the principal village street, and then turned off by the wharves—the wharves where I had played so often as a little girl, but where now I had to walk with careful dignity for fear of brushing against the damp barrels and the spars lying there. The Mary Ann lay at anchor a little way out in the harbor, and Steve said the old ship looked more like home to him than anything else in the world.

"What a red sunset we are going to have," said Nell, looking dreamily seaward; "the sky is ruby and coralline!"

"It reminds me," said Steve, "of a redder sunset six months ago, the afternoon we set sail from Hawaii. The men were singing as they pulled at the ropes, and I joined in the chorus; but I felt lonely enough when the sun went down, and we had almost lost sight of the island and the Albatross lying at anchor, with your uncle John on board and Ben Gardiner."

"Who's Ben Gardiner?" I asked; for I knew all the sailors' families, and no one of that name had ever sailed from our port.

"Oh, Ben shipped from New Bedford," replied Steve; "he and I were just like brothers, and we hated to part. But the Hawaii owners gave him every inducement, and he was anxious to get to be captain before coming home; so he sailed out."

I had never been in New Bedford, but Nell had, and I glanced at her to see if she knew Ben Gardiner; but she appeared not to be listening; she was looking far away eastward, with flushed cheeks and parted lips.

"He's the best fellow I ever saw," Steve went on, enthusiastically; "as brave as a lion and true as steel. I don't believe he ever had a cowardly or dishonest thought in his life."

And Steve's eyes, kindled as he praised his friend, while I thought to myself I did not believe his friend could possibly be any nobler than he. For within these last few days Steve Belden had suddenly become my one ideal. But oh, these clinging folds of the lavender crape shawl! They seemed to wrap me away from him after a while, to separate us forever; for was it not a poor dishonest heart beating behind them which never could bear the clear searching sunshine of his love? Even if he had loved me, and that probably he never would now. Maybe he would love Nell. Oh, how lovely she was at that very moment, looking wistfully out over the sea!

"What big blue eyes you are making at the waves, George," said Steve, softly, coming a little nearer; "and your cheeks are as pink as the rose-shells we used to gather at the islands!"

"Tell me more about Ben Gardiner," I said, desperately, "more about how noble he was."

Nell looked around rather surprised, and Steve asked soberly:

"Why, do you know Ben, George?"

"No, I don't; I never heard of him before; but I want to hear about how good he is because he is your friend." At the last word it dawned upon me that I had better be more careful of my speech, but Steve was already answering me.

"Why I don't know exactly how to begin about him," he said; "he is so unselfish he is always willing to help any one out of trouble, from a mate down to a monkey. I have seen him jump overboard time and again to save poor creatures from drowning, and I have seen him stop to take a wretched buzzing fly out of a spider's web. And you couldn't get him to tell a lie, not for all the mines of Peru. Shall I tell you about the time he was so honest and fair, when we were drawing cuts who should have a furlough on shore, and we were all pining to set foot on land once more, he more than any of us?"

"Oh, no, never mind!" I answered listlessly, with a little shiver; "wait till we get home. I'm going to pick up these little scallop-shells there on the sand."

"They're only dead ones," said Steve. "I have some beauties in my chest I will bring you tomorrow."

"Come back, George. Don't go down on the wet sand," called Eleanor after me; "you'll spot your new shawl. And it is time we were going home. Rose's biscuits will be done, and she won't like it if we're not there while they're hot!"

So we turned away from the wharves, the red sunset, and the salt breath of the sea, and walked up again through the village to Will's. I keeping a little ahead all the way, yet not so far but that I heard Nell asking Steve to tell her about the drawing cuts and what Ben Gardiner did, and then Steve's answer. I don't know exactly what it was; something about nine being the lucky number, and a six turned upside down so that it looked like nine. I tried not to listen; it was enough to know that Ben had not cheated, as I did about the shawl-boxes, and I felt worse every moment.

"How grandly you sailed up the street!" said Rose, meeting us at the door with a laugh; "quite my Lady Beautiful, dear George! But now hurry in as fast as you can, for tea's just on the table."

Nell and I carefully folded up our crape shawls as we took them off, and laid them back in their perfumed cases. It seemed to me that I was in the very depth of wretchedness, and I almost hated the exquisite lavender tint, for had it not set me worlds farther apart from Steve than I ever was in my old pink and gray?

Then I could not eat any supper, and Rose noticed it and would not let me alone. She did not like to have her dainty fare slighted, her light white rolls, her honey in the comb, and her marvelous little cream cakes. It was dreadful to be looked at and commiserated, and I feeling all the while like the wickedest little hypocrite that ever lived. "I began to ask myself what would Ben Gardiner do if he were in my place, and had got the handsomest shawl of all untaken? It did not take very long to answer that."

We went back into the parlor, and of all topics in the world, Steve and Will began talk-

ing about a neighbor of ours, a ship-owner, who had been wronging his employees and dealing deceitfully with his firm.

"He was always tricky," said Will. "Why when the innocent farm boys from up in the country would come down to ship from this port, he would put on the smoothest face, and make them think life before the mast was Paradise. 'Hobart,' he would say to his clerk, in their hearing, 'have you seen to putting the barrel of raisins on board for the sailors' plum-puddings?' But once hired and off at sea it was a different story."

"It runs in the blood," said mother, complacently; "there is a streak of knavery in the family, and his father was just such a man before him."

I knew she was thinking to herself that no such spot had ever sustained the honor of the Winthrops, and I felt baser than ever. Then I stopped listening to their talk, and thought of what lay before me.

For did I tell you I had resolved to confess it all? I had made up my mind to it after I had folded the shawl and put it away, and after I thought what Steve's friend would have done. It meant good-bye to the lavender crape, of course, but that was only a trifle now—it meant good-bye to Steve Belden, too, and that was the misery of it, for he never would think of caring for any one who had fallen so far short of being honest and noble. This one short day had crushed me so completely! But I must tell them that was certain, and throw the shameful burden off, and then maybe I could begin life all over again in a quiet, humble little way, and be a better girl.

"None of my children ever deceived me!" said mother, finishing the conversation, and rising in her dignified way. "Come, George, it is getting late. We must go home."

"There! I don't know what I said, but I told them; I told them all, and my own voice sounded clear and strange, to me as I pushed the lavender shawl-box towards Nell, and implored her never to let me see it again. Then somehow I got into mother's arms, and the tears and sobs came as if they meant to kill me; for it was all over—so much was all over!

I think I never should want to look back to that strange, troubled day if it had not ended so beautifully. For when they had all forgiven me, and Rose had said good-naturedly that she should have felt like doing the same thing herself if she had had a chance, and Nell had whispered that she too saw the dent, and was glad her turn came last that she might not be tempted (though dear Nell never would have been tempted), and mother had gravely told me it was a lesson I must never forget—after all that we started for home, and Will walked with mother, but Steve Belden walked with me. And during that very walk it was all settled; for he loved me, you see, and it did not seem to make so very much difference about the shawl after all. Indeed, everything happened to me better than I deserved about that, for when Nell and I changed shawls Steve told me he always liked the white one best. What is the use of fighting against the great principles of right? It is 'kicking against the pricks' in real earnest. If I had only been good and true in the matter of the shawls I should have had the one that pleased Steve from the first, and been spared all the error and shame. But, as mother would say, it was a good moral lesson.

When Uncle Jack came home from his voyage, and knew about Steve and me, he said his charm had worked to perfection, and it was in that very box he hid it.

NO NIGHT-CAP.—The following anecdote of the late Judge Richard Fletcher of Boston is related by one of his friends:

Mr. Fletcher when a young man boarded at the Exchange Coffee House, and in accordance with the custom of the day had a glass of spirit and water brought to his room every night, to be taken on going to bed, as a "night-cap." One night an unusual press of company prevented the barkeeper from carrying up Mr. Fletcher's night dram. The B-equire did not regard it as quite the thing for him to go the bar and get his grog; and so he went to bed without his "night-cap." But to sleep, he could not. All night long he tumbled about for lack of his accustomed drink. And as he did so, his active and discriminating mind worked most diligently. The fruit of his reflections appeared next morning, when, on getting up, weary and worn by his hard and restless night, Mr. Fletcher went directly to the bar-keeper: "Mr. —, you did not bring up my brandy and water last night, and as a consequence I have slept little or none all night." The barkeeper was very sorry. "This neglect should not occur again. 'Not so,' rejoined Mr. Fletcher. "Never bring me another drop of liquor unless I order it. If it has come to this, that I can't sleep without the help of a tumbler of toddy, it is high time that I stopped drinking, and broke up the dangerous habit." From that day Mr. Fletcher became a thorough temperance man.

During the visit of the western commercial party at Salt Lake City last week, Senator Trumbull and Brigham Young had a brisk conversation of a few minutes' length on the relation of that territory to the government of the United States. Young informed Mr. Trumbull that he must not be surprised if after returning to Washington he heard that some federal officers were put out of Utah without their consent. Mr. Trumbull suggested that it would be better to consult the President beforehand; it might be embarrassing otherwise. There was some conversation on the laws against bigamy, which Brigham of course held in fine contempt. Hospitality was dispensed sparingly, and the visitors were treated while they stayed with cold and distant politeness.

Most of the recent horrible cases of murder furnish renewed illustrations of the often-observed fact that "rum" is the great ally of murder. In nine cases out of ten, the murderer has previously placed himself under the influence of liquor. Sometimes it is the direct and exclusive stimulant of deeds of murder; and sometimes, the intemperate criminal, fired by other causes, finds it necessary to resort to it as the only agency capable of bringing him up to the "killing point." But we always expect to find its use associated in some way or other with the perpetration of this, the highest crime known to the law or to morality. [New York Weekly Times.

THE FLIPLAPPY PANIER.

How queer to my sight are the fair promenaders! When bright afternoons bring them out to my view! The ribbons, the flounces, the tangled-up dresses, The Balmoral stockings and hot-lid hatched shoes! The high-towering chignon, the post-lid hitched to it, The back hair turned up where the waterfall fell! The cotton devices—those things I'll not mention— And o'en the plump panier that makes such a swell! The wonderful panier, the flippappy panier, The ex-bustle panier that makes such a swell.

That flippappy panier is queer beyond measure! It makes me oft think of an apron of chips, Shipped around, to be sure, and to take off the pressure, Held up by a strap girtled round from the hips. I wonder if Venus, "did get" of the Grecians, Once trotted around with a crook in her back Like the one this same flippappy panier on-tail-eth— This ex-bustle panier that makes such a pack!

If so, 'tis all right, and we'll dub it an idol, This elegant "crook-back" the fair sex adore! "Great grief," we will cry, "is this Grecian Diana!" As she grows greater we'll bawl it the more. And when Madame Fashion shall smash it in pieces, With onions and garlic we'll mourn for it well; And fondly we'll vend its return to the heathen, And list without envy their welcoming yell. The wonderful panier, the flippappy panier, The ex-bustle panier that makes such a swell.

TOO MANY BEAUX.—If by the term "prospects," as applied to a young lady, you mean the probabilities of her getting a husband, then she whose admirers may be called Legion, has infinitely poorer prospects than one whose friends of the opposite sex may be counted on the fingers of a single hand.

Now, it is true that everybody patronizes the mode and fashion that everybody else supports, and it is the easiest and most natural thing in the world to "follow the crowd." But this is not to say that a young man wants for a wife the girl who counts her beaux by the score and her conquests by the dozen.

It is true that every chicken in a brood will leave a good dinner, and all go in pursuit of the same object, if they see one of their number running away with a large-sized crumb, or after an imaginary worm. But it is not true that the young man will forsake the modest, gentle girl, whose society he can enjoy without rivalry, to compete with a score of others for the company of a young lady whose smiles are free to all.

There is indeed, a class of men who pay assiduous court to the latter. She generally possesses many attractions—this pet of society. Possibly she sings. Invariably she dances. She is always surrounded by the gayest of the gay; and in consequence of all these advantages, whether she be pretty or plain, her drawing-room is a very agreeable place in which to spend an evening; or as young gentlemen are wont to say—

"It is extremely pleasant to submit one's self occasionally to be handsomely entertained; but I would not upon any account have it supposed that I am looking in that direction for a wife; by no means."

Thus these gallants are wont to speak. And as a rule, they are not marrying men. But when one of them would take to himself a wife, he goes east, west, north or south—where he would find a girl unspoiled by society—the one who has not in his presence played the agreeable to a score of others, and whom he strongly suspects any one of them could have been had for the asking.

The worst thing for a girl—unless she wants to live and die an old maid—is to have too many beaux. She may be pretty, stylish, accomplished, graceful—anything you please, it matters little. The very fact that she has been the recipient of attention from more men than she would need to know in the course of a life-time—desirable only to those who cannot get better.

If girls would but take the advice of their own sex as graciously as they take the attentions of the other, some at least, would cut loose a few of their worthless acquaintances, and in the future, guard themselves against the addresses of too many beaux.

The Lewiston Journal says a gentleman who was always accustomed to take a drink of whiskey when he wanted it, states that not long ago he went over to Augusta, and in a company of fifty fellows drank lager beer, whiskey, gin, &c., with others, all the while thinking what a drunken crowd he had got into, and that he was the only sober one in the company. The next morning one of the party, alluding to the debauch, said: "Well, we had a jolly old drunk last night, but really I believe you were the drunkest one of the crowd." On the spot the gentleman made a vow that if drink made such a fool of him as that he would never drink more; and from that day to this he has been a consistent temperance man.

Digestion of food.—Rice boiled, pigs feet broiled, and tripe boiled will digest in one hour.

Veal steak broiled, whipped eggs raw, and sweet melon apples, will digest in one and one-half hours.

Beef liver broiled, dry codfish broiled, sour and mellow apples, eaten raw, and cabbage with vinegar, will digest in two hours.

Roasted turkey, roasted pig, broiled lamb, boiled beans, roasted potatoes, and boiled parsnips, will digest in two and one-half hours.

Roasted beef, boiled mutton, boiled apple dumplings, and Indian corn cake will digest in three hours.

Roasted mutton, Indian corn bread, and boiled carrots, will digest in three and one-fourth hours.

Stewed oysters, raw cheese, hard boiled and fried eggs, wheat bread, boiled potatoes, and boiled turnips, will digest in three and one-half hours.

Fried beef, boiled and roasted fowls, roasted duck, and boiled cabbage will digest in four hours; while roasted pork requires five and one-fourth hours.

The New York Supreme Court has decided that if a passenger on a railway train cannot find a seat and gets injured while standing, in consequence, upon the platform, he is not to be blamed for negligence, but that the negligence must be imputed to the conductor. It is the latter's business to find a seat for the passenger, not the passenger's business to look for one.

Poor Turper, the colored postmaster at Macon, has again been arrested, this time on the charge of counterfeiting. It will be remembered that he was guilty in the other matter alleged against him, and this, too, may turn out to be a wrongful charge.

THE STATE OF SOCIETY IN GEORGIA.—The President has received reports from Gen. Terry, commanding in Georgia, concerning the murder of the late Senator Adkins of that State in May last. The General does not express any opinion himself but forwards the documents and lets them tell their own story.

From statements made, by the wife and daughters and servants of the murdered man, it appears that a large gang of persons were concerned in the assassination. Five shots were fired at the time of the murder, one by the man who committed the deed, one by Adkins at the man when he was running away, and the others by confederates, evidently as signals. There had been a good deal of effort to get Adkins into a muss when at the railroad station. He and his wife had been insulted and many insolent and insulting remarks had been made in their hearing, with the undoubted purpose to provoke him into drawing his pistol, but he studiously kept his temper and declined to be drawn into controversy, and was therefore coolly assassinated when on his way home. He gave the name of his murderer before dying, but the civil authorities neglected to take any steps for his arrest and it is presumed that he fled the country as soon as he found the military were on his track.

The commanding officer at Warrenton gives a number of instances in which the laws have been violated outrageously, the civil authorities being entirely silent or so lax in their enforcement that nothing comes of the efforts to bring the guilty persons to justice.

The latest news concerning the accident on the Erie Railroad at Mast Hope shows that the first accounts were not exaggerated. James Griffin, the engineer of the Erie freight train left standing on the switch, was asleep just before the accident occurred. The express train from New York came sweeping around the curve at the speed of forty miles an hour, hastening to make up lost time. The noise of its approach startled the sleeping engineer. He thought the switch-man had called to him to go ahead, and seizing the lever he turned on steam and moved the cars a length till the fore wheels caught in the frog of the unopened switch, just far enough to thrust the side of the engine across the path of the express, and in a moment the lightning train was upon him, striking the outer rim of his left cylinder head. He was for thirteen years fireman on the road, and a temperate man. He wept bitterly for his carelessness, but has since died. General Stone-man's wife, who was on board the train, was uninjured, but lost three trunks. The killed are the Rev. Dr. Hallock of New York, David Bauer, a German emigrant, a German woman and two children, unknown, and several others, whose charred bodies cannot be recognized. The Rev. Dr. Hallock was accompanied by his brother-in-law, who made every effort to save him. He was caught by his legs in the crushed timbers of the smoking car, and although he was uninjured and appealed piteously for help, nothing could be done to save him from his terrible fate. He was also, the publisher of the Ambassador, one of the leading journals of the Universalist denomination.—[Bost. Adv.

INGENUOUS CHARADES.—A novel plan of drawing room charades is thus described by a participant:

"The curtain of the back drawing-room was drawn aside, and we were rather surprised to see nothing but a wooden rocking-horse on the temporary stage. We were told to guess an island in the Greek Archipelago. After some demur, one individual, brighter than the rest, said 'Dolos—deal horse.' Right. The curtain fell and after a pause, rose again, displaying to the astonished lookers-on the very identical, irrepressible rocking-horse, with his head in the contrary direction. We were told to guess another island in the Greek Archipelago. There was a dead silence. Some one vainly suggested 'Chios,' mispronounced 'shy-horse,' but that would not do, for the 'deal-horse' was as steady as old time. At length a small boy, late from school, exclaimed, 'Samos,' and it was the 'same horse.' The curtain fell amidst roars of laughter. The next scene was a portly gentleman of middle age, who was met by a young girl, who said, 'Doctor I am glad to meet you.' A word of five syllables. Give it up. 'Met a physician.' The curtain fell, and was again drawn up—only to exhibit the same portly gentleman and the girl meeting again. A word of three syllables. 'Metaphor—met afore' was the solution.

A small darkey of Montgomery, Ala., sent out to pick berries the other day, buttoned himself up closely in the remnant of a Yankee overcoat. When he returned, his mother observed it and accosted him: 'What you wear dat tick coat for sich a hot day as dis?' 'Cause, mammy,' replied the loyal boy, 'de Yankees does it.' 'You're a little fool,' said the indignant mammy; 'do you s'pose de Yankees got as much sense as we 'Mericans has?'

The following item about a well known 'article' in this community, will be read with interest. The 'Great Utopia Lake and Sea Serpent' has come to grief. The Internal Revenue officials have pounced upon him for the non-payment of special tax and percentage. They hauled him up in a barn-yard three or four miles out of town, and as he was rather unwieldy, contented themselves with confiscating the wheels of his cart, and left him alone in his glory.

An abandoned city, with churches, fruit orchards, groves and other evidences of former prosperity, has been discovered in the vicinity of the Gila river, on the northern border of the State of Sonora. Vast furnaces, and other appliances for extracting ores, were found on the premises, indicating the existence in former years of a large smelting establishment. Dates, oranges, pomegranates and other fruits unknown in temperate climates were found in abundance, showing evidence of a superior cultivation.

The Chicago Journal fears that even with the best of weather in the future, the western corn crop will in the aggregate, scarcely amount to half the usual yield, and that the wheat and oat crops will also fall below the average. The long continued rains have affected the crops very badly.

The Farmington Chronicle says a lad in that town, six years old, was lately poisoned by drinking water from a well which in consequence of its foulness was not used by the family. The physician says it will be months before he is restored to health.

The Progressive Age says Mr. George B. Blithen of Unity, suddenly dropped dead, a few days since. He was at work on the highway, and had just finished loading a cart, and was leaning against the cart in conversation, when he suddenly pitched forward on his face and expired instantly.

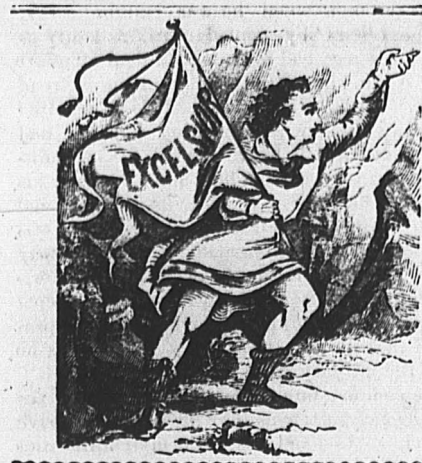
The Chicago Tribune thinks the name of the National Intelligencer was a decided misnomer, and was adopted in that early epoch of the English language when it was supposed that a newspaper could intelligently its readers, 'And that it was as easy to make a verb out of a noun as a frog out of a tadpole.'



## Waterville Mail.

J. H. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... JULY 23, 1869.



**AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.**  
B. M. PETERSON, & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 87 Park Row, New York; S. R. Niles, Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. F. Rowell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 40 Park Row, New York; and T. C. Evans, Advertising Agent, 129 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the WATERVILLE MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by us.

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

**TIN MINE IN WINSLOW.**—An intelligent and well posted correspondent of the Portland Advertiser makes a highly promising report of an examination of the tin mine in Winslow. He says that some of the ore, as they descend from the surface, "exhibits the article in the massive form," which is very rich in metal, containing nearly 80 per cent. of pure tin. Of course the value of the discovery depends entirely upon the extent of the mine, which is not yet ascertained. He says that tin has been found in various parts of New England, and in Virginia and California, but nowhere in sufficient quantities to pay for working.

The title to this mine, far enough to control its value, if it proves to have any, is in the hands of Messrs. Daniel Moor and Charles Chipman, of this place, and Thomas S. Lung, of Vassalboro'. It was discovered by Mr. Chipman nearly three years ago. Its location is mainly on the farm of Mr. Chaffee, on the bank of the Kennebec, east side of the road, some two miles below Winslow village. The property is in good hands, and is apparently receiving the attention proper for its development.

The Advertiser's correspondent says in connection—

If the ore is discovered only in moderate quantities, mining operations will pay; for the ore is exceedingly rich, easily reduced to metal, and the railway and river pass close by so as to reduce the cost of transportation to a mere item.

**CONCERT.**—Our readers we trust will bear in mind the concert of Mr. Philip Phillips, the well known Christian Vocalist, at the Congregationalist Church, next Tuesday evening. Mr. Phillips draws full houses wherever he sings and no one with any music in his soul goes away dissatisfied. It is related of him, in Sunshine and Shadow, that just before the death of President Lincoln Mr. P. sang in the U. S. House of Representatives to a large audience of the most distinguished men and women of the nation; and that Mr. Lincoln, who was very much overcome by the song entitled "Your Mission," sent up the following note to Mr. Seward who presided:—

"Near the close let us have 'Your Mission' repeated by Mr. Phillips. Don't say I called for it."

It is expected that accommodation trains will be run on Tuesday evening from Clinton and West Waterville. This concert is for the benefit of the Methodist Church, and thus by attending it we can secure a rare musical treat and help those who need assistance.

**A MISTAKE.**—A Lewiston rumrunner named Manning, after making a great deal of trouble and a pile of money in his wicked business got into close corners and was sentenced to ten months in jail. By a recent quiet movement among his friends, the case was so represented to Gov. Chamberlain that he granted a petition for his pardon. The governor's kindness in this case, in the face of his affirmed objections to pardons, has stirred up quite an excitement in Lewiston. A writer in the Journal shows Manning to be a poor subject for such clemency; and the editor says he defers comment on the case, "in the hope that the governor, on learning all the circumstances, may revoke his action."

[We are glad to learn by the Journal of a later date that Gov. Chamberlain refused to sign the pardon of Manning.]

**THE HUGH DEPAYNES COMMANDERY,** of Melrose, Mass., on a visit to this State, were taken through from Bangor to Augusta, by special train, on Wednesday, passing here about noon. They were accompanied by Gilmore's Band. The new engine, "R. B. Dunn," took them from Bangor to Kendall's Mills in one hour and twenty-eight minutes.

**WESTERN NORMAL SCHOOL.**—We invite attention to the advertisement of this school in another column. Under the charge of the present Principal, Mr. Charles C. Bouds, this school is acquiring a high standing, and it ought to be well filled.

**MR. C. L. CLAY,** a graduate of Colby in '68, who has been teaching the Leland and Gray Seminary, at Townsend, Vt., during the past year, has been chosen Principal of the High School at St. Johnsbury, Vt.

**THE INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,** which met in Portland last week, was the largest and most enthusiastic gathering of the kind ever held. J. Thane Miller, of Cincinnati, presided; and in his opening address he referred to the origin of these associations in Germany in 1824, to their establishment in England in 1844, and in the United States in 1851. From 1854 to 1866 the increase was marked. In the latter year the number of delegates at the annual meeting was 259, representing 259 associations, with 16,000 members. In Montreal, the number of delegates in 1867 was 594, representing 107 associations, and there were reports from 141, representing 32,000 members. Last year there were 613 associations, representing 70,000 members.—This year there are 759 associations and a membership of 90,000.

The following officers were chosen:—  
**President.**—Hon. William E. Dodge, New York.

**Vice Presidents.**—John S. McLane, Halifax, N. S.; Gen. Clinton B. Fiske, St. Louis, Mo.; John Wannamacher, Philadelphia, Pa.; Professor Wilson, Toronto, Canada; H. D. Hyde, Boston, Mass.; C. W. Todd, Indiana; G. L. Barker, San Francisco, Cal.; Arthur Little, Fond du Lac, Wis.; J. G. Parkhurst, Providence, R. I.; Rev. J. E. Grammar, Baltimore, Md.

**Secretaries.**—Col. J. Hale Sypher, Philadelphia, Pa.; C. B. Bransfield, Washington, D. C.; H. H. Burgess, Portland, Me.; J. R. Dougal, Montreal.

Discussions, spirited and interesting, were had during the session, and many delightful seasons of prayer and social communion were enjoyed during the week. After a discussion of the qualifications for active membership, the following resolution was adopted:—

**Resolved,** That as these organizations bear the name of Christian, and profess to be engaged directly in the service of God, so it is clearly their duty to maintain the control and management of all their affairs in the hands of those who profess to love and publicly avow their faith in Jesus the Redeemer, as divine, and testify their faith by becoming and remaining members of churches held to be evangelical.

The report of the committee defined evangelical churches as follows:—

"And we hold those churches to be evangelical which, maintaining the Holy Scriptures to be the infallible rule of faith and practice, do believe in the Lord Jesus Christ the only begotten of the father, king of kings and Lord of Lords (in whom dwell all the fullness of the Godhead bodily, and who was made sin for us, though knowing no sin, bearing our sin in his own body on the tree) as the only name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved from everlasting punishment."

Resolutions were passed recommending earnest and persistent efforts in opposition to intemperance, and for the establishment and maintenance of temperance organizations for old and young. The tobacco question was disposed of as follows:—

**Resolved,** That this convention recommend that the right and wrong of the intricate question involved in the use of tobacco and other narcotics, be left for each individual to decide between himself and his Saviour, after due prayer.

The lecture bureau was continued, and liberal contributions were made for various good objects. The Convention will next year meet at Indianapolis.

**THE MOWING MACHINE TRIAL** at Bangor on Tuesday, by report of committee in the Whig, shows a triumph of the one horse Clipper and the two-horse Ohio, though all the machines did well. Six machines competed—Ohio, Buckeye, Clipper, and American, two horse; and Clipper and Kniffin, one-horse. By referring to Mr. Gilbreth's advertisement in another column, it will be seen that he has heard this result. The editor of a Bangor paper, who was present at a preliminary exhibition in the forenoon, says:

All the machines did splendid work and delighted the spectators. We were particularly pleased with the operation of the American two-horse machine.

But the delight of all was a one horse Clipper, drawn by a little horse weighing but 725 lbs. It was surprising to witness the rapidity and apparent ease with which this diminutive animal drew the Clipper through the stout grass.

The trial took place in the afternoon on rough ground. During the trial the American struck an obstruction and the driver was thrown to the ground but escaped injury.

The Wood and the Union Machines were on the ground in the morning but were not entered for the trial. The Kniffin Machines were withdrawn from the dynamometer test.

**OUR HOTEL ACCOMMODATION,** though ample for ordinary occasions, does not leave a very broad margin. Commencement week; and it was therefore with regret that the friends of the College learned that Lent's New York Circus had procured a license and made arrangements to exhibit here on Commencement evening—just when the College boys need the patronage of the people for their Concert. We learn, therefore, with pleasure, that agreeably to the request of the Selectmen and others, the proprietors of the Circus have very kindly postponed their call, and if they visit Waterville at all will come at some other time.

At the auction sale of houses on the land of the Portland and Kennebec R. R. Co., on Tuesday, the Scates house and the Peavy house (built by Kimball Scribner and rebuilt by Gen. Simons) were knocked down to E. F. Webb, Esq.,—the former for \$675 and the latter for \$400. The Scates house will probably be removed across the street, to land belonging to the Ticonic Water Power Co. The Golden house was bought by Mr. E. Blumenthal for \$500, and is to be removed to the north side of Appleton Street. One of the conditions of the sale was that the houses should be removed within four weeks, which may be taken as an indication that the railroad company will commence work upon their new depot soon.

An eclipse of the sun is arranged for the 7th of next month, to commence at about 5.20 P. M. No postponement on account of the weather.

We are glad to be able to announce that Joshua Nye, Esq., has so far recovered from his severe rheumatic attack as to be able to ride out daily.

## COLBY UNIVERSITY.

PROGRAMME FOR COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

**Sunday, Aug. 8th.**—Anniversary Sermon before the Boardman Missionary Society, by the Rev. A. J. Gordon, of Jamaica Plain, Mass., at half past 7 o'clock P. M., in the Baptist Church.

**Monday, 9th.**—Prize Declaration of the Junior Class at half past 7 P. M., at the Baptist Church. Music by Gilmore's Band.

**Tuesday, 10th.**—Meeting of Trustees at 10 o'clock A. M. Dedication exercises at the new Memorial Hall at 3 P. M.; Address by the Rev. G. W. Bosworth, D. D.—Meeting of the Alumni at 10 1/2 A. M., in Memorial Hall; reading of the Necrology by Prof. C. E. Hamlin; Collation at Town Hall at 5 P. M.—In the evening, anniversary of the Literary Societies—Rev. Wm. R. Alger, orator; Rev. Theon Brown, poet.

**Wednesday, 11th.**—Procession will move from College grounds at 10 A. M. Exercises of the graduating class, eleven in number, at the Baptist Church. Dinner at Town Hall. Public rooms of the University will be open from 3 to 6 P. M.—Concert of Gilmore's Band at 8 P. M.—Reception by President Champlin.

The examination for admission to college will be on Tuesday, commencing at 8 o'clock in the morning.

"NO MATTER ABOUT IT."—The Boston Journal announces with apparent delight, that the "Hub" has in store another elephant for the outside world, very much bigger than the Jubilee, and one that it will take two years to get ready. If the Journal can afford to say three years, instead of two, their country cousins will not find fault with the delay. If, as is said, the Jubilee took a million of money from country pockets, probably this new enterprise is going to pay it back again—otherwise Boston should wait for this second harvest till the country folks have made enough out of the "anvil choruses" they carried home, to meet the cost of the next spree. Boston is truly a Yankee city.

Hon. N. G. Hitchborn, of Stockton, finally announces his acceptance of the nomination of the temperance convention for the office of governor. We now have two republican candidates in the field, representing the radical and conservative temperance branches, as developed last winter in the discussion of the state police bill. The democratic nominee, Gen. Franklin Smith, of Waterville, has not yet responded.

Some friend sends us a copy of a paper from Ottumwa, Iowa, which, while it is loud in its praise of that section of country, tells of recent long continued rains and disastrous floods, by which much damage has been done. The wheat has been injured to such an extent that only half an ordinary crop is now expected. Let Maine farmers rest contentedly where they are.

The schemers of the flour and grain ring are beginning their usual game;—the crops are reported short when everybody knows the reverse. Winds in one state, drouth, fogs, rust, rains, flies, grasshoppers, and every other imaginary thing, some in one place and some in another, are urged into the papers as a reason why flour and grain should rise. Terrible fogs in England and drouth all over the rest of Europe are urged as indicating a great foreign market. It is not very strange, after this game has been played so often, that nobody has any faith in it. If ever the news gets to Chicago that two wide awake steam bakeries have gone into operation at Waterville, Me., we shall look for a rise of a dollar a barrel on flour all through N. England. Matthew's delicious brown bread will doubtless prevent a fall in corn, though the crop promises to be large. The truth is, no doubt, that the grain crop is more than an average one, all through the country.

"TIDIOUÉ EMPORIUM" is the name by which the extensive mercantile establishment of our young friend, Mr. M. P. Getchell, at Tidioüé, Penn., is known; and we find its praises duly set forth in prose and verse in a recent number of the local print. With an interest in a rich oil well and the income from an extensive and thriving mercantile enterprise, our Waterville boy ought to be making himself "comfortable."

A FIREMEN'S MUSTER will be held at Augusta on the 2d of Sept., to which all the firemen in the State are invited, to compete for four prizes for hand engines and one for steamers. The Augusta engines will not compete.

A young friend who resides in Dakota, and who has recently visited the "Whistone reservation of the far-famed "Spotted Tail" and his brother warriors from the Platte, writes:—"I saw 'Spotted Tail,' 'Swift Bear,' 'Two Strike,' 'White Eyes,' and many other important persons of aboriginal extraction besides many old guides, trappers, and pioneers of the far West. These Indians are far different from the lower tribes. There things go pretty much as they say. None of the 'Lo the poor Indian' about them. They are rich and have plenty of horses and mules. 'Spotted Tail' is by all odds the handsomest Indian I ever saw."

WILLIAM RUSSELL, whose unaccountable disappearance from Farmington has recently been noted, has not yet been heard from.

The Waterville Perch Association will make their annual excursion to North Pond about the middle of August, soon after Commencement—particular notice to be given.

A Young Women's Christian Association is organizing in Portland, and considerable enthusiasm is manifested.

REV. BENJAMIN H. BAILEY, of Portland, will preach in the Unitarian Church in Waterville, next Sunday, both morning and evening.

## OUR TABLE.

**THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY** for August has the following table of contents:—

The Tailor Bell-Rings, Great Earthquakes of the Old World, Zoroaster and the Zend-Avesta, two more chapters of The Fox in the Household, Before the Gate, Part 3 of Among the Isles of Shoals, Part 2 of The Hamlets of the Stage, Agatha, Uncle Gabriel's Account of his Campaigns, The Strikers of the Washington Lobby, Part 3 of Gabriel de Bergerac, On Mr. Fitcher's Acting, Jubilee Days, Recent Travels.

The article on Zoroaster is by James Freeman Clarke; the essay on Mr. Fitcher's Acting is by Dickens; and the poem, "Agatha," is by George Eliot. The number is a very good one.

Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$4 a year.

**TILTON'S JOURNAL OF HORTICULTURE**

for July has the following table of contents:—  
Spring Flowering Trees—The Magnolia; Pear Blossoms; The Anemone; Potatoes at the West; The Harrison Potato; Lilium Longiflorum; Souvenir D'Esperance Pear; Wardian Cases, No. 1; Cultivation of the Currant; Lening Trees; Hillside Greenhouses; Double Balsam; The Mosaic Disposition of Strawberry Culture; A New White Verbena; and nearly thirty pages of valuable Notes and Gleanings.

Published by J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, at \$3 a year.

**THE GALAXY** for August contains the

eleventh chapter of Charles Reade's story, with a lithographic copy of the author's autograph request to all respectable publishers to respect the moral right of Messrs. Sheldon & Co., and "put themselves in their place"; Feathered Life, by John Burroughs; The Race for Commercial Supremacy in Asia, by R. J. Hinton, (with a map); Prince Napoleon, by Justin McCarthy; Mineral Waters, by J. T. McKay; Matthew Vassar, by H. H. Raymond; How they Keep House at Compiegne, by T. T. and the Age of Baroque, by Grant White. T. W. Parsons furnishes a poem, The Rose, the Cloud and the Oriole, and H. H. Tucker a sonnet on a Cast of Tennyson's Hand. Three new chapters of Susan Fielding, by Mrs. Edwards, are published; and in the "Miscellany," Augustus Maverick has a brief notice of Henry J. Raymond and the "Times."

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

**OUR YOUNG FOLKS** for July gives a continuation of Aldrich's Story of a Bad Boy; another installment of Lawrence Among the Old Mines, by J. T. Trowbridge; Going up in a Balloon, by Junius Henry Browne; A Strange Dish of Fruits, by Major Traverser; A Day on Carysfort Reef, by Elizabeth C. Agassiz; How to Read, by Edward Everett Hall; another chapter on Gardening for Girls, by the author of "Six Hundred Dollars a Year"; with a Berylling Song by Lucy Larcom, some poetry, and the usual amount of puzzle work, &c. Most of the articles are illustrated, and the number is not only full of valuable information but is also very attractive.

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

**HARPER'S MAGAZINE.**—The illustrated articles in the August number of this sterling monthly, are—Pictures of the Chinese, by Lyman Abbott; The New Theory of Heat, by Jacob Abbott; South-Coast Summering in England, by M. D. Conway; Can We Foretell the Weather? by J. W. Draper; and there are also illustrations accompanying continuations of "A Brave Lady," by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," and "My Lenny's Daughter," by Justin McCarthy. Some of the other articles are—"Draw Your Conclusions," by Fitz Hugh Ludlow; "The Graves at Newport," by H. T. Tuckerman; "Hatty's Liberal Education," by Louise E. Chaillet; "Slavery in Palaces," by Philip Aston; "A Peep at Finland," by Francis E. Willard; Reminiscences of Oxford University," by Andrew Lyman; "A Wonder," by Alice Cary; "Borrowed Baggage," by Frank H. Stockton; "The New Home," by Alice Cary; "August Days," by Carl Spencer; Part 9 of "The New Timothy," by Wm. M. Baker. The Editorial departments, as usual, are well filled.

Published by Harper & Brothers, of New York, at \$4 a year, and sold everywhere.

**THE RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE** for August, contains a tinted view of the sky as it is to look on the day of the total eclipse of the sun, with the position of the planets that are to be visible carefully marked. The article accompanying the picture is a clear and concise account of the Sun, further illustrated by engravings, and young observers are shown what to expect and look for during the eclipse. Then the wonderful little artists, whom Annie Silvernall tells about, come out strong with pictures to the story "Lucky Visitor." The editor begins, under the title "The Story of a Book," a description of the various processes of book-making, from composition to binding. "First School-days of a Little Quaker" ends happily. Mr. Benjamin, who told last month how a sailboat was rigged, now tells how it is managed. There is a farcical tale of a Three Tailed Monkey, an account of "Two of my Squirrels," some pretty poetry, a variety of other stories, and an unusually large installment of games, riddles, and the like.

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

**LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE** for August contains another installment of "The Vicar of Bulhampton," Anthony Trollope's new story, with a full page illustration, and the following articles:—

Heroes, by Emma Lazarus; Joseph Jefferson, by James B. Ransom; An Adventure in the Snow, by Frederick Lockley; Manifest Destiny, by J. B. Austin; Beyond the Breakers, a Novel, Part VIII, by Hon. Robert Dale Owen; It is a Gospel of Peace? Part II, by George W. Walker; Waits from Monticello, by George W. Bagley; Parlor and Kitchen, by Mrs. Margaret F. N. Sangster; Anguina, a Novella, Part I, illustrated, by the author of "Old Mammy's Secret"; Peter's Miraculous Spectacles, by Charles Foster; The Old Story, by Charles E. Hurd; Our Monthly Gospel; Literature of the Day.

**THE SIEGE OF BABYLON,** a five-act tragedy, by Professor John M. Leavitt, has been issued by Hurd & Houghton, New York. Those who have read "Africans," which has been highly commended, will no doubt appreciate this new venture by the same author.

**PETERSON'S MAGAZINE** for August presents a very good steel engraving, "The Hard Lesson," with a double page fashion plate, numerous wood engravings and designs, piece of music, etc. The number contains a number of good stories, including a continuation of "Marie Antoinette's Tailor," by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. Published by Chas. J. Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

**OUR SCHOOLDAY VISITOR.**—In the August number is a continuation of the story of "Puck," and another chapter in the life of "Cruel Jim," also interesting. "Ramblings among the Insects," a dialogue, and much interesting reading.

Published by Daughaday & Becker, Philadelphia, at \$1.25 a year.

**THE NURSERY.**—The August number of this charming monthly for youngest readers is brimful of nice little stories and beautiful pictures. There is the funny story of "Ned and Meg," by the author of "Pip and Jip"; five spirited sea-side sketches by Frolich; and a great many other good things that we will not mention.

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

The radicals have commenced to howl mildly for the political and social equality of John Chinaman. Now bring on the gorillas!

Gorillas, indeed! They have been howling in the democratic party for years.

Among the patents recently granted is one to Mr. A. Sinclair, of West Waterville for a broom.

**CATTLE MARKETS.**—The Boston Advertiser reports little change this week either in prices or the spirit of trade, at Cambridge and Brighton.

## NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Within eight months of the present time ground will undoubtedly be broken for the construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad, which is to extend from Duluth, at the head of Lake Superior, 1,774 miles to Seattle on Puget Sound, thus forming the shortest possible link between the waters of the Pacific ocean and those of our Northern Lakes.

The North Pacific road has a munificent land endowment, but, thus far, no loan of government credit. No government bond subsidy, such as that granted to the Central and Union Pacific, will be asked for the Northern line. The latter is in the hands of thorough-going business men, and financiers of more than national reputation, who propose to build the road on business principles, putting their own means into the work and thus furnishing the best possible inducement for others to do the same. The grant of government lands already made by Congress to the Northern Pacific Road consists of ten alternate odd-numbered sections, or 12,800 acres, per mile through the States of Wisconsin and Minnesota, and twenty alternate sections, or 25,600 acres, per mile through the Territories. Along the main line and its branches this grant embraces nearly Fifty Million acres of untouched soil, stretching in a belt thirty miles wide, from Lake Superior to tide-water on the Pacific slope. Not only is this land subsidy imperial in extent, but, with unusually few exceptions, it is rich in character. For the first hundred miles west from the Eastern terminus the road will pass through an almost unbroken pine and hard-wood forest, and for seven hundred miles more it will traverse a region of rolling prairie interspersed with timber, which is the very home of winter wheat and which will, before many years, furnish bread to millions of people living in more southern latitudes. Then comes the mountain range of Montana and Idaho with its mineral wealth and grazing lands. Crossing the Rocky Mountain range at a point where it is so broken down into scattered elevations as hardly to deserve the name, the Road will enter the fertile valley of the Columbia river, and thence through a pass in the Cascade Range to tide-water on Puget Sound. Unlike the Union Pacific the proposed Northern route passes through few waste lands, arid plains, sage deserts and alkaline valleys.

In its general course the Northern Pacific Road will follow the line of the forty-seventh parallel, passing nearly through the center of Minnesota, Dakota, and Montana, the north part of Idaho, and the central portion of Washington Territory. The Cascade Range will be crossed either at Cowlitz Pass, 4,210 feet above tide-water, or at Snoqualmie Pass, whose summit is only 3,615 feet above the sea level. With our faulty geographical education we have been in the habit of regarding our extreme Northwest Territories as hardly less frozen and uninviting than Labrador. On the contrary one leading advantage the Northern Pacific Road will have over the present completed line will consist in the fact that, although located six degrees further north, it will be easily kept free of snow the year round, while the more Southern line, as shown by experience, will inevitably be blocked during many weeks of winter. Buffalo and antelope habitually leave the line of the Union Pacific during the winter months to graze in the milder climate of the Upper Missouri valley, 400 miles to the north.

The leading mind of the Northern Pacific movement is the same that did so much to organize our financial success during the war of rebellion, and the prestige of the name of Jay Cooke & Co. among capitalists everywhere will of itself go far enough to set the enterprise on its feet and render certain its success. The contract between Jay Cooke & Co., and the authorities of the Railroad company is already closed, with the exception, that the former insist upon making a personal inspection of the proposed route before entering actively upon the work. This preliminary examination of the line will probably be completed by the first of October next, at which time the two parties will come together, compare notes and submit their report. Immediately on receiving this report, should it be of a favorable nature, Messrs. Cooke & Co. will enter upon the gigantic work they have undertaken, contracts will be let and the construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad at once begun. The road is expected to be completed in five years, at a probable cost of \$120,000,000.—[The Advance.]

**THE SEASIDE ORACLE,** a remarkably neat little monthly paper published at Wiscasset, by Joseph Wood, has a circulation of five thousand copies.

The contractor for widening the channel between Augusta and Gardiner is now at work opposite the cemetery in Hallowell.

Two rufflers, one belonging to Portland and the other in Lewiston, sentenced to six months imprisonment, have been pardoned by Gov. Chamberlain, after having served out half their time—the ground of action being that others for the same offense had only been sentenced to three months confinement.

With reference to Spain, the Daily News correspondent states that "the Catholic clergy are greatly incensed at the legislation for freedom of worship. Prayers have been offered up in the churches to avert the 'wrath of God' from the people, and sermons have been preached against the liberty now established. At several of these religious functions the clergy have made their flock swear to die in defense of Catholic supremacy."

**ADVICE TO THE GIRLS.**—Do not estimate the worth of a young man by his ability to talk soft nonsense, nor by the length of his moustache.

Do not imagine that an extra ribbon tied about the neck, can remedy the defect of a soiled collar or an untidy dress.

If your hands are browned by labor, do not envy the lily fingers of Miss Foss and Feathers whose mother works in the kitchen while the daughter lounges in the parlor.

If a dandy, with a cigar between his fingers, asks you if smoking is offensive to you, tell him emphatically, "Yes." The habit should be, even though the odor may not.

Do not waste your tears on the imaginary sorrows of Alonso and Melissa, nor the trials of the dime novel heroines. Seek rather to alleviate the woes of the suffering ones on earth. If your dress is inconveniently long and a gentleman steps upon it, don't be angry, but meekly beg his pardon, as you ought. Always cherish a partiality for the smell of dishwater—it is more conducive to health and far less expensive than "Boquet of Eden."

Griffin, the engineer of the freight train that caused the recent terrible accident on the Erie Railroad, at Mast Hops, now under arrest, says he was asleep at the time of the accident,

and pulled the throttle of his engine while in a dreamy and half-unconscious state. He says he is extremely sorry, but thinks he ought not to be punished severely. He confesses that he was to blame in allowing himself to go to sleep but thinks his fireman was asleep also, and says he depended on his fireman. He adds that he means to tell the whole truth, and that no man ever worked harder for promotion and the interests of the road than he.

**TWO PARTIES TO DRUNKENNESS.**—This infamous crime of drunkenness is not solitary in its character; it requires two men to commit it. The law has been punishing one party who perpetrates this crime under temptations the like of which no other man is subject to, for he will sacrifice health, reputation, wife, children, and life itself to commit it. There is another party to this crime, and his temptation is to make three cents out of it. It is possible for every man to reform, but I know that men don't reform, and therefore, for the purpose of this argument, I say that all the world knows it is impossible, idle and cruel to punish in that way, when it has no effect for good. The other party to the crime is more guilty, for he perpetrates it under the influence of a temptation so pitiful that a pickpocket would be ashamed of it. Put the penalty upon him and see how it will work. If this law were put in operation, you would witness a different spectacle in the police court from the one already described. The drunkard would be brought up, and the judge would say to him "Tom, where did you get your liquor?" "At the Fifth Avenue Hotel, your Honor." "A Policeman go for Mr. Fifth Avenue." He comes down with his ruffles, his jewels, and gold chain, and he is brought face to face with Tom who swears that he got the liquor at his place. Fifth Avenue is very sorry, but the judge tells the clerk to fit him out for sixty days to Blackwell's Island. How many drunkards do you think would come from the Fifth Avenue on the next Monday morning, or from the Astor Metropolitan, or St. Nicholas? Sixty days in jail would cure the whole concern. And we are going to do it. There was a little touch of the Maine law long before it was thought of. A frigate sailed from Boston at the time when liquor rations were, given to the sailors. It was arranged in such a way that sailors could exchange liquor rations among each other. Some did not care much about liquor, and others cared a great deal for it, so that some of the sailors would get drunk and were punished by flogging, which has since been abolished. The instrument used was a whip with a short handle having ten or twelve strands of small cord, which made the skin and blood fly. The whole crew mustered as at roll-call, to witness the punishment, and when all was ready the offender was stripped down to the waist and his arms tied up at the gangway, and the captain, in uniform, came out to see how it was done. One day Tom was brought up to be punished, and the captain, seeing that his back was bloody from a preceding flogging, could not flog him at that time, and asked him where he got his liquor. He said he got it from Jack. By the captain's order Jack was brought and tied up. He was one of the best sailors on board ship, and did not care much for liquor. They gave Jack a dozen blows, and all the sailors stared in amazement, for he was never drunk; but the captain said: "Men, I will not have drunkenness, and every case of the kind that I have I will flog the man that lets the other have the liquor." There was never a case of drunkenness on board that ship afterward.—[Neal Dow.]

**PLAY.**—Work is activity for an end; play is activity as an end. The difference between them lies not in acts performed, but in the principles controlling the acts—the will governing play; impulse, instinct, governing play. The boy really exerts himself as much skating as in sawing wood; but this is work, that play, because the one is done under compulsion, the other is done just for the fun of it. And this doing things just for the fun of it constitutes play. But what is the use of doing things for fun? What is the use of play?

The first few years of a child's life, if he be good for anything, seem given almost entirely to play. He laughs, he crawls, he jumps, he turns the house topsy-turvy with his pranks, he sets mamma almost crazy with his feats of grand and lofty tumbling. But in spite of manifold thumps and bumps, the bones harden, the muscles grow strong, the little limbs round out into beautiful proportions, in short the child grows. Growth then is the primary use of play.

Were growth the only use of play, its mission would be accomplished so far as the body ceases to grow. But play is equally important as a restorer, furnishing recreation—recreation. When a set of muscles are tired, they must have rest; but inaction of the whole system, when only a part is tired, brings restlessness, not rest. The tired and the untired muscles fret each other, and the result is intolerable. Play, by calling into action the untired muscles, tones them down and produces an equilibrium. Never say to a child tired of work, but ready for play, "You cannot be tired, or you could not play so hard." He plays hard just because he is tired.—[The Advance.]

**SOUTH AMERICA.**—Advices from Rio Janeiro to the 20th ultimo have been received, and fully confirm the reported victory of the allies over President Lopez. The Paraguayans lost 500 killed and wounded, 800 prisoners and 12 guns. A treaty establishing a provisional government for Paraguay had been proclaimed. Additional advices represent that the allied army in Paraguay, after their recent victory, advanced to Villa Runch, and at last accounts commanded all approaches to the place. President Lopez had declared the consuls of France and Italy deserters.







