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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 23, No. 19): November 5, 1869

Maxham & Wing

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THE WISH OF TO-DAY.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

I ask not now for gold to gild  
With mocking shine a weary frame;  
The yearning of the mind is stilled,—  
I ask not now for Fame.

A rose-cloud, dimly seen above,  
Melting in heaven's blue depths away,—  
O, sweet, fond dream of human Love!  
For thee I may not pray.

But, bowed in lowliness of mind,  
I make my humble wishes known,—  
I only ask a will resigned,  
O Father to thine own!

To-day, beneath thy chastening eye  
I leave alone for peace and rest,  
Submissive in thy hand to lie,  
And feel that it is best.

A marvel seems the Universe,  
A miracle our Life and Death;  
A mystery which I cannot pierce,  
Around, above, beneath.

In vain I ask my aching brain,  
In vain the sage's thought I scan,  
I only feel how weak and vain,  
How poor and blind is man.

And now my spirit sighs for home,  
And longs for light whereby to see  
And, like a weary child, would come  
O Father, unto Thee!

Though oft life's letters tread on sand,  
My weak resolves have passed away,  
Unto my prayer to-day  
I only ask a will resigned.

ETHEL'S FALSEHOOD.

HARLEY K. HATHAWAY.

She was very happy, Ellinor Hastings, as the stage-coach bore her away from her home that soft, sunny spring morning. She had two reasons for being thus happy. First, she was going to take charge of her first school, and she looked for satisfaction in the simple discharge of school routines and duties, for she had over-considered it a desirable vocation; and then, she felt pleasure at the prospect of lifting from her parents the necessity of providing for her; for they were only in common circumstances, and there were two young brothers, her little sister Susie, and next Ethel, to her in years, who still attended the academy, to be taken care of at home.

But her chief happiness this morning, was in the thought that Mr. Linton, the principal of the academy, whose tutorage she had been under for years, had asked her, just the day before, to become his wife at some time not very far distant; or had implied that such was his wish.

Time passed on pleasantly, for several weeks, with her new employment, which had proved even more pleasant than she had imagined it, and the interchange of letters between herself and her former tutor, Mr. Linton. But finally, these little bulletins, so important in their meaning to her, ceased to reach her. For three weeks she had sent hers, all the same, thinking it was owing to some irregularity in the mails. But, when there was no response to the fourth, she began to waver in the belief that it was not altogether owing to this, and a sense of uneasiness, hard to bear, weighted her heart. At last, her pride forbade her seeking an explanation, even from her sister Ethel; but, at last she could bear the uncertainty no longer, and she wrote:

My Dear Sister Ethel: It has been six weeks since I have heard one word from Mr. Linton. I write me, if you know of any cause for this. I cannot be that he is sick, or you would have mentioned it in your letters; though I notice that you never have spoken of him—not so much as by one little word, since I left home. Say nothing of this to any one, not even father or mother, but kindly write me at once, if you know aught of this. Ever your loving sister, ELLINOR.

In due time the following note was received from Ethel:

My Dear Sister Ellinor: I am surprised to hear that Mr. Linton has become so indifferent as to delay, thus long, answering your letters. But you must forgive me when I say I think you were hardly justified in taking it for granted that he was in earnest that night he spoke of your becoming his wife. I was in the school, and could not avoid hearing what he said to you, but had no chance to tell you, as I meant to have done. Also, that he has said as much to me several times in banter, as I took; and perhaps this accounts for his sudden silence. He may see, from your letters, that you are holding him to more than he intended, and takes this way to undeceive you. This is all surmise on my part, and you must not let it trouble you. Of course you have his letters, and can judge from them better than I. Wishing you well, I must close, as the academy bell rings. Ever your own, ETHEL.

Ethel Hastings was not a good girl. Not that she had her good qualities, but she was, in my mind a bad, deceitful girl, possessed of many dangerous qualities; and in this letter to her sister, were shadowed out a part of her sinister elements. But Ellinor was so honest herself, she never suspected duplicity in others; and when it was proved to her, if possible, she could extenuate it in them. It was so hard for her to believe it true, that some persons were systematically dishonest in many ways. Least of all, was she the one to believe it in her sister, though she had been forced to admit to herself many times, that there was a leaning towards deceit. She had known her to even falsify, when driven to the wall.

"Ethel is right, perhaps," she said. "But there is a tone in her letter that pains me. Still her suggestion of judging by his letters, is a good one. I'll read them over. Perchance my understanding was blinded by my desires."

And so Ellinor re-read the letters. How different they seemed, now that her heart was awakened to suspicion.

"Yes, Ethel is right. I'm afraid I've been blinded in this matter. But I must say Mr. Linton has not acted the manly part, if he has trifled with me. I cannot seek an explanation, either must I write again."

So the fond beautiful dream faded from out her heart, and her life gathered gloom every day. When the appointed time for her to visit home arrived, she shrank from doing so. She could not meet her old tutor, Mr. Linton, and she passed the vacation at a farmhouse where a few summer guests were received.

The time, sped on, as it does with us all, whether in joy or sorrow, and brought the closing day of school. In a week she was to leave for home.

On the evening following the last day of the term, she went to the office, as was her wont on her way home, and found a letter from her sister Ethel. She did not break the seal, preferring to read it in the quiet of her own chamber. Laying off her bonnet and scarf, she seated herself in her low chair before her pleasant window, and read:

My own Dear Ellinor: I am afraid what I am about to write will pain you; but I know you will see at once that I am not responsible for what follows. I told you, in that first letter, that there was a possibility of your being mistaken as to Mr. Linton's intentions of making

you his wife, and for proof that I was right, he is soon to be married. I should shrink from telling you to whom, were it not that I think you have become indifferent to him; and yet I quite dread to say it,—he is to marry me, your sister Ethel!

"I know your selfishness,—know if you loved him, and he did not esteem your love, and we both loved each other, you would give us a 'Godspeed!' Please come home, darling, for there are so many things to be done, and we are to be married in four weeks."

Ever your own, ETHEL.

Ellinor Hastings went quietly about her preparations, and in two days after the receipt of her sister's letter, she was at home.

"My dear girl, you look very pale and thin. I am afraid your school has been too much for you," said her mother that night, when they were alone together in Ellinor's chamber; "or is it the trouble between you and Mr. Linton? I cannot understand how you could have been so mistaken in your feelings, as to have accepted him. And then you seemed so happy in the prospect of being his wife!"

"What do you mean, mother?" interrupted Ellinor, in a calm voice, though her face had blanched white as a snow-drap.

"Now, my child, I know your goodness of heart. You do not wish to have him appear in my eyes the rejected suitor. But it is in vain for you to try to hide it from me. Ethel has told me all. How, upon time for reflection, you felt your love for him was that of a brother, instead of the love which he claimed; and also of the letter of dismissal you sent him. It was a great blow to him, I think. He had a spell of sickness, here in the house, for he came here the very day he received your letter, to stay during his family's absence of a short time. I think this was the way he came to think of Ethel; for I am sure he loved you best. But she was kind and gentle, and ministered to him so tenderly, that, in his pain at your loss, he turned to her for comfort. And then, it occurred to him she would make him a good little wife, and seeing that she loved him, he proposed."

Ellinor heard her mother out without speaking, after the first; and though every word was barbed, she gave no sign of her inward struggle. And when she had concluded her story, she simply said:

"There will be nothing gained by going over it. It is not a pleasant subject to me, mother, so you will excuse my reticence. All I can say is, I hope Ethel will be happy!"

For these weeks Ellinor sat stitching upon Ethel's wedding garments, pale, calm and self-possessed. She often met Mr. Linton, and this with no apparent restraint. Hard as was her lot to bear, she felt that his was harder; and Ethel she thought the most deserving of pity of all. She would not have changed positions with her for one single moment; not even to become the wife of her tutor, whom she dearly loved—loved as only women like her are capable of loving.

Sometimes she feared she was not in the way of duty, not to undeceive him. But how could she bring such a sorrow to her parents, hearts? How could she expose Ethel to the contempt of the man she was about to marry? She knew if she did so, it would at once break off the marriage, and she should always suffer in seeing her unhappiness. So she thought best to be quiet, to let things go on as they were, hoping that when once Ethel was the wife of John Linton, she would become a better woman—that it would, through God, work out her salvation. But there was one thing she decided. If no one else knew that she knew Ethel's secret, she would keep it to herself. She would not have her husband, the man who still loved her—as she gathered from day to day—Ethel herself must know it,—know of the sacrifice she had made to save her from open disgrace and life-long sorrow. "Though I doubt if any sorrow could have been so hard to bear as the one she had brought upon herself!" "I cannot bear to humiliate her," said Ellinor, as she went to her chamber the day on which she was to take her marriage-vows—"but I must show her her sin; it may save her from wrecking the happiness of both their lives!"

Pausing for a moment outside of Ethel's door, Ellinor lifted her heart upward for strength. Then turning the knob slowly, she went in.

Ethel sat in a large arm chair, dressed in a gray muslin morning-gown, with a small linen collar turned from her white throat, fastened with a knot of blue ribbon. Her hair was partially unbound, as if she had already commenced her toilet, but had left off in the midst of it to think of what was before her. A startled look stole into her dark eyes as Ellinor entered.

"We have hardly passed any words together since I came home, Ethel, upon the subject that is uppermost in both our minds, viz: your marriage."

"I know it, Ellinor," replied Ethel; "but we have had so much to do, and I ought to be dressing now, darling. Will you assist me to arrange my hair?"

"Yes, Ethel, but be seated;" for Ethel had arisen. "First, I want to talk with you a little."

"But you will not be long," replied Ethel, evidently uneasy, "for I'm afraid I'll be nervous and flurried if I have to hurry. Here, sit down upon the hassock, and do not talk long. We can talk afterwards; I shall have two or three hours before leaving for the boat."

"No, I prefer to stand, Ethel;" and Ellinor rested one hand upon the arm of the sofa-lounge, while an expression of thoughtful sorrow settled upon her face. I think Ethel felt a premonition of what was coming, for she dropped her eyes guiltily, as if she could not meet the clear, searching gaze of her sister Ellinor.

"Are you happy, Ethel?" asked Ellinor. "Is there no cloud over this your wedding-day?"

"Happy? Of course. Why do you ask?"

"Because, I think I would rather know you were not entirely so!"

"Why, Ellinor?" asked Ethel, with her eyes still bent downward.

"Do you think I do not know all, Ethel?"

"All? Of course you know all—that I am to be John Linton's wife! Why should you not know all?"

"Yes, that you are to be, and that I should have been John Linton's wife, but for your falsehood, Ethel?"

"Ellinor—Ellinor, you know it! Then you

know it! Then you will tell him and break my heart—I love him, oh so much!"

"No, not if my own heart breaks in saving yours! But oh, Ethel, remember the sacrifice I make, and let it help you to try to stand upon a higher moral plane. Never henceforth dissemble—never let a falsehood pollute your soul! If once John Linton should learn that you were not an honest woman, what love he has for you would die out."

"Do father and mother know of this, Ellinor?"

"No, the sorrow and shame of knowing you robbed me of my love, and gained him for a husband by your duplicity, would crush them!"

"Oh, Ellinor, sister, how good you have been! If I could, only undo the past! Is it too late?"

"Yes, too late. Try to be good now."

"But can you forgive me? Did you love him so very much—as well as I do?"

"I loved him as I loved my life; better, a hundred times. I've loved him for years, when I was too young to know it was love."

"And loving him so, you forgive me, Ellinor?"

"Yes, and I pray that God may forgive you as freely as I do. Now I have said all I have to say, and the subject must never be spoken of between us, after this."

"Must I not tell John Linton?"

"No; nothing can be gained now. All you have to do is to be a good, true, honest wife to him—make yourself worthy of the man who despises all that is not fair, and truthful, and honest. Seek to be worthy the love of God! When once you are that, you will need have no fears, Ethel."

Then Ellinor Hastings helped robe Ethel for her bridal. And when she saw her united to the man who had loved her, whom she had thought to call "husband," she looked on, calm, and sweet, and tender, with not one shadow of bitterness in her soul. She felt nothing but pity for Ethel, that her marriage day should be shadowed by the bitter remembrance of wrong and duplicity!

Two years went by, and now, in the very room where Ethel was married, the solemn "burial-service" was being repeated for her. And then she was carried to the family burying-ground, and desolation settled upon the old homestead.

"I am going to travel for two years, Ellinor," said her brother-in-law, John Linton, a week after Ethel's death—"if you will take charge of my little Ethel."

And so he went, and Ellinor made the child the one thought of her life.

Two years went on,—three, and yet Mr. Linton tarried. Report said when he returned, he would bring a young and beautiful woman for his wife, to supply the place of his lost Ethel.

And Ellinor believed it, though she still went on loving him. She had not thought for three years and more that he had loved her. His love all seemed to be given to Ethel, after their marriage, and for this she was thankful; and more thankful that Ethel had striven to be worthy of it. But it must be admitted that when Ethel was gone, she cherished a hope that his heart might turn to her with a part of its former love. She could not bear to think she must be robbed of both Mr. Linton and his little Ethel, whose life seemed bound up in her own, as she would be if he married.

He had come, report said, accompanied by a beautiful woman, and stopped with her at his house, which had been undergoing renovations for the past two months. It was said, too, that he had come home rich. That he counted his money by hundreds of thousands—a legacy left him by a rich old uncle, who had died in Canton.

Ellinor sat at the west window, looking out sorrowfully, while awaiting the coming of her brother-in-law, and Ethel, in her pretty white dress and corals, doted in and out, and calling at every man who passed: "Be you my papa?"

"Yes, darling, I am your papa," were the words that aroused Ellinor from her abstraction; and the next minute John Linton stood before her. She met him with calm self-possession, as was her wont, and after discussing family affairs freely, as a brother and sister might, and talking over other matters, for a few moments, Ellinor braced herself to say:

"Why did you not bring your new wife with you, John?"

"I have none, as yet, Ellinor, but am intending to have one soon. I suppose you have thought as much, seeing the work of renovating and refurnishing going on at the old place."

"Yes, John, and I am glad for your sake; for I do not think you are a man who can live happily, outside of a home of your own. But is the lady you are to marry, fond of children? Will she make a good step-mother to my dear little Ethel?"

"I think I can answer both of your questions in the affirmative, Ellinor."

"Well, John, I am glad of this, for it lightens the blow of parting from my darling, Ethel's child. Of course she will come to you; it is right she should."

"I shall not go and leave you, mamma Ellinor!" cried little Ethel, clambering upon her aunt's lap, and twining her dimpled arms about her neck.

"No, darling, not if you do not wish to go," answered her father.

"Then you will leave her with me, John. This is more than I dared hope, and I'm not sure that it is right, much as I would delight to keep her. But do you not wish me to return with you to pay my respects to your intended wife? She must feel quite alone, away so far from her friends."

brother-in-law's coming. He soon entered the room, accompanied by a fair and beautiful girl. Ellinor arose to welcome her, when she was surprised by these words:

"This is Ginevra Spencer, a lady who is to be a companion for my wife, and a sort of governess for my little Ethel."

Ellinor managed to hide her surprise as best she might, and entered into a conversation with the young lady, whom she found to be very sweet and interesting.

"Now, Ginevra," said Mr. Linton, "take Ethel into the drawing-room and show her her set of toy-dishes, her baby-house, and her family of wax dolls."

"So the two danced off in their light-hearted glee, the one apparently as much of a child as the other. Then Ellinor said:

"I did not know you had brought a governess. She is very beautiful! But now, if you will introduce me to your intended wife, I shall be pleased, for I must go soon, John."

"Ellinor, my intended wife is here," and John Linton arose and presented Ellinor's hand in his own; "that is, if she will take me for a husband."

A glad cry escaped Ellinor's lips. She had kept down all show of sorrow, though her very heart was sick within her to think she was to lose the man she had so loved, for the second time,—the man she had loved so long. But this joy was too much for her; it overmastered her entirely. And with her head resting upon John Linton's faithful bosom, she wept the sweetest tears she had ever shed.

"May I stay here always, papa. It is so pretty," cried little Ethel, dancing in with one headless doll in her arms. "I didn't mean to kill it," she added, noticing that her father's eyes were turned that way, "but it was naughty, and jumped out of its little mamma's arms."

Then for the first time noticing her Aunt Ellinor's tears, she asked: "Is that what makes you cry—because little Dot is dead? Or are you afraid little Ethel is going to live here all the time, and leave you? No, no, I shall not do it. You must stay here and be my mama."

"So she shall, darling, and we will be very happy, all of us. God permitting it, Ellinor."

Then John Linton and Ellinor sat in the gathering twilight speaking of the past, and in reply to some remark, Ellinor said:

"And so you did not once dream that I had no part in the unfortunate chain of circumstances that separated us?"

"Not once, Ellinor."

"And up to the time of your marriage with poor dear Ethel, never surmised that I loved you—saw no signs of the inward struggle that I was suffering?"

"Not once, Ellinor. And I think never a woman carried so calm an exterior while passing through such a fiery trial, as you. But, as I said, I had no thought but all your love for me was dead, and I was glad it should be, as I was the husband of another. But when my poor little Ethel was near dying, she told me all, and begged to be forgiven. She had been a good little wife to me, and I forgave her, Ellinor."

"You seemed happy in the two years of your married life with Ethel, and I think, John, she was a changed person from that time."

"She was a good wife to me, and I loved her. My heart never wandered from its allegiance to her. But there is one thing I must tell you, in justice to us both, now that she has passed beyond the reach of being pained by it. It is a thing that I never allowed myself to dwell upon while she was with me, and had we lived out the time allotted to us together on earth, I would have kept my faith with her until the end! It is this: My love for Ethel was secondary. Deep down in my heart was hidden my best and truest love. I loved you when but a child; in the highest sense of the word, you were my first and only love, Ellinor. How happy we might have been, but for Ethel's falsehood!"

"Happier as we are, John; for her union with you, as I had hoped, worked out her salvation; for she walked softly before God, in memory of her sin!"

"By THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM."—At Brooklyn the other evening General S. L. Woodford in a political speech thus alluded to the Cabinet:

A Cabinet which reduces army expenditures below even the estimates; which puts our navy into such condition of readiness and equipment that an insult to our flag would find every sea-worthy ship in almost instant fitness for commission and service; which keeps the work of the Pension and Patent Bureaus in a state of forwardness unknown for years; which deals with the Indian honestly and squarely; which compels the collection of the revenue and steadily reduces the debt—A Cabinet whose dying spotless integrity and unselfish devotion, and say, "My only regret in dying is that I leave my children penniless." Such a Cabinet, in these days may not merely disregard criticism, but challenge the deliberate approval of the people.

GOOD ENOUGH FOR THE PRICE.—There was one occasion when Edwin Forrest received from one of the supernumeraries of a theater an answer which seemed to satisfy him. It was the man's duty to say, simply, "The enemy are upon us," which was uttered at rehearsal in a poor, whining way.

"Can't you say it better than that?" shouted Forrest. "Repeat it as I do!" and he gave the words with all the force and richness of his magnificent voice.

"If I could say it like that," replied the man, "I wouldn't be working for three dollars a week."

"Is that all that you get?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, say it as you please, then."

WOULD you know how to cook potatoes in the best way? Bake them as quickly as possible without burning, leaving them soft clear through, but with a cream-colored skin that is easily peeled off. Press each potato in a cloth so as to crack the skin and allow the steam to escape. That makes them mealy. Then serve immediately.—Advance.

The latest news from the scene of the recent disaster on the Mississippi is very brief, and there seems but little doubt that nearly two hundred lives were lost by the burning of the ill-fated steamer Stonewall.

OUR TABLE.

THE TWO BARONESSSES: A Romance. By Hans Christian Andersen. New York: Hard & Houghton.

A copy of this new book by a most delightful story teller, neatly printed and handsomely bound, as are all books issued from the famous Riverside Press, comes to us from Nichols & Hall, the well known Boston publishers and booksellers. It is a story of social life in the home of the author, and illustrates the relations formerly existing in Denmark, between the nobles and the peasants. Hans Christian Andersen is already so great a favorite in this country, with old and young, that a new book of his will of course be eagerly sought for.

For sale in Waterville by C. K. Mathews.

LIVING THOUGHTS.—Boston: Lee & Shepard.

A volume of choice extracts, prose and poetry, from standard authors—"sincere utterances of devout minds, for strengthening and refreshing the soul," designed for those who are striving to lead a Christian life. These thoughts are arranged under the following heads: Christian Experience, The Christian Graces, Christian Effort, The Source of Strength, and the complete confidence that they will lead to a closer union with Him who is "The Way, the Truth, and the Life." This little volume—neatly printed on tinted paper and handsomely bound—will make a valuable and appropriate gift book for the holidays.

For sale at C. K. Mathews's.

DOTTY DIMPLE'S FLYAWAY. By Sophie May, author of "Little Trudy Stories." Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Sophie May may write until she is grey-headed, and the children will not tire of reading her books about that precocious little bunch of mischief, "Dotty Dimple;" and the most wonderful thing about it, is, there is so much of freshness and vivacity in these volumes that the last always appears to be the best. Of course all the little folks will be delighted to get this new volume, and many a child will no doubt find it in its stocking on Christmas morning, for it makes a nice holiday gift.

For sale at C. K. Mathews's.

"CHARLEY ROBERTS SERIES," is the title of a set of six nice story books for the young, written by the author of "Forest Mills"—a Prize Story—the aim of the writer being to enforce some valuable life lessons while interesting and entertaining the reader.

Two of these have already been issued—"How Charley Roberts Became a Man," which shows what true manhood is and how to obtain it; and "How Eva Roberts Gained Her Education," which has for its motto, "Fit not the whole of life to live." They are excellent books to put into the hands of the young. Each volume is illustrated.

For sale at C. K. Mathews's.

MERRY'S MUSEUM for November, with an attractive table of contents, is on our table. The publisher makes the following announcement:

"Merry's Museum for 1879 will be fully up to its excellent standard, and it will be our aim to make the new volume superior to any that have been published. Bright, lively, and instructive, in families where more than one magazine for the young is taken, Merry's is the favorite."

New subscribers who send in their names for the next volume, before December 1st, will receive the November and December numbers free. The terms of the Museum are \$1.50 a year (specimen number free), and the publisher is Horace B. Fuller, 14 Bromfield Street, Boston.

A SMART GERMAN GIRL.—While our steam- or Norman lay, wooling up at Port Oneida, on the Michigan shore, there came on board a pleasant, barefooted German girl, with a pair of berries. She wore a cheap calico dress, minus the hoops, with a little gingham shaker, nearly hiding her face. She was rather under-size, with a supple figure, and an air of modest assurance that denoted a girl of the genuine stamp, but that told the boys to keep out of her way. All the men about the boat and dock seemed to know her. The steward bought her berries at her own price. The clerk at the office touched his hat to her as if in the presence of a duchess. "That's the smartest girl in Michigan," said the engineer, as she passed out the gangway. The girl gave no heed to admiring glances and compliments that followed her, but straightway sought her little fish cabin, where she was mending nets by the shore.

On inquiry of the old dockman, we learned that our little barefoot maiden, though only seventeen, was the oldest of a family of an even dozen, living in a little log cabin, on the high bank above the shore. Her father came here from Buffalo some years ago, went to clearing timber, selling wood to steamboats and raising stuff on his land. Lanie, the oldest girl, was the "little captain" from the start, and showed pluck beyond her years. In winter she would get on her boots and be out among the wood choppers, before she could hardly waddle through the snow. In summer she would wander off a berrying or be down among the nets or fishing boats. It was her greatest delight to get on the water, to "rock and toss up" on the waves. At ten, she was a trim little sailor herself, and would coast off for miles alone. At twelve she would allow no boy to pass her with sail or oar.

For the last three years Lanie has been master of a handsome fishing craft and a set of gill-nets. She puts them out early in April and continues them till late in the fall. She is out every morning at daylight, and again in the evening, except in the roughest weather. She takes a younger sister along to help set and draw the nets. She often brings in a couple hundred fine lake trout and white fish at a haul. She dresses them, tries out the oil, packs and sends them away to market. Her August and September catch amounted to \$300. Besides her fishing receipts she has taken in over \$170 this season for berries, picked at odd hours by herself and sister. All her money goes to her father. Month after month, he packs it away in old sacks and stockings under his bed; night after night he guards it with sabre and pistol. In all she is said to have earned him over \$3000.

Of course the old man is proud of his girl and tells of her exploits with the liveliest twinkle of satisfaction. Danger and hardship seem unknown to her. She will go out in any blow and come in with full sails. Her white mast and blue pennon are known by people far along the coast. Boats salute her in passing; boys swing their hats in proud recognition. Without knowing it Lanie Borefin is a heroine.

From the Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Albert D. Pyke, of Fitchburg, Mass., who was indicted for murder but discharged, pleaded guilty in the criminal court held at Worcester on Thursday last, to the charge of adultery, and was sentenced to three years in the State Prison.

TRUE VERSION OF A DARING ACT.—A reporter of the San Francisco Chronicle visited Admiral Farragut recently, and during his interview alluded to the battle of Mobile Bay and the famous story of the Admiral being lashed to the masthead of his flagship, the Hartford, and gallantly leading her to action. Admiral Farragut interrupted him, saying the whole story was purely a fiction.

Reporter.—At least the story has been allowed to remain uncontradicted for a long time. Will you, Admiral, be kind enough to tell me to what cause or incident its origin is due?

Admiral.—With pleasure. It will afford you an evidence of how a well told and plausible story, frequently repeated, becomes universally accepted as a fact. At the commencement of the battle in Mobile Bay, for the purpose of obtaining the best view of the movements of the enemy, and to better govern the fleet under my command, I got into the lower part of the rigging of the Hartford just above what is known as the hammock railing.

Reporter.—Was not your position fraught with great peril?

Admir



## Waterville Mail.

S. M. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... NOV. 5, 1869.



## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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

Mr. Wm. Otis, a well known farmer of this town, whose thrifty and well managed home is a little way from the Marston Bridge, hands us some of the noblest samples of apples we have seen this fall. We only blame him that he did not take some of the fruit premiums at the late fair. Mr. Otis has a young orchard of some five or six hundred trees, that are TAKEN CARE OF, in the best sense of the words—just as he takes care of his fine oxen, as everybody knows. The samples handed us are from grafts he set in 1868, (only a year ago last spring,) of which he says he has many that bore apples like these. The cions were generally of two years growth when set—which he says accounts for their early bearing. His trees were seedlings eight years old, of his own raising on the farm. He manures, washes, trims and mulches them as carefully as he beds and feeds his cattle, and for the same reason—IT PAYS. Such an orchard, if WELL cared for, is a fortune that can seldom be secured as easily and surely in any other way. Twenty years ago as the files of the Mail will show, we urged farmers to set apple trees. Home consumption and exportation were both increasing largely, while the old orchards were everywhere giving out for want of care. Then good apples could be bought for a dollar a barrel, and even less. Even at that price they paid better than potatoes. Now three, four and even five dollars a barrel is no uncommon price for good apples. Mr. Otis sold a barrel of choice ones yesterday for six dollars. We were told in reply that orcharding would be overdone; that the N. York trees did not do well; that insects were increasing; that the climate was changing, and many other things—all which were really so many arguments for setting good trees and taking good care of them. Of the trees set twenty years ago, we venture to say that not one of five is now a good bearing tree. This would hardly meet the decline of the old orchards, to say nothing of the increasing home consumption of apples. Then the increased facilities for transportation have brought the markets of the world to our doors. If we have apples to spare some body wants them—in England, at the South, or West—or in California if the earthquakes shake off or swallow up the apple crop there.

Then why not set out an orchard, ye who have land to set it on? Go and see Mr. Otis's, and talk with him about it. Go and see Mr. Smiley, near Getchell's Corner, who has absolutely created one of the most productive orchards in the county within the past fifteen years. Year after year his little orchard yields him a greater net profit than many of the four or five thousand dollar farms. See anybody who has a good orchard and knows how it was made such; and when you become satisfied to enter upon the work in earnest, then—don't begin till you know how.

It is not very creditable to the religious character of Lewiston, that "Tenney of the Telegraph" has made a visit of observation there, and gone home to wonder "which has done the better business on Sunday, the churches or the lively stables." O, city of spindles!

U. S. SENATOR.—Gov. Chamberlain has appointed Lot M. Morrill to the vacancy in the U. S. Senate, occasioned by the death of Senator Fessenden. This appointment will receive most hearty greeting from the republicans of Maine. It was a judicious response, by the Governor, to an emphatic demand of public sentiment. Any other appointment would only have compelled the legislature to utter the will of their constituents, when the proper time arrived. Now the approaching senatorial election in that body is a settled matter.

Deacon W. A. F. Stevens misses from his house a hive containing about fifteen dollars worth of honey, which some sneak thief has taken. The Deacon thinks that though that honey may be sweet in the mouth, it will leave a sting behind to trouble the thief.

CARLETON has just got up a new picture of the Memorial Building of Colby University, in fine style, and is to furnish three hundred of them for the forth coming memorial volume, soon to be published.

Many farmers were caught napping by the early snow, with some corn unharvested and many potatoes under the snow.

## The Kennebec Sabbath School Convention.

The Convention met at the Congregational church in Waterville, Tuesday P. M., Nov. 2d. Rev. Mr. Robie, pastor of the church, conducted the opening religious services. Bro. Baker of Gardiner, chairman of the convention last year, called the convention to order.

A permanent organization was offered by the choice of the following officers:—

For President Hon. Joshua Nye, of Waterville, first Vice President Prof. Foster, of Waterville—the other Vice Presidents to be appointed by the Executive Committee. Rev. C. F. Penney, of Augusta, Secretary; Bros. J. L. Towne, and J. B. Bradbury, of Waterville, Assistant Secretaries.

The following were appointed a Committee on Resolutions:—Rev. C. F. Penney, Rev. Dr. Ricker, Rev. Mr. Robie and Rev. A. S. Ladd. The Committee of Arrangements consisted of the following:—Bros. Cargill, Baker, Drummond and Ring.

Bro. Baker, of Gardiner, submitted a plan for raising funds to meet the necessary expenses of the convention, which was adopted.

Several Superintendents reported the condition of their schools—manner of conducting them, and any other items of special interest. These reports were followed by questions and answers.

Tuesday evening, Rev. Smith Baker of Orono delivered a very able and telling address upon the subject of teaching meetings, Uniformity of Lessons, the Teacher in Preparation and Teaching. This address ought to be published and put into the hands of each teacher in the County. The subject was further discussed by the members of the Convention.

Wednesday morning Session. Devotional Services were conducted by the President. The first topic discussed was the following:—Is it expedient to organize and hold City and Town Sabbath School Conventions? After a lively debate, it was voted to endorse the action of the State Convention, aiming at substantially the same results. Following this discussion was an address by Rev. C. F. Penney of Augusta. Subject—Sabbath School Concerts. Its object, how often it should be held, and of what should the exercises consist? A very interesting discussion followed—the same questions came up that are continually arising when Sabbath School Concerts, Church Leagues, or the general subject of amusements come up. It is exceedingly difficult to find the true medium, or even to discover, in all cases, the correct principle. The remainder of the morning session was devoted to the hearing of reports from the several schools of the county and some from other counties, represented in the convention.

Afternoon Session.—The first half hour was spent in prayer for the Conversion of Children. The next hour was devoted to a children's meeting. The singing was led by Bro. Drummond, and the addresses to the children were by Bros. Parsons, Adams, Ladd, Drummond, Baker and Clark. The remainder of the session was devoted to the following:—The Substitution of the Sabbath School for one Sabbath Service. The discussion was opened by Rev. Bro. Ladd, and participated in by Dr. Champin, Rev. Bros. Robie and Bryant, McKeown and the President of the Convention. All favored the change in theory, and thought its practical workings were improving.

Evening Session.—Religious Services for the first twenty minutes. Following this season of worship was an address by Rev. Mr. Bryant, of E. Winthrop, upon the duty of the whole community to attend the Sabbath School. The speaker presented many and strong arguments to prove that such was the duty of the community.

Bro. Richardson, Dr. Wilson, Rev. Bros. Ladd, Robie and Clark, followed with brief remarks. The President, who has presided with marked ability made some very appropriate remarks, and the convention finally adjourned with singing and the benediction by Rev. Mr. Bryant.

Many things have conspired to prevent a large attendance, but the convention has been very interesting and profitable. The Sabbath School workers who absent themselves from these gatherings don't know what they lose.

Com.

A PROUD CITY.—The Cincinnati Board of Education has voted, 22 to 15, in favor of excluding the Bible from the public schools. This is in response to the demands of the Catholics—though only 10 of the 22 who voted for the measure were Catholics; 10 were republicans and 12 democrats. Of the 15 in the negative 12 were republicans and 3 democrats. The champion of the party for excluding the Bible was a "left wing liberal," and the champion for retaining it was a Unitarian—both clergymen. Another vote of the board excludes from the schools religious books, and the singing of so called sacred songs. A later dispatch says an injunction has been granted by the Superior Court restraining the board from carrying these resolutions into execution. The ground on which the injunction was asked is, that the constitution, by declaring religion essential to good government, denied the right to exclude religious instruction from the schools.

LEAD MINES.—Dr. Sanger, of Bangor, recently dug a flattened bullet from the cranium of a soldier, where it had lain since the war. A portion of a bullet was recently taken from the side of Wm. Holmes, of Augusta, where it has lain since the first battle of Fredericksburgh, Dec. 14, 1862.

GEO. PEABODY, the wealthy banker, and eminent philanthropist, died in London on Thursday night.

The warm weather since the snow storm has filled the roads with a mush of snow and mud, and the travelling is of course none too good.

OLIVE LOGAN will deliver her famous lecture on "Girls" at the Unitarian Church in our village, on Tuesday evening next, Nov. 9th. In this lecture she treats of Fashionable, Beautiful, Womanly, Yankee, Western, and Strong-Minded Girls, pleading for a better chance for woman to develop the power within her, and claiming for her the same freedom that man enjoys. The lecture is one that all will wish to hear, and we trust that our citizens will see to it that the gentlemen who have provided this intellectual treat for us will lose nothing by their liberal enterprise. Tickets to be had at Mathews's bookstore and the door.

Wendell Phillips said in a temperance speech at Boston on Monday, "We have had two hundred years of failure with license; why not try twenty-five years or one generation of prohibition?" He probably knows enough of the history of the temperance question to bear in mind that all that is claimed for license is what has been tried enough to satisfy all the world—except the few who have so unscrupulous a desire for money that they are willing even to sell rum for it. He made a most pungent argument for prohibition.

THE SNOW STORM of last week, which began Friday morning and continued until Saturday night, was probably the heaviest fall ever known in this State in the month of October. Notwithstanding a good deal of it melted as it fell and the remainder was very closely packed, it gathered to the depth of from twelve to fifteen inches in this vicinity and furnished very good sleighing for awhile. In the town of Patten, Aroostook county, a private letter says the snow there on Sunday was three feet deep and the roads so badly blocked that no meetings could be held.

FIRE AT WEST WATERTOWN.—The house, shed and barn of Mr. Henry Witham, with all their contents, were burned one day last week. Mr. Witham had just moved into the house which he had recently bought and nearly paid for, and he and his family find themselves stripped of everything at this season of the year, for they were able to save only the clothes they stood in. It is a case for the consideration of the benevolent; and we trust that the hearts of many will prompt them to bestow a little of their abundance to aid an unfortunate family.

The Mail says it is impossible to get a bell into the belfry of the new Methodist church.—Exchanges.

"Impossible," some one has said, is the adjective of a fool. The "Mail" did not use the word in speaking of the belfry. If any one really thinks it impossible to get a bell into that belfry, let them offer to give one, and they "shall see what they shall see," pretty quick.

The Lewiston Journal says the Franklin Street Bakery in that city sells regularly about 500 loaves of warm brown bread on Sunday morning. Probably they would sell a thousand if they knew how to make it as good as that from the bakery of our Matthews (Matthews employs Conant.)

A little daughter of Mr. Augustine Wyman, of Skowhegan, was so badly burned on Friday last that she died after eleven hours of suffering, as we learn from the Reporter. She was amusing herself by melting snow upon the stove when her clothing was drawn into the fire and she was enveloped in flame.

"Scriptural quotations" is a topic of some point between the Portland Argus and some of the other editorial "brethren." We beg them to keep cool. Just now the Bible is a sadly enough abused book, and don't need to fall into the hands of the newspapers. In self-defence they ought to let it alone. In all the charges brought against them as a body, they have never been accused of meddling with that sacred book; and if their interpretations of each other may be taken as samples of their theology, they had better leave scripture quotations to the clergy.

The Portland Argus hears of a man in that city who carried his eight-gallon keg to a grocer to be filled with molasses, and found himself charged in the bill for ten gallons. On explanation, the owner of the keg said he didn't like to have his keg stretched! Speaking of kegs makes us think of a gallon jug in Waterville, which the owner always gets filled at a particular place on Main-st., for the reason, as he says, that "they always get a pint more into that jug than anybody else."

The Charleston Republican denies Mr. Parker Pillsbury's charges that the freedmen are as a class drunken and vicious; says that if they are poor it is because their employers are continually cheating and oppressing them, and adds:

"Nor is the present poverty and misery of many colored people the result of reconstruction and the gift of the ballot, any more than the low wages and distressed condition of the white mechanics and laborers result from the same cause. The fact is, that both are results of the old system of aristocracy and slavery, which exalted the rich and oppressed and degraded the laborer, whether owned or hired. We are now recovering from these effects. The prospects of laborers of all classes and races are growing brighter—because the free spirit of the new era demands for every man fair wages and fair play—and because there is vigor and strength and truth enough to enforce the demand."

Two students of Bowdoin College having been suspended for some misdemeanor, were escorted to the cars by their comrades with noisy demonstrations of sympathy and approval. We know nothing of this particular case, but such is the "peculiar code of morals" governing college students, that we have known just such demonstrations where the offending parties had been guilty of State Prison offences.

## OUR TABLE.

STRUGGLES AND TRIUMPHS, or Forty Years' Recollections of P. T. Barnum. Written by himself. Hartford, J. B. Burr & Co.

A work like this by P. T. Barnum, filled with the incidents, struggles and triumphs of his varied life, and recording his shrewd observations of "men and things," could not but be intensely interesting. But not the least notable fact about the book is, that it is, or purports to be, a revelation of the author's real motives, and his way of looking upon those things, which, in his career, have been severely commented upon by the public press, a defense directly and by implication of himself against the charge under which he has suffered. It is only just that every accused shall have a "fair trial" if he desires it, and surely no witness can know more of the guiltiness or innocence of the party charged than he himself. And now-a-days in many States the interest of a person in the issue of a trial no longer disqualifies him as a witness therein. It is but just, then, that Mr. Barnum should be heard in his own cause, and no more than properly courteous that the public should give him a candid hearing. Mr. Barnum always openly avowed himself ready to enter in every innocent way to the public love of the marvelous, and did so; and the candid reader in closing the book, will be obliged to admit, we think, that that has been "the end of his offending; this and nothing more." And now that Mr. Barnum has retired from public life, it is fitting that he should come himself before the public in the character which he claims to be his true one.

But it is not of the book as his personal defense that the reading public will be enamored; for whoever peruses its pages, rich with practical facts, shrewd observations, and humorous anecdotes, will on every page find something to think about besides Mr. Barnum personally, and his captivating commentaries. Provoked to hearty laughter, or held in breathless wonder, or gayly gliding with the author along sprightly, spirited pages, one moves on from the beginning to the end of the book with unflagging interest. We suspect that the author and publishers will in this book achieve, as they ought to, one of those successes the like of which, alternated with mighty struggles and trials, have marked the career of the noted "Showman."

"Struggles and Triumphs" is a volume of nearly 800 pages, handsomely printed and bound, and contains numerous engravings. Sold only by Agents.

STORIES FROM MY ATTIC. By the author of "Dream Children," and "Seven Little People and their Friends." Illustrated. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

A dreamy atmosphere pervades this book, which is filled with a pleasant medley of reminiscences of travel, sketches of distinguished men, tales and fables, all embellished with thought and fancy, and many of them illustrated with neat engravings. Young readers of good taste will find it a very pleasant book.

We are indebted to Nichols & Hall, the well known Boston publishers and booksellers, for a copy of this work, which is for sale in Waterville at C. K. Mathews's.

BALLAD'S ORCHESTRA—consisting of eleven gentlemen, of Lewiston, who furnish music for Levees, School Exhibitions, and other similar occasions, and have been very favorably received wherever they have gone, will give a concert at Town Hall in this village, on Friday evening next, Nov. 12th.

They play brass as well as stringed instruments, and are thus enabled to vary their entertainment in a very acceptable manner; and they also use a fine set of Bells, with their stringed instruments, which imparts a pleasing effect.

They are to furnish music for a prize declamation at the Maine Central Institute in Pittsfield, and on their return will give an entertainment at Kendall's Mills.

THE County Commissioners have located the Ferry across the Kennebec at the Bay, and appointed Mr. Erastus Warren of Winslow as Ferryman. No boat will be put on this Fall.

If you want a GOOD Cooking Stove at a reasonable price, don't fail to examine the "Union Range," at G. L. Robinson & Co.'s.

Postmaster McFadden best knows whether the following hints touch anybody here; but we copy for those who need them.

HINTS FROM A POSTMASTER.—When you call at the office after your mail, and the postmaster hands it out ask him if that is all.

If you ask for mail and he tells you there is none, tell him there ought to be.

Don't bring the mail to the office until the mail closes, then curse the postmaster for not unlocking the mail-bag and putting your letter in.

When you want a stamp on your letter, tell the postmaster to put it on.

Be sure and ask the postmaster to credit you with stamps and if he has any accommodation about him at all, he will.

If you have a box, stand and drum on it until the postmaster hands you your mail; it makes him feel good, especially if he is waiting on some one else.

Read the article on the bridge question; and if you have any better plan to propose, or anything to suggest in regard to the matter, write it out for the readers of the Mail.

Thirteen car loads of sheep were brought to Bangor, by the E. & N. A. Railroad, on Tuesday evening, and immediately sent over the Maine Central road.

"Happening at Boston"—is that good English, Mr. Republican Journal? Don't answer by twitting us of something equally bad.

Rev. M. J. Kelley, of our village, has been appointed Chaplain of the U. S. Military Asylum at Togus Springs, Rev. H. F. Wood, who has served very acceptably, having resigned.

Somebody suggests, as a new phase of "co-operative housekeeping" that the idle daughters, should co-operate with their mother in doing the housework, and save "the old man" the trouble and expense of hunting up and paying the Bridgets that cost more than they are worth. Who objects to this?—and would it be any matter if the plan interfered with some of the French lessons?

DOGS.—The day before the late snow-storm a large dog was seen in pursuit of my flock of Merino sheep, near the Stackpole woods; since which time three of them have been missing. If the owner of the dog, or any one in the vicinity, will give me information of them, they shall be suitably rewarded.

The "Richmond Range" took the first premium at the New England Fair.

[For the Waterville Mail.]

## SHALL WE HAVE A BRIDGE?

THE convenience and accommodation of the public travel and business of Kennebec County north of Augusta, imperatively demand a bridge across the Kennebec river at Waterville, and sooner or later that demand will be complied with. It may as well be admitted, at once, that the best place for the bridge is the site of the Ticonic bridge. Experience shows that time spent in discussion of this question is wasted.

As to securing the early construction of the bridge, I would suggest the following mode: Let the towns of Waterville and Winslow take the assignment of the stock and franchise of the Ticonic Bridge Corporation, re-build the bridge as a toll bridge, the charter for which runs seventeen years from April next, at the expiration of which the right to take tolls ceases. Provide for the expense of building the bridge by issuing bonds of the two towns bearing six per cent. interest, to be paid semi-annually, and exempt from State, County and municipal taxation, to be sold at not less than their par value. The principal of the bonds to be paid in seventeen years. The receipts from tolls to be deposited weekly, by the toll gatherer, in one of the Banks in Waterville, to be appropriated first to the payment of the semi-annual interest on the bonds; secondly, to pay repairs and current expenses of the bridge; third, the balance of the tolls on hand, after paying annual expenses and interest, at the expiration of each six months to be invested in a sinking fund in good interest bearing stocks, to meet the payment of the principal of the "Bridge Bonds." In making this investment, the bridge bonds should be preferred when offered at not exceeding par. Whenever the bridge bonds may be fully paid and extinguished by the tolls received, and by private contributions, and not till then, the towns may suspend taking tolls and provide for the care and necessary repairs and insurance of the bridge by a tax on each town in proportion to its valuation of taxable property, made by the same standard, or the towns may continue taking the tolls till a fund is accumulated sufficient to provide for the repairs, etc., of the bridge, in the future. This power to be limited by the charter. Should these suggestions meet the views of those most interested, I would further suggest, that a bridge on the place of the old one might be built so as to be passable in the course of the coming winter, with wooden piers, to be replaced by stone before they shall decay. The change in the depth and course of the currents of water to which the piers are exposed, produced by the new dam and bulkhead, is now fully understood and can be met by higher planking the piers and abutments, and altering the position of the western piers.

This plan is substantially the same with that on which the Warren Bridge was built and made free, and the Augusta Bridge was made free. It equalizes the burden with the benefits of the bridge. It violates no principle of justice as between those who have occasion to use the bridge daily and those who do not use it at all, and whose property is not so situated as to derive any advantage from it. That property, and business, and those persons which pay most largely in tolls for the bridge, will have a proportional interest and share in the benefits of the bridge, when it shall become free. I have indicated a preference, all things considered, for the construction of the bridge on the old plan. All my reason for it, is the belief that the bridge on that plan, above the piers, is one of the strongest and most durable that can be made of timber, at the same expense. The piers, etc., necessary for its support and security, would be the same, or nearly so, in any kind of wooden bridge.

My opinion is that the bonds required, to the amount of from fifteen to twenty-five thousand dollars could be disposed of in the two towns for cash at par, in one week. Are there not fifty active business men here who could take \$500 each without embarrassing their business? Would not our Banks find it for their interest to invest a portion of their funds in such securities? It may be asked on what sum would the tolls usually received at the Ticonic bridge, after defraying current expenses, pay an interest of six per cent. per annum? Taking the amount paid out in dividends by that Corporation in the last eleven years as a guide, the answer would be about \$20,000. And this under a policy regarding as little as possible the interests of the stockholders as such. At the established rates of toll the amount of travel and transportation over that bridge, in that time, would very nearly have paid double that sum as dividends. Under the arrangement proposed the demand for a reduction of the established tolls would be unwise and postpone the time of making the bridge free.

THE SPEAKERSHIP.—The newspapers are providing the coming legislature with a few preliminary hints on this subject. When the friends of Mr. Farwell, an Augusta member, seemed taking it for granted that he would be elected, it began to be whispered that he had been speculating in the "paper soldier ring," and that the republican party was hardly strong enough to load itself with a speaker who is afflicted with this leprosy. "Paper soldiers," it is hinted, are to be drilled before the coming legislature, and one of the "ring"-leaders in the speaker's chair, might elicit some blushes for the integrity of the party. This is the point the papers seem determined to bring to the attention of the "assembled wisdom" before the speakership contracts are all closed. There will no doubt be a free fight, and the value of "paper soldiers" will be better known after the victory than before.

BASE BALL.—The Ticonics of Waterville and Sheridans of Norridgewock, played a game at Waterville, Oct. 23d. in which, at the end of six innings, the Ticonics scored 37 to the Sheridans 19.

A CLERGYMAN writing to a friend says. "My voyage to Europe is indefinitely postponed. I have discovered the 'fountain of health' on this side of the Atlantic. Three bottles of the Peruvian Syrup have rescued me from the fangs of the fiend Dyspepsia." Dyspeptics should drink from this fountain.

Mr. Charles G. Thwing of China, has just been appointed Route Agent on the Maine Central Railroad between Portland and Bangor. Mr. Thwing was a gallant soldier in the 1st Maine Cavalry, and was severely wounded in the arm. Mr. Thwing is now one of the Deputy Sheriffs of this county.

MAINE EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.—The Second Annual Meeting of the Maine Educational Association will be held at the City Hall in Bath, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, Nov. 15th, 16th, and 17th. The citizens of Bath tender their generous hospitalities to the ladies who may attend the meeting. Gentlemen will be entertained at the hotels at the following prices per day: Sagadahoc House, \$2.00; Columbian, \$1.50; Bath Hotel, \$1.00. Free return tickets will be furnished on the Railroad.

The recent riot at Goldsboro, N. C., grew out of frequent insults to colored females by soldiers of the garrison. A negro was shockingly beaten by soldiers while he was returning from church in company with his wife. Upon this fact becoming known to the colored community, on Friday night, they gathered in large crowds to retaliate! Some half dozen soldiers returning to camp were met by a crowd of blacks, treble their number, and an assault was at once made upon them, resulting in the defeat and rout of the soldiers, after a severe handling, one of them barely escaping with his life. This, however, did not end the hostilities. All day Saturday the negroes continued to give vent to feelings of animosity in angrily uttered threats and muttered curses, and by night the streets were filled by an African mob, armed with revolvers, bludgeons and clubs. The scenes in the streets resembled a miniature pandemonium. About 9 o'clock the citizens were startled by reports of pistols and guns in one portion of the town, towards which there was a general rush of the negroes. A scene of fearful excitement ensued. The soldiers attacked the negroes with clubs, but the negroes used pistols so freely that the soldiers returned to their quarters, and then, to the number of twenty-five or thirty, commenced firing into the mob indiscriminately. The great darkness of the night prevented many fatalities, though several negroes were wounded and one was killed. One soldier was also killed. Finally the mob retired and the soldiers sought shelter in their quarters.

NEWS FROM DR. LIVINGSTONE.—Specials from Zanzibar to the Herald by the way of London, convey interesting and pleasing intelligence from Dr. Livingstone to the 8th of August, 1868. He was then in good health. He requested that supplies, nautical instruments and almanacs for 1869 and 1870 be forwarded to him, thus indicating, as was supposed, an intention to remain in the country some time longer.

He claims to have discovered the true source of the Nile. The communications are made with respect to general items. He spent the year 1867 partly exploring the Country lying south of Tanganyika Lake, which he found to contain many small springs or inner lake fountains, which he claims to be the true source of the Nile.

Dr. Livingstone's states that he had heard that two different installments of supplies had reached Noji from Zanzibar for his use, but they had been received at a time previous to his arrival there so as to have them early and thus render them beneficial.

In the October number of the London Quarterly Review, are published for the first time the letters from Lady Byron to Mrs. Leigh, which, as far as negative evidence can do it, completely dispose of the accusation against the latter. The letters are all signed by Lady Byron, and contain affectionate assurances of love and confidence.

The results of the Massachusetts election yesterday may be summed up in brief as follows: Governor Claflin and the rest of the republican State ticket are elected by about thirty thousand majority. Side issues and a prevailing indifference have shorn it of its usual proportions, but it is large enough for the purpose. The vote for Mr. Adams is larger than he received two years ago, when a similar issue was made up. The "labor reformers," who appeared as an independent party this year for the first time, also drew to some extent upon the ample resources of the dominant party. Nevertheless the republicans have chosen, besides the State ticket, seven of the eight counties, county officers in every county, and a nominal majority in both branches of the legislature. Here, for the first time, however, in many years, there will be a strong opposition and the elements of a vigorous contest.—[Bost. Adv.]

The democrats elected their State ticket in New York by about 8000 majority, although a democratic paper claims 24,000 but the republicans evidently have a small majority in the lower branch of the legislature. In the Senate, according to present returns, the democrats can count no more votes than their opponents. New Jersey shows slight democratic gains and on a joint ballot in the legislature the democrats will have a majority of 11—5 in the Senate and 6 in the House. In West Virginia the republicans have small majorities in both Houses. In Illinois the citizens' ticket was everywhere triumphant but the republicans will have about 10 majority in the constitutional convention. In Minnesota the republican candidate for governor has been elected by about 3000 majority. The republicans in Wisconsin have gained on their vote in 1867; the legislature remains about the same as last year. The democrats appear to have carried the charter election in Detroit, Michigan, and several county elections in Kansas.

The Portland Argus handsomely compliments Hon. John A. Poor, and Walter Wells, Esq. It says that Mr. Poor is to be honored for his efficiency, which is not equaled by any other New England man in originating and advocating the necessity for railroads.

Gen. Butler arrived in New York Saturday night. While in a sleeping car he had his coat and overcoat stolen, together with eight hundred dollars in cash. He was obliged to borrow a coat from a hotel porter, with which he reached the Metropolitan Hotel. During the day he managed to replenish his wardrobe, and left for Boston Saturday night.

In the case of Staples vs. Portland Kennebec Railroad, which has been on trial at Belfast four days, the jury have returned a verdict for plaintiff for \$3000. The plaintiff is a deaf mute, 36 years old, and the action was brought to recover for injuries alleged to have been received while getting off the train at Richmond in 1868. The damages were laid at \$10,000 but the defendants appeal.

During the late freshet the postmaster at Norway lashed the post office to a large elm, but the flood came and broke the rope, and landed his office in the town of Hanover.

It is thought that lumbering on the Kennebec this winter will be prosecuted with more than usual vigor. The increase is partly due to the fact that all of the logs above the Augusta dam were swept away by the tremendous freshets that have taken place, leaving the mills above that point without a supply.



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THE BIGGEST FISHES



