



9-30-1870

## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 24, No. 14): September 30, 1870

Maxham & Wing

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### Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 24, No. 14): September 30, 1870" (1870). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 370.

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## HARVEST.

God of the year! with songs of praise,  
And hearts of love, we come to bless  
Thy bounteous hand, for thou hast shed  
Thy manna o'er our wilderness.  
In early spring-time thou didst fling  
O'er earth its robe of blossoming;  
And in sweet summer, day by day,  
Rose quickening in thy blessed ray.

And now thy white hill and vale,  
And hang on every vine and tree,  
Whose purple branches bending low,  
Seem bowed in thankfulness to thee.  
The earth, with all its purple isles,  
Is answering to thy genial smiles;  
And gales of perfume breathe along,  
And lift to them their voiceless song.

God of the seasons! thou hast blest  
The land with sunlight and with showers,  
And plenty o'er its bosom smiles  
To crown the sweet autumnal hours;  
Praise—praise to Thee! Our hearts expand  
To view the blessings of thy hand,  
And on the incense-breath of love  
Ascend to their bright home above.

—Mrs. Sigourney.

[From Ballou's Monthly for October.]

## FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION.

BY PAUL GALEX.

[Concluded.]

Sydney Bruce was accustomed to go to New York occasionally during his stay at Newport, to look over business affairs that demanded his attention. He rarely remained on these occasions more than one day, and never more than two. It so happened that during the very conversation just related as having passed between Maude Forrest and her mother, he started on one of these brief journeys.

Having transacted his business, he sat in his room in the evening, with a few idle hours before him. He reclined in his chair, smoking and thinking of Maude Forrest. "She is certainly a most lovely girl," ran his thoughts, "but—ah! there's the rub. And he mused profoundly.

At last with a sudden impulse he turned to his private desk, opened it, and drew forth some ancient looking documents. They were papers left by his father, who had died some ten years before, which he had never yet examined thoroughly. He had handled them over a number of times, but there were many that had not been unfolded. Opening an old diary, a few sentences caught his eye, and he began to grow interested.

"Hum!" he muttered. "I did not know that my father was ever concerned in a love scrape."

And then he read the story of Morris Bruce's acquaintance with one Lydia Merton, how they loved, became engaged, and how finally indubitable evidence reached him concerning falsehood on her part. The diary ran thus:

"June 2.—It cannot be doubted. She is false to itself. O, that I should have been deceived by her! But she shall pay for her sin. She shall know that I am not to be trifled with."

"June 3.—I have written her such a letter as she will remember all the days of her life. I shall leave to-morrow, never to look on her face again. Curses on her and hers. May she never know what happiness is in this life. May her children be miserable, and be deceived as I have been. Let all that belongs to her and me be separated forever. Good-by, love, and welcome hate to my anguished bosom!"

Then there were memoranda of a long journey, interspersed with many bitter reflections. One sentence, evidently written in a moment of great bitterness, read:

"May my children live to make her children miserable."

"By George!" he muttered, "the governor took it to heart, didn't he? Very much so, I should say, I think, if a woman should play me false."

He looked further, but discovered no other entries relating to the subject. Then he pulled forth a quantity of folded slips of paper with which the pocket in the diary was stuffed. A scrap cut from a newspaper caught his eye, which read thus:

"MARRIED.—On the 31st of August, 1835, by the Rev. Stephen Blossom, Miss Lydia Merton to Mr. Lothrop Forrest."

His heart gave a great bound as he read this. His brain took a rapid train of thought.

"Can it be possible!" he exclaimed. "It would be a most strange coincidence. Can this lovely girl be the daughter of that false woman? And it is enjoined upon me to make her miserable?"

He read no more, but gathered up all the papers, placed them in the desk, and looked it.

"I'll dream on this," he thought, "and in the morning I'll find out whether this Mrs. Forrest is the wife of Mr. Lothrop Forrest."

Next day he started for Newport again, having gained the information he desired. His suspicion was confirmed. "What is to be the result?" was his constant thought during the journey. It seemed like a baleful omen—that girl being thrown across his path, so lovely, and proud, and beautiful, and yet the daughter of his father's greatest enemy. "Of course, it is out of the question for me to ever marry her now, but what might have happened if I had not happened to stumble across those documents?" He asked himself this question, and longed, yet dreaded, to meet her again. But by the time he reached Newport his mind was made up. He would sound her, make her intimate acquaintance, draw her out, make a little love to her if necessary, and find out if she were like what he judged her mother must be.

He had been two days at Newport before he saw Maude Forrest. Then she came down in the forenoon, in a morning wrapper, looking pale and interesting. He hastened to meet her.

"Is it possible that you have been ill, Miss Forrest?" he asked, in a tone of genuine interest. "I have missed you since my return from New York, but had no idea anything so serious was the matter."

"Ah," she said, smiling. "It is pleasant to be remembered by one's friends. It has been nothing very serious. Only a slight indisposition. When did you return?"

"Day before yesterday," was the reply, as he wondered at her sudden unbending in calling him a friend. "Have you entirely recovered?"

"O yes, I think so," she replied, in a slightly weak voice, corresponding well with her pale countenance and slightly subdued manner. It became her wonderfully well—that subdued manner—and Sydney Bruce looked on her, almost fascinated, as he wondered whether it were caused by her illness or by his presence. He did not flatter himself that this latter was the case, although it was a pleasant fancy, and he dwelt on it in his own mind as he looked at her with his dark magnetic eyes. Her lids drooped under his gaze, and when they were raised again she looked far out on the sea with a dreamy expression, and for the moment both almost forgot to resist their hearts. Would it have been better then for true love to have taken its course, and they two to have followed on, over the rough and smooth places, hand in hand, journeying through life together? Who shall answer?

At that moment Mrs. Forrest appeared, smiling toward them in all the majesty of her splendid beauty, her proud bearing and her

regal robes. Her presence brought the young people to their senses again. Both were immediately on their guard, each fondly imagining the other to be deluded. What a war for two young hearts! Each trying to probe the other under the guise of simulated blandishments, and honeyed words and manner. Mrs. Forrest cast a sweeping, searching, satisfied look at them. Mr. Bruce immediately rose to greet her.

"I hope I find Mrs. Forrest in good health," he said.

"I am quite well, I assure you," she replied.

"And you?"

"In the best of health and spirits," he replied. "I have been pained to learn of your daughter's indisposition."

"Yes, Maude has been suffering with a severe headache for two days past, but she is now entirely well, I believe. I hope your visit to New York was pleasant."

"O yes," he replied, "as pleasant as a return to business this season can be. This is a time when I like to forget care, and devote myself to pleasure."

"Yes. But pleasure cannot exist unmixed in this world."

"Alas! everyday experience tells us all that. Perhaps it is better so. By the way, Mrs. Forrest, has New York been your residence long?"

"Only three years."

"You never could have met my father, then, who, I imagine in his younger days, must have flourished in society about the same time that you did."

She looked up quickly and searched his countenance. Her heart beat violently as she wondered whether any hidden meaning lay beneath his words. But she had met as consummate an actor as herself, and his question seemed to be the sudden prompting of the moment. How should she reply? There was no time for deliberation, and so she said:

"Your father? Let me see. It seems to me that I remember the name of Bruce."

"Mr. Morris Bruce—that was his name."

"Yes, I think I did have the pleasure of knowing him long ago. It was when our family resided in New York. Afterwards we moved to Philadelphia, and only three years ago again returned to New York. I consider it the preferable city of the two to live in. Don't you?"

"Yes indeed." But he was not going to allow her to change the subject, and said, "Is your memory of him distinct? I should very much like to hear him described as he looked in his younger days to an acquaintance."

He knew he was tantalizing her, but she could detect nothing beyond a passing interest in his luminous eyes. "Can he know?" she thought, and she trembled inwardly. She was in his power, however, if she would have her plan succeed, and hesitation would be fatal.

"Indeed, it is so long since I knew him," she said, laughing, "that my memory cannot be very accurate. I should think he looked very much like you. He was tall, erect, with just such eyes as yours, and a proud bearing. This much I remember, and very little more."

"She is acting," thought Sydney, as he marked her assumed light manner and forced indifference. He forbore to pursue the subject further, and turned to Maude.

"This bracing sea-breeze ought to revive you, Miss Forrest."

"O, it does wonderfully."

He looked at her gravely, and her manner betokened meek-pleasure at his solicitude in her behalf.

"If agreeable to your inclinations, I should be pleased to call on you for a ride this evening, Miss Forrest," he said.

"It would afford me great pleasure," she replied, bowing.

He then bid the mother and daughter good-morning, and departed, leaving them to consult over the progress thus far made in their scheme of love-making and heart-breaking, while he himself meditated on the girl and his acquaintance with her.

"At any rate, I have let her mother know who I am," he thought. "She is fully aware that I am the son of the man whom she cheated. I couldn't study her face when I questioned her, or she would have immediately suspected that I knew of her past history. But her voice was steady and her words as smooth as honey. Perhaps she intends that the daughter shall now cheat me. They are both of them hard to understand, and I half believe them to be capable of anything heartless. But they will find their match in me. I shall guard my feelings well, flirt with the lovely Maude for a while, and then draw off, I guess. But by Jove! if it were not for what I discover, the other night, I might feel inclined to fall earnestly in love with her. She is magnificent! However, that is out of the question, and if I make her believe I am in earnest, the disappointment will do her no harm, if she inherits many of her mother's qualities. And it is said that the sins of the parents are visited upon the children—so I will only be fulfilling scripture."

He smiled at this thought—a smile in which frivolity, devilry and perplexity were quaintly mingled.

The days went on, and Maude Forrest and Sydney Bruce were seen together at all hours. They came to be one of the standard subjects of conversation among the denizens of the place. Every one said that they were a remarkable couple. To all appearances they were rapidly travelling the road which led to what society calls a "splendid match."

Three or four weeks passed, and one evening Maude and her mother sat in their room.

"The game progresses finely, does it not Maude?" said Mrs. Forrest.

"Yes," said Maude, wearily. "But has it never occurred to you, mother, that when the end comes I may be compromised in some way?"

"There is no danger of that," was the quick reply. "I understand how to manage it. It will only be looked up as a watering-place flirtation. Some people may call you heartless, but you will not mind that."

"No. I will not mind it if that is all they say."

"They can say no more."

"I will be glad when it is all over. I am tired."

"It must be pushed to the end now."

"Yes, I understand that. But O, how shameful it is to trifle with sacred feelings, and give one's self up to such a heartless game!"

"Maude! what do you mean?"

"I mean that you are cruel!" was the passionate reply. "You cannot have a very high regard for me, to use me so like a tool, and make me forget all my self-respect. You have me not a living lie! Why did you not fight your own battles?" This was asked almost fiercely.

Mrs. Forrest was alarmed, but she said, sternly and coldly, "Maude, I should think you would be above such exhibitions."

"How can you think me above anything, after putting me to such base uses as you have?"

Mrs. Forrest was wily and artful, and fruitful of resource in emergencies. She saw that a decided step must be taken in Maude's present state of mind, else the daughter, wilful at times as perversity itself, would rebel and throw confusion on all her plans. The alarming thought flashed into her mind that Maude was beginning to love Sydney Bruce, and would say yes, instead of no, when an all important question should be asked. So she grew cautious and gentle, and spoke soothing words. She called up her own sorrows, made Maude pity her, and finally worked upon her pride.

"It cannot be much longer before he will come to the mark," she said. "And now listen to me. Sydney Bruce looks wonderfully like his father. Not merely in resemblance of feature and form, but the same expression creeps out, the same evil look is in his eyes. You must draw him on faster, and hasten his downfall. If you do not, he will humble you. He will be longer about it, he will seek to induce you to become his affianced. If he should succeed in it he would cast you off. Do not ask me how I know; I know it, and that is enough. It is in him. He is false-hearted. He cannot change his nature. His vanity, if nothing else, would lead him to seek your smiles and court your love. It might lead him to marry you if he were poor, but he is rich, and cares nothing for money. He is incapable of caring for a loving heart—he would delight in breaking one. But it must be the other way. You must bring him down and mortify him. There is no help for it, no retreating now. You have promised me, remember."

"There! there! don't talk any longer. Who said anything about retreating? I gave you my promise, and it shall be kept. You will make me crazy!"

"Only a word more. Do not falter. Call up your pride and spirit, think of the past, and the consciousness of having resented an insult will be your reward. Come with me now, Maude, and let us take a walk in the cool of the evening."

"No, I prefer to remain here."

"Very well, my dear, but don't brood over our matters. Or, if you think about them, remember that you are doing your mother a great service, that you are gratifying one who has always watched over you with tender care, and whose love will last forever, in spite of anything that can happen on earth. We are mother and daughter, and should never let anything come between us."

She stole softly out of the room; having thus poured gall and honey into her daughter's breast.

Still the game went on for the slaughter of a heart, and still that heart was on its guard, though unconscious of the plot against it. Before the world, the course of true love was running very smooth, and for once, the ancient proverb seemed about to be disproved. The third day after the conversation last narrated, Mr. Bruce and Miss Forrest, just as the shades of evening were gathering, took a stroll by the beach. They sauntered arm in arm, a long distance from where the gay throng was gathered, and soon came beneath the shade of a huge cliff. Rocks were all about them. Over them hung a huge boulder, and in front of them the sea dashed in an angry white foam, over rough and jagged points. Far out a few white sails could be indistinctly seen, and from the wide expanse of blue water came a cool breeze, brushing across the bare head of Bruce, and waving the golden locks of Maude. O, they should have been true lovers, standing there and looking out upon the sea—not false and scheming, and each watchful of the other! After a pause, Sydney Bruce said:

"Miss Maude, we have spent many pleasant hours together in this place."

"Yes, we have, indeed."

"I linger over them, and dread to have them cease, for it may never be our—or at least my lot, to enjoy such again."

"Why need you say never again?"

"Because such episodes in one's life only come at rare intervals."

"That is true," she said, absently, as if her words conveyed no expression of her thoughts. Sydney Bruce watched her narrowly, and a feeling his way came nearer and nearer the dangerous ground. "I have cherished hopes," he said, "within the last few weeks, and dreamed dreams that perhaps were but mad visions of forbidden bliss. My heart has suggested things that my lips dare not speak."

"Indeed!" she said. "May I enquire what was the nature of your strange flight of fancy?"

"Need you enquire?" he asked, suddenly seizing her hand. "Do you feel no responsive throbs in your own heart?" He gazed at her with intense earnestness.

"Really, Mr. Bruce," she said in a constrained tone, "you speak and act in enigmas. If you mean—"

"I mean nothing," he said, releasing her hand as suddenly as he had grasped it. "Now look at me, Miss Forrest, and answer honestly. Have you the slightest idea that we could ever be more than friends?"

She did look at him, and her expression for the moment was one of genuine surprise. No explanation of his behavior suggested itself to her mind. He looked anything but an abject, appealing lover. And for his part, he was equally astonished at the cool inquiring look she cast upon him. She finally answered him by saying:

"I hope you have never been so deluded as to have such an idea."

A faint smile appeared on the face of both Miss Forrest and Mr. Bruce, as each surveyed the other's coolness.

"It seems that we have both been mistaken in each other to a certain extent," he said.

"Have we?"

"Yes," he said, with a severity that took all lightness from her manner. "Do not deny to me, Miss Forrest, that you have been acting a part."

"And you—what have you been doing?"

"I have been—studying you," he said.

"Under the guise of a lover," she added. "Is not that acting a part?"

"Since we understand each other in a measure now," he said, without replying to her question, "may we not go into further explanations?"

"I do not know that there is anything to explain."

"Reflect a moment, and perhaps you will change that opinion. Do you know anything of your mother's past history?"

"Do you?" she asked, in amazement. He looked at her steadily. "Shall we exchange confessions?" he asked.

"As you like."

"Well, my father left a diary. I read it."

"My mother told me a story of the past, and gave me a task to perform."

Both were then silent for some moments. Nothing more was needed to reveal them to each other. At last they rose to go, and but little was said on the way to the hotel, but just as they neared their destination Sydney Bruce spoke.

"Miss Maude," he said, in a subdued earnest tone, "all is now over between us. But I don't mind confessing that life is henceforth to me one sweet bitter memory for me." As he spoke her hand trembled on his arm. His voice grew more sad and earnest. "We have accused each other of acting parts, and neither has denied the charge. Tell me, did your mother set you to work to disappoint me?"

"She did," answered Maude, in a quiet tone.

"I thought as much. But honestly, as I stand here, I had no similar intention towards you. I only set out to learn what I could of the daughter of the woman whom my father regarded with great bitterness. From certain injunctions in his diary, I thought I could never marry you, and perhaps I had some thoughts, too, that I would never care to confess. But down there on the beach we came to understand that we must separate. We took it very coolly—we still talk quite indifferently about it, as if it were no source of regret to us that our paths must now diverge. Are we not acting parts still? Are we to say good-by with no sorrow in our hearts? Tell me, Maude, and he drew her arm within his more closely, "will there be no regret at this parting after these few days of fleeting bliss? When we go before the world with no shade of sorrow on our faces, will we not still be acting?"

Maude's frame shook convulsively, and it was with a strong effort that she spoke calmly.

"We must henceforth be nothing to each other. You must go from here, or I must, for it would kill me to see you every day. O, what a lesson I am learning! I thought my pride could carry me over everything. You may kiss me once before you go, and then one last good-by."

He caught her in his arms, kissed her lips fervently, and held her as if he never was going to let her go. At last he released her, conducted her to the passage-way to her mother's room, and there they parted without saying another word.

Maude ran in and flung herself on the bed, burying her face. Her mother rose and spoke, but Maude looked up with flushed cheeks and swollen eyes, exclaiming:

"Not a question! Not a word! It is all over. He will go away. Your high, noble ambition is satisfied! Go and rejoice over it, and leave me to my misery!"

The next day, the little world at Newport was thrown into a buzz of excitement. Sydney Bruce had suddenly left for a voyage to Europe, and Mrs. and Miss Forrest had departed for their home. But the flutter soon ceased, and the sensation speedily became stale and gave way to a new one, and the fickle throng forgot the remarkable couple in fresh and more absorbing topics. But the two stricken hearts—what of them?

The lapse of a year usually brings about important changes, and so it was with the personages of our little history.

Mrs. Forrest sat in her elegantly furnished room, absorbed in thought. Two subjects agitated her mind. One was a scene in the library where her daughter Maude and Colonel Wharton were. She felt sure the colonel would propose that evening and she was extremely anxious that Maude should give a favorable reply.

The other matter with which her thoughts were occupied was a forthcoming interview with one whom she expected to call soon.

Yesterday she had received the following note:

"NEW YORK, July 6.

"MRS. FORREST.—Would you listen to a story of the past, and have a great wrong righted."

This, as might be imagined, woke up old memories, and set her brain in a turmoil. But she sent the following few words in reply:

"July 6.

"MR. BRUCE.—You may come to-morrow evening, but I fear it is too late."

L. FORREST."

And now she was waiting. What was the story she was to hear? She felt a vague fear, and reproached herself without knowing why.

At last the bell rang, and Sydney Bruce was ushered into her presence. He looked a trifle older, and the lines of his face were a little harder than when she had seen him last. He advanced and said:

"I have come to talk to you first, Mrs. Forrest, of events not within my remembrance, but which were made known to me by an aunt—my father's sister. Would you be set right with one who has passed from this earth, whom you once loved, and who fondly loved you, though you may not think so now? Shall I tell you a story that will make you regretful instead of revengeful?"

She turned pale, but replied, "you may go on and tell me the story."

"I am glad you are willing to hear it," he replied. "It is not very long. It is a story of a base villain who inflicted misery on two young hearts, from a mean, bitter jealousy. He took advantage of certain circumstances, twisted and distorted them to suit his own purpose, and succeeded in separating a couple who might have lived long and happily together but for his villainous plot. Do you remember the name of Ralph Gray?"

"I do—what of him?" gasped she.

"He sued for your hand once, unsuccessfully."

"He did."

"He circulated the false reports that separated you and Morris Bruce. It was his sweet revenge that you should live to hate instead of love each other."

And Sydney unfolded a tale of wrong and scheming, of a villain's chagrin and his insatiable revenge, of a plot ingenious in its design, and too successful in its execution.

Mrs. Forrest saw all. Morris Bruce had really loved her but had been driven from her by the representations adroitly conveyed of Ralph Gray, seemingly convicting her, beyond the shadow of a doubt, of the most heartless falsity. She groaned and trembled as the truth was forced upon her mind.

"My aunt learned this," continued Sydney, "after her brother was married, and then she wisely kept it to herself. And she has never mentioned it to a living soul until she told me, a few days ago, when I informed her that I had loved your daughter, and I told her the reason why we could not marry. We will not recall the season at Newport; that is past and should be forgotten. We will let bygones be bygones. But now I love your daughter still—"

"O, do not say that, Mr. Bruce!" exclaimed Mrs. Forrest, covering her face with her hands, and appearing to be greatly agitated.

"Why, Mrs. Forrest!" he asked, in amazement; "you surely will not allow the old objections—"

"No, no, it is not that, but—I will be frank with you, Mr. Bruce. I thank you for telling me the history you have. It will remove a rankling hate from my bosom, and replace there a memory full of love, and a hope in the great future that comes after this life. Again I thank you for it. But—I dread to tell you—Maude is at this moment in the parlor with one Colonel Wharton, and I fear that ere this she has accepted an offer of his hand. He thinks a great deal of her, and I have encouraged her to accept him."

Sydney Bruce's face turned white, and his features settled into a rigid look. "It is indeed too late, then," he muttered. "But is there no hope?"

"I do not know. I fear not."

"Then I had better go," he said, with an expression of profound gloom.

But hark! A step is heard in the hall. Maude's visitor is leaving. Sydney stares at Mrs. Forrest with an expression of wild hope. The outside door is heard to open and close, and Mrs. Forrest hastens from the room. She meets her daughter.

"Maude, have you given yourself to Colonel Wharton?" she asked, excitedly.

"Not yet," answered Maude in surprise.

"Thank God! Go into the sitting-room. There is one there whom you wish to see."

Maude, in great wonderment, obeyed.

"Maude!"

"Mr. Bruce!"

"Thank God, my darling, that all occasion for our estrangement is past. You are to be mine, now, if—" and here he looked at her searchingly.

"If what?" she asked, trembling.

"What did you say to Colonel Wharton?"

"I told him to wait a week for an answer."

"How long must I wait?"

"Not long, I guess," she replied, with a smile and a blush, as he took her by the hand and led her to a seat beside him. He kept her hand in his own, and looked on her with joyful love beaming from every feature. "At last," he murmured, "is my great dream of love to be fulfilled."

"How has it all come about?" she asked.

"It is a long story. Your mother knows it, and she will tell you."

"My mother!"

"Yes. Here she comes. Let her tell us that she blesses us in our perfect love."

"Bless you my children, and may you be happy. But O, forgive me for the great wrong of a year ago."

"Say nothing about it!" exclaimed Sydney. "Let it be forevermore forgotten. We thank you for your blessing, my future mother; and Maude, let us thank the great Father above that he has vouchsafed to us that we may be all in all to each other, henceforth in this life!"

She clung to him closer, and a silent amen trembled on her lips!

THE USE OF OPPORTUNITY.—The great end of human life is service. It is to make the world wiser and humanity the happier from being in the one and of the other. To this end even our own highest culture, whether it be developed in and for us as knowledge, as beauty, as moral principle or as religious faith should be devoted to Christianity in the person of











## MISCELLANY.

### GRANMA ALAS DOES.

BY A. H. POE.

I want to mend my wagon,  
And have some new rails;  
Jus' two, free will be plenty;  
We're going to haul our rails.  
The splendidest cob fences,  
We're makin' ever' way;  
I wis' you'd let us find 'em,  
Gran'ma alas does.

My horse's name is Betsey;  
She jumped and broke her head.  
I put her in the stable,  
And fed her milk and bread.  
The stable's in the parlor,  
We didn't make no muss;  
I wis' you'd let it stay there,  
Gran'ma alas does.

I's goin' to the cornfield,  
To ride on Charley's plow;  
I spect he'd like to have me;  
I want to go right now;  
Oh, won't you go with me,  
And when like Charley whons?  
I wis' you wouldn't bozzer;  
Gran'ma never does.

I want some bread and butter;  
I's hungry worst kind;  
But Taddie won't have none;  
Cause she wouldn't mind.  
Put plenty sugar on it,  
I tell you what, I know;  
It's right to put on sugar;  
Gran'ma alas does.

—The Bright Side.

A BATTLE PIECE.—Murt Halstead, of the Cincinnati Picayune, says those who paint battles are generally scoundrels. In Meissner's Solferino there is not much to be seen besides the emperor and his horse. The galleries at Versailles are disgusting in the everlasting adulation of royalty. The picture of a battle consists principally of a king or emperor or marshal on a portentous horse in an impossible attitude and an incredible situation. He thus describes the scene at Gravelotte:

When the Prussians paint the battle of Gravelotte the feature will be King William on his steed, dashing dreadfully at a staggering square of infuriated Frenchmen, and my only consolation will be in making out that the stalwart and superb old monarch did nothing of the kind. The scene on the hill at three o'clock: The King with Prince Frederick Charles and Baron Moltke, and a glittering company of princes and highnesses, and great Bismarck lying in his water-proof overcoat on the ground, supporting his puissant head in the white cap with the red band on a hairy French knapsack—and Phil Sheridan a few steps aside and ahead with his field-glass gazing steadily on the fight—and the King's carriage with the oriental servant on the right, the slope of the hill littered with dead horses—the burial party between the hills (if we may speak of hills in merely a rolling plain) dragging head and heels the fallen heroes into the broad, but not deep trench where the ripe fruit of ambition is gathered; the next slope facing westward so covered with dead that the resemblance to a flock of sheep lying among red rags is striking and obvious. Take this scene, and for a background give us a village with a single sharp stub of a spire and a burning house, a few dark lines and a great deal of smoke, and if the artist had the root of the matter in him and did not elaborate the King too much he might produce a picture not absolutely absurd, as are nearly all the war pictures in the world.

In the midst of the effervescence of feeling and general political excitement which now characterizes Spain, it is stated that Protestantism steadily gains ground. If a report published in Europe is to be relied upon, an important movement has commenced among a considerable number of priests, who seek to form an ecclesiastical organization on a liberal basis. They propose to constitute a free national Spanish church holding the Scriptures, the Apostles' Creed, and the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds. The discipline of the church to be carried on by a council of twelve presbyters and one president, and to be elected by a general assembly. Whenever two hundred presbyters are convened, they are to join a general assembly, by which a council will be elected, and the arrangement made for provincial assemblies or synods. Towns, etc., to elect their own ministers, who shall have been previously approved by the council. No charge to be made for the offices of the church. The ministers of the church to be on a social level with the members of their flocks, and to be considered as guiding brothers, not priests. The document from which we take these particular announcements that some forty ecclesiastics have given in their adhesion.

One of the religious papers says: "We have too many ministers; we have too few preachers. A minister is a member of one of the learned professions, and he feels it. A preacher is a man who has something to say and says it."

THE DOORSTEP TO DRINKING.—The S. S. Scholter says that everybody who smokes and chews don't drink; but every that drinks, smokes and chews. What is more, nearly every drunkard in existence began with tobacco.

The New York Times suggests to General Butler, in view of his recent fire-eating speech about the fisheries that it would be a more excellent way to try reciprocity instead of war.

There is a good prospect of war between Russia and Turkey. A rebellion against the Turkish power has broken out in Thessaly, the Russian fleet in the Baltic and Black seas are under sailing orders, and it is understood that the Khedive is awake and ready to take part in the game.

The gunner and 17 men saved from the English iron clad Captain have arrived at London and explained the mystery which surrounded the loss of that vessel. She was captured by a squall and turned completely over when her deck burst open and she went down like a stone.

It is stated that the Bowdoin Bank robbers have made an offer of 40 per cent. of the loss if they can be pardoned out of the State prison, and that they would rather pay the whole of it than stay at Thomaston any longer. But the Governor and Council have put a stopper on that matter, and the fellows will have to serve out their sixteen years and then in all probability be tried on another indictment.

The Captain General of Cuba sends despatches to Madrid announcing the near approach of the rebellion and declaring this will be followed by the grant of new liberties among which will be the privilege to send deputies to the Constituent Cortes at Madrid.

If a man gets up when the day breaks, can he be said to have a whole day before him?

## New Firm.

WE have this day entered into a partnership, under the name and style of MAYO BROTHERS, to carry on the

### BOOT & SHOE BUSINESS,

And will continue to occupy

The Old Stand opposite the Post Office.

Where will be found a full assortment of

### BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS,

For Ladies', Gentlemen's & Children's Wear.

We propose to enlarge our stock, and shall keep the largest assortment of Ladies', Misses and Children's Boots, Shoes and Rubbers to be found in Waterville.

We shall manufacture to measure

### GENTLEMEN'S CALF BOOTS,

BOTH PEGGED AND SEWED.

REPAIRING of all kinds neatly and promptly done. Also to be a cash business hereafter, we shall of course be able to give our customers better terms than heretofore, and we trust by prompt attention to business and fair dealing to deserve and receive a liberal share of public patronage.

Waterville, March 1, 1870.

O. F. MAYO A. L. MAYO.

THE above change of business, makes it necessary to settle all the old accounts of O. F. Mayo, and all indebted to the subscriber are required to call and pay the bills immediately.

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## THE OLD STAND

RE-OPENED.

Having bought the Stock in trade of the late W. A. Caffrey, I propose to continue the business at the old stand I shall have at all times a full assortment of

### FURNITURE,

Chairs, Mirrors, Feather Beds, &c.

And all goods usually kept in this line of business.

In addition to the above goods, I have the largest and best stock of

### CROCKERY & GLASS WARE

Ever opened in Waterville. Also

Tapestry, Three-ply, Ingrain, Hemp, Straw, and Oil Cloth Carpetings.

Burial Caskets and Coffins always on hand, at satisfactory prices.

I shall keep a full assortment of CHAIRS, SETS, Walnut, Chestnut, Ash and Pine. The Pine sets I have made by good workmen as can be found on the river. And they are worth very much more than those thrown together, as most of them are.

I shall keep a large variety of LAMPS, BRACKETS, GLOBES, &c., &c.

MIRROR PLATES fitted to Frames of all sizes.

REPAIRING and PAINTING Furniture done at all times.

All of the above goods I sell as low as any one in Waterville will sell on cash for customers to price them, and judge for themselves before purchasing.

C. H. REDINGTON.

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