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Maxham & Wing

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IS THIS ALL?

Sometimes I catch sweet glimpses of His face,
But that is all.
Sometimes He looks on me and seems to smile,
But that is all.
Sometimes He says a word of peace,
But that is all.
Sometimes I think I hear His loving voice,
But that is all.
And is this all He meant when thus He spoke,
"Come unto me?"
Is there no deeper, more enduring rest
In Him for those
Is there no steady light for those in Him?
O, come and see!
O, come and see! O, look and look again!
All shall be bright!
O, taste His love, and see that it is good,
Then child of night!
O, trust those, trust those in His grace and power!
Then all is bright.
May, do not wrong Him by thy heavy thoughts,
But let His love
Do thou full justice to His tenderness,
His mercy prove;
Take Him for what He is; O, take Him all,
And look above!
Then shall thy loving soul find anchorage
And rest and peace;
Thy love shall rest on His; thy weary doubts
Forever cease.
Thy heart shall find in Him and in His grace
Forever bliss!
Christ and His love shall be thy blessed all
Forevermore!
Christ and His light shall shine on all thy ways
Forevermore!
Christ and His peace shall keep thy troubled soul
Forevermore!
—Horatius Bonar.

THE ROCK OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

By Berthold Auerbach, Author of "On the Heights," etc.
CHAPTER IX.
A TRIUMPHAL SPOT.
MONTHS have gone by. The steamboat
stops at Fieselen, on the Lake of the Four Can-
tons, and from a carriage, whose arrival from
Italy was unmistakable, Herr Merz and his
daughter alighted, both looking sun-burnt and
ruddy. A large quantity of luggage was car-
ried on board the boat, and the Italian coach-
man thanked the gentleman and the lady with
great fluency. And after the boat had shoved
off he bade them good-by, accompanying his
words with the most lively southern gesticula-
tions.

On board the steamboat there was a promi-
nent company speaking a great variety of lan-
guages; but one common sentiment animated
the minds of all, as they gazed upon the grand
scenery and the cottages on the shores amidst
the steep cliffs. Each one received the im-
pression according to his own particular mood
and state, and the conversation was pitched
upon that peculiar key which is usual among
people when music is playing. As then they
listen to the melody without being conscious
that they are listening, so now a great variety
of subjects are talked of; but there was all
the time this accompanying feeling of the mag-
nificent natural scenery around them, pervading
all their converse, and often producing a sudden
silence.

Not far from the helmsman Louise sat alone,
looking out upon the landscape. She paid no
regard to the looks of which she was the ob-
ject, or to the casual observations which she
happened to overhear. Some took her for a
widow just out of mourning, and others for the
young, newly married wife of the old gentleman
who accompanied her.

Her father had come across a former deputy,
a member of the same political party, who
had joked Louise on not having fulfilled his
expectation that she would get married. Herr
Merz was now standing with the man on the
other side of the boat, and they were engaged
principally in talking over public affairs; they
were neither of them in active life, but they
still retained a lively interest in political mat-
ters. Herr Merz's old acquaintance informed
him that the daughter who had been betrothed
during that first winter at the capital had now
three children, and that he was to meet the
next day in Lucerne his youngest married
daughter, who had been on a wedding trip to
Italy. He had five daughters who were all
married—the youngest to a manufacturer and
the others to army and government officers.
He was lavish of his praise of the present gen-
eration of young men, differing in this from
many in our day; he said that they were less
romantic than we old men had been, more rea-
sonable and energetic. He made cautious but
unavoidable inquiries, how it had happened that
Louise was still single.

Herr Merz could not but declare that this
was, with the exception of the loss of his wife,
the one trouble of his life; he tried to submit
himself to it, and to renounce the hope of do-
mestic happiness for his child.
The friend of Herr Merz now called to an
army officer, a brother of his youngest daugh-
ter's husband, whom he had accidentally met
on the boat, and introduced him to Herr Merz
and Louise. They were making the circuit of
the lake, and Louise was afraid that the
evening, and perhaps a longer time, would be
spoiled by this chance meeting, to which the
beloved solitude would have to be sacrificed
without any adequate compensation. As they
passed a small bay of the lake they saw a bright
house, with a newly laid out garden, that looked
inviting. Louise heard it said that there was a
landing-place here, and she begged her father
to disembark. The place seemed so cheerful,
so attractive; there was no time to consider the
matter, the bell rang, Louise hastily raised her
hand-bag, and induced her father to take his,
the planks were shoved out, Louise and her
father went ashore, and the luggage was landed
after them.

From the shore Herr Merz said good-by to
his acquaintances, and Louise nodded a fare-
well to them, who stood looking in surprise,
and then quickly turned away.
"Thank you, father," exclaimed Louise,
drawing a long breath. "I don't know why it
is, but it seems to me that I've dreamed of this
place, just as it is, with the lake sparkling be-
fore it, the fountain bubbling up, the house
shining just like that, and the bell ringing as
it's ringing now up there in the village. Oh, it
is pleasant to know how many beautiful, quiet
spots there are in the world!"

The hostess came up and welcomed the
strangers in French. She said, pointing to the
house, that the two balcony rooms, in the corner
commanding the finest view, had been left va-
cant that very day. Caspar, the factorum of
the house, who proudly wore his high cap, and
with the name of the hotel embroidered on its band,
nodded to the hostess with a glance which said,
"They are people of rank; a man with three
orders in his button-hole bowed to them from
the stair-case." The house-dog, too, seemed to
consider it his duty to greet the travelers; he
settled himself before Louise, slowly winking
his eyes as he looked at her; the hostess mo-
tioned him away, but Louise said she liked ani-
mals, and called him to her; he sprang briskly
toward her, then ran back to his mistress, as if
to say: "You see, the strangers like me direct-
ly, they know at once that I'm a good fellow!"

Louise took her father's arm, and they went
toward the house. In front of it two children
were playing on a board. At one end, work-
ing a stick in the sand, as if rowing a boat, stood

a boy, dressed in a red blouse, his legs bare
from the ankles, covered by fine stockings; to
the short trousers, and wearing yellow shoes
of the natural color of the leather. A little
girl, in the picturesque costume of the province,
sat on a stool at the other end of the board, and
was begging the boatman to let her drink once
from the lake. The boy assented with a gra-
cious wave of the hand, and she bent low over
the sand, as if drinking.

Louise held her father back, saying, in a low
voice, "Oh, what a charming picture!" She
spoke to the children in French, and they an-
swered in the same language, the boy with a
sort of condescending politeness, the girl very
prettily.

Father and daughter went to their rooms,
which they found very pleasant. Louise left
all the arrangement to Herr Merz, who asked
about other inmates in the house, learning in
reply, that there was no danger of disturbance
from them, as they were artists who spent the
whole day strolling among the mountains.

Louise stood on the balcony, pressing her hands
to her breast, or stretching her arms out, as if
she would fly. When her father joined her she
exclaimed, "Oh, father, I feel as if pure happi-
ness were pouring down upon me. I did not
know there was such rest, such a dewy air to
breathe in the world."

"And you will find many pleasures here,"
her father replied. "There are five French
painters with their wives and husbands in the
house."

CHAPTER TEN.
A JOYFUL GREETING.

The quiet prospect from a firmly fixed dwell-
ing is most refreshing after one has been for
days viewing the swiftly passing scenery from
the moving cars or the deck of the steamboat.
With this feeling Louise and her father sat com-
fortably together on the balcony, looking out
over the lake and toward the mountains. No
sound was heard except the plashing of the
fountain in the garden, sometimes broken by
the shout of the children who were chasing
each other on the shore. The sunset glow
came over earth and sky, and the lake reflected
the ever-varying tints. Night drew on, the vil-
lage bells rang, the children hurried home. The
boy in the red blouse allowed no one but him-
self to ring the house bell, which called the
inmates together for supper.

When Herr Merz and his daughter entered
all eyes were turned toward them for a moment;
but the conversation, carried on entirely in
French, was quickly resumed. The father and
daughter sat, in conformity with the usual rule,
at the lower end of the table. The person at
the head appeared to be an old soldier, who
wore a mustache, white like his closely cut hair.
He turned to two ladies seated at his right and
left, and nodded, as if pleased with the appear-
ance of the new comers.

The strangers felt that they had entered a
circle of people forming a society of their own,
and that they must wait to see what reception
was given them. Opposite Louise sat a young
man who spoke to no one. Was he shut out
from the circle, or did he hold back voluntarily?
She could not decide. Before the meal
was over, he left the hall as if angry, without
bowing to any one. When the company rose
Louise nodded to the two children who had
met her so pleasantly on their arrival. In a po-
lite and easy manner their mother approached
her, and soon asked whether she had left chil-
dren at home, as she seemed so fond of them.
Louise colored slightly as she answered in the
negative. The company repaired to the read-
ing and music rooms, and Louise followed. A
few gentlemen moved toward the piazza and
began to smoke, Herr Merz among them. As
no one addressed him, he went alone to the gar-
den, and along the lake shore, till he was joined
by the gentleman who had sat at the head of
the table, and who introduced himself as an of-
ficer from French Switzerland. He was the
oldest regular guest of the house, and extolled
the happy manner of life in it, saying that there
was always a struggle in the minds of the in-
mates, whether they should recommend the com-
fortable place for the sake of its worthy pri-
or, fearing as they did that the comfort
would be destroyed by a crowd of visitors.

Louise, without staying long in the parlor,
came to join her father, who introduced his
daughter to the colonel. Louise asked what
had been the matter with her disconcerted-
looking opposite neighbor at table. The col-
onel explained that he was a German physician
accompanying a patient oppressed by a nervous
melancholy, who never left his room. The
young man was, of course, somewhat worn by
the society of his patient, who never wished him
to leave him; and, moreover, his discontent
must be considerably increased from the fact
that he did not speak French, and must feel
himself excluded from the society in the house.

The hostess told Louise that the full moon
would rise over the mountains about eleven
o'clock, and that she ought not to miss the won-
derful sight; Louise wanted to wait for moon-
rise, but both she and her father were so weary
that they went to rest and were soon asleep.

But Louise suddenly opened her eyes, awak-
ened by the bright light of the full moon. She
arose, stood at the window, and looked out at
the wonderful landscape in its dreamy light,
and at the lake reflecting the broad, bright
beams of the moon.
A boat was coming down the silver stream
of light from the upper lake; in it sat a man,
sending out a clear jodel into the moonlit night.
The boat came nearer, and nearer, the jodel
grew louder, more animated and powerful;
the house windows opened, voices of men and
women cried: "Monsieur Edgar!" "A shout,
which rose like a rocket, answered from the
lake, and more and more madly and merrily
jodelled the man in the boat. The host and
hostess, and the factorum Caspar, hastened to
the shore, calling out to each other: "Herr
Edgar is coming!" and the dog barked.

The boat came to land. A tall man wearing
a pointed hat, which he now lifted, greeted the
people of the hotel and those who appeared at
the windows as he sprang ashore. In a loud
voice he told them that, as there was now no
night steamer to the place, and he had not
chosen to wait in the neighborhood till the next
day, he had taken a boat and rowed himself
over.

Louise then heard the hostess say that his
corner room was no longer vacant, as a young
lady and old gentleman had taken it that very
day, but that they would probably not stay long.
The new-comer entered the house, and his

baggage was brought in after him. All became
still again, the moon shone over mountains and
the lake; all was quiet but Louise felt her heart
beat. What is this? Ah, we still meet strange
events, like those related in the old tales and le-
gends. Is not this such an event, that a man
should come floating over the moonlit lake,
and that a joyful welcome should meet him?
But how will it all look by daylight—in the
midst of the prose of our world, with its fixed
hotel rates?

The fountain before the house plashed and
bubbled, and it too, sounded as if it had learn-
ed the cry, "Monsieur Edgar! Monsieur Ed-
gar!" So it went on sounding till Louise went
to sleep.

CHAPTER XI.
THE NEW NEIGHBOR.

In the morning Louise did not wake until the
breakfast bell rang. Her father told her that
he had taken a long walk in the neighborhood,
and in compliance with her wish, had sent a
telegram to Lucerne ordering his letters and a
daily journal to be sent to him here. Louise
hardly knew what she had desired, sat up in
bed and tried to collect her thoughts, whether
she had been dreaming or it had been real.
She begged her father to wait for her in the
next room until she had dressed, but directly
asked him through the closed door whether he
had heard anything of a Monsieur Edgar who
had arrived during the night.

"Why, yes," replied her father; "and every
body is glad—the people of the inn, the guests,
the waiters, and especially Caspar, who said to
the cook: 'Now we shall have a jolly time!'
Monsieur Edgar is here!" And I heard him
speak to the inn-keeper about their again build-
ing the bridge for him to-day."

Louise wanted to tell her father that she had
witnessed the man's arrival, and to ask him
whether he had yet seen the bringer of so much
joy, but she refrained. They soon went
into the breakfast-room, where breakfast was
served at small round tables. At one table the
guests had all eyes directed to one person, and
talked only with him; and in his lap were seated
the boy with the red blouse, and the little
girl, who had on to-day a white dress.

He was tall, with a dark complexion, thick
heavy hair, and closely trimmed beard. His
voice was musical, and the expression of his
countenance friendly; he now put up his
eye-glass, which was lying before him on the
table, and asked some question, in a low tone,
of the mother of the two children.

He had evidently asked about Louise and her
father, for the answer was given in the same
low tone, and all eyes turned toward father
and daughter, who soon had the whole room
to themselves, as the company went into the
garden, where the new arrival, Monsieur Edgar,
was leading the children back and forth by the
hand.

"Strange contradiction!" said Herr Merz to
Louise. "The French, who have far less feel-
ing for freedom than for equality, are fanatical-
ly fond of decorations—they wear their badges
while they are traveling, and of all the places
in the world, here in the Swiss republic, where
there are no badges or ribbons."

"There may be some vanity at bottom," re-
plied Louise, "but they may also feel it to be a
duty to let it be seen that they are no ordinary
men, and he appears to be an extraordinary
man."

"Who?"
"Herr Edgar. As I saw him last night I
should never have believed that he would wear
by daylight, in the presence of these mountains,
where every thing of the kind seems so paltry,
a decoration like that." She narrated to her
father what had occurred, and there was a tone
of depression in her voice as she added that
nothing extraordinary would abide the light of
common day.

The hostess now entered, and, without being
questioned by the two strangers, said that Mon-
sieur Edgar was deeply beloved by every body;
that he had come up there from Rome for
several summers, had, said the last time, five
months, and had painted a splendid picture of
the region.

Louise's father asked whether the woman and
the two children belonged to him, and the host-
ess said no, adding that he was too jolly to be
a married man, and made no account of the ladies
but liked children, and was foolishly fond of
them.

Louise inquired whether they could not see
the points of view from which the artists now
were taking pictures.
The hostess shrugged her shoulder, saying
that painters were like the birds who flew to
their nests in some roundabout course, so as
not to betray the place where they were; that
they took particular care not to be disturbed in
their hiding-places, where they were busy, they
could not help it.

The men had all gone out, even the host and
Caspar had disappeared. The mother of the
two children was sitting with the rest of the
women on the shady side of the house, occupied
with some hand-work. Louise would have liked
to hear them company, but as she was not in-
vited to do so, she passed on.

He was silent in the house, and in the garden, except that the
two children were playing on the shore of the
lake with the dog, who seemed to be fully aware
of his duty to entertain the guests.

Now came along the nervous invalid with
his companion, and Louise and her father ac-
cused them; but as the invalid made a motion
to excuse himself, they went on without join-
ing their society.
Louise went to her room wishing to get her
materials for painting, and find out some good
point of view, but a peculiar shyness prevented
her from doing it. How could she venture
with her delicate attempts in the vicinity of
professional artists?

She went with her father to the village, and
they ascended a little elevation which was col-
lebrated for its beautiful prospect. Her father
was so fortunate as to find here a man who
passed his summers in the village, and had be-
fore him a bundle of the latest newspapers.
They easily became acquainted, and the man
offered to supply Herr Merz with the daily pa-
pers. He had once been a highly respected
member of the Swiss Confederate Assembly,
and Herr Merz soon became engaged with him
in a very animated discussion of politics, and
was invited with his daughter to go into the small
cottage, which the old man had fitted up com-
fortably; and, as all his children were married
off, he was living in it alone with his wife. It

was a refreshing glance into a quiet, retired
life.

When they left the house at noon, Herr Merz
said: "We less, sight altogether of how little
it takes to make us happy!"

"Dear father, that is no little, which these
persons possess; they have undisturbed quiet,
and a sufficient income, and these are no tri-
fles."

"Yes, yes," added her father; "if your moth-
er were still living, and you had married, I
believe that your mother and I would have se-
lected just such a small house, in some beau-
tiful spot; but if—that is a word one should
not allow himself to use."

When they returned to the inn the company
had just taken their seats at the dinner-table.
There was a lively discussion going on, because
Monsieur Edgar did not want to have any
change made in the previous arrangements.

He resisted the general desire that he should
sit at the upper part of the table among his
friends; the president was the only one who
said that he was in the right, and he took a
seat as the last comer, directly opposite Lou-
ise and next the physician, who looked sourly
at him. There was nothing said at this part
of the table, and the artists vanished as soon as
the cloth was removed.

In the afternoon Louise joined the ladies
who remained in the house, while her father
went with the acquaintance of the morning to
visit a neighboring silk manufactory.

When the artists returned at evening Louise
was introduced to them, and also to Monsieur
Edgar. After tea they assembled in the music-
room, and the mother of the two children sang
some pleasant French songs, accompanying her-
self on the piano, while her sister, a slender girl
with blonde locks, after much urging, played
the violin. The sight of the violin-player and
her beautiful motions was charming. Edgar's
eye was fixed steadfastly upon her. Louise
sat near her father, and whispered to him;
"Don't you think that the violinist looks like
Marie?"

Her father nodded. Monsieur Edgar now
took a vacant seat by the side of Louise, and
requested her to sing, or to play the piano.
She declared that she had no musical talent,
and the tone in which she said it was so sincere
that he believed her, and was fully con-
vinced that she did not out of affectation as-
sume a modest diffidence.

Louise expressed her thanks, but it struck
her as rather strange that the man, who had
seen so little of her, saw into the depths of her
soul. She wanted to ask how he came to have
so good an opinion of her, but she suppressed
the question, for perhaps—as she tried to per-
suade herself—this was a new specimen of
French politeness.

To his remark that he should have judged
from her voice in speaking that she could sing,
she replied, that in her younger years she did
have something of a voice for singing, but it
was so inferior that she had given up the prac-
tice.

He continued the conversation, and in apt
language upheld the claims of music as being
the only unifying art. "People of different na-
tions and different social circles find in the
realm of tones a point of oneness, which was
high above all tongues, and was something un-
derstandable."

He added, jestingly: "If the people who
were building the tower of Babel had known
how to sing, there would never have been the
confusion of tongues."

His manner of speaking was so simple and
effective, and whether in jest or earnest, was so
much to the point that there was plainly to be
discerned not only social tact, but also deep and
varied thought in many directions. Louise,
who was in the habit of constructing the whole
thought and sentiment in its entirety out of
single expressions which came from the depths
of conviction, looked with an expression of
pleasure at the speaker; but he rose after a
short time, seated himself by the violinist, and
then went with his friends into the garden.

Louise and the ladies soon followed. Jest
and laughter in the soft moonlight were heard
along the shore, mingled with the plashing of
the waves of the lake.

Louise felt at home in this circle of guests,
and when she was alone with her father, con-
gratulated him, and herself on their good for-
tune in having stopped here.

On the next morning the ex-representative
appeared with his boat in the front of the house,
and sent the boatman to Herr Merz to invite
him to take a sail far out on the lake and to
catch some fish. The village pastor, a jolly
comrade, who turned to good service his an-
gling craft, was to be of the company.

Louise ventured to take with her her little
sketching-book concealed under her mantilla,
and went by the road along the lake shore, then
up a hill to a point where there was an exten-
sive view, and, having made sure that there was
no one in sight, began to sketch.

As noon she returned from her work in ex-
cellent spirits, and there was much good-humor
at the table, for the three men had had good
luck in fishing, and their booty was a part of
the dinner.

The sky clouded over, but the painters were
not deterred from continuing their work.
Caspar, who united to his other multifarious
vocations that of an infallible weather prophet,
predicted a severe storm for the evening, and
they had hardly seated themselves at the sea-
table, when it began to thunder and lighten.
Only the ladies went into the music-room, but
they did not venture to strike a note now, when
the storm was raging so fearfully outside. The
artists had gone out to view the bright flashes
of lightning, and were only driven into the house
by the pouring rain.

The trial of George Vanderpool, for the
murder of his partner, Herbert L. Field, for-
merly of Auburn, Me., at Manchester, Michigan,
on the 17th of September, 1888, resulted in a dis-
agreement and discharge of the jury, they being
seven for conviction and five for acquittal.
Vanderpool was remanded to jail to await an-
other trial, and it is generally believed will
soon be released on bail. On the first trial he
was convicted and sentenced to imprisonment
for life.

General cases of hiccough, it is said, can be
relieved by holding the patient's arms straight
above his head and to keep inspiring as long as
possible, so as to retain the air in the lungs as
long as possible.

OUR TABLE.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, for October, has
the following articles:—
"Bacon Habitués: Sixtus V., Cook's Aryan Mythology,
Memoirs of a Russian Despotist; Dr. Newman's
Moral Assent; Ernest Moritz Arden; Sir John Lubbock's
Prehistoric Times; The Campaign of August 1870; Earl
Stanley's Death of Queen Anne; Germany, France and
England."

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Black-
wood's Monthly are promptly issued by the London Scot-
tish Publishing Company, 27, Walker Street, New York, the
terms of subscription being as follows:—For any one of
the four Reviews, \$4 per annum; any two of the Re-
views, \$7; any three of the Reviews, \$10; all four Re-
views, \$13; Blackwood's Magazine, \$4; Blackwood and
one Review, \$7; Blackwood and any two Reviews, \$10;
wood and the four Reviews, \$15—with large discount to
clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works
are sold by periodical dealers.

New volumes of Blackwood's Magazine and the British
Reviews commence with the January numbers. The
postage on the whole five works is but 60 cents a year.

PETERS' MUSICAL MONTHLY for December

contains the following pieces of music:—
"Fear Not, but Trust in Providence, a sacred ballad;
Sweetest Love, I'll not forget thee, Song; Little Dimpled
Hands, Song and chorus; Sunshine on the Sea, song; He
Sleeps 'neath the Shade of the Willow, quartet for mixed
voices, with accompaniment; The Star of Bethlehem,
Hymn for Advent of Christmas, music by Beethoven;
Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! Song for Sunday
School Children—two-part chorus; See the Leaves around
us Falling, Hymn; Through another year, Conducted,
New Year's Hymn, quartet; Pleasant Memories, Waltz;
Sweet Music, by A. Reinbach; Drive from Home,
Waltz, Ned Moss-Rose, Schottische.
Published by J. L. Peters, New York, at \$3 a year.
See advertisement on our fourth page.

THE PERILS OF POLITICAL LIFE.—If any
body supposes that a political career is hap-
piness, he has only to read a few chapters in
history, or to reflect upon the letter of the Vice-
President. His political life, as we said, has
been successful and distinguished, and few men
who have been for eighteen years in public
position have made so few enemies. It is not
to be supposed, of course, that he retires from
interest in public affairs, nor that he intends to
desert the political duties of a private citizen.
But he thinks, and justly, that he has given as
much of his life to public office as ought to be
demanded, unless he wishes to continue in it.
And in withdrawing he mentions the real thing
of an honest official career, the misrepresen-
tations which accompany it. For it is only when
a man takes office, or is proposed for it, that he
feels the full fury of party spirit. And never is
a human being so ludicrously contemptible
as when he is, not severely criticizing the cul-
pable conduct of a political opponent, but in-
dulging party malignity. This malignity
would be infinitely funny if it were not so ter-
rific. It is one of the chief impediments to
civilization, for this, among many other reasons,
that it so utterly perplexes judgment by its en-
ormous falsehoods. The philosophers say that
Nature is so intent upon certain results that
she overcharges certain instincts and passions,
so as to be superfluously sure of them. And
this is also the law of party spirit, which burns
a house down to roast a pig.

The ingenuity with which the simplest facts
are distorted by party spirit into the most blas-
phemous significances is exquisitely comical. The
most familiar details of life are invested with
unreal mystery. If a distinguished gentleman
is seen going North or South or East or West—
what is he going for? If he wears a red cravat—
he is secretly a *sans-culotte*. If he wears a
yellow waistcoat—he is no friend of Ireland.
The distinguished Mr. Jones meets his friend
Smith, and they have a chat about the weather.
Party spirit publishes the interesting fact that
Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith were closeted in earnest
conversation, and begs a naturally indignant
people to keep calm at all hazards, and entreats
the judicious, upon retiring at night, to look un-
der their beds for torpedoes. The minister in
the Feejee Islands or at Behring Straits sends
a telegram, and to save money signs it Short
or Long, omitting the Tobias and Timothy.
"Ah-ha!" snorts the watchful spirit of party.
"behold the demoralization of foreign courts!
Kings and noblemen call themselves merely
William, or Charles, or Wellington, or De Bro-
glie; so this debased American, whose soul is
eaten up by skepticism and who grovels in
spirit before the proud upstarts of an effete
despotism, signs himself Short instead of Tobias
Short and Long, forthwith, instead of Timothy
Long! Laugh! Out upon such spanks!"
Bless your soul, dear reader, they only do it to
save a expense!

These are the absurdities; but there are the
malignities also. What a spectacle it is, that of
a really clever man sitting down to tax his wit
for the most caustic and elaborate misrepresen-
tation of something which he perfectly well
knows to be simple and intelligible! Labori-
ously to increase the misunderstanding and
falsehood and ill feeling in the world is cer-
tainly the most pitiful of human tasks. But it
is one which party spirit relentlessly requires.
—Editor's Easy Chair, in Harper's Magazine
for December.

A very fine example of the natural purifica-
tion of water by filtration through sand has
been lately shown at Cape Cod. An iron tube
has been sunk fifteen feet through the constan-
tly shifting sands of the cape, fifteen or twenty
feet from high water mark, and not more than
three feet above it, and the water in this tube
rises and falls with the tide; and yet strange to
say, although more than one hundred barrels
of water have been pumped from it at one time,
the water is "all fresh, and not the slightest
trace of saline taste is perceptible in it." Indeed,
so excellent is the quality of the water, that
outgoing vessels supply themselves with water
from this well.

Never whip your horse for becoming fright-
ened at any object by the roadside; for if he
sees a stump, a log, or a heap of timber in the
road, and while he is eyeing it carefully and
about to pass it, you strike him with the
whip, it is the log, or the stump, or the tim-
ber that is hurting him, in his way of reason-
ing, and the next time he will act more fright-
ened. Give him time to examine and smell
these objects.

The co-operative shoe manufactory at Vas-
salarbo held their semi-annual meeting a few
days ago and re-elected the old board of of-
ficers. The result of the first half year has ex-
ceeded the expectations of the stockholders, and
operations on a more extensive scale will be re-
sumed in a few days, says the Portland Free-
Press.

PHYSIOLOGICAL EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL.—
An important memoir upon the effects of al-
cohol upon the human body was lately read
before the Royal Society of London, giving the
result of experiments prosecuted by two emi-
nent army surgeons upon intelligent British
soldiers. This man was perfectly healthy, and
entirely unaccustomed to the use of spirits or
tobacco in any form; so that the effects pro-
duced were direct, and could be readily appre-
ciated. It was ascertained that small quantities
of absolute alcohol—say one or two fluid ounces
—given in divided doses, seemed to increase
his appetite, while four fluid ounces lessened it
considerably, and larger quantities almost de-
stroyed it. While this particular effect may
have been the result of peculiarities of constitu-
tion in the individual experimented upon, it is
also possible that, in case of disease, much
smaller quantities of alcohol might affect the ap-
petite. The number of beats of the heart in
24 hours was increased very largely—to an
average of at least 18 per cent.—and the ac-
tual work done by the heart, in excess of the
normal task, was found to be equal to that of
lifting 12 tons one foot; and, indeed, during the
last two days of the experiment the extra work
amounted to 24 tons.

The general conclusions from this experi-
ment and others which we have not time to men-
tion, are very decided that, in case of ordinary
health, the use of alcohol, even in small doses,
is very much to be reprehended; but that,
when the system is run down and enfeebled, it
may be given as a stimulant, and for the pur-
pose of causing the organs of the body to act with
greater vigor. [Editor's Scientific Record, in
Harper's Magazine for December.]

Judge Jones, of Southeastern Missouri, do-
tore, was a man remarkable in his way as a
jurist, while holding court in Burke county, a
motion was made by Mr. Edsall, an able at-
torney, for a change of venue in a criminal case,
wherein, for cause, it was alleged that the judge
was so prejudiced against the defendant that he
could not obtain an impartial hearing from him.
Whereupon Judge Jones said: "Mr

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Gardiner, May 10, 1870.

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