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Maxham & Wing

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TEACH US TO WAIT.

BY PHILIP CARY.

Wait, we are so impatient of delay,
 Longing forever for the time to be;
 For thus we live to-morrow in to-day,
 Yea, sad to-morrow we may never see.

We are too hasty; are not reconciled
 To let kind nature and her work alone;
 We plant our seed, and like a foolish child
 We dig it up to see if it has grown.

The good that is to be, we covet now,
 And cry, that death has triumphed, life is void!
 We do not trust the promise, that the last
 Of all our enemies shall be destroyed!

With rest almost in sight, the spirit faints,
 And heart and flesh grow weary at the last;
 Our feet would walk the city of the saints,
 Even before the silent gate is passed.

Teach us to wait until Thon shall appear—
 To know that all Thy ways and times are just;
 Thou seest that we do believe and fear,
 Lord, make us also to believe and trust!

AN ODD FIX.

WHEN it came at last to asking Samuel Rowley's consent to pay my addresses to his ward, I knew it was all over with me. I felt that it was all over directly I was shown into the library, where Samuel Rowley sat before the fire, roasting his gouty feet, and reading his Times newspaper. I felt it was so completely all over with me that I would gladly have backed myself out of the room without entering into any particulars as to the object of my visit. I would have cheerfully informed him that I was an agent for Boshier's Hair-restorer, and had called with a sample which might be returned if not approved after one day's rubbing. But he knew me, and I knew him. He understood perfectly well why I had solicited the honor of an interview with him at twelve o'clock A. M.; he was a sharp old gentleman, who had had his eyes on me for some time, and was not to be imposed upon.

He said, "Take a seat, Mr.—I forget your name," and then he fumbled with his glasses, and referred to my polite epistle, which lay on the table near him.

I took a seat and nursed my hat. I perspired a little. I had a tremulous motion of my knees come on, which made me look ridiculous. I waited for him to begin but he did not. I began myself, after one or two secret encounters in my throat with a something which felt very much like a cork out of a soda-water bottle.

"You are not aware—that is, you can not but be aware—that I have long regarded your ward Clara with—did you speak, Sir?"

"No, Sir, I did not speak."

He had given an awful cough of a double-knock character, that was all. He kept his glasses on his nose, and focussed me, and the operation was unpleasant. He was not pleasant in his reception of my statement either; he was decidedly unpleasant, not to say desperately disagreeable. But then he was a cross, ill-grained old fellow; every body knew it in Wolverston, and I have no particular reason to disguise it here.

I recommended my statement; I poured forth the best feelings of my heart, and with an eloquence that might have melted adamant I confessed to him that Clara was my one ambition. As I have said already, I knew it was all over with me, but I was poetic even in the midst of my despairing consciousness.

Mr. Rowley set aside his newspaper, drew his chair an inch or two closer to me, put his great hands—rather disposed to be gouty like his feet—upon his knees, and surveyed me from head to foot contemptuously.

"May I ask your age, young man?" he said. This was my weak point of defense, but I told him.

"Seventeen."

"And how did you first become acquainted with my Clara, who is a year your junior, the husky?"

"Well, Mr. Rowley, it has been a long attachment. My finishing school at Beesborough was situated opposite her finishing school, and we saw each other at church; and I think—"

"I think that you both ought to be horse-whipped!" he said, fiercely, interrupting me; "and as for my consent to Clara's engagement to a boy like you—I will even go so far as to say a whizzer-snapper like you—"

"A whizzer-snapper, Sir!"

"I repeat it, a whizzer-snapper!" cried old Rowley, becoming very red and apoplectic in appearance. I decline to listen to your preposterous proposal for one instant. Clara is only sixteen, and does not know her own mind—she is a mere child."

"But we shall both grow older, Mr. Rowley."

"Ah, and more sensible, I hope. Good-morning."

"Good-morning, Sir."

I did not wait to tell him of my expectations from my grandmother, or to reason with him on his want of justice and consideration. I went away crest-fallen and heart-broken. I dashed from the library in despair, and brought my forehead against that of my beloved with a concussion that was nearly the means of stretching our senseless forms outside the tyrant's den, the victims of his cruel obesity. Clara, naturally interested in the result of my interview with her guardian, had forced her pure but anxious soul to listen at the library keyhole. I had retired in haste, and flooded her.

"Oh, my gracious!" she sobbed forth; "I did not know you were coming out like that! Oh, my head! Oh, how dreadful! Oh, Alphonse, we must part forever!"

She rested her head on my shoulder, and shed many tears. I kissed away her tears; I patted her head fondly, keeping clear of the bumps which I had raised there. I could scarcely see her golden hair for tears myself—the water had risen into my eyes immediately we had met each other. I sought to calm her emotion. I bade her be firm, and I recommended vinegar and brown paper for her damaged brow. I said that I should try them myself when I got home. I told her that I would die rather than relinquish her; she said the same thing in a burst of uncontrollable emotion; and we renewed our vows of eternal fidelity, and tore ourselves from each other's arms, crushed in spirit, but strong yet to resist unjust oppression.

I told all my troubles to Jack Edwards, my bosom friend and adviser. Jack and I had been school-fellows together; we were going into the medical profession together presently; my father had resolved that I should walk the hospital instead of the rosy path of love. Jack heard my story, and said that he would not have stood half of old Rowley's nonsense; but what he would have done under the circumstances he did not impart to me at the time, and I forgot to ask him afterward.

Clara and I met clandestinely. We were lovers; we had been lovers from our youth; the fifty heart of a guardian who had outlived mortal passion was not to stand between our fresh young souls.

I met Clara in the village; I scaled the par-

fence, and met her in the green wood; and Jack, good fellow, kept watch on the door of the Hall and old Rowley's library windows with a telescope, lest we should be surprised at any moment. Clara and I passed much of our time talking of what we should do when she came into possession of her property at twenty-one, and my grandmother favored me by departing from this earthly sphere; but it was a sharp winter, and our teeth chattered over our prospects. Clara and I used to arrange our meetings in this wise. Clara had a confidant in the game keeper, Peter Stokes, an invaluable man, with a weakness for tobacco, and with a heart all charity toward his fellow-creatures. Peter was always getting up subscriptions for his fellow-creatures in the village; and what with his subscriptions—and his tobacco—I kept him entirely in tobacco—my pocket-money knew but little rest. Still he had a good heart, and was kind to us. He took charge of our correspondence, which was carried on by a circumlocutionary but sure process. Clara gave it to her maid Selina, another confidante—who, alas! proved herself a perfidious snake,—and Selina intrusted it to Peter, who took it to a garbled monarch of the forest—an oak-tree in fact—and concealed it from all human gaze in a small hollow cavity some ten feet from the ground, where, at a late hour, I found it and deposited my answer, to be conveyed by the same process into my dearest Clara's hands.

Peter was a lank old man, and very wiry; he could climb a tree like a squirrel, and I was agile myself. The whole conception was romantic, if you will, but grand! I thought so, Clara thought so. The idea was from Millais's picture, which we had both carefully studied; and if Peter had not generally deposited his small notes to myself at the same time, asking my "kind considerations, as a gentleman born with a kind heart, to an afflicting case in the parish," the romance would have been pure and unalloyed.

Clara defied the obdurate guardian for two months; it was February when Selina Muggins betrayed us. I was advancing, in an innocent and unsuspecting manner to the secret post-office in the wood, half a mile from Mr. Rowley's house, when I became conscious of the whole perfidy. I was close upon the tree—that brave old oak which had held so many secrets—when voices in another direction filled my soul with horror. They were the voices of Samuel Rowley, Esq., J. P., and Peter Stokes, my Mercury. I sank down in the long grass—there was a rapid dash that morning, and the damp struck to me at once—and trembled for my love. I was not an instant too soon; their footsteps were upon me. Mr. Rowley's right foot was nearly upon me also; he shaved my features by a hair's breadth, and passed on. The harsh tones of his voice rang in my ears an instant afterward.

"You don't consider yourself an abominable scamp, I suppose," Mr. Rowley, said "an unprincipled old vagabond, to act as a go-between to a silly school-girl and that idiot of a boy! You never thought of the harm of encouraging this, did you?"

"I'm werry sorry, Sir, whimpered Peter. Teaching my ward to be deceitful for the sake of a few shillings, I suppose?"

"I've never had a ha'penny, your honor, much more a sixpence."

Neither had he. They were generally half-crowns he was in the habit of receiving from me.

"You deserve to be kicked out of my service, Stokes—drummed out of the village, for a wicked old boy poeitic!"

"They was werry fond of each other, Sir, and Miss Clara used to ask me so beseechingly; and when I told her there was harm in writing to Master Huskisson without her dear guardian's knowing any thing about it, she allers said it was for the last time, Sir—really."

"If it was not for your age, Stokes, I'd send you about your business this very day."

"I'm werry sorry, Sir," Stokes said again, shedding many tears.

"Is this the tree?"

"Yes, Sir, that's the tree."

"And Clara's last letter is up there now, eh? In that hole? Now no more lies!"

"Yes, Sir, in that hole."

"How on earth do you get at it?"

"Master Huskisson climbs up there, Sir, for his answers. I'll go up and fetch down Miss Clara's letter in a minute."

There was a small epistle of his own he wished to obtain as well, perhaps; or it was possible that his noble mind had suggested some scheme to save dear Clara's missive from sacrilegious eyes. But Mr. Rowley suspected this old servant.

"Stop where you are, Stokes!" he roared forth; "I'll have no more of your monkey tricks. Give me a back."

"Give you a wot, Sir?"

"Bend your back, you rascal, and I'll jump on it, and get the letter myself."

"Jump on it!" repeated Stokes, with a look of dismay at Rowley's portly figure; "It don't strike me that I can bear your weight, master."

"It will be only for a minute," said Mr. Rowley, quite brutally; "and if I break your back, it will serve you right enough. I'm not an elephant man, and I will have no more of this nonsense."

Mr. Stokes resisted no farther. He made his back as if about to commence a game at leap-frog with a justice of peace; and, with more agility than I had given Mr. Rowley credit for, the guardian was aloft, and within an inch or two of our letter-box.

"Oh, lor! shall you be long, Sir?" asked Mr. Stokes, groaning softly to himself.

"Raise your shoulder, you rascal, a little more," cried his employer.

Stokes did so, and from my hiding-place I saw the hand of Mr. Rowley strive, with some difficulty—for it was a fat, gouty hand, I have already said—to force itself into that casket, which had contained so many of dear Clara's epistles. Samuel Rowley was an excitable man; for he swore a little in his efforts, and turned very red, and moved his feet restlessly upon poor Stokes's back.

"I have got it!" he cried at last. "The artful jade—the cunning, plotting little mix, to serve her own guardian in this—Oh!"

"What's the matter, Sir?"

"Wait a moment, Stokes—don't shake. Oh, lor, have mercy upon it! Oh, damn it! Oh, dear, what is so to be done?"

"Is anything partickler the matter, Sir? Not a ladder, I hope, or a nest of serpents, or any-

think?" and old Stokes hid his head a little more—tucked in his tuppenny we called it at school—to conceal his laughing and sardonic countenance.

"No, Stokes; it's something much worse, I'm sorry to say."

"Wus, Sir?" said Stokes, who left off laughing immediately.

"Yes; I—I can't get my hand out!"

"The devil you can't, Sir!" cried Stokes, in dismay.

"It's twisted somehow, or swollen or the wood has gripped me. Wait a moment, Stokes—Oh, it's all up with me! I can't!"

"Take it quiet, Sir. Keep cool or you'll never do it—don't hagitate yourself; but for God's sake look sharp. I'm a-cracking."

"Don't move, Stokes—as you are a man, don't move! If you were to drop, I can not imagine what would become of me. It will be all right in a minute."

"Make it less, if you can," groaned Stokes; "All the blood's got into my head, orful. Oh, lor, what is to be done? Are you out, Sir?"

"No, I'm not; I'm fixed, Stokes. I'm a dead man if you move; I am indeed."

Stokes burst into tears, and howled with all his might; and Mr. Rowley shouted a great deal, and swore a great deal too. Stokes would have run for it probably, for he was succumbing fast to the dead weight above him, had not Mr. Rowley held him by the throat with his boots, and fixed him too. In another moment I had sprung to my feet, and was rushing to the rescue.

"I am really very sorry, Mr. Rowley; can I be of any assistance?"

"Assistance, you—you—young dev—! Yes, you can, my dear child. Run for a ladder, and a saw, or something, as quick as lightning, to the house."

"Hi—hi—hollo!" shrieked Stokes, as I prepared to obey Mr. Rowley's commands; "don't run; come here, and let me run, or bust up I must! Oh, lor, Master Huskisson, don't leave me any longer—do come and take a turn. He's not so heavy when you're used to him—he isn't indeed."

I saw the necessity of advancing to the rescue at once and so did Mr. Rowley. I was tall for my age and tolerably strong, and I hastened to take the place of Mr. Stokes, which I did with great caution on all sides. Behold me at last bearing the guardian of Clara on my shoulders, and feeling terribly the weight of my responsibility as he stood with his face to the tree, still exercising his ingenuity to get his hand out of the trap.

"I hope I'm not too heavy for you, Master Huskisson," he condescended to say, politely, for the sight of me was even pleasant to witness.

"Not at all," was my cheerful answer. "You'll make yourself as light as you can to oblige me, perhaps?"

I had not quite done growing, and man is fragile during that process. Mr. Rowley was very heavy, and Stokes was wrong in his assertion—wickedly wrong.

"This is all your fault, mind you, Huskisson. This might have been my death," he said, reproachfully.

"Yes, Mr. Rowley, if I hadn't been in the way," was my happy rejoinder.

"Ah! but"—he looked round with difficulty, and found Stokes still there, making every human effort to straighten his back before flying on his mission. "Curse it, Stokes, run for your life! don't stand there, you wretched lunatic, another instant!"

Stokes ran away, and I was left as the one support of Mr. Rowley. Stokes had not been gone more than a minute and a half, when I wished that he had remained and shared the weight with me. I tried to keep firm, but the difficulty was immense.

"Boy, you're giving! Don't shake so. Keep yourself more against the tree," Mr. Rowley called down.

"All right. I'll do it for Clara's sake, if it's possible; but if I snap—"

Then I remembered that he had called me a whizzer-snapper; and so did he too, I think, and was sorry.

"Oh, you'll keep up," he said, offering me every encouragement in his power. "You're a big boy for seventeen, and I'm only nine stone ten—not a great weight. I've seen people in a circus do this kind of thing for hours, you know."

It was a gross exaggeration, and I felt it to be one. I was getting faint also. I had undertaken too much; and his language at times was still violent, as he endeavored to extricate his hand.

"If I should die, Sir," I said feebly, "will you please give my love to Clara? Tell her I did all I could to bear up—and to bear you up. Oh dear! Did you say nine stone ten?"

"I did."

"I should have thought you had been ninety," I murmured.

"You're giving!" he roared again, with a vehemence that revived me. "Keep up a little longer, my dear boy. I can hear them coming in the distance."

Which was another falsehood; but no matter. Mr. Rowley was not a truthful man. I set myself firmly against the tree, according to his instructions, but it was of no avail. My heels, in a few more minutes, would slide gracefully away from me, I was certain, and the guardian of my Clara would be swinging a martyr by one arm, like an early Christian saint. His blood would be on my head, and so would he, if he came down with his whole weight—perhaps armless—on the top of me.

"Keep up!" he cried, in a great fright now. "You shall see Clara when you like my boy. I will not say a word against the match any more. You're a fine, strapping, brave fellow, that you are a young Hercules!"

"Thank you, Mr. Rowley," I answered; and his words did sustain me a little, and helped me to sustain him.

But I was sliding, slowly but surely from under his feet when assistance arrived—men with ladders and saws and chisels; and Clara, too, wild with fright, and with tears streaming down her cheeks.

"Oh, my poor gurdy!" she cried. Oh, you wicked Alphonse! it is all your dreadful fault."

This was the last feather on the camel's back. I fell forward, and a grand rush of the servants at Mr. Rowley's legs only saved the guardian from summary dislocation on the spot. He was got down with difficulty; and once down he was not grateful.

"A pretty fool you have made of me!" he said to Clara as he walked away rubbing his wrist; "and a pretty pair of fools you and that boy are, too!"

Still, after all, he was not so bad as I had expected to find him. He was a man who kept his word, and for that I have always respected old Rowley. Clara and I saw each other in a more rational manner. I went to the Hall once or twice; she was at my house on my eighteenth birthday, at a little party which my mamma absurdly called "juvenile" in the invitations; and there Jack Edwards was too attentive to Clara, and raised a jealous demon in my breast.

I went to London shortly afterward. Clara and I were to be engaged when I "passed," and if we were of the same mind, her guardian said. But we were not. While I was walking the hospitals a fellow in the tall tower walked off with Clara, and I do not think she resisted in the least.

It was an excellent match, though he was forty-seven and very stout. I went down to the wedding, and returned thanks at the breakfast for the bridemaids, one of whom has promised to be mine when I set up business for myself.

BOFFIN'S BOWER.—The latest Boston notion is the opening of a "Boffin's Bower" up on Washington street, intended to provide opportunities for social enjoyment for the "laboring youth," by which is probably meant boys who are apprenticed to trades and are obliged to work all day in shops. The originator of this enterprise, Miss Jennie Collins, has herself been a working woman, and being a warm admirer of Dickens, has taken from our Mutual Friend the name for the establishment she has opened. It is thus described by one of the newspapers:

With the nucleus of a fund Miss Collins engaged and paid the rent for the upper floor of the building, No. 815 Washington street. It contains two rooms. The larger of the two is fitted up as a hall, with plain but comfortable settees, which will accommodate three hundred persons. There is a carpeted platform and small desk at the Washington street end, a nice Chickering piano, a large stove at the side and a few pictures hang upon the walls. In this room the "Boffin Family" have meetings one or two evenings in each week, and those who do not arrive before eight o'clock are often puzzled to obtain standing room.—Thus far there have been diversified entertainments. Music of a higher order than is generally obtained outside of the concert hall, declamations, dramatic readings and brief but pithy speech-making have combined to while away some very pleasant evenings. The "Family" is regularly organized with a constitution and board of officers, headed by a lady President. There are three committees—upon music, the drama and literary entertainments—whose duties are to provide agreeable and profitable methods of spending each evening. There is no admission fee either at the door or to the rolls of the society. All are welcome, and the only requisite is good behavior.

Just here, a word or two of description of the lady referred to in this article may not be out of place, although she is quite well known throughout New England. Miss Jennie Collins is emphatically a working girl. Once employed in a factory, then in a kitchen, and from that to a tailor shop, she has worked her way upwards, stimulated by an active brain and a grasping desire for intelligence. She has written and published a volume upon "Nature's Aristocracy," delivered hundreds of lectures and addresses, and worked in season and out of season, from Kansas to Maine, in the advocacy of the plans which she believes to be best for the elevation of the masses. She is, perhaps, upwards of 30 yrs of age, possesses a very nervous and sensitive temperament, and is completely wrapped up in the cause of woman. Her form is petite, and she has dark hazel and piercing eyes. Altogether, she looks just what she is, an earnest, self-sacrificing worker in behalf of humanity.

SOAR SUDS, although generally deemed only fit for being run off into the common sewer in the easiest manner possible, are nevertheless highly beneficial vegetable feeders, as well as useful insect preventives. They should never be wasted, especially by parties having gardens, as their application to the ground, whether in Winter or Summer, will show beneficially, not only on ordinary vegetable crops, but also on berry bushes, shrubs, border flowers, and even window pot plants; while if poured or syringed over roses, cabbages, etc., they will prevent, or at least mitigate, the mischievous doings of the green fly and caterpillar.

Artemus Ward once, during a journey across the Plains, ordered a stage driver a drink of whiskey from his flask, which was refused in most decided terms. Said the driver, "I don't drink. I won't drink. And I don't like to see anybody else drink. I am of the opinion of those mountains—keep your top cool. They have got snow and I've got brains; that's all the difference." There is a wealth of wisdom in the sententious remark, "keep your top cool." The fountain of man's power and happiness is in his brain. Alcohol is a foe of the brain and when it gets there, either benumb it or perverts its action. Remember the stage driver's curt philosophy.

A writer in one of the newspapers, in reply to the question "will cranberries cure erysipelas?" says—"A lady visited our family a few days since, and stated that her daughter had the erysipelas quite bad. We called to mind the remedy recommended by the New Haven editor. On returning home in the evening she found the disease was spreading rapidly, and had assumed a frightful appearance. She immediately applied a poultice made of cranberries, which seemed to arrest it at once, and the second poultice effected a complete cure."

CARLYLE, after emptying his quiver of more satirical arrows than any brother essayist, coolly says:—"Sarcasm I now see to be, in general, the language of the devil; for which reason I have long since as good as renounced it."

Thomas Wadsworth, Esq., one of the oldest citizens of Augusta, died at his residence on Oak street, on Friday last, in the 68th year of his age.

OUR TABLE.

THE NATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.

For December has an appetizing bill-of-fare for its Sabbath School constituency. It contains, among other things, a very readable article by Rev. J. R. McLean, entitled, "Sunday Schools, the Church Garden;" Joseph Allen, D. D., continues the series on "Mental Faculties for Sunday School Teachers," which shows much analytical power on the part of the author, and Rev. B. K. Pierce gives some really interesting facts concerning "Juvenile Reform." The magazine, besides the above, contains the usual outfit for a Sabbath School teacher, the perfection of which has made it so invaluable to the Sunday School workers.

The publishers promise an enlargement for 1871, and still further improvements, which will place the TEACHER beyond comparison with any other Sunday School magazine in the world. They offer to send specimen copies free until January 1st, 1871. Send to Adams, Blackeger, & Lyon, Pub. Co.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW for October.

has the following table of contents:—

The Mobster Inscription; The Poems of Shelley; The Growth of Trades-Union; Philosophy, Psychology, and Metaphysics; The Russian Church and Clergy; Uses and Requirements of English Diplomacy; Vatican Council; Contemporary Literature.

For terms, etc., see advertisement on last page.

ARTHUR'S LADY'S HOME MAGAZINE for January.

is already on our table, and fills the liberal promise made in the announcement for 1871. The colored steel-plate is one of the finest we have seen; the rich Cartouche entitled "The Skein Winders," is a picture of high artistic beauty, and gives elegance and character to this "Queen of the Lady's Magazines." "Grandpa's Darling," "Going to School," and "Coming from School," are three charming pictures. In elegance, beauty and attractive reading, Arthur's Home Magazine claims to lead all others of its class. Send to the publishers, T. S. ARTHUR & SONS, Philadelphia, Pa., a stamp for postage and get a January number as a sample. Terms, \$2.50 per year, 10 copies for \$5. A great variety of useful and elegant premiums are offered for subscribers and clubs.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.—Here we have the January number of this magazine, with its wealth of sweet pictures, and its supplement of "Christmas Carols." The "Hour" is conceded on all hands to be the purest, sweetest and most beautiful periodical for children in the world. Mothers and fathers, take it for your little ones. Let its tender and benign influence come monthly to your children. It will do them good. Don't put it off until to-morrow, but send \$1.25 to-day, while the matter is fresh in your minds, to T. S. ARTHUR & SONS, Philadelphia, and get it for your Holiday present. It will be one of the cheapest and best gifts you have ever made them. Specimen numbers sent free, on receipt of a stamp for postage.

MANUFACTURER AND BUILDER.—The December number closes the year with a well filled, number abounding in articles of practical value, several of which are handsomely illustrated. It is a second article on "The History of Art and Aesthetics;" a description of the manufacture of Vulcanized Rubber; A New method of Laying the Road; Simple Life-Saving Apparatus; Road Steamers; Protection for our homes; Improvements in House Warming, Fire-Place Heaters and Heating Ranges; The Solar Engine; A plan of a Submarine Boat, with elevators, etc.

Published by Western & Co., N. York, at \$1.50 a year.

ANECDOTE OF BEECHER AND CHAPIN.—

Speaking of Churches reminds me of an anecdote of Henry Ward Beecher and Dr. Chapin. During their summer vacation, they were traveling a short stage route together, and according to their wont—and I may say, the wont of all good men on such occasions—rode upon the outside, passing the time most agreeably in genial conversation and in admiring the scenery. At one of the stopping places on the route, a countryman asked them "could they make room for him up there?" which they cheerfully did. Soon after taking his seat Mr. Beecher entered into conversation with him, and finding that he had recently returned from a visit to New York, and to use his own expression, had seen enough of it, asked him if he stopped over Sunday and went to meeting there. He said he did and went over to Brooklyn to hear a fellow preach; he did not remember his name. "Henry Ward Beecher?" suggested Dr. Chapin. "Yes, that was his name." "How did you like him?" said Dr. Chapin, slyly winking at Mr. B. "Oh, very well," said the countryman. "Did you go to hear him in the afternoon?" said Mr. B. "No, I went up town to hear another big fellow." "Dr. Chapin?" suggested Mr. B. "Yes, that was the name." And which did you like best?" said Mr. B. winking at Dr. C. "O, thunder!" said the countryman, "Dr. Chapin can preach Beecher right out of his boots!" You had better believe that there was a pretty loud shout went up from that coach for a little while,—a shout that astonished the countryman, who failed to recognize his jovial fellow travellers.—[Exchange.]

THE Maine Farmer says the only fuel used in the steam mills of the Kennebec and Lumber Company in Augusta and Pittston, is sawdust produced from the manufacture of lumber. The power thus furnished is entirely without cost to the manufacturers. The ice business on the Kennebec river has already created a large demand for the article, giving it a positive commercial value. We are informed that the average daily product of sawdust from the two mills above mentioned, is not less than forty dollars per day, reckoning the price at \$1 per cord, making an annual value of more than \$12,000, a pretty good income from what was formerly useless to the millman, and was either thrown away or given away to whoever would take the trouble to carry it off. During the last spring, the sawdust at Gardiner and Pittston, used for stowing ice on shipboard was \$2 per cord, and the demand was greater than the supply. The preparations on the river for putting up a still larger amount of ice this winter, will doubtless create a greater demand for sawdust for shipping purposes, and will probably increase the price to not less than \$3 per cord.

The King of Greece received General Sheridan with the exultant remark that he was glad to take by the hand a countryman of George Francis Train. As soon as he escaped from the royal presence, Little Phil. turned to the colonel, and said: "If you have no objections, Colonel, we will hereafter travel in the disguise of Caffirs. One more such reception as that would kill me."

THERE are three modes of bearing the ills of life: by indifference, which is the most common; by philosophy, which is the most ostentatious; and by religion, which is the most effectual; for it is religion alone that can teach us to bear them with resignation.

Fifty British subscribers, headed by Earl Shaftesbury and Earl Clarendon and the Rothschilds, contributed \$5000 for the widows and orphans of the Onondaga disaster, and the money has been sent to Mr. Thornton, the British minister at Washington, for distribution.

THE Portland Advertiser, closes some remarks upon the late murder trial with the following paragraph:—

The Hallowell tragedy did not end in a farce, and offers but poor encouragement to those husbands who, like the boy who liked a day just rainy enough to keep him from school but not sufficient to prevent him from fishing, have enough affection for their wives to murder their neighbors on suspicion, but not to live with them, or abstain from beating them. This result must be extremely unpalatable to that valuable portion of our community, who approve of the death penalty on mere suspicion of adultery, if so be that it is inflicted unlawfully and by private malice, while they never fail to denounce the legal punishment provided by our law upon proof of the offense.

A smart lad, hearing his mother remark that she was fond of music, exclaimed, "Then why don't you get me a drum?"

ON PRUNING APPLE TREES.—The importance of giving more attention to the pruning of orchard trees has been forcibly impressed

