



6-8-1866

## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 19, No. 49): June 8, 1866

Maxham & Wing

Follow this and additional works at: [https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville\\_mail](https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville_mail)



Part of the [Agriculture Commons](#), [American Popular Culture Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 19, No. 49): June 8, 1866" (1866). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 145.  
[https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville\\_mail/145](https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville_mail/145)

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Waterville Materials at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby.



## THE NOBLY BORN.

Who counts himself as nobly born,  
Is noble in despite of place;  
And honors are but bands to bind  
Who wears them not with nature's grace.

The prince may sit with crown or child,  
Nor feel his status dignified thereby;  
But he who sits with child at table,  
Husbands that little care they.

Then be thou pleasant to thy peer,  
Count it still more than art thy own;  
Stand on a larger heraldry  
Than that of nation, or of zone.

What thought not bid to knightly halls?  
Those halls have missed a comely guest;  
That mansion is not privileged,  
Which is not open to the best.

Give honor due when elation asks;  
Nor wrangle for the lesser claim;  
It is not to be despised,  
To have the thing without the name.

Then, dost thou bottle of noble blood,  
Disgrace not thy good company;  
If lowly born, of thee thyself  
That gentle blood may come of thee.

Strive not with faith to scale the height  
Of some far garden's petty wall,  
But scale the open mountain side,  
Whose summit rises over all.

[From the Lady's Friend.]

## A NEW BUD ON AN OLD STALK.

In an old brown house, with a peach-orchard behind and a tall well-sweep in front, lived Pa Goldenfenny and his dame. Fifty times over had the swallows gone to housekeeping under the eaves, and fifty times had they broken up housekeeping and flown away to seek their fortunes, since Pa and the dame, almost as simple and guileless as the birds, set up their housekeeping in the cottage which was brown with age even then. They had but little more than swallows to commence with, but if the fowls of the air could make a home of a string, a handful of grass, a bit of paper, and a little mud, it is no wonder the human family underneath their brooding wings contrived to make themselves cozy and comfortable out of something more than this.

"Fifty years to-day, ma'am, did you say we have lived together? A long stretch to think of, but only as a watch in the night when it is gone. Well, where are John and Hannah? Why don't they come? It is almost daylight, and they ought to be starting after the cows," said Pa Goldenfenny, from his straight-backed, splint-seated rocking-chair in the corner of the fire-place nearest the chip-basket.

The dame was at the table, making biscuit in a long, red tray. "Why, man alive! How you do forget!" she exclaimed, dropping her spoon. "John and Hannah have been dead and gone these thirty-odd years. Don't you know it?" As she spoke a look of tender yearning came into her face for her twin first-born, whom she had not seen for half a lifetime.

"Why, yes, yes, I know it. They died of measles, both in one day. I remember it well enough, of course I do, even to Parson Haddon's text, 'What I do know knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter,' and he preached a right comforting discourse upon the words. I don't know how I came to speak as I did, but I expect my mind was running back on to old times."

Pa Goldenfenny's memory had long been like a ragged sieve, and he was extremely jealous lest some body should think so.

The dame finished the biscuit and put them down in a tin baker on the broad stone hearth before the open fire; then said, "I don't guess, pa, you will have more than time enough to get in with the milk before supper will be ready. Hadn't you better start right out about it now?"

"Yes, yes, I was just going. You no need to have taken the trouble to remind me," returned Pa, starting up briskly and going into the buttery for the milk-pail. When he came out with it he kept wandering about the kitchen, back into the pantry, into the bed-room, out on to the stoop, into the pantry again, and then up and down the kitchen restlessly. "You haven't seen anything of my hat, have you, ma'am? I am sure I clapped it up on the peg yonder, and I can't think what has come of it, without you've done something with it. I have wished a good many times my things could stay where I put them, so I might lay my hand right on them again when I come to want them," in a long suffering tone.

But Ma'm Goldenfenny laughed outright. "Lay your hand right on the top of your head, pa, and you'll hit it."

Pa Goldenfenny put up his hand and plumped it straight on the missing hat. "I don't see anything to laugh at," he mumbled, hurrying through the door and leaving the pail behind him on the kitchen table.

"Here, pa, here is your pail. Were you calculating to milk in your hat?" called his wife.

"What makes you always halloo after a body so, ma'am? Didn't you expect I should get the pail when I was ready for it?" protested Pa, in a tone of mild reproof. "But here, I will take it, seeing as you have been at the trouble to bring it along," he continued, turning about.

Many and many a good wife would have gone into the house with a sigh at such token of the infirmity of age, but not Dame Goldenfenny. Not she, indeed. Dame Goldenfenny was not born in November that she should lament her life away like autumn wind in a deserted chimney, but in January, so she turned about, laughing, saying aloud when she was in the kitchen again, (she had a sociable habit of talking to herself when she had no body else to talk to,) "Pa fails more and more in his memory, but dear soul, he won't admit it. I may be deceived in myself, but I am pretty sure when I begin to break I shall know it as soon as anybody, and be ready to acknowledge it."

The while, Pa, dear soul, was shaking his head and thinking, "Ma'am didn't use to be so meddlesome and active about other folks' business. She is falling, I can see." Which reflection so filled his mind that he forgot where he placed the milking stool and looked for it at the door, yonder over and over and all around it while, being constantly, as the children say in the game of "hide the handkerchief," "Hot! hot! All burning up!"

It was so long before he actually found the stool by stumbling against it, that the biscuits were quite done, pushed back from the fire, and covered with a cloth; the table was entirely ready, and Dame Goldenfenny had been to the barn-yard gate twice and to the door a dozen times to look out for him. But always set at ease by the sight of the blue cotton frock bobbing out of and into the barn, she bustled around, putting boards over the sleds, apples spread to dry upon a rough shelter beside the door, to keep off the dew; bringing in some garments spread to whiten upon the grass in the peach orchard; and putting a cake of dried emptings on the next day's bread.

She had covered the well-soured pine table with her very best cloth—one which had been her very best for fifty years; only to be brought out on great occasions; one which she herself spun and wove when making ready to become

Mrs. Goldenfenny, and which was sweet with the fragrance of fifty Maytimes, and fresh with the frosts of fifty Octobers. Twice a year, being the standard, in that rural neighborhood, of cleanliness and thrift, for the bleaching of all manner of linen, fine twined and otherwise.

"I suppose pa won't remember it is our wedding day five minutes together, but it may please him when he does think of it to have some notice taken of the occasion; so I will get out my best cloth and tea-set," she said, producing the one from the long shallow trunk under her bed, and the other from a clumsy green cupboard nailed against the kitchen wall. "And, yes, I will get a dish of currant jelly and a plate of honey; he has just as sweet a tooth now as any boy; I don't know but what he has. And there, let me see! There is the bit of sage cheese, the apple pie—I got rather a thick crust on that batch of pies—the cup custards and the cold pork; pa was always fond of a cold cut of meat with his supper. Yes, I believe supper is all ready as soon as ever pa comes in. I won't put the tea a drawing till the last minute; there will be time enough while he is washing his hands."

When Mrs. Goldenfenny did not talk she sung, and when she stopped singing she smiled, so that just the sight of her was as cheering as a cup of tea. She had not had a very good start as to beauty early in life, but she had used Mr. Beecher's recipe for getting it, "Be good"; during so many years she had fairly conquered nature, and now, at seventy, to look at her as she trotted briskly about was better than a whole studio of Madonnas and Venuses painted by the very first masters.

The dame had just come back from a little trip to the sink-room window which overlooked the barn-yard, when she heard the sound of wheels and a merry ringing out of voices. Now the sound of wheels and voices meant visitors; for living a little off the road nobody drove by the kitchen windows excepting they drove up the Goldenfenny door. So, naturally, the dame put on her far-seeing spectacles and peered from the window again, saying, "Now I do wonder who has come at this time of day. It can't be any of the children."

But the children it was; Gladstone, Sarah, and Mary; all who remained of the ten who had sat about the round pine table, and been rocked in the old bed cradle, which was up in the garret filled with pumpkins at that very moment. Gladstone, Sarah and Mary; with their husbands, wife and five children; all come home to keep the golden wedding.

"Dear hearts alive!" said Dame Goldenfenny, seeming to make eleven of herself at once. But words, usually so ready, failed; and she could only cry, and laugh, and kiss her grandchildren. "Well, I am wonderful glad to see you, and you know it, if I don't keep telling you so," she said, at last, hugging the youngest of the five, little Alice Ashfield. "This will be a surprise to pa, a right pleasant surprise. Pa is out milking, and I am looking for him in every minute. You will find him some changed since you saw him last; he is well, only, his drearily broke to pieces in his memory. He is himself all but that, and he is uncommon sensitive on that point," continued the dame, having at last found voice, and plenty of it.

And now Pa Goldenfenny came in with a brimming-full pail of milk and a constrained manner, perceiving guests, and minded not to commit himself either way till he should discover whether he were expected to know them. His helpmeet did not aid him, but contrariwise led up a fourteen years' old granddaughter, who had slipped from childhood to misshapen in the last year, and dared him to say who it was.

"Don't you know yourself? If you do, why ask me?" returned the unconscious grandfather, craftily.

Then he espied his daughter Sarah, and turned to her with a hearty welcome. "Your ma'am is very fond of her little jokes; she is getting some childish, you will see, Sary, but she is well, ma'am is well, and can do her day's work yet with any one of you, I'll be bound," said he, confidently.

While the tumult of the welcoming was yet at its height, Mrs. Ashfield, the youngest of the Goldenfennys, peeping about according to her manner, discovered the pan of biscuits still in the tin baker.

"Just thirteen, ma; one apiece; how came you to guess so accurately? See here, Sarah, some of ma's biscuit! I never made any to taste like hers; nor you either; nor anybody else. Like them, nor half as good as ma's biscuits are when she tries to make them good."

Mrs. Ashfield, as like Ma Goldenfenny as a branch is like the vine, was brown, buxom, and busy as a bee. Quite the bee's kind of busy, too; what to a looker-on showed only like a purposeless flitting to and fro, in an out, hither and anon, with no fixed purpose. And yet, like the bee, she was always found to have gathered together a goodly store of honey.

So now, while she appeared to be merely glancing into jars, diving into closets, and ransacking a couple of huge baskets which came in the large express wagon that brought them from the Lumbertown depot, she was, in fact, as presently appeared, trucking out the old pine table with grapes and oranges, and cake, and candy; among them, and central of all, a loaf of frosted wedding-cake, upon which the word "Fifty" was inscribed with fifty golden dollars. And, although nobody had noticed her doing much more than making a mighty clatter with a great iron basin, a toasting rack, and a tin pan or two, she came out suddenly with an immense tureen of oyster toast, steaming and fragrant. Then, as that must not wait, the Goldenfennys gathered about the round table, which was made into an "extension" by help of a square light-stand at each end.

Pa Goldenfenny had scarcely finished asking a blessing, a lengthy prayer, but a heartfelt one, wherein he devoutly returned thanks for the preservation of his family "through scenes and seasons," when Mary Ashfield spoke, up quickly—"Why now where is Experience Fairlie?" She ought to be here, she said. Exsio. There is plenty of room for them both; just we sit a little closer. Storrs, now hadn't you just as lief run over to Doctor Kuykendall's and get them? You need not be gone two minutes; you will be back by the time we are served."

"Certainly, Aunt Mary," returned Storrs Goldenfenny, a downy-lipped, blue-eyed youth, who had taken his friends by surprise in attaining the age of twenty-one upon that very day. And for a hungry man who was sudden-

ly torn from a prospective dish of oysters, he went with the air of a very obliging one. And he came back with the air of a very happy one, as he and Exsio, lingering a little behind Mrs. Fairlie, came in with shining eyes and glowing cheeks; but that was the effect of the fresh October air and the glancing starlight.

Experience Fairlie had a warm welcome, and it was almost as though another sister had come in; for she was born in only the next house, the brick one with white facings just up the road, and had been, since early tooth cutting, to the Goldenfennys girls what the thread is to the needle and the strings are to a bonnet. She was married and widowed so many years before that her little child, Exsio, born on the day of her father's death, was already past eighteen, a girl as sweet and dimpled and delightful as a garden of roses, a tree full of cherries, and a whole orchard of peaches.

Room for her and her mother at the table! Of course there was, and for a dozen like her, if the world only contained a dozen Exsio Fairlies, which it does not, (glorified sphere in holding even one!) No, not if you search through Circassia and Georgia, as well as America, taking a lighted candle in the search, if you will, beside. If any one doubts this, let him ask Storrs Goldenfenny.

Mrs. Fairlie had not left her father's house, even during her short married life, so this was not the first of Storrs' acquaintance with Exsio, by a deal. And it was not likely to be the last, if one might believe one's eyes.

The young man had carefully withdrawn his plate and chair to the extreme corner of the table when his cousin Eugenia Canworthy, who never saw so much as a kitten enjoying a saucer of milk, but she felt—and with her feeling was acting—a malicious desire to overturn it, spoke up in the most ill-timed, provoking way—"Oh, Exsio! Exsio Fairlie! Do come and sit by me! Do! Oh, you are a perfect darling! Guy will go and sit around by Storrs, won't you, Guy? That is a good boy! If I find two crackers among my candy, I will give you one, Guy, perhaps."

Now I put it to any disinterested person to say if a young boy-cousin is the pleasantest seat-mate possible. A boy whose development has principally run to elbows; what of it has not been expended in stomach and lungs; a seat-mate in narrow quarters, too. However, this was not as bad as it might be—it was not for lack of disposition she did not swallow her entirely—could not appropriate the smiling mouth, the cheeks where the War of the Roses was being fought over again, and the brown eyes which gave one who looked in them to guess how beautiful the face of the disembodied soul must be. And then one must expect some sort of serpent in every Paradise; so, on the whole, this youth, being like every other, accompanied by a flower, the wedding supper was a success to every one.

But the merriest time came afterwards, when Ma Goldenfenny was stationed in a new stuffed rocking-chair, a present from her sons-in-law, (a chair to which she will never take so kindly as to her old wooden rocker, which has served her faithfully for fifty years; be sure of that) alongside of Pa Goldenfenny in a leather covered reclining chair, a present from his daughters, which will be a fresh surprise to him every day. Then with a happy chatter and flutter, a running against and over each other, and a great deal of foolish joking and laughing, they of woman-kind washed the supper dishes and gathered up the fragments, while the men amused themselves after the usual poky manner of that unfortunate sex, who cannot crochet, and who despise nonsense. The younger of the children meantime trying to see which could make most noise; each one succeeding in a degree which ought to command a premium at a world's fair. And the elder ones sitting in a group by the window just where the firelight and moonlight met and mingled, making themselves merry and social after a manner only known to youths and maidens of tender age.

The great fat-pine knot set up against the hickory sticks in the deep fire-place flared and flamed, lighting up the low ceiled room brightly as a dozen gas burners, and bringing out Exsio Fairlie's fair beauty in contrast with the brown walls behind her, till she looked too lovely to be real; and Storrs Goldenfenny made a great time persuading her she wished for a drink of water, that, bringing it to her, he might have a chance to touch her hand and assure himself she was tangible and would not presently fade away like a rainbow. Oh, but if such devoted squishery might only outlive the paper, never to speak of the crystal, the silver and the golden wedding day!

"Gladstone is all taken up with Speedy Kuykendall. Don't you see it, ma'am? I shant wonder now if they make a match of it between them," observed Pa Goldenfenny, who had not lost his eyes with his memory.

"Why, husband! What are you thinking of?" exclaimed Ma Goldenfenny, in affright; then, seeing the direction in which her husband was looking, and the effective tableaux of Storrs holding the tin dipper to Exsio's mouth, she shocked expression in her face suddenly changed to a merry one, and she said, laughing, "Oh! you mean Storrs and Exsio Fairlie. How you do frighten me, pa, talking about Gladstone after he has been married to Margaret Storrs these three-and-twenty years come next new year's day."

"What if I did say Gladstone by a slip of the tongue! Can't you understand nothing only what is printed?" protested Pa Goldenfenny, in an abused tone, looking rather confusedly from Gladstone to Storrs, and from Exsio to her mother. "Well, now, ma'am, if you have got it properly into your head whom I mean, don't you agree with my ideas about the youngsters? I shant be at all look aback if we have another golden wedding in the family say in about fifty years more. Hey, ma'am?" chuckled Pa, with such assurance as though centuries were the briefest sort of cycles, and his least life was good for witnessing what might happen in at least two or three more.

There were other eyes in the room besides Pa Goldenfenny's, and one pair of them looked out, sharp and bright, from Mary Ashfield's dumpling-shaped face. Somehow or another in her researches—although I am puzzled to think how they could have taken her into her nephew Storrs' vest pocket—she had happened upon a ring, a little shining ring, set with a ruby in a circle of pearls. "York and Lancaster" again, and looking so suitable, so very

suitable and proper, for the fore finger of a plump white hand then and there present, that a less discerning person than Mistress Ashfield would have conjectured the south-west corner of the old Goldenfenny kitchen would have been quite as delightful if Eugenia Canworthy had not persisted in sticking there closely as a burdock to a berege gown.

"Oh, say, Exsio Fairlie! I am going home with you to-night; I and Isabella Ashfield; did you know it? Aren't you awful glad? I am. Your mother and my mother both said so. We shall sleep in the blue room; shant we, where Dr. Kuykendall's jars of preserved animals and things are, shant we? Oh my! I shall be real frightened if I wake in the night and think about that stuffed raccoon and the owl with the glass eyes in the cabinet. I shall just keep imagining they have crawled out and are up on the bed after me; I know I shall. If you hear me scream out you may know that it is," chirped Eugenia, crowning Exsio with a tiara of her own curls, which were the color of dried corn-silk, and hung below her waist, and hovering about her like a mother bird around its nest of young.

"Do you trace constellations any this autumn, Exsio? You recollect, don't you, what a time I had pointing out the dipper to you when I was about as tall as a pair of tongs? I thought I knew all about astronomy then, and was nearly or quite as learned as Herschell himself."

Exsio smiled, (Exsio's smile was lovely as a lake of illies.) Oh, yes, she remembered that lesson in astronomy quite well, and how she cried because she could not make out the North Star. And, yes, she had been out a few evenings this autumn with Susan and Sam Vantage.

Storrs Goldenfenny looked as though he considered the Vantages decidedly low company, especially Sam; and, ignoring that part of the subject, was about proposing they went out to take another look toward the Polar Star from the old place at the corner of the stoop, when up spoke Eugenia Canworthy, the meddling monkey.

"Oh, let's go out on to the stoop, do, Exsio, and you show me how to find the North Star. I don't know, now truly, and I should like to be of all things. And show me some of the constellations, will you, please? Oh do?"

"The moon is too bright to see the stars well," replied Storrs, decidedly, with a heavy radical stress.

And now Mary Ashfield, in her usual spirit of overflowing benevolence, thrust in a metaphorical plank to bridge the chasm between these two young hearts. "This useful person, the dishwashing being over, was keeping an eye and an ear on everybody in the room, which little feat she would have managed although there had been fifty persons with fifty several occupations; and she had had for some time two eyes and two ears on the harassed lovers, notwithstanding a single minded looker-on might have supposed she was throwing her whole soul into a narration of Pa Goldenfenny, which was far more wonderful than true."

"It was during Queen Victoria's visit in Canada that I happened to be up there buying sheep, and the story got around somehow or another what a famous shot I was. So one day the landlady at the tavern where I put up asked me if I should be willing for to allow a lady to call upon me who had heard something of my skill. So I says 'yes,' and the very next day she came in a plain coach with two or three attendants. She was a very pleasant, well-looking person, with singular cream-colored hair, and she said to me politely how that she had been informed I could snuff a candle with a pistol shot without extinguishing it; and if I would be so very good and kind as to let her see me do it, I should confer a very great favor upon her. I replied, 'Oh, certainly, madam!'"

"And so you did it, pa?" interposed Mary Ashfield, minded to cut the story short. "Yes, I did it at the distance of thirty yards. The lady professed herself perfectly satisfied, and, thanking me very kindly, went away. After she had gone the landlady told me it was the Queen, Victoria herself. She didn't mention it beforehand, just to stir my nerves, but it would not have stirred me a ha'penny's worth, for, bless her, we Yankees are not queen worshippers, like they in the provinces."

"Oh, pa, how can you tell such a story!—the Queen was never in Canada, you know she never was; and she was but a babe in arms so long ago as the year you went there buying sheep," broke in M. Goldenfenny.

Pa looked disconcerted and uncertain, but before he could remonstrate Mary Ashfield diverted his thoughts and came to the relief of Storrs at the same time by saying, "Speaking of Queen Victoria, let me tell you a story which I know to be really true. You have heard of Mr. Habiach, that old sign-painter in Cramp-ton, who is so rich and so queer? Well, not long ago he actually sent a magnificent diamond ring, worth seven or eight hundred dollars, to Victoria, asking her to marry him; and in case she declined his offer to signify her refusal by returning the ring." Here the keen gray eyes gave an extra glance at Storrs, and seeing him eagerly attending, she went on. "Well, as true as you live, the ring came back last week without a word; so, for aught I see, we must give up having the Queen for a neighbor."

Mrs. Ashfield had hardly finished her story when, quickly as the flash of a fire-fly, Storrs Goldenfenny pointed it by slipping a tiny roll of tissue paper from his pocket, and from his hand to Exsio Fairlie's, without speaking, excepting by his eyes, which said as much in their way as the President's message.

And Exsio, ah, Exsio Fairlie! She took in all Storrs' eyes could tell in one little look; and then the house of Lancaster had the best of it once more; and the red rose blossomed out triumphantly on cheek, and forehead, and neck, as she slipped the pearl and ruby ring upon her finger.

"So now truly, as Pa Goldenfenny said, we may look for another Golden Wedding in another fifty years."

The Massachusetts Courts have decided, that a deed is not vitiated in having no stamp on it, or the wrong stamp. The contract for the transfer exists, and the remedy is not the vitiation of the contract, but the punishment of parties not using the stamps required by the Federal Law.

West Virginia has adopted an amendment to her State constitution disfranchising rebels, excepting such as have volunteered into the United States service.

THE COMING ELECTION CONTESTS.—Alexander H. Stephens, the Vice President of the late Southern Confederacy, when in Washington recently, wrote that his "only hope was in the coming fall elections." And he added: "If President Johnson's policy is sustained in these, all may yet be well." Thus briefly is stated the prominent issue in the coming elections. If the elections sustain the President's policy, then the rebels come back into Congress without any evidence of repentance, any securities for the future. The hope of the rebels is in the success of the elections as to endorsing the policy of the President. The Philadelphia Press well puts the case when it says: "Imagine a popular election, after the sacrifice of three hundred thousand lives and the expenditure of three thousand millions of dollars, (pledged to be repaid, principal and interest, to the American people) to decide whether the defeated traitors shall be taken back into the councils of the nation on equal terms with the conquerors! And yet, impossible as it would have been a year ago to dwell upon such an idea, it is a reality to-day, and the man next to Jefferson Davis, in the great conspiracy, complacently tells us so. Mr. Seward, in his late Auburn speech, makes the case a little plainer when he states:—

"The President's position is absolutely taken, well defined, and universally understood. It is this, namely: That so far and so fast as the unrepresented States present themselves in a loyal attitude by representatives unquestionably loyal, they are entitled to representation in Congress equally with all other States, and just as well as if there had been no rebellion."

The "loyal" men that Seward would recognize are found in such as Alexander H. Stephens, (already elected to the Senate from Georgia,) who lately contended before the Reconstruction Committee that the rebellion lost none of their rights to the seceded States. In fact, according to Andrew Johnson and Wm. H. Seward, the really disloyal men are the "radicals," as some have termed them; such men as Fessenden, Sumner, Sherman, Trumbull, and others. It is fortunate that the issue is so clearly made up. There would have been some doubt or danger if the men who are to win in this dark game had been kept in the back ground, or if the game itself had been mysteriously played. But now all is unconcealed. We are to vote next fall whether "loyal men" like Mr. A. H. Stephens are to be admitted into Congress just as if there had been no rebellion. Take note and take heed!"

[Bath Times.]

ECONOMY A VIRTUE.—Not many days ago, a small boy carried to a country store two pounds of dried apples, saying that his mother wished some crackers for them. The following day a finely-dressed, hair-scented young man entered the same store to have his tobacco-pouch filled. In a lofty manner he inquired his "indebtedness to the concern," and, having been informed, he threw down some "stamps." The clerk passed him back a penny, and, with an air of offended dignity, he threw the coin away. Behold the mother and son! What strange contrasts are found in the same family circle! What different ideas of respectability! The young man, beneath whose dignity it was to pick up the mite that rightfully belonged to him, scruples not to spend day after day of the fairest portion of his life in carousing with dissipated companions at low grogeries; and, at the same time to draw his rations from his hard-working, economical mother's pantry. We admire the heroism of the man or woman who scorns not to do trifling things for honor's sake. Economy is not littleness. Would want and suffering find a readier response in the prodigal son or saving mother's heart? The woman who carries an egg to market to exchange it for a damning needle, shows a nobleness of character that is wanting in the man who supports a princely mansion in his wife's name to keep it from the hands of his creditors. To exhaust one's income in follies, without providing for one's necessities, is the beginning of crime.—Fraud, theft and forgery are the legitimate children of extravagance. Would you aid in lessening vice, use your influence to destroy the causes. Christian punishments seek not revenge, but to prevent crime. To destroy the false ideas that clothe with respectability inoperative crime, is a more potent preventive than to confine the developed criminal in dismal dungeons, away from the purifying influences of air and sunlight.—[Herald of Health.]

FARMERS' WIVES.—We find the following sensible advice to farmers in the old Farmer's Almanac for 1866:—

Husbands, be mindful of your wives. Dutiful wives need watching as much as any. Not because they are liable to all sorts of improprieties which characterize indifferent or miserable wives, but because they frequently have one fault which works their ruin. They are liable to work too hard. Women are impulsive.—Whatever their hearts lead them to do, they do with all their might, and without knowing it, many work themselves to death. Perhaps your farm is mortgaged. Your wife is quite as anxious about the debt as yourself, and is willing to work early and late and to endure privations from which you would shrink again and again. If you are not mindful she will one day fall in the midst of her work like an overspiced horse that has been driven to death. Study to ease her burden. Above all things, don't underestimate a woman's work. Make every arrangement about house as convenient as possible. In short, you must take care of her, for she will not take care of herself.

Prof. Blot thus lets us into the secret of the manufacture of olive oil:—

In regard to olive oil, but little of the real article is imported. The French manufacturers press the oil from the olives, and retain it for home use; they then grind the olives and mix hard imported from America with them and press them again. From this comes the olive oil which is sent to other countries; four-fifths of it being lard.

Rev. T. W. Lewis, a presiding elder in the Methodist Church, recently encountered something very like a mob in South Carolina, which was headed by W. Gilmore Simms, Jr. His office was that he preached on Sunday to the negroes in Barnwell district.

WHO ARE TO BE CONCILIATED?—A Yankee, who is living in N. Carolina, denounces, in the columns of the Raleigh Standard, the act of the authorities there in preventing the negroes from bearing banners on the 1st inst., when they celebrated their emancipation. The reason given for the prohibition was, that the appearance of flags in the negro procession might cause a disturbance. The Yankee is not disposed to admit the right of anybody to hinder American citizens from carrying the Stars and Stripes; and his observations take a pretty wide scope, as for example:—

"The State has voted the act of secession a nullity, hence they have voted that the rebel flag was an illegal one. Negroes labored and fought to conquer it; negroes were made to labor to support it. If they wish to glorify over its fall, how far may they do so without offending the people who have voted it to have been illegal; and hence traitorous? More nearly home, how far may I rejoice over its fall, without offending the people of N. Carolina?"

"I am one of a large majority of the Yankees present, who are here not to conciliate but to be conciliated. We accept a man for what we find him to be; and not an atom more or less. We think we have done enough in keeping out of our hearts a hate for a people who have made such a bloody and expensive effort to denationalize us on the soil where we had been proud once to call ourselves Americans. Now, we wish to know, after all our wounds, our expended treasure, and the death of our nearest relatives, how far we may be permitted to rejoice over victory without being mobbed by loyal Carolinians."

The idea, that it is the Yankees who are to be conciliated, is one that has not often been expounded to the people of any rebel State. We commend it to the consideration of President Johnson. He will find it a very wholesome element to incorporate in his replies to the Southern delegations that may visit him hereafter.—[Chicago Republican.]

ALKALI.—This term is so constantly used by farmers in speaking of manures. It is well to understand its derivation and precise meaning. It is of Arabic origin. Dr. Dana says that *Kali* is the Arabic word for bitter, and that *al* is like our word super. We say fine and superfine; so *kali* is bitter, and *alkali* superlatively bitter; or truly, *alkali* means "the dregs of bitterness."

Alkali is a general term which includes all those substances that have an action like the loss of wood ashes. If this ley is boiled down it forms potash. What is chiefly understood by the term alkalis, means potash, soda and ammonia. Potash is the alkali of land plants; soda is the alkali of sea plants; and ammonia is the alkali of animal substances. Potash and soda are fixed; that is, not easily raised in vapor by fire. Ammonia always exists as vapor unless fixed by something else.

Lime, fresh slacked, has the alkaline properties of potash, but weaker, so has calcined magnesite, but in less degree than lime. Here are two substances, earthy in their look, having alkaline properties. They are called, therefore, alkaline earths. When the tongue is touched with a bit of quick lime, it has a hot, burning, bitter taste. These are called alkaline properties. Besides these, they have the power of combining with and taking the sour out of all sour liquids and acids; that is, the acid and the alkali neutralize each other. Were it not for this, there would probably be no such thing as vegetable growth.—[New England Farmer.]

THE WAR IN BRAZIL.—The news from the river Plate is important. There was a fearful slaughter on April 10th of 1200 Paraguayans, who attacked the Brazilian batteries on the island opposite Itapuri. Ten thousand Brazilians crossed the Parana on the 16th without opposition, drove in the Paraguayan skirmishers, defeated 3000 next morning and occupied Itapuri. They captured four guns and a flag. The whole allied army were transferred by the 19th to Paraguay inside the Parana. The Paraguayans abandoned their camp, three miles on the road to Humaita, and retreated to that fortress, where all their forces were marching. Twelve thousand Brazilians, under Porter Alegre, had crossed the upper Parana and reached the railroad from Villa Rica to Asuncion, within 30 miles of the capital. Humaita cannot be held, and a speedy end of the war is anticipated.

Speaking of the weather, our brother Tenney of the Brunswick Telegraph gives this advice:—

Don't leave off your overcoats, young men, on Sundays, those of you, we mean, who have got new under suits. Look out for cold and rainy days, just those kind of days upon which it is a miracle if one does not take cold. Fashion before health will provide you with early graves. We well know that some of us who were once young, were governed by the despotic laws of fashion, less excusable than than now when fashion penetrates even to the minutest operations of life. Yet because we were fools, and some of us are paying for our folly, this affords no good reason why you should follow in our footsteps.

Hallowell is getting to be a great place for accidents. On Thursday, Mr. True, Governor Corry's private secretary, and Mr. Sney, State librarian, were thrown from a carriage, and both quite seriously injured, the former it is feared permanently. The following day Dr. Brackett, a prominent physician and surgeon of Augusta, was thrown from his carriage and received considerable injury, which may result fatally. On Sunday, Mr. D. L. Gardiner, a merchant of Hallowell, committed suicide by hanging in his barn.

We find this in an exchange:—"I once met a man who made nerve and bone-ache his specialty; he was an enterprising kind of a fellow, so he tho't he would experiment with it. He first cut off his dog's tail and applied some of the stump—a new tail grew out immediately. He then applied some of the piece of tail which he had cut off, and a new dog grew out. He did not know which dog was which."

MODEST.—The Richmond Examiner tells the world how the Southern people are to be reconciled to the dread necessity of living under the stars and stripes. We are to bestow upon the chiefs of the rebellion the same honors we have so far reserved for the heroes of the Union. We are, for instance, to build a monument to Stonewall Jackson at national expense. The Examiner thinks "it would thrill the hearts of the South with grateful and loyal emotions, and would command the unqualified admiration of this and all future ages." Very good. But does it not appear to our Southern brethren that, inasmuch as they commenced the war they ought to be the first to offer tokens of reconciliation? Suppose, for instance, they get up a public contribution for the purpose of building a monument to John Brown. Or suppose they erect the statue of Abraham Lincoln in front of the State House of Virginia. Would not that be apt to "thrill the North with grateful and friendly emotions?" Singular they have not thought of that yet. What says our Richmond contemporary?—[Detroit Post.]



# Waterville Mail.

KPH. MAXHAM, DAN L. R. WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . JUNE 8, 1866.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.  
S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 27 Park Row, New York, are Agents for the WATERVILLE MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.  
S. R. HILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 13 Collyer Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.  
Advertisers abroad are referred to the agents named above.

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

## SHEEP SHEARING FESTIVAL.

The first annual "Shearing" of the North Kennebec Wool Growers' Association—and, we think, the first of any association in Maine—took place in this village on Wednesday, according to notice. For two or three days the weather had been so rainy as to make it doubtful whether the efforts that had been made were to find success or defeat. Even Wednesday morning was overcast, and a slight sprinkle of rain put everybody in a quandary. By-and-by the sheep began to come in, and the arrangements for shearing were transferred from the platform of the political wool-pullers on the Common to the old Gymnasium hall opposite. As the crowd gathered the shears began, one after another, the duties of the hour—or two hours.

A committee, consisting of I. R. Doolittle of Waterville, Warren Percival of Vassalboro', S. L. Boardman of the Maine Farmer, Harrison Jaquith of Albion, and A. G. Greenwood, of Fairfield, was appointed to superintend the shearing, weighing, &c., and make report to the Association.  
At 2 o'clock, just as the work was done, the dinner was ready—a good plain farm dinner, of baked beans, cold meats, potatoes, bread, mince, pie, tea, coffee and "little fixings,"—and some eighty to one hundred hungry men sat down to a genuine good time. If anything was lacking in quantity it was no fault of Mr. Williams, who always "feeds well," but "we farmers" rarely wait till 2 o'clock for dinner.

Eating ended, the committee reported the result of the shearing:—

To the N. K. Wool Growers' Association:

Your committee, after having examined the several sheep offered, both before and after their fleeces were taken off, give you a list of contributors, with the age of sheep, length of staple, weight of fleece, and average of wool to live weight. We hope you will pardon us for any errors that may be found, as our time has been limited in order to report during the festival.

### EXHIBITORS.

Dr. N. R. Boutelle, Waterville—one buck, 3 yrs old, full blood, live weight 145 1-2, weight of fleece 20 lbs., length of staple 2 1-4 inches. Sheared last year about 15th May. Average 1 lb. wool to 7 1-4 live weight. Was kept up during the year.

Joshua Nye, Waterville—one buck, 5 yrs old, full blood, weight 164 1-2, fleece 19 lbs. 6 oz., length 2 inches. Sheared last May 29. Average 1 lb. to 8 1-2. Kept up during the year.  
Same—one buck, 4 yrs old, full blood, weight 127, length 21 1-2 inches, fleece 14 lbs. 2 oz., average 1 lb. to 9. Kept up this spring.

Cates & Wentworth, Vassalboro'—buck, 4 yrs old, full blood, wt 132 lbs., fleece 18 lbs. 6 oz., length 2 1-8 in., average 1 lb. to 7 1-4. Turned out this spring.

Seth Wentworth, China—buck, full blood, 4 yrs old, wt 116 lbs., fleece—length 1 3-4. Sheared last year June 1. Average 1 lb. to 9. Turned out this spring.

Samuel Taylor, Fairfield—buck, full blood, wt 107 lbs., fleece 13 lbs., length 1 3-4, average 1 lb. to 8 1-4. Turned out this spring.

Charles K. Sawtelle, Sidney—one buck, 3 yrs old, full blood, wt 118 lbs., fleece 14 lbs. 7 oz., length 2 3-4 inches, average 1 lb. to 8.

Bethuel Gifford, Fairfield—one buck, 1 yr old, full blood, wt 82 lbs., fleece 8 lbs. 5 oz., length 2 1-3 inches, average 1 lb. to 6 1-4.

Ephraim Maxham, Waterville—one buck, one year old, full blood, weight 98 lbs., fleece 17 lbs. 5 oz., length large 3 in., average 1 lb. to 5 3-4. Turned out this spring.

Same—one ewe, full blood, 3 yrs old, wt 91 lbs., fleece 12 lbs. 14 oz., length 2 1-4 inches, average 1 lb. to 7. Turned out this spring.

Same—one ewe, full blood, 3 yrs old, wt 85 lbs., fleece 10 3-4 lbs., length 2 1-2 in., average 1 lb. to 10. (This ewe was sheared at the barn on account of illness from poison, and her weight &c. verified to the chairman.)

Wm. H. Pearson, Vassalboro'—1 Cotswold ewe, 3 years old, wt 83 1-2, fleece 5 1-2 washed, length 3 1-2 inches, average 1 lb. to 15.

Isaac B. Smiley, Sidney—one grade buck, 1 year old, wt 115, fleece 11 1-2 lbs., length 2 3-4 in., average 1 lb. to 10.

Boni Mitchell, Waterville—one grade buck, 2 yrs old, wt 120 lbs., fleece 14 lbs. 2 oz., length 2 1-4 inches, average 1 lb. to 9.

Fred B. Wing, Waterville—one grade buck, 1 yr old, wt 81 1-2, fleece 12 lbs. 14 oz., length 2 1-4 in., average 1 lb. to 6 1-2.

W. A. P. Dillingham, Waterville—one grade buck, 5 yrs. old, weight 101 lbs., fleece 8 3-4, length 2 1-3 in., average 1 lb. to 11 1-2.

Chas. E. Merrill, Sidney—grade buck, 4 yrs old, wt 137 lbs., fleece 10 1-2, length 2 1-4 in., average 1 lb. to 13.

Seth Wentworth, China—grade buck, 5 yrs old, wt 136, fleece 13 3-4, length 2 1-4 in., average 1 lb. to 10.

Same—one ewe, full blood, 2 yrs old, wt 58 lb., fleece 6 3-4, length—, average 1 lb. to 7 1-2.  
Dr. Cates, Vassalboro'—grade buck, 4 yrs old, wt 142 lbs., fleece 13 lbs. 2 oz., average 1 lb. to 11.

Same—grade ewe, 2 yrs old, weight 84 lbs., fleece 8 3-4 lbs., average 1 lb. to 9 3-4.  
G. A. Parker, Waterville—grade ewe, 1 yr old, wt 50 lbs., fleece 9 lbs. 10 oz., length 2 3-4 in., average 1 lb. to 5 1-4.

We submit a few suggestions to farmers present on this occasion. We find the weight of fleeces very gratifying, and in most cases exceeding our expectations; and we would say to those who are breeding sheep, wishing to compete with some other parts of the State, and with Vermont, in fine woolled sheep, or in any breeds their fancy may lead them to select, that "Excelsior" should be their motto. In our opinion there are certain rules followed by breeders which many of our farmers have failed to adopt.

We would say to every farmer, breed from none but first class bucks, whether the lambs are intended for the shambles or to be kept for breeding purposes. Should you use a full blood animal or grades, select only those with good form, good size, heavy fleece, and parts that show a good constitution. Be careful not to use a buck to excess, for we verily believe that "like begets like." Ewes should never be bred from till they are three years old, if you want a perfect formed animal, and one that will give us a standard for breeding that every progressive farmer desires. Tagging sheep is sadly neglected by many farmers, yet we think it very essential to the health of the animal; and especially on such an occasion as the present the sheep should be presented as free from dirt and filth as possible. No animal should be entered that will not bear the closest scrutiny as to cleanliness. By so doing we believe occasions like the present will prove a success. Every farmer should keep his sheep dry and clean, feed regularly, and keep only such number as they can keep well.

IRA R. DOOLITTLE,  
WARREN PERCIVAL,  
S. L. BOARDMAN,  
H. JAQUITH,  
A. G. GREENWOOD.

Following promptly upon the serious matter of eating, there was a succession of brief and pertinent speeches, in which president Taylor led off, followed by Messrs. Dillingham, Nye, Maxham, Boardman, W. Percival, Cates, Abbott, Jaquith, Pearson, J. Percival—indeed, nothing but want of time seemed to be in the way of embracing the entire company. A hurried vote of thanks to the committee for their faithful and arduous day's work, closed the first "Shearing" of the North Kennebec Wool Growers' Association. How much its success, which so far exceeded expectation, is destined to promote the interest at which it aims, remains to be seen; but so far as relates to the interest felt by the farmers of Kennebec in improving their present flocks of sheep, its testimony is unequivocal. They are determined to do it.

Squire Somebody of Lewiston—so asserts the Journal—set a hen on twelve eggs and got thirteen chickens, of which he declares the clucking man is "proud as Lucifer." A better story than this—because we feel sure it is true—is that of our young neighbor Thomas R., who compelled one of his hens to "spread herself" on eighteen eggs, and she discharged her duty so well that she astonished Tommy with eighteen lively chickens. This story is true!—and though biddy may not be "proud as Lucifer," Thomas admits he was as "mad as a hornet" when he discovered, a few morning afterwards, that some rascally varmint had carried off eight of his pets. Let his mishap warn others who have young chickens, to guard them against rats. We have known a case in which they killed thirty in two hours, in the day time. In another instance they killed and dragged to their hiding place behind a box, in a farmer's barn, eight young goslings. They are guilty of much of the mischief charged to skunks. Look out for them, boys.

CATERPILLARS.—As everybody expected, these pests are coming by legions. There is no other way than to attack them with courage, and with full determination to conquer. Nothing else seems to threaten the apple crop this year, and the past winter has been urging upon all classes, from day to day, the importance of taking all possible pains to save it. Prepare a quantity of soap suds, by adding two quarts of water to one quart of soft soap, and with a swab fixed to the end of a pole, go at them with vengeance.

CIRCUS.—We are glad to be assured, as we are by a friend who claims to know, that the Circus advertised for exhibition in this place on Wednesday, June 21, is one of marked merit. The usual objectionable features of this class of entertainments, he says, do not belong to this company. Their ring performances are remarkably fine, and their horses beautiful and finely trained. Probably this is the opportunity for modest folks, and especially for good boys and girls, over any that will offer in this place this season. See their advertisement in another column.

THE RAIN that has fallen so copiously within the past two weeks has done its full share of the work needful to secure the various crops that make up what is called "a good season."

REV. CLARENCE FOWLER, a graduate of Canton Theological School, whom the Banner pronounces a young man of talent and promise, has accepted the call of the Universalist Society of Kendall's Mills and entered upon his duties.

The reconstruction resolution was passed in the U. S. Senate on Friday, 33 to 11, and has gone to the House for concurrence.

## OUR TABLE.

MERRY'S MUSEUM for June contains Silver-tone and Slate, by Kenna; Harry and his Dog, by Paul Perrier; Wild Oats, by Sophie May; Uncle Godfrey's Lectures; Short Sermons to News Boys, by Rev. Charles L. Bruce; Catching Rats vs. Study, by Uncle Tim; A Story whose end is in a Picture Gallery, by the author of "Philip Snow's War"; Who made the Flowers? Merry's Monthly Chat, and Fleta Forrester's Puzzle Drawer. It contains several engravings and is a good number.  
Published by E. H. Fales, 178 William St., New York, at \$1.50 a year.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY for June has two very fine pictures—"Interlaken, Canton of Berne, Switzerland," and a lifelike portrait of Rev. Michael Marley, D. D. The number is full of excellent reading. Published by Poe & Hitchcock, Cincinnati, at \$0.50 a year.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for June contains portraits of Hon. Solomon Foot, Thomas Jefferson, Aaron Burr, Constance Emily Kent, Jenny Lind, a Group of Quakers or Utah Indians, with upwards of twenty illustrations and sketches of character; also Practical Physiology, Love and Lovers, Marriage and Divorce, Celibacy, Revelation and Science, Your Likeness, Strong Men, Hints to Preachers and Sextons, Physical Culture, True Politeness, How to Talk, Fashions, etc. A new volume of this valuable monthly will commence with the next number.  
Published by Fowler & Wells, 389 Broadway, New York, at \$2 a year.

THE JUVENILE SINGING SCHOOL, held in the Baptist Vestry on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, by Mr. Warren, of the College, we are pleased to learn, is very well attended, though the number of pupils might probably be doubled without adding much to the labor of the teacher, who enters into the work with great enthusiasm, and feels confident that he will be able to keep the little sprites in order and teach them the a-b-c of music. Send in your little ones, and if your expectations are not extravagant you will be more than satisfied with the progress made at the close of the term.

THE FENIANS have been over the border, and—back again, the most of them. For a week the daily papers have contained columns of rumors and reports, but the whole story may be told in a few words. A force crossed at Buffalo last week, took possession of Fort Erie, an abandoned fortification, on the 31st. On Saturday morning the same force, about one thousand strong, under Col. O'Neill, marched out in the direction of Fort Colborne, a point further west on the Chippewa and Buffalo Railroad, and were met by a force of Canadian volunteers of about the same size. A fight ensued, in which the Fenians were victorious, driving the Canadians in disorder from the field, and capturing some prisoners. Several were killed and wounded on both sides. Failing of support, however, the Fenians, on the approach of a larger force, evacuated Fort Erie the same night, and attempted to recross the river, but were nearly all taken prisoners by U. S. patrol boats. About thirty of their pickets were taken by the English and will no doubt fare hard, for John Bull is ugly when his blood is up, however ready he may be to countenance moderation and forbearance to others.

The report of this affair seemed to be the signal for a rush to Canada line from all quarters of our country, even from points as remote as New Orleans, and for awhile affairs looked serious; but our government moved with promptness and energy, intercepted the gathering hosts, seized their arms and ammunition, and arrested the leaders. For this the Fenians were not prepared. They supposed that we were to maintain the same sort of neutrality that the British did during the rebellion, and they felt sure of not being seriously molested. Completely discouraged by this unlooked for turn of affairs, the army which had gath' red so hastily as suddenly disappeared, and the frightened Canadians may once more breathe freely, thanks to Uncle Sam, whom they were abusing so heartily, by word and deed, a "little while ago."

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN, of course, with all precaution, and sad ones occur daily, bringing with them bodily suffering and pecuniary loss. In case of personal injury the last inconvenience can be guarded against, measurably at least, by taking a policy in the Traveller's Accident Insurance Company, advertised in our paper. Many persons in this vicinity have found it a great relief, when suffering from injuries, to be able to draw fifteen or twenty dollars a week while disabled from labor. The same wise prudence that leads a man to insure his house from damage by fire, will also provide a partial remedy in case of injury to his person. Mr. L. T. Boothby is agent for this company, and will furnish all needed information to those who are desirous of availing themselves of its offered benefits.

SARCASTIC.—John J. Perry, who has been named as a candidate for governor, has withdrawn from the contest. He intimates that having always been a faithful member of the party, and the rule being to select recent converts, he is, of course, not eligible for office. Oh, John, how could you?

Our late rains have raised the river considerably, and the logs are running lively. Large numbers are secured and rafted in the Bay—not to be manufactured here, though, for that would never do, but—to be transported to the mills down the river.

One of the dupes of a New York advertising swindler, who sent the requisite amount of fractional currency for the purpose of learning a "certain and quick mode of getting rich," received his money's worth, sure, although it came in a very unexpected shape. The reply was:—  
"Work like blazes and don't spend a cent!"

It is denied that Hon. L. M. Morrill is a candidate for the U. S. District Judgeship, made vacant by the resignation of Judge Ware. We thought that position rather too quiet for so lively a man.

SHEEP POISON.—Three valuable Merino sheep, which "the senior" had reserved for the shearing festival, were almost fatally poisoned last week by eating wild caraway, or conium, which grew in the lot where they were put to grass. Their symptoms were stupor, refusing to eat, weakness, green discharges at the mouth, and the haggard look that always marks sheep that have eaten poison of any kind. The cause was not discovered till after they began to improve, and no remedy was given but salt; of which each voluntarily tasted sparingly, and was compelled to swallow about a table spoonful. A nursing lamb of one of the ewes seemed to suffer as much as the dam—adding purging to the symptoms named above. The buck lamb, "Green Mountain Boy," was one of the three; and by this foolish repast came near putting an end to all the immense flocks of his progeny that have not yet had a beginning. His recovery is an acceptable omen of the hopes of his owner.

Copium maculatum bears so close resemblance to caraway that it can hardly be distinguished except by the smell. The U. S. Dispensary describes it at greater length than we have room for. It grows around old cellars and old and decaying buildings. It is not likely that sheep will eat it except when first turned out, or when very hungry.

The Boston Advertiser's "last," is awful:—  
"How can you describe the cordage of a vessel which has run ashore and broken up? By a wreck-angel."

HENRICKSON'S COLUMN contains announcements of many new and valuable books. Look it over.

GOOD ENOUGH FOR THEM.—Oil has been reached at the "Ticonic" well, in Bothwell, at a depth 305 feet. It commenced pumping on Tuesday last, and promises a large and valuable yield. It is owned principally by the Waterville employees on the Maine Central Railroad.

The sickness of our help must be our excuse for the delay of this paper.

Don't forget that Mr. J. B. Wendall has to-mato, cabbage, cucumber, melon and squash plants, in great variety, at his Green House with all sorts of pot plants and flowering shrubs. Give him a call, and do yourself a favor by buying what you need.

Two deaths by cholera have occurred in the city of New York.

THE BATH TIMES has just entered upon a new volume, and if the people of that city are awake to their interest they will see that it does not languish for lack of support. Brother Lincoln makes a good paper, and labors industriously for the good of the country at large and his own locality in particular. He deserves success in large measure.

Cholera, Dysentery, Coughs, Colds and Rheumatism are quickly cured by "American Life Drops."

The Hair Restorer that gives the best satisfaction is Pestachine. Used and sold everywhere.

IMPARTIAL SUFFRAGE.—The Chicago Tribune in noticing the recent meeting in Faneuil Hall, says:—

"An Impartial Suffrage League has been formed in Boston, the first meeting of which was presided over by Governor Bullock, on Thursday last. We hail the formation of this society as the first organized movement to carry forward the principles underlying the late contest of armed forces, to their complete victory—to take them up at the point where Lincoln fell and push them to the point where he would have carried them. We need similar clubs and leagues all over the land, in every town, village and hamlet, as vehement and persistent as the old anti-slavery societies; and never resting in their efforts until the last vestige of slavery—the disfranchisement of American citizens on account of color—shall be swept from the United States. Let us have, therefore, suffrage meetings and associations every where; let the land resound with their appeals on behalf of the political rights of the loyal masses of the South. Let those who are tired out in the service of liberty, and those who are untiring in the cause of slavery, equally learn that the end is not yet—that though the war is over, the country will not bow down to the golden calf, while any portion of the loyal people are denied their rights."

FOREIGN ITEMS.—It was reported in Berlin that the French army, on a war footing, would be ready to occupy the German and Italian frontiers as an army of observation. France, England and Russia, according to a Paris despatch, were not to act as arbiters in the coming conference, but to propose a basis of deliberations. The combined Russian and Turkish corps d'armes entered Moldavia on the 22d. Omar Pasha commanded the Turks, and Kotzebue the Russians.

LATER.—It was stated that a Congress had been agreed upon, Austria consenting to submit the Venetian question on the basis of territorial compensation. The latest despatches cast a doubt over the alleged consent of Austria. In the meantime preparations for war continued with unabated energy. In the Spanish Cortes the foreign minister said he had informed foreign governments that Spain would use every effort of hostility to avenge the blood already shed in South America. A meeting was held in London to take steps to erect a monument to Mr. George Peabody, a statue being suggested, in some conspicuous spot in London. Upwards of 900 miles of the Atlantic cable had been stowed on board the Great Eastern. Financial affairs continued to show great depression. Arrivals of gold from this country gave an improved aspect to the money market. Five-twenties were quoted at 65 1-4 to 65 3-4.

The citizens of Durham propose to offer a reward of \$5000 for the detection of the miscreants who have been butchering horses and cattle in that town of late.

A little son of Mr. George Holmes, of Buckfield, was accidentally shot last week. He was trying to extract the bullet when the accident occurred. He was 13 years old.

## CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of cattle at market this week was only about two-thirds as large as it was last week, the number of cattle from Maine being less than fifty. Of the condition of the market on the first day the reporter of the "Boston Advertiser" says:—"Most of the Northern stock was peddled off" by the head rather more readily than last week, and probably at a slight advance—enough, at any rate, to say that the market favored the seller, though the difference in nominal prices is very small." And of the second day he says:—"The stock was not as good as last week. Trade was neither slow nor fast. Prices about the same as last week, but less allowance was made for offal, although the actual 'shrink' of the stock this week will be larger than last; so that beef will cost the butcher more. But prices were also higher. Several lots were sold at 14 1-4, 28 sk, and few less than 13 1-2c—nearly all at one price. Last week 14c, 29sk, were about the highest figures. Nearly all the cattle were disposed of by five o'clock Tuesday. There appears to be more advance on the poorer than on the better qualities." The following figures show further details:—

BEST CATTLE.—Prices on total weight of hides, tallow and beef: A few premium bullocks, 14 to 14 1-2 cts. per lb.; that commonly called extra, 14 to 14 1-4 cts. per lb.; First quality, good oxen, best steers, &c., 13 3-4 to 14 cts.; Second quality, good fair beef, 13 to 13 1-2 cts.; Third quality, lighter young cattle, cows, &c., 12 to 12 1-2 cts.; Poorest grade of coarse cows, bullocks, &c., 11 to 12 cts.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Sheep, sheared, Northern, 6 to 6 1-2 cts.; Western 7 cts.; woolled 9c.

STORE CATTLE.—Prices for working oxen, \$200 to 300 per pair; steers \$100 to 150; milch cows, \$45 to 70; extra, \$80 to 100; farrow, &c., \$30 to 45.

MISCELLANEOUS PRICES.—Shotes, wholesale, 11 to 13 cts. per lb.; retail, 15 to 16 cts.; fat hogs, 7 to 8 cts. per lb.; live weight; Hides, best Brighton, 8 to 9 cts. per lb.; country lots 6 1-2 to 7 cts.; tallow, 7 to 8 cts.; calf skins, 20 cts. per lb.; pelts, \$2 00 to 2 52 each.

The following testimonial, taken from the Biddeford "Union," tells its own story. Dr. McKenney, to whom it refers, has established himself in the office over Alden's jewelry store, where he may be consulted by those needing his services. His system of practice has some ardent advocates in this vicinity.

Biddeford, May 16, 1866.  
MR. EDITOR:—Prompted by feelings of gladness in recovery of health and hoping that it may be of benefit to others, I feel happy to say that I am free from all suffering, and am able to do my work for my family and consider myself well, and I would recommend him to ladies troubled with any of these complaints, believing as I do that he is a true man, and that you will gain relief from the sufferings of these severe complaints that we have to suffer with.

I write this without the knowledge of the Doctor, as a voluntary testimonial to his worth, and for the benefit of the suffering females in this place, hoping that all may avail themselves of the golden opportunity to gain relief and health. My lady, wishing to know my name ascertains it at the Journal office. A RESIDENT.

"My policy," says Andrew J. "I surely will enforce, And everybody'll accept it As a mere affair of course."

"When Congress does adjourn Dead ducks will have to stoop, And I'll clean the Augean stable With steam refined soap."

So much for the President's policy. On the other hand it is said that, as the only thing that will make Congress adjourn—the cholera, they have resolved to appropriate a large sum to clean the city, and that they, too, have decided to give the order for soap to Leathe & Gore. Some how or other people can't get this soap off their mind.

The annual meeting of the Somerset and Kennebec Railroad Company was held in this city on Wednesday. Hon. R. D. Rice was chosen President and J. J. Eveleth, Esq., Clerk of the meeting. A ballot was had for nine Directors of the Company, which resulted in the unanimous choice of the following gentlemen: Abner Coburn, R. D. Rice, G. W. Stanley, J. D. Lang, J. W. Bradbury, Ezra Totman, Samuel Robinson, Charles Eaton, and Wm. D. Sewall.

Hon. Abner Coburn, president of the corporation, made a valuable report on the financial condition of the company, which was represented to be satisfactory.  
At a subsequent meeting of the directors, Hon. Abner Coburn was re-elected president. It was voted that the company will pay on demand all outstanding coupon certificates.—Ken. Jour.

A shocking and fatal accident took place on Tuesday last at the sash and blind factory of Messrs. Wyman & Son on Bond Brook in this city. A little girl aged about twelve years, named Clara Matthews, daughter of Mr. Walter Matthews, while collecting blocks in or under the mill, was caught by some belting in rapid motion, and whirled over the drum, killing her instantly and tearing her head and arms from the body. Her family were almost distracted at the sudden and awful end of a favorite child, and the whole community sympathizes with them in their bereavement.—Ken. Jour.

A WAR IN EUROPE INEVITABLE. Major General Schofield, who has just returned from several months' sojourn in Europe, is decidedly of the opinion that war is inevitable in Europe. The complications are such that it is thought impossible to avoid it. Napoleon, in his opinion, is the ruling spirit, and is merely using Italy and Prussia to further his own designs. The General represents the war feeling in Italy as being almost universal, and believes that nothing short of the cession of Venetia to that kingdom can possibly prevent an outbreak. He is also inclined to the opinion that Austria will refuse to participate in the proposed Congress, as a ceding away of a portion of her territory would be an implied precedent thereto.

Two of the grand jury men who found the indictment against Jefferson Davis have been compelled, by the friends of the criminal, to close their places of business and leave the State of Virginia.

The Belfast Journal learns from an agricultural patron that "Indian Poke" is a sure remedy for ticks on sheep. Apply a decoction of the root with a sponge.

They have another civil rights case in Baltimore. In a certain will case, counsel on one side offered a colored witness, but counsel for the defence objected that the State laws prohibited colored testimony wherein white persons were interested. After argument the court decided to receive the testimony, as the Civil Rights bill overrides State enactment.

Thos. W. Newman, Esq., formerly for many years connected with the press of Maine, has assumed the editorial and business management of the Portland Advertiser. F. O. J. Smith, Esq., still retains the proprietorship of the paper.

Gen. Steadman in his official report of the riot at Memphis, in which nearly thirty negroes were killed, says a large proportion of the rioters were Irish laborers.

The Congressional committee closed their labors at Memphis on the 7th inst., and started for Washington, after a session of fifteen working days, in which they examined 170 witnesses, and took 1000 pages of testimony, covering details of the riot, its causes and results. Mr. Washburne has gone via St. Louis, taking a stenographer with him, for the purpose of analyzing the testimony, on the way. The others went direct by Chattanooga. It is understood that the full testimony shows that the riot has been greater in its proportions than any statements yet published would indicate.

SORROWS come not single. Hundreds meet with misfortunes at every turn of the great wheel of life. Suffering, sorrow and sickness is the inheritance of man. Dyspepsia has claimed millions as its victims, and for years there has seemed to be no reliable remedy for it. Our readers will rejoice to hear that Coe's Dyspepsia Cure will certainly cure it in every instance. All its attendant afflictions, like cramps, colic, indigestion, sickness of stomach, souring and rising of food, sick-headache, general debility and want of appetite are sure to yield to Coe's Dyspepsia Cure.

Our lady folks say, Oh, what a splendid soap that of Monroe Taylor Gold Medal is; it is a family casket, sparkling with useful lessons; every time washing day comes it saves more than half the labor; it only takes about one third in quantity and only costs about the same as other soaps, besides leaving the clothes in a much better condition than where other soap is used. Surely no lady should undertake to housekeep without it.

Herrick Allen's Gold Medal Saleratus is manufactured entirely different from any other. Its chemical purity renders it as harmless as the purest flour, and its use will strengthen weak stomachs and cure dyspeptic persons. Use it with cream tartar instead of soda. It is much better. Try it. Grocers and druggists sell it.

Do not be deceived. No foreign perfumes can be imported for sale at the present rate of duty. Vile imitations of them are imposed upon the credulous. Phalon's "Night-Blooming Cereus" stands alone, unapproached, incomparable to the most popular floral extract in existence, and far ahead of anything of the kind that Europe has ever produced. Sold by druggists everywhere.

The Portland and Kennebec Railroad Company propose to erect the present season a spacious brick passenger depot on Winthrop street, in Augusta, and a freight depot on Bridge street.

NEW ENGLAND FAIR. The third annual Exhibition of the New England Agricultural Society will take place at Brattleboro', Vt., Sept. 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, in connection with the Exhibition of the Vermont State Society.

## ACCIDENT INSURANCE!

THE ORIGINAL  
Travellers' Insurance Company.  
OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Insures against  
ACCIDENTS  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Net Cash Assets June 1, 1866. . \$700,641 64

POLICIES insuring against ALL KINDS OF ACCIDENTS issued for any term, from one month to five years, for any sum from \$500 to 10,000 Dollars, or to \$50 Dollars Weekly Compensation, at from 5 to 60 Dollars annual premium.

Insure in the Pioneer Company.

The Travellers Insurance Company of Hartford is the Oldest Accident Insurance Company in America. It is fully and properly capitalized, and has a large business and Pays its Losses Promptly. Up to June 1, 1866 it had and issued over fifty thousand policies. Forty of these were total losses, and the large sum of 135,000 Dollars was realized for the three 700 Dollars received in premiums. Over 200,000 Dollars has been paid in losses, in sums from 5 to 10,000 Dollars.

BEST AND CHEAPEST Insurance extant.

No Medical examination required. Policies written, without delay, by the Company's Agents. A liberal discount on three and five year policies.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, President.  
RODNEY DENNIS, Secretary.

L. T. BOOTHBY, Agent, Waterville.

## Carding & Cloth Dressing.







