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Maxham & Wing

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"Four hundred thousand men"
Have gone to meet their God;
Four hundred thousand gallant men,
From city, mountain-side, and glen,
Beneath our banner trod;
For love of country firmly stood,
And sealed the Union with their blood.

"Four hundred thousand men,"
By millions loved and lost;
A sea of agonizing tears—
A waste of desolated years,
Of heart's stones sorrow crossed—
A priceless sacrifice—'twas when
We gave "four hundred thousand men."

The gallant banners flaunting high,
The bugles sounding victory,
Forth from each brazen throat,
May drown awhile the sighs and tears,
While we forget the griefs and fears,
Forget each change to note—
Forget to ask—What got we then?
For such a host of gallant men?

Pence came on fluttering silver wings;
With Freedom by her side;
In pity God looked down to save,
To stop the slaughter of the brave—
Yet, still untimely, the pride
That lightly holds the moon, even when
It cost "four hundred thousand men."

What reconstruction has been wrought,
Save that which God has made?
He shapes the future in His will,
He schools, he chastens, guides us still,
And still will be obeyed;
Yet, hark, we forget this, when
It cost "four hundred thousand men."

Vain politicians—who can boast
Of their great saving schemes!
And jumbled words, and crooked creeds,
Stand in the place of noble deeds,
And Truth's eternal themes;
And—haste we to give power again
To those who slew the gallant men?

Look at the host of bloody graves,
The finger-marks of God—
And He who smites is He who saves,
And all that bleed are He who save;
Are guide-boards on the road;
Can we not read them!—read them! when
They cost "four hundred thousand men!"

[From Harper's Magazine.]

MISS INGERSOLL'S PRIDE.

III.

"It's of no use, Louisa, my trying to go down to Miss Ingersoll's; I can't move a step that foot without pain. Why, just look at it." And Mother Chatam lifted her skirt from the disabled foot, reposing upon a *broche*. Louisa opened her eyes with amazement.

"My goodness, mother, it's big as two! What a nasty thing rheumatism is!"

"Humph!" grunted Mother Chatam, in reproof of Louisa's English usage of the word "nasty." But Louisa paid no heed. She was full of another subject, and she went on with it.

"But what will you do, mother; you must have that silk made up by Christmas? I ain't going to have you wear that old dowdy gray that Dorcas Brown had a hand in. Oh, I've got a plan! You just write a note to Miss Ingersoll, and tell her all about your poor foot, and beg her for once to come to you."

"But, Louisa, she refuses to go out, you know; and she might not like it."

"Like it? Oh, she won't dislike it. She's the best-natured, most obliging person in the world. There's no nonsense, and no pride about her. Come, mother, you just write your note, and George'll go for her; won't you, George?"

George Chatam, Mother Chatam's youngest, and some people said, her favorite son, thus addressed, laid down his newspaper which he had been reading.

"Go for whom?" he asked.

"The dress-maker. Mother can't go to her, you know, on account of her foot."

George Chatam put on a look of grim humor that was a great deal like his mother's, and turning to that lady, he said:

"Mrs. Chatam, did you authorize that giddy young woman to send me out on this freezing December morning upon such an errand. It makes my teeth chatter to think of bringing that dismal Dorcas up here."

"Dorcas! 'tisn't Dorcas any more, George; it's Miss Ingersoll," exclaimed Louisa.

"So, mother, this giddy young woman has persuaded you into changing old acquaintances?"

"The next time I come home I shall find somebody else in my shoes. Eh, what, is that note ready? And I'm in for it, I suppose. Where's my hat? Louisa, don't use that journal for curl papers as you did the other while I'm away."

And out he went, followed by Louisa's saucy rejoinders, and his mother's fond, but covert smile. He was the apple of her eye. Not quite thirty yet, and of a generous, hearty manhood, which, wherever he went, gave him a first place among his fellows.

"Be sure you don't come back without Miss Ingersoll, George!" Louisa cried out to him from the doorway as he drove off.

When the young man observed the look of indecision Miss Ingersoll's face wore as she read the note, he remarked, pleasantly:

"The last thing my sister-in-law said to me was: 'Be sure you don't come back without Miss Ingersoll.'"

Miss Ingersoll smiled vaguely in return, but stood, thoughtfully, holding the matter under silent consideration.

"I don't see how I can," she spoke, at last, more to herself than to him, and looking meditatively out of the window.

The young man stood idly waiting. He had no interest in the matter—indeed it was rather a bore; only he didn't want his mother and Louisa to be disappointed. A few moments more, and Miss Ingersoll had decided. She would go. It was half an hour's ride to Meriden Hill, and in that time there was very little said—a few remarks about the weather, and a few questions and answers concerning the arrangement of the wolf-robe, (George Chatam felt rather relieved than otherwise when he had delivered his companion over to his sister-in-law. But he hadn't got rid of Miss Ingersoll yet. Toward night his mother came to him, saying:—

"George, I wish you'd take Miss Ingersoll back. I wouldn't ask you, but Michael isn't fit to be out with his cold."

"Certainly, mother," answered George, obligingly; but it was a little disagreeable to him to leave his warm nook in the library, and those "English Humors" of which he was so fond. It was a dismal night to turn out in; raw and rainy, with an east wind blowing.

But George never showed his petty annoyances. He was just as kind and pleasant, though a little absent; his thoughts more with that warm fireside he had left, and the company of Swift and Steele, and Gay and Prior. Perhaps it was this absence of mind that made him a little careless in his driving, for in turning at the cross road he seemed to have forgotten a certain pile of stones to be avoided—for the road was under repair at the time—and this inattention very nearly caused a serious accident. There was a sudden swerve, a sudden shock; and though George retained his seat, it wasn't so easy for Miss Ingersoll, in that low-backed, or no-backed, open buggy. She gave just a little "Oh!" of fright as she was thus unceremoniously thrown out, and then George heard not another sound. He righted himself and jumped to the ground with no very great delay, you may be sure. It was quite dark

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but he could just see Miss Ingersoll, sitting with her head bent forward upon her hands.

"Are you hurt, Miss Ingersoll; are you hurt?" he inquired, anxiously.

"No," in rather a faint voice; "only it was a shock, and I am a little faint and giddy."

"It was very careless of me, very; and I am ashamed to ask your pardon."

Miss Ingersoll didn't reply. She sat there quietly a moment or so longer, and then said, in her simple way:—

"Now I can go on if you will help me. I think my ankle is sprained."

"Bless my soul, you don't say so!" George was so sorry and so shocked at himself that he expressed a good deal of his feeling. Miss Ingersoll replied to it all with:—

"Oh, it might have been much worse; and there is no justice in your blaming yourself, Mr. Chatam. It was simply an accident, and nothing very serious at that."

But her cool way, though it was a relief, didn't make him regard his own carelessness in a less culpable light. As he put her into the carriage again, he said, decidedly:—

"You must let me take you back to my mother, now; she would never forgive me for letting you go off to take care of yourself after suffering by my carelessness." And with these words he was turning his horse in the direction of Meriden Hill.

"Mr. Chatam, you will be kind enough to take me to my home at Meriden Centre."

The quick, firm tone impressed George Chatam with her earnestness at once.

"But, Miss Ingersoll, I wish you would trust to me in this. It is better as I say. My mother will gladly do anything she can for you."

"Mr. Chatam, I thank you; but I don't want to go to Meriden Hill; I want to go to my own room."

For the first time there was something a little haughty in Emily Ingersoll's manner; haughty, and almost ungracious. George wouldn't have resented anything from her then; but he felt, somehow, confused and misunderstood.

"You shall go just where you like, Miss Ingersoll," he answered her, gently.

It was the best thing he could have said, and the best thing he could have done, to have obeyed her wish as he did. But after he had seen her safely landed at her boarding-place he went to his mother's family physician, and begged him to go at once and attend to her.

This was some satisfaction. He felt still better about it, however, when he had told his mother and Louisa what had happened, and enlisted their sympathies and services. Mrs. Chatam *mere* was quite horrified.

"My goodness, George!" she exclaimed, in her abrupt way, "I wonder you weren't both of you killed. See to her—of course I will; but she ought to be here."

Louisa couldn't help her jest with George, even on so serious a subject.

"You're a pretty fellow," she said, "rushing across the country in such a hap-hazard manner that one doesn't know whether they are in or out of the carriage hardly. I think I shall insure my life next time I go with you."

But spite of her fun Mrs. Louisa felt sorry for Miss Ingersoll, and the next morning went to make inquiries and offer what service she could. There wasn't much opportunity for anybody's service it seemed; for there sat Miss Ingersoll, inside her shop window, busy, with her two or three girls, over Mother Chatam's dress, the sprained foot properly bandaged, and resting upon a cushion.

Mrs. Louisa went in full of her mission, and came out entirely robbed of it. According to Miss Ingersoll's statement there was nothing to be done. The foot and ankle were getting on well—a little painful, of course, but nothing but what would be borne. Home sped Mrs. Louisa and related the result of her interview.

"Mercy! I should have been on the lounge, making everybody wait upon me; and there she sat, as cool and easy as you please; but I suppose girls in her situation get used to taking things coolly. They are obliged to, poor things!"

George Chatam, in the window-seat, made no comment; but he thought, with a good deal of curiosity, of the character this cool way suggested, for he had not forgotten his experience of this coolness the night before. And that remark of Louisa's; "I suppose girls in her situation get used to taking things coolly; they are obliged to, poor things!"—touched George a good deal. He hadn't given it much thought before, but there was this girl, evidently a person of refinement; just as much, and perhaps more, of a lady than Louisa; and how different their lots in life! As George pondered this his pity increased, and his desire to make some amends for his carelessness became naturally stronger. That afternoon he rode down himself to make personal inquiries. Miss Ingersoll was alone in the front shop, and the busy click, click of the sewing-machine going on in the room beyond. She received him pleasantly enough, answered his questions, his commiserations, briefly but politely, told him, smilingly, that it wasn't worth so much talk, and grew so evidently annoyed with the subject that he dropped it. And then came an utter silence which she would not break, and George was fain to make his exit as quickly as possible.

"She's a curious person," he thought, "and very unlike most girls in her position. No embarrassment, no flippancy, no commonplace volubility, but as cold and simple as a duchess might be. She evidently seeks patronage, the condescension of people who look over her head, and she is determined to bluff it off. Plucky!"

But George Chatam was a persistent fellow, when he set out on a principle; and it was a principle with him now to do a gentleman's duty under the circumstances. A little proud, too, it hurt him to be the means of doing an injury, and then he denied any reparation whatever. So a second time he presented himself at Miss Ingersoll's door with his inquiries, and then he spoke to her quite frankly of how he felt about it.

"You are scarcely generous, Miss Ingersoll," he said, seriously, "to treat me in this way."

Miss Ingersoll was completely taken aback by his honest, serious directness. She began something, however, in the old strain. "It wasn't worth minding, etc."

"Miss Ingersoll, it is worth minding. If you had been in my place and I in yours would you have felt that it wasn't worth minding?"

Miss Ingersoll was obliged to own by her silence, if not by words, that he had the best of it here. She broke the silence at last by saying:—

"Well, perhaps I am not generous—perhaps I am a little morbidly sensitive. I suppose I am; but you can not know, Mr. Chatam, how hard it is for a woman in my circumstances to keep the exact balance—to know just what is best for her self-respect to do when brought in contact in any other than a business capacity with persons differently circumstanced."

"No, I don't suppose I do, Miss Ingersoll. I think I can imagine how you feel, however, and this is the very point. You fancy that people situated as we are mean patronage and condescension, whenever we approach you in any other way than that of business. You may have had experience which proved it to you, but you mistake in the present case. I should have shown no more and no less interest in any one, however circumstanced in the world. But perhaps I am too hasty. I think very likely that I have felt a keener sympathy and interest in your very circumstances. You depend upon yourself; you cannot afford to lose your time or your health in any way. You surely will not misunderstand me now."

"No, I will not, Mr. Chatam."

For the first time George Chatam realized Emily Ingersoll's personal appearance as he looked up at her. She was really attractive—not a beauty, but fair to look upon.

"A lady!" he said inwardly, as he rode home, "whatever her condition in life."

IV.

Louisa was down from Boston again, and sat reading aloud to her mother-in-law. It was approaching spring, and though the road was white with snow there was a twitter of bird and a swelling of bud which were sure harbingers; and Louisa, looking up from her book every now and then, welcomed these indications with a vague sense of pleasure. At last she looked up and forgot to look back. Mrs. Chatam *mere* glanced over her spectacles at her to see what delayed her.

"What is it? what do you see, Louisa?"

Mother Chatam, did you hear the gate clang just now?"

"I don't know as I did. Why?"

"It was George with a bundle of books, and a basket of flowers from the hot-house. Do you know what he is going to do with them?"

"No, of course not. Why should I?" answered Mother Chatam with lofty indifference.

Louisa was gazing thoughtfully from the window out upon the long white road, the distant town. She went on as if mother Chatam had not spoken.

"Mrs. Tennet told me last night, mother, that George goes to see Miss Ingersoll very often, and that he carries her books and flowers."

"Louisa, I hope you have not been encouraging any idle, vulgar gossip about the family with Mrs. Tennet or any one else."

Mother Chatam spoke in her haughtiest tone. Louisa knew what it meant—knew she was in earnest, and did not mean to discuss the matter. She wisely resumed her book then without further remark, and the matter was dropped.

But mother Chatam had not dropped it so easily out of her thoughts. Her George carrying flowers and books to Miss Ingersoll—to her dress-maker! If the rumor was true, what did it portend? But no, it could not be true. It was only idle, country gossip. George had simply been kind to her on account of her accident. Mrs. Chatam was not a snobbish person by any means; but she was a conventional woman of the old-fashioned school of country gentry. And this country of Meriden had always been specially aristocratic in its tone; what Julia Ingersoll had termed "English."

Mrs. Chatam, then, with her *Mayflower* blood and her ancient prejudices, looked upon her dress-maker as only a short remove from her chamber-maid. She would have nursed her in sickness, and helped her generously if she had been in need of help; but she would have done it from the "lady of the county's" sense of duty, just as she would have helped or tended any of her poor.

But while Mother Chatam's mind is in this state of commotion from Louisa's gossip, let us see what George is going to do with those books and flowers. Yes! he drives down the road and turns the corner—the very corner where he once turned over—and keeps on to Meriden Centre. It was late in the afternoon when he re-enters—yes, actually before Miss Ingersoll's door! It is her shop-door, and in this shop Miss Ingersoll has never tried to call it "rooms."

—Miss Ingersoll spends her evening; for here she has quite a pretty little parlor all to herself, when no customers are there. George enters this little parlor like one quite at home.

"I've brought you those books I spoke of, Miss Ingersoll; and here are some of our last roses and a few other flowers, if you'll give them house-room."

"Oh, thank you; how lovely!" and Emily Ingersoll bent over the basket with a face of delight. Presently she opened a portfolio and pushed it toward her guest:—

"Do you recognize those?"

"What! the violets and pansies I brought you last week?"

"Yes; I tried the multiflora, but it had faded too much, and I am used to painting violets and pansies more than other flowers."

"You have painted flowers a great deal, haven't you? Those water-lilies you showed me were wonderful."

"Yes; I have painted them a great deal—I like to copy from nature."

So they talk first of the flowers, and then of the books, and George reads some of his favorite passages. George has evidently none of his mother's prejudices. He is of the new-day school instead of the old, as you might perceive if you observed the books he brought. There are two or three of Thoreau's, and one of Emerson's which Miss Ingersoll hadn't read; and George gets quite brilliant as he discusses them. The town clock struck ten before he dreamed of it.

"Bless me! I didn't know it was so late!" he said, rising. It was a lovely night that met their gaze as they stood a moment by the open door.

"It will soon be delightful riding, Miss Ingersoll," George remarked, animatedly, as he felt the spring air; "and then you must let me take you over some of these hills: I'll promise not to upset you. You will go with me, won't you?"

"I—I think not, Mr. Chatam."

"What, did you get so permanent a fright after all in that upsetting?"

"Oh no, not that; but this is a gossiping neighborhood, Mr. Chatam, and women in my position have to be very careful. I was going to speak to you a week ago or more about another matter connected with this subject. It is better that you should not come here so frequently for that very reason. Of course I know that you are a liberal-minded gentleman, and that you recognize me as a friend without regard to my worldly position; but others will not. There will be always in such companionship as ours the ordinary vulgar supposition of a flirtation or something of that sort. There, now, you need not say a word. We can't help it, you know, and we are just as good friends as ever."

She smiled at the conclusion—would not let him speak in reply, but bade him "good-night," in such a frank, commonplace way as to divert everything she had said of the least over-sensitive or sentimental feeling.

George drove off with a sensation of chagrin and disappointment.

"Why wouldn't she let me speak, I wonder?" he thought over and again as he rode along, and the thought seemed vexatious and mortifying.

Mother Chatam was sitting up for him when he arrived. It was an unusual thing, and George stared at her in surprise as he entered the parlor. He was in no mood for talking, and was lighting his candle to go up to his room, when she surprised him still more by saying:—

"George, I want to have a little talk with you."

"Very well, mother;" and he drew a chair up to the fire.

She began at once without preamble.

"George, Louisa tells me that there is a gossip about you and Miss Ingersoll."

The old lady was regarding him keenly over her spectacles. She saw that calm face of his not a whit disturbed in outward serenity, and his only reply was the monosyllable "Well?" in a questioning tone of voice. She saw that he meant her to go on.

"And they say that you carry her books and flowers."

"Well?"

"I told Louisa that it was only idle gossip; that you had been kind to Miss Ingersoll on account of her foot. But I thought I had better speak to you about it, and let you know what was said, so as to put you on your guard. Such little-tattle is always annoying, and it might be of serious detriment to Miss Ingersoll."

"Yes, it might; I will look out that it does not, however. I will either cease going altogether there, or I will have the best of reasons to go."

"George, you don't mean—"

"Yes, I do, mother. I mean that I am going to ask Miss Ingersoll if she will marry me."

"Well, George, I never thought you would come to this!"

"Come to what, mother—matrimony?"

"Don't jest, George, I beg of you. You know very well what I mean. You know that it is not the marrying, but the marrying beneath you, that I object to."

"Beneath me!" and from this indignant exclamation George went on to expound to his mother his own liberal ideas on the subject.

He told her that Miss Ingersoll was more of a lady, and a better educated one than Louisa; and that was the accident of poverty, of course, that had given her her present position.

"But if she was such a lady, if she was better educated, etc., why didn't she make use of her advantages? There were plenty of occupations—teaching for instance, where were ladies' occupations. If she was so well educated why didn't she teach?"

"I never asked her, mother. If I thought about it I trusted such a person as Miss Ingersoll to have good and dignified reason for her choice of occupation. When you talk of plenty of lady-like occupations, consider a moment—what is there open to women except the few employments such as teaching, dress-making, millinery, and fine sewing. I mean the legitimate occupations open to all. The others are accidents or special talents."

George, of course, had the best of the argument; but his mother was not convinced of it—rather irritated instead. She didn't understand this new doctrine of equality. It partook of schism and conspiracy, and even the Prayer-Book warned her of that.

"But you'll welcome her, mother, as your daughter if she accepts me?" George finally asked, with some anxiety.

"I can't welcome her, George, for I can't lie," the old lady answered, decidedly.

George rose up with a sigh. "Ah, well, mother, I know that you will think better of it sometime."

He went out with his usual good-night, a little sad faced but kind as ever. Her favorite son. She looked after him with tears in her eyes, and thoughts both gentle and bitter were in her mind. She had always been proud of his steady-mindedness, but it was this very trait now that she feared. When George once made up his mind there was no turning him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUT OF SEASON.—A day or two since, says the New Bedford *Mercury*, two ladies from the country, on a shopping excursion to the city, dropped into a hardware store, where agricultural implements are sold. They had read John's advertisements, and therefore innocently inquired for *cradles*. The store-keeper said it was rather late in the season for the article, and he had sold all he purchased. The ladies looked at each other, wonderingly, and whispered, laughing, when one, turning to the blushing John, remarked: "Out of season! I thought *babies* were always in season!"

On the way back through Washington, the New Hampshire delegation to the "wigwam" called on the President and presented him with a series of resolutions, which they had adopted. The President replied in substance that a recognition of the policy and principles of the administration would be required of those who receive office and patronage under the government. The delegates naturally expressed themselves as highly gratified at the pleasant prospect thus opened for themselves and their friends.

RUSKIN ON JUDAS.—John Ruskin, in the *Crown of Wild Olive*, characterizes in his trenchant style those who live to make money, as imitators of Judas:

We do great injustice to Iscariot, in thinking him wicked above all common wickedness. He was only a common money-lover, and, like all money-lovers, didn't understand Christ; couldn't make out the worth of Him or meaning of Him. He didn't want Him to be killed. He was horror-struck when he found that Christ would be killed; threw his money away instantly, and hanged himself. How many of our present money-seekers, think you, would have the grace to hang themselves, whoever was killed? But Judas was a common, selfish, muddle-headed, pilfering fellow; his hand always in the bag of the poor, not caring for them. He didn't understand Christ; yet believed in Him, much more than most of us do; had seen Him do miracles, thought He was quite strong enough to shift for Himself, and he, Judas, might as well make his own little perquisites out of the affair. Christ would come out of it well enough, and he have the thirty pieces. Now, that is the money-seeker's idea, all over the world. He doesn't hate Christ, but can't understand him—doesn't care for Him—sees no good in that benevolent business; makes his own little job out of it, at all events; come what will. And thus, out of every mass of men, you have a certain number of bag-men—your "fee first" men, whose main object is to make money. And they do make it—make it in all sorts of unfair ways, chiefly by the weight and force of money itself, or what is called the power of capital; that is to say, the power which money, once obtained, has over the labor of the poor, so that the capitalist can take all its produce to himself, except the laborer's food. That is the modern Judas's way of "carrying the bag" and "bearing what is put therein."

MUTUAL DEPENDENCE.—Farmers are popularly supposed to be "independent," that is above the necessity of calling on their neighbors or individuals who follow other callings, for the necessities of life, but reflection will show that all classes of society, in a state of civilization, are mutually dependent. The farmer raises his bread and clothing, but if no one buys his surplus, he must live in a hut devoid of all that makes life agreeable.

A "Digger" Indian is an example of "independence," and an example of the most abject degradation the human species can sink to. His clothing is nothing at all in summer, and in winter, what he can find. His meat is caribou and insects, and his home a burrow in the ground. Who wouldn't be independent?

A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WRATH.—It is related that recently, in a sleeping car coming from the West, a man in one of the berths became greatly annoyed by the crying of an infant and the efforts of its father to pacify it. The irate individual at last shouted out: "What is the matter with that young one there?" And soon again: "Where is the mother of that child, that she is not here to pacify it?" At this the poor gentleman in charge of the child stepped up to the berth and said: "Sir, the mother of that child is in her coffin in the baggage car!" The grumbler immediately arose and compelled the afflicted father to retire to his berth, and from that time until morning took the little orphan under his own care.

GOVERNOR MORTON'S WARNING TO YOUNG MEN.—You are just starting in life with the world all before you, when and how to choose. Beware how you connect your fortunes with a decayed and dishonored party, *indebtedly stained with treason*, and upon whose tombstone the historian will write: "False to liberty, false to its country, and false to the age in which it lived." The democratic party has committed a crime for which history has no pardon, and the memories of men no forgetfulness; whose colors grow darker from age to age and for which the execrations of mankind become more bitter from generation to generation.

SWEET CORN ALL THE YEAR ROUND.—Nearly all the dried corn that one buys has a flavor, when boiled, resembling soda or pearl-ash—certainly it has but little sweetness and much toughness. Now, there is a way of preserving corn which entirely avoids these results, and which is warranted to give "entire satisfaction."

Select, in their season, fresh, medium-sized ears of corn, strip off silk and husks, then plunge the ears in boiling hot water, leaving them in for only three minutes. Next cut the corn kernels from the cob with a sharp knife and spread them out on flat dishes, taking care not to have the layer more than two kernels thick.

The dishes must then be placed either in a moderate oven (left open) or over the kitchen range on a board shelf which can be arranged over it for the purpose (say 2-2 or 3 feet above the top of the range). The contents of each dish must be disturbed occasionally, so as to insure their becoming thoroughly dried. It is well to spread lace or mosquito netting over the dishes to protect them from flies, dust, etc., for sometimes the corn will be two or three days in drying.

When the corn is perfectly dry, tie it up in bags and put it away in a cool, dry place.

In winter, when you wish to enjoy the fruit of this little painstaking, you take out a few handfuls of the corn, wash it well, soak it all night, and the next day boil it till tender, in the same water it was soaked in. About twenty minutes before you take it from the fire, add milk to the liquid in proportion to your taste, and when nearly done, add butter, pepper, and salt.

A little corn-starch, added as thickening, ten or fifteen minutes before taking the corn from the fire, improves it very much. The corn should be its own stiff broth, and my word for it, it will taste as fresh and sweet as any corn fresh grown.

I need not say that by soaking corn thus dried all night, and also soaking the preserved beans for the same length of time, a delicious winter

Waterville Mail.

WATERVILLE, AUG. 24, 1866.



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Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE TO CONGRESS.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

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THOS. B. REED, Wayne.
JOS. T. WOODWARD, Sidney.
Sheriff—CHAS. HEWINS, Augusta.
Co. Com'r.—M. ROLLINS, Jr., Albion.

THE NEW PARTY.

In looking at the late gathering at Philadelphia, we naturally inquire, first of all, what is the object? To arrive at an answer, we next inquire, who are the men? The answer to the latter question will be some progress towards an answer to the first. Who are the men lately gathered in convention at Philadelphia?—what is their "record" previous to the rebellion?—and what part did they take in the war? Nobody needs the answers to these questions, for the reason that there has been no concealment. The whole political history of the country for twenty years is their record; and the trials we have endured for the last four years have been multiplied ten fold because these men have labored to increase them. While Mr. Buchanan was aiding and abetting the plans of the Southern leaders these men were staying up his hands; and when at last the war began, they labored as openly as cowardice would permit to discourage enlistments, ridicule the government and rejoice in all the misfortunes of our arms. Vallandigham and Wood were worse than some others only as they were less cowardly; and who ever heard their treason objected to by a single one of the men now banded together at Philadelphia?

These men say they are joining hands to save the Union! Who rallied when the Union was threatened by treason? Did any of these? Instead, how many of them restrained their copper-tongued hisses at the brave men who filled the ranks of our armies? And when the Union was indeed saved by our victories, who among these Philadelphia patriots was heard to rejoice? Was there one who did not slink away from the huzzas of truer and bolder men, as though conscious that the blows due to traitors were deserved upon his own back? And now, when the assassin has given a fitting leader for such men, they profess to rally to save the Union! These men, who would not give even a word to save the Union from traitorous South Carolinians, are now clanking together to save it from the representatives of loyal men!

Let us listen to their arguments:—whom do we hear them denounce? Jeff Davis, or any of his minions? By no means. Abraham Lincoln, and the national congress, get all their anathemas. Do they complain of the Andersonville murders, or the refusal of quarters to the colored soldiers that fought for the Union? Surely these eleventh-hour Union saviors must fraternize with somebody who has already helped to save the Union. Do they praise the soldiers, or mention their victories? Not they. They only look arms with South Carolina! All New England has their curses—South Carolina has their hearts: And why not?—army men they helped to institute the rebellion—arm in arm they are with her now.

NARROW ESCAPE.—About noon on Wednesday, a runaway horse, buggy attached, came down Main St., almost to the express office, where he began to show symptoms of shacking his speed; but the flourishes of two or three foolish men turned him down Common Street a good deal frightened. Crossing to Front Street, he ran up to the Corner of Temple St., where the footings of a posse of boys drove him upon the sidewalk, between the fence and the lighting post, in front of Dr. Pulsifer's. Locking the wheel to the post, and clearing himself from the buggy, he was stopped and secured. At the same post stood the Doctor's phaeton, in which were his three children. Their escape from injury was a narrow one. Moral—the more you swing your hat and hoot at a runaway horse, the greater fool you are taken for.

Do not forget the Concert by Portland singers, including Mrs. Amanda Burnham, (nee Bates,) next Thursday evening. Further particulars hereafter by posters and promise.

The Canadian are laboring under another Fenian scare.

THE STEAMBOAT TRAIN on the Portland and Kennebec railroad, we are pleased to learn, has not been discontinued, but is to be a permanent arrangement. It has never been sufficiently advertised, but is steadily gaining in favor with the people as it becomes known.—See official notice below:—

Steamboat Train.—This train between Bath and Skowhegan, which was put on as an experiment, has met with more success than was at first anticipated, and at a meeting of the Directors, held at Brunswick on Tuesday, Aug. 21st, it was voted to continue running the train.

W. HATCH, Sup't.

Augusta, Aug. 22, 1866.

PROVOKING.—The omission of a few lines from the report of the "Waterville Perch Association," last week, (in printer's language, an "out") made a sad "muddle" of the dinner scene. Rev. Dr. Sheldon, Prof. Matthews and Rev. Dr. Holman were not among those who were hurried away. They tarried until the close, and each responded to the call for remarks—the speech of Prof. Matthews being quaintly humorous and characteristic.

The almost incessant rain, for some weeks past, is beginning to be looked upon as little less than wonderful. We question whether in any former season the three months, June, July and August, ever showed so great a quantity of rain. The "oldest inhabitant" says it really beats all!

PERCHY!—Visitors at Wade's, at North Pond, report perch by the thousand. They were always abundant there, but this year more plenty than ever. This is just the time to take them.

"Jennie" inquires what she can do with her "bly callers," who drop in at unseasonable hours, when she wants to be at the dinner or tea table. A plain case—choose for her acquaintances those who know better.

A MERRY TIME!—The several Sabbath Schools of this place have arranged a union picnic, on the banks of the Sebasticook, in Winslow, on land of Mr. Getchell. Committees are appointed to arrange all the preliminaries, and see that everything is well done. The company will start from Town Hall at 10 o'clock, and partake of refreshments at the grove soon after 12.

TAKE WARNING!—In Lewiston the police have a way of protecting village gardens by arresting boys who rob them. We hope the same fashion will be adopted in Waterville. We notice another indication of cruelty in the police department of Lewiston. A few evenings since a fellow, (probably a student in Bates Mill or Bates College,) was arrested for disturbing the quiet of the city by blowing a horn. This is cruel! In Waterville it has become a pastime for gangs of rowdy fellows, of all sorts, to prowl our streets and render night hideous by all sorts of noises. They even serenade the police without waking them. It is said our police have an ear for this quality of music. What a dull, puritanical place that little Lewiston must be!

UNION MEETINGS.—Hon. Albert G. Jewett, of Belfast, will address the citizens of Waterville and vicinity Monday evening, Sept. 3d. He will speak at Skowhegan Sept. 4th.

CATTLE MARKETS.—The Boston Advertiser reports the market well supplied this week, with little or no change in prices. Maine sent 262 cattle and 829 sheep. Gideon Wells sold 16 oxen at 14 c. to kill and weigh; 3 at 12 1/2 c. 36 sk; and some 45 others at 11 to 13c per lb.

THE POPHAM CELEBRATION will take place on the 21st inst., near the place of original occupation, at the mouth of the Kennebec. All creation are invited to attend and help to glorify the founders of the first colony in New England. Addresses and communications are expected from several prominent gentlemen.

William Rogers, of Augusta, a lad about 15 years old, got into a quarrel with another boy, Edward Ward, about 9 years of age, a few days since, and in the altercation the Ward boy was so severely injured that he died on Saturday. The Rogers boy, says the Farmer, was bound over for trial.

ONE HALF TRUE, SURE.—When Andrew Johnson was nominated by the Republicans, the Constitutional Union, an opposition paper then but an administration organ now—published at Washington, D. C., noticed him in the following terms. The charge of neglecting his mother was, of course without foundation; but that of demagoguism, we are very sorry to say, was too true:—

THE REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR VICE PRESIDENT.—Andy Johnson, of Tennessee, who was nominated on the 8th at Baltimore by the Republicans for Vice President, is known to be one of the most consummate demagogues living. In addition to a thousand other little tricks resorted to by him to make himself popular with the masses, we are told that he keeps standing in front of the elegant mansion in which he lives, a small one-story shanty in which he once worked as a journeyman tailor; this he points out to his visitors, telling them the story of his early struggles in life. He forgets, however, to tell them one thing connected with his humble origin; how he has an old mother, more than seventy years of age, whom he suffers to traverse the streets of Philadelphia with a basket on her arm, selling tripe for a living. Ye who have hearts, only think of this; a man who is rolling in wealth and aspires to the position of Vice-President of this great country, suffers his old mother to trudge about the streets of a large city, hawking tripe, that she may buy bread to keep her poor old soul and body together. Ingratitude can assume no darker shade than this.

The Portland papers are all reconstructed, and with new type look handsomer than before, and that is saying much.

OUR TABLE.

THE GALAXY, for September 1st, has the following table of contents:—
The Claveing, (with an illustration,) by Anthony Trollope; Reform and Revolution in England, by George M. Towle; Hearts of Oak and Stone, by Henry Morford; Pisa and its University, by B. G.; On Christmas Eve—With Shakespeare's Sonnets, by Richard H. Stoddard; Verbal Anomalies, by George Wakeman; Arriere Pensee, by T. T. Our Patient, by Caroline Chessboro; Aeronautics, by B. W. Wall; Archie Lovell, by Mrs. Edwards; Literary Frontiers, by Eugene Benson; Rachel and Rictor, by H. A. Delille; Atlantic Telegraphy, by Fred. B. Perkins; Nebulae, by the Editor.

A capital number of one of the richest and most readable magazines in the country.
The price of THE GALAXY is \$5 a year; \$3 a half year. The first volume, just completed, will be sent, handsomely bound, on receipt of \$2.50. It contains nearly thirty illustrations by the best artists. W. C. and F. P. Church, No. 39 Park Row, New York.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The September number of this able monthly is out, and as our copy has not reached us we take the following enumeration of its contents from the Boston Advertiser:—

It is especially notable for the unusual number of anonymous contributions. In this class are a poem, "The Voice," a paper on "Life Assurance," a humorous sketch, "A Distinguished Character," a narrative by an eye-witness of some "Incidents of the Portland Fire," a prose sketch, "My Little Boy," and a political article dissecting "The Johnson Party." The poems, besides that above mentioned, are Mr. Longfellow's, third sonnet "On Translating the Divina Commedia," "The Baboinks," by C. P. Church; and "Lake Champlain," by H. T. Jacksonman. The remaining writers are especially well represented in this full and varied number—the opening story, "The Surgeon's Assistant," being by Caroline Chessboro; the essay "On Woman's Work in the Middle Ages," by Mrs. R. G. Waterston; the description of an Italian Rainstorm, by Mary Gordon Clarke; and "Yesterday," by Miss Harriet E. Prescott, to say nothing of Mrs. Stowe's "Guiney Corner," talk, which is this month an answer to the question, "How Shall We Be Amused?" We have Dr. Hedge's address to the Harvard Alumni on "University Reform," as promised. Installments are given of the "Passages from Hawthorne's Note Books," and of "Griffith's Giant." The literary notices treat only of "Armada," and of "Gilmore's Four Years in the Saddle."

Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$4 a year.

HARPER'S MONTHLY.—In the September number, General Strother (Porte Crayon), illustrates the Ball's Bluff Campaign of 1861 with pen and pencil; Col. Marcy's book of "Army Life on the Border" is made the basis of an essay, illustrated by the engravings of the book itself; and Mr. Abbott's paper treats of the War History of Texas. "William during the Blockade," by a late Confederate officer, is an interesting article, and there is the usual amount and variety of miscellaneous reading, including several well written stories, spicy editorial department, &c.

Published by Harper Brothers, New York, at \$4 a year.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, for September, is handsomely embellished, as usual, and contains Words Fifty Spoken, by T. S. Arthur; Frisky, a racy sketch; The Fire-Fighter's Child; Ruth Harding, concluded; Petroleum, continued, by Miss Virginia F. Townsend &c., with the usual departments.

Published by T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia, at \$2.50 a year.

HOURS AT HOME.—Without enumerating the contents of the September number of this excellent family magazine, it is sufficient to say that, as usual, it is full of able and interesting articles, including the conclusion of "The Little Preacher," and a continuation of "Jane Gurdy's Story."

Published by Charles Scribner & Co., New York, at \$3 a year.

THE LADY'S FRIEND, for September, has a charming steel engraving of a Mother blessing her sleeping Child; a handsome large-sized colored fashion plate, with numerous engravings of bonnets, veils, promenade suit, ball dress, collars, cuffs, gored dress with peplum basque, etc. The number is full of good stories. Published by Deacon & Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2.50 a year.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK — for September, is a beauty, with numerous embellishments, some of which are very fine. Of course the number is well filled with reading matter, including several good stories, valuable recipes, elementary instruction in various departments of tasteful labor, etc.

Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

EVERY SATURDAY.—The last number contains a second installment of Mr. Kingsley's story, a description of the French Watering place at Biarritz, from London Society, an exciting "Story of a Burglary," a lively sketch, "Choosing a House," and two more poems from the advance sheets of Mr. Swinburne's new book.

With the number for Sept. 1st, this journal will be enlarged from thirty-two to forty pages, and the publishers say that its success demands and justifies this change. We are pleased to learn this, for "Every Saturday" furnishes good reading at a cheap rate. It is made up of readable, interesting and valuable stories, essays, sketches, and poems, from foreign journals and periodicals—translations from those of France forming a prominent feature. In compliance with a general desire, serial stories will be introduced, those of a first class character and readable quality being alone selected. "Silcote of Silcotes," by Henry Kingsley, has just been commenced, and others will follow. A thrilling story from the French of Edmund About, will appear in September. Contributions from Charles Kingsley, Henry Kingsley, Anthony Trollope, Matthew Arnold, Alexander Dumas, Frances Power Cobbe, Jean Ingelow, Christina G. Rossetti, Arthur of "John Halifax," Alexander Smith, Thomas Hughes, Robert Buchanan, and other writers of note, have appeared in its pages; and this list of names is a sufficient guaranty of the high character of the work.

Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$5 a year.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.—The first of the full page engravings, entitled "The Wanderers," appears in the September number, which, like all other issues of this work, is full of delightful reading, with numerous charming illustrations.

Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$2 a year.

MR. EDWARD W. HALL, a graduate of Waterville College of the class of '62, has accepted the Professorship to which he was elected at the late meeting of the board of trustees, and will enter upon his duties at the beginning of the next term. He was the foremost scholar of the largest class that ever graduated at this college, and we feel confident will make a very valuable and acceptable officer.

"SOUTH END," we are pleased to say, is brightening up. Esty & Kimball's building, on the corner opposite the Williams house, has been raised and improved; the front of Crocker's Building, on the opposite corner, has been reconstructed, and the occupants now have more light and much pleasanter stores; the old Gilman store, nearly opposite the old Bank lot, has been nicely fitted up and is occupied; and last, but not least, Mr. Charles H. Redington has opened a Grocery and Provision Store in the south endment of Ticonic Row, where he offers a nice stock of goods, fresh and new. See his advertisement in another column.

President Johnson, in a recent proclamation, repudiates Maximilian's paper blockade, and has sent down several war-vessels to protect American interests.

President Johnson has handed over the State of Texas to the local authorities.

"GOLDEN OPINIONS" are well expressed in a splendid gold-headed cane, which the overseers in the North Vassalboro' Mills presented to Thomas S. Lang last week, previous to his departure for France. NEVER was present more heartily given or better deserved. Mr. Lang leaves early in the coming week, and proposes to spend the winter, with a part of his family, in the south of France. The earnest prayers of thousands of warm friends will plead for his restoration to health.

"NUP CERD."—When a man pleads *baby*, and the plea is sustained, of course all legal proceedings against him are stayed. Bro. Morrill, of the Gardiner "Home Journal" in answer to the charge of continuance refusing to appear at the late festival of the Waterville Perch Association, parades the following excuse in his paper:—

BORN—in Gardiner, 16th inst., to Mrs. H. K. Morrill, a daughter.

We not only recommend him to mercy, but hope the members of the W. P. A. will send him a silver fruit basket (matrimonial) or some other appropriate mark of esteem.

PLEASANT WORDS.—In a communication to the Watchman & Reflector, written since his visit to Waterville at Commencement time, Rev. Dr. Hague has a pleasant notice of our village and its surroundings, from which we copy the following:—

More than a quarter of a century had passed since we had seen Waterville in Commencement week; our impressions from a brief visit had somewhat faded, and we had forgotten that it was a place so lovable. But, in fact, the changes have been numerous and transforming. Then, in the fields along the shores of the Kennebec there were "incomey stumps" and forest relics that imparted to the surroundings an air of aboriginal newness and rawness; these have all passed away; the levels and slopes are smoothed like English lawns, comparatively; while the broad avenues and streets, shaded with maples and elms, remind one of New Haven, abounding in signs of taste, thrift and culture.

A change of commanders has been made at Richmond, very agreeable to the re-constructed rebels. Gen. Terry has been sent to Utah and his place is now filled by Gen. Schofield, a Johnson conservative.

A POLITICAL MANUAL.—We have received from the office of the "Loyal Publication Society" of Boston, a copy of a Political Manual for 1866, including a summary of the important executive, legislative, and political-military facts of the period, from President Johnson's accession to July 4, 1866. It is a very convenient document in these exciting times, when men are frequently called to give a reason for their political faith.

"My Policy" is working. A dispatch to the New York Tribune says that the proprietors of the New Orleans Tribune, a loyal paper, have been compelled to suspend publication in consequence of threats of violence towards their editors and printers. The military guard placed there during the riot had been withdrawn from the office only the day before it was closed.

An excursion came up from Hallowell to our village last week, choosing a pleasant but rather cool day.

ABOUT RIGHT.—A man who fought on the right side during the war, says the programme at the Philadelphia Convention was made up of 2 prayers, 1 speech, 9446 drinks and a benediction.

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

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

The East Somerset Agricultural Society will hold their Annual Cattle Show and Fair at Hartland, on Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 11th and 12th.

AID TO PORTLAND.—The Portland Advertiser says that the amount received by Mayor Stevens of that city for the relief of the sufferers by the fire, is \$461,275 67. Of this sum \$128,486 50 was contributed from the city of Boston. The Press states that the number of rations distributed daily is now reduced to less than five hundred. The committee make it a point not to distribute rations to families whose husbands are able to work, and thus earn a good living.

Simco-Batchelder, of Palermo, Me., a noted counterfeiter, and the principal of a gang who have been engaged in putting into circulation a large amount of counterfeiters on the Highland National Bank of Newburgh, N. Y., was arrested on Tuesday night in Palermo, and taken to Portland a few days ago, by Deputy U. S. Marshal Libby. This makes the sixth arrested among the gang.

The water of the Ohio at Cincinnati has assumed a light green color and an unwholesome odor, and the people are advised to boil it before drinking.

A good story is told of General Grenville M. Dodge, the candidate in Mr. Kasson's district. While he was in command at Vicksburg he enforced strictly the regulations in regard to cotton. The speculators tried his metal by the usual appliances—an offer of \$50,000 in gold; then \$100,000, \$150,000, \$200,000. He then sent a dispatch to Washington asking to be removed from command. He said he had been offered \$200,000 to disobey orders, which was so near his price that he was afraid the next offer would bring him in.

By the Arabist Times we are informed that the hay crop is so very heavy in that section that it is with difficulty that the farmers can find room in their barns for stowing it away. Crops of all kinds are remarkably good. Wheat looks better than it has for years.

The August report of the Agricultural Bureau will exhibit the fact that the crops in the North, Northwest and portions of the South are unusually promising, notwithstanding the drought of last month.

Mr. Blaine's Letter of Acceptance.

Augusta, Aug. 19, 1866.

Hon. Abner Coburn:

MY DEAR SIR:—I was advised some weeks since by you as chairman of the Congressional Convention, that the Union men of the Third District had tendered me the honor of a unanimous renomination for the position to which I have already been twice elected by their suffrages. I beg that you will excuse the tardiness of a public and suitable acknowledgment of this great compliment, which from such a constituency is sufficient to gratify the ambition of any man and which far surpasses any merits which I might justly claim for my public service.

In accepting the nomination thus flatteringly tendered me I desire to state explicitly that I shall stand or fall in public estimation on the record I have made in Congress. I have given no vote that I desire to change or recall. I have upheld no measure which I did not conscientiously believe was for the public weal. I have uttered no sentiment which I now wish to retract or qualify.

On the great and all-absorbing question of re-admitting the lately rebellious States to the privilege of representation in both branches of Congress, I have believed and do believe that such privilege should not be accorded them except with the conditions which would render them powerless in future efforts to destroy the nation. The conditions upon which Congress has tendered to those States the privilege of representation within its halls are embraced in the Constitutional Amendment submitted to the States, and for which I voted. Those conditions are in no sense onerous or degrading to any State, while they are indispensably requisite to the future safety and harmony of all the States. Tennessee has already accepted those conditions and has been fully and freely re-clothed with all her rights as a member of the Union. Let her late sisters in rebellion "go and do likewise."

In the pending campaign we have to meet the same party which during the fearful throes and agonies of the recent terrible war, lent its "aid and comfort" to the enemy; which did its utmost to destroy the public credit by systematic depreciation of the national resources, and which at the very crisis of the struggle assembled in National Convention at Chicago and solemnly vowed that "the war for the Union was a failure." Such a party is in no contingency to be trusted with power. In the hour of supreme danger it was faithless to the first instincts of patriotic duty, and there is no security for this Union if its leading men should be trusted with the administration of the government. Their present sycophantic support of the President, after traducing and maligning him during his four years of heroic and patriotic effort for the Union both in the Senate and as Military Governor of Tennessee, is readily accounted for by the fact that Andrew Johnson has now the bestowment of patronage and place. Already within the ranks of the President's new friends there is a disgraceful scramble for office—the ante-rooms of the Executive Mansion examining with applicants eager to fill places under Government which to-day would have had no existence but for the efforts and sacrifices of men more patriotic and devoted than themselves.

My faith in the triumph of the Union cause is unshaken. The men who fought the battles of the nation are resolved that our great victory shall not be fruitless, but that under the blessing of God it shall yet conduce to that "more perfect Union" which was the glorious conception of our fathers and which is yet to be the realization of our children.

Very truly yours, J. G. BLAINE.

The late Rev. Dr. R. had a somewhat lofty manner of expressing himself. In the course of visiting his parish, he called at the cottage of an elderly female, who familiarly invited him to "come in by and sit down." The Doctor, who expected a more respectful salutation, said, in stately tones, intending to check any further attempt at familiarity: "I am a servant of the Lord, come to speak with you on the concerns of your soul." "Then you'll be humble like your Minister," admirably rejoined the cottager. The Doctor felt the reproof deeply, and never again sought to magnify himself at the expense of his office.

A little girl named Small, was shockingly outraged by a young man, or fiend rather named Jesse D. Webber, the town of Bowdoin one day last week. The girl's recovery is doubtful. The fiend is now in Augusta Jail.

Contentment with a moderate share of the good things of this world is a principle but little recognized in American education. Emulation, elevation, and a universal scramble over each other's heads for the highest point, is the main thing instilled in the youthful American mind.

There is a man in Portland who has drank so much poor whiskey, that he can't tell the difference between kerosene oil and Jamaica rum. He frequently drains a pint of camphene between meals. He thinks of joining a temperance society.

The celebrated German physician Hufeland, on being presented to a reigning Prince of one of the small states of the German Confederation, that exalted personage, in the fervor of his admiration of Hufeland's great professional skill, said to him, "You are so famed a physician, you know the human body so intimately, that you must really be able to cure every disease." "Your highness," replied Hufeland, "it is with us physicians, as with the night-watchman: we know the leading streets and by-ways tolerably well, but as to what is going on inside the houses, we can only guess at that."

In Colorado, Chillicothe radical republican, is elected delegate to Congress over Hunt, an administrative candidate. The despatch referred to by Senator Doolittle in the Philadelphia Convention is erroneous. The Southern counties, hitherto democratic, return large republican majorities.

The Petersburg (Va.) Index gives an account of four Confederate soldiers who came into town last Monday and surrendered, having just heard that the rebel cause had "gone up." They asserted that they had been living on the banks of the river, about seven miles above the city. Here they fished upon fish and game, and occasionally roasted ears during all last summer, and upon bread made of corn they had gathered from the corn fields, and an occasional pig they found in their rambles during winter. Their clothing was reduced to rags.

CHOLERA.—Sixty-four deaths from cholera in Cincinnati, Saturday. 96 cases in St. Louis, same day, and 35 deaths, and 24 deaths at New Orleans, chiefly Freedmen. Only 7 deaths in New York.

What is the difference between an editor and a wife? One sets articles to rights and the other writes articles to set.

At a meeting of the Unitarian Society of this village, held on Saturday, Aug. 18th, the following resolutions were adopted:—

Resolved: That the cordial thanks of the members of the First Unitarian Society, be tendered to Allen Emery, Esq., of Waterville, for his munificent present of a Bell for our house of worship.

Resolved, That the thanks of the Society be presented to J. M. Crooker, Esq., of Waterville, for his valuable present of a Clock. Also to Col. R. H. Greene, of Winslow, for the excellent copy of the Bible presented by him.

Resolved, That the thanks of the Society be tendered to Geo. F. Gilman, Esq., of New York, for his generous donation of a beautiful set of Pulpit Furniture, and of gallery chairs, and for his many other manifestations of interest in our welfare. Also to W. A. Wales, Esq., of New York, for a pair of beautiful Vases presented by him.

Resolved, That we look with delight upon the architectural beauty of our house of worship, and feel justly proud that this fine edifice is the work of Waterville mechanics; and that we tender the thanks of the Society to the master mechanic, James P. Blunt, Esq., of Waterville, and to the home talent employed by him in the erection and completion of this building, for the faithful and workmanlike manner in which they have severally discharged the duties devolved upon them.

We wish our friends would give the following paragraph at least two readings, with the addition of five minutes reflection on the same subject and a little personal application:—

GIVE THE PRINTERS FAIR PLAY.—We have a piece of advice, says an exchange, which we wish to fix firmly and indelibly upon the public mind, and that is, to give the printers fair play. Do not forget that it costs something to "pull" as well as to advertise, and never sponge upon a printer in any way whatever. It is the printer's ink that makes nine-tenths of your fortunes; it takes money to buy ink, type and paper, and yet, after all this, few are the thanks that the printer gets. Give the printers fair play, give up all expectations of gratuitous puffing, etc., and come down with a remuneration. The great American statesman, Webster, was right when he said, "Small is the sum required to patronize a newspaper; amply rewarded its patron no matter how humble or unpretending the gazette he takes. It is next to impossible to fill a sheet with printed matter without putting something into it that is worth the subscription price."

TIMELY AND SENSIBLE are the following hints from the Kennebec Journal. Read and see if they are not:—

A Canadian paper makes an appeal to those indebted for assistance, and says that Jo's turkey was a millionaire compared with its treasury. Some publishers in Maine say that many persons are indebted for subscription and advertising, while these publishers need the money. It ought to be understood by this time that an end has come to credit in any department of newspaperdom. When a man sends an advertisement to a paper he should immediately provide means for its payment. Typographers, paper makers, ink makers, compositors, pressmen and the devil all now expect prompt payment.

In clearing away the ruins of the Canal Bank building, Portland, a few days since, the workman came upon the remains of the dog of the bank watchman. On the night of the great fire, Tray's master being absent, assisting in taking care of the treasure, the dog refused to leave the banking room where he had so often kept guard with more than human fidelity. Coaxing and threats were alike unavailing, and the faithful brute perished at his post. His fate, cynically speaking, was as heroic as that of Cusibianca.

A considerable number of the delegates to the Philadelphia convention have already left with commissions as revenue assessors and collectors, and removals and appointments are being made as rapidly as possible.

Punch says: "We do not believe spiritualism or magic, but the other day a veracious witness actually saw a young man turn into a public house. Transformation extraordinary."

Nine tenths of the liquor sold is no better than so much slow poison. Young men continue, however, to pour it down their throats preparatory to filling an early grave. The cholera frightens people enough to prevent them from eating unripe fruit and unwholesome vegetables—but small-pox, the plague, Asiatic cholera and all the diseases flesh is heir to, would not prove sufficient to keep men from drinking stuff which renders them peculiarly liable to disease and death. When will men learn wisdom?

Somebody has been making curious calculations about the large wheat crop of Illinois, in 1865, and finds that if made into Johnny-cake it would feed the population of the world for two days; and that to store the wheat would require a crib 8 feet high by 8 feet wide, allowing 2 1/2 feet to a bushel, 3276 miles in length, reaching from Passamaquoddy Bay to San Francisco, and a good share of the distance back.

CLEANSING HAIR BRUSHES.—Soda dissolved in cold water, is better than soap and hot water. The latter very soon softens the hairs, and the rubbing completes their destruction. Soda, having an affinity for grease, cleanses the brush with very little friction.

TO TRAVELERS.—Pleasure seekers this year should bear in mind that there is a great deal of sickness being caused by a change of water and climate. Before leaving home provide a bottle of Coe's Dyspepsia Cure, it is an excellent antidote, (prevention is always better than cure.)

TO MOTHERS.—Again let us say, don't be without DR. BICKNELL'S SYRUP at this season of the year. It contains no opiates, and is safe and reliable for cure of Dysentery, Diarrhea &c.

"AN ITEM OF INTEREST."—The following are concise rules for computing the interest on any sum of dollars and cents, for any number of days, at 6 per cent. per annum:—
[1.] Multiply the sum by the days (or vice versa, if more convenient); cancel the

