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Maxham & Wing

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BY FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

A human skull has been found in California, in the pleocene formation. This skull is the remnant not only of the earliest of the human race, but of the oldest known human being. The skull was found in a shaft one hundred and fifty feet deep, two miles from Angels, in Calaveras County, by a miner named James Nelson, who gave it to Mr. Searles, a merchant, and he gave it to Dr. Jones, who sent it to the State Geological Survey. The published volume of the State Survey on the Geology of California states that man existed contemporaneously with the mastodon, but this fossil proves that he was before the mastodon was known to exist. (Daily Paper.)

"Speak, O man, less recent! Fragmentary fossil! Primal pioneer of pleocene formation, Hid in lowest drifts below the earliest stratum Of Volcanic tufa!

Older than the beasts, the oldest Palaeotherium; Older than the trees, the oldest Cryptogamum; Older than the hills, those infantile eruptions Of earth's effluvia!

Lo—Mio—Plio—whence'er the "cene" was That those Pleocene sockets filled with awe did wonder— Whether shores Devonian or Silurian beaches— Tell us thy strange story!

Or has the Professor slightly antedated By some thousand years thy advent on this planet, Giving thee an air that's somewhat better fitted For cold-blooded creatures?

Wert thou true spectator of that mighty forest When above thy head the sturdy Sycamoras Reared its columned trunks in that remote and distant Carboniferous epoch?

Tell us of that scene—the dim and watery woodland Songless, silent, hushed, with never bird or insect, Vailed with spreading fronds and screened with tall club-mosses, Lycopodiaceae—

When beside thee walked the solemn Plesiosaurus, And strolled thus ere the festive Ichthyosaurus, While from time to time above their flow and circling Cheerful Pterodactyls.

Tell us of thy food—those half-human refectories, Crinoids on the shell and Brithipods on a victual— Cattle-fish to which the picture of Nature Hugs Seems a periwinkle.

Speak, thou awful vestige of the Earth's creation— Solitary fragment of remains organic! Tell the wondrous secrets of thy past existence— Speak! thou oldest primate!"

Even as I gazed, a thrill of the maxilla And a lateral movement of the condyle process, With post-pleocene sounds of healthy mastication, Ground the teeth together.

And from that imperfect dental exhibition, Stained with expressed juices of the weed Nicotian, Came those hollow accents, blent with softer murmurs Of expectation:

"Which thy name is Bowers, and my crust was busted Falling down a shaft, in Calaveras county, But I'd take it kindly if you'd send the pieces Home to old Missouri!"

[From Harpers Magazine.]

# MISS STUYVESANT.

SUPPER was ready. The windows of the little dining-room were open, the wind sweeping through, fresh and cool, the fringe of the white curtains tossing idly. The table was set in the draught; the day had done credit to even a July day in a Vermont Valley; now, since five o'clock, a faint wind was rising, like the breath of a sleepy monster, rousing from a dream. Mrs. McKay had picked up the threads from the carpet, tucked her work neatly away out of sight in the machine—one did not want always to be reminded that one had to eat in a sewing-room—skimmed the stone-chimney full of yellow cream; went out in her sun-bonnet to pick that dish of raspberries, crimson and glowing among their leaves, baked the flaky biscuit, and pumped from the lowest deep of an old, dark well water clear as crystal, cold as snow. Who was to know that she sold an old-fashioned house? When money left her in the gap, nature had a kindly way with Mrs. McKay of making up the deficit. And if nature happened to fail, Mrs. McKay's own invention was discovered to be about the same thing.

She had laid the plates, and put her silver—what there was of it—in the suburns that she had picked up; it looked so bright there fairly seemed to be twice as much; moreover, the children liked to fancy it was gold, and the more merry dreams they could have over their bread and milk the better. This was a specimen of a whole system of such tiny household craft, in which Mrs. McKay was a perfect Machiavelli. Her husband used to wonder where she learned it. Out of the Bible, she said.

She had placed the chairs, the baby's next to his father, who would always have it so, the guests facing the open door with a glimpse of mountains through it. If people had tastes, Mrs. McKay reasoned, it would be such a pity not to suit them. Such a trifle where one sits at supper? Oh, she didn't know, it was no trouble to her to stop and think about it, and how could you enjoy your supper if you knew somebody would rather be somewhere else all the time?

The white-tablecloth had been smoothed from its spotless wrinkles a dozen times, the last tender touches given to the pat of golden butter, stamped with a clover, the merry teabell rung, the children scattered right and left with a laugh, to wash their hands, and the baby tied into the high-chair. She had run out to meet her husband coming up the lane, weary and warm from his mowing, and then run on ahead to meet him at the door with a glass of sparkling water, and a look in her wide, cool eyes that he caught thirstily, though it was always on him, and though they had been married ten years.

Everything was ready now, and she had gone to the door to look for her niece.

"Mary, Mary! I don't see where she is. Did you see her anywhere, Frank? Oh—there!"

Miss Stuyvesant coming up the lane, nodded and smiled.

"Just look at her, Frank! Did you ever see a head held like that? She treats those dusty clovers like a queen at court, and there she is in my old broad-brimmed hat, with a purple lawn and thick boots! I'm a little afraid Mary won't have a very smooth time in the world, somehow. These royal people never do. They don't know how to manage themselves."

"How can she help it with such an aunt, my dear?"

"Frank, I'm really ashamed of you! Well, Mary, what now? Butter-cup roots for your conservatory?"

"Only a little missionary enterprise," said Miss Stuyvesant, crossing the piazza in her stately way, her apron thrown over one arm, her head erect, her cheeks bright under the shadow of the old hat. In spite of the hat, the lavender lawn and muddy boots, this young woman was well worth looking at. It is quite possible that she was aware of the fact, and, in her usual logical fashion, scorned herself for the knowledge. Miss Stuyvesant, considered in an objective point of view by Miss Stuyvesant, was a curious specimen of humanity.

"Dear me, sassafras!" cried Mrs. McKay, as the apronful of dusty roots fell tumbling into a chair; "very thoughtful in you not to spill them on the floor, I'm sure, and you not your bringing up, what could you be supposed to know about floors? But sassafras!"

"For you," said her niece, giving her apron a little shake. "I have the impression that I

overhead you sighing for some in your chirping little way yesterday."

"For Frank—yes, poor fellow! with his fidgettishness; and it hurts him so to mow. Sassafras makes such a capital liniment—and so good in you to think of it, my dear! But how on earth happened you to know sassafras from hog-berry?"

"By a process of induction."

Mrs. McKay knit her sunny forehead, and said "Oh!" and looked as learned as possible.

"I tasted it."

The wrinkles smoothed out of Mrs. McKay's forehead, and she repeated her "Oh!" with titillation.

"If it had been ivy-root you'd have eaten it all the same, my dear!"

"Probably," said Miss Stuyvesant, half-way up stairs.

"How delightful it is!" said the young lady at supper—what with the perfume of the wind, the golden butter, the glowing fruit, the cozy chatter, and that glimpse of mountains touched in beyond the door, finding herself in an idle trance of physical content.

"What is it?"

"To be poor."

Mrs. McKay laughed merrily.

"We don't have cream on berries 'cept when there's company," put in one of the children with a pugilistic scowl. "Mother, she just has to use it all for the butter, 'n then she goes 'n sells the butter, 'n I'd rather live in a big house, and have a pony and a candy-shop—so!"

"Oh, Frankie!" Frankie was hushed up in a flutter. Miss Stuyvesant looked at the mountains and heard nothing. To see her dreaming away with her great eyes there—all supper-time, as if the rye-bread were ambrosia and that dining-room the seventh heaven! Mrs. McKay's eyes twinkled over at her husband as nobody's eyes but Mrs. McKay's ever did twinkle. To practical people who had lived through the washing and ironing days of ten years together, it was as good as Punch. But Miss Stuyvesant having left the city, and her parties and admirers and diamonds and dividends and account-books, and accepted in the stead thereof rye-bread and a room without any carpet in the corners, for the especial purpose of doing as she pleased, they let alone, and she dreamed away the meal in her imperturbable silence, heard every word that was said and saw every look.

Dr. Enoch James, coming up to the gate just after supper, saw her sitting there upon the piazza, behind the vine leaves, where the western sunlight shifted, her profile just turned from him. There was a little of the Marie Stuart cut about it at times—in certain moods, and always when she was alone.

Dr. James stopped short, having no fancy to go in, anathematizing his errand with Mrs. McKay. He had hoped to accomplish it quietly and come away. He and this young lady clashed instinctively.

She raised her eyelids slowly as he passed her. His grave, nonchalant bow would have picked some women. It simply puzzled Miss Stuyvesant. It was something she was not used to.

Mrs. McKay bustled out on the piazza presently with Dr. James. "Go home?" He shouldn't think of it, with a sunset like that! He should sit straight down and look at it. The sight was one Dr. James could not turn his back upon, even if Miss Stuyvesant's company must be its price. Ranks of purple phantoms serried round a tiny, golden grave; its headstone a slab of crimson veined with fire; in the pallid blue above it the quivering of unseen wings.

Dr. James was startled from his silence by a curious, quick-drawn breath. "Now for a convulsion of well-bred enthusiasm!" he thought, in his bitter way. Leaning forward to pick up his hat he saw Miss Stuyvesant's eyes. "Hum!"—he said to the theatre, probably.

"I'm so sorry Frank lost it," said Mrs. McKay, softly.

"The coffers of the night thrown down, her treasures scattered golden on her silent floors," quoted the Doctor, under his breath. Miss Stuyvesant's lip curled.

"Isn't a sight like that free from contamination?"

"Contamination?"

"You can ask? Are the very skies to be likened to dollars and cents?"

Dr. James smiled. There was something peculiar about Dr. James's smile.

"To beggar and to prince alike! the matchless cry goes echoing and re-echoing through her ancient halls—let him that thirsteth come! I see you were not familiar with the quotation, as is very natural; it is a prose work, somewhat rare—a great favorite of mine."

"For its financial allusions?"

Dr. James bit his lip. He felt that Miss Stuyvesant ought to have understood him. Apparently Miss Stuyvesant agreed with him; she turned suddenly, her cheeks faintly flushed.

"Dr. James, I believe I was rude."

Dr. James was standing with his hat in his hand, his tall height towering over her against the sky. He bowed, and begged leave to differ. That a poor country doctor could, in the nature of things, be otherwise than avaricious, Miss Stuyvesant certainly was not justified in assuming. He would wish her good-evening.

"Dear me, dear me!" exclaimed little Mrs. McKay, in a flutter. "You two are always in a pitched battle! You never talk like charitable members in good regular standing five minutes at a time—beg your pardon, Dr. James, I forgot, you are not a professor. What I not going so soon?"

The Doctor must really be going so soon, and Mrs. McKay tripped away down the walk with him, anxious to make the peace. In her good-natured little way Mrs. McKay was a bit of a gossip. Living there so long among the Vermont wildernesses, with a heart open like a lake to the merriest suburns of interest in every body and every thing, and with no more intense excitement stirring in town than the bi-monthly arrival of the peddler's cart (which bore the remarkable advertisement, "Two Fletchers, and of which, to this day, no citizen of Dunkirk hath the audacity to inquire the significance,) is it much of a wonder?

In her cozy, confidential way, Mrs. McKay began:

"Really, Doctor, you don't understand my niece."

"I never aspired to that honor, Mrs. McKay."

"No; but really—of course I know it's just

as bad on her part—but you don't. She's not a bit more of an aristocrat than I am—it's only a way she has. She's as foolish and morbid because she has money as you are because you haven't."

Dr. James winced a little; but there was no resenting Mrs. McKay.

"You're both of you living in a strained, suspicious, unnatural mood, and you fly to different poles at sight of each other; and between you both you keep a poor little woman on pins and needles. I do so hate not to see people have a good time! Now, there isn't a truer girl in the country than Mary. She's as true as a Mayflower through and through; and so much as she does for Frank and me, under pretense of giving presents to the children, and so silly about her money too! I believe she'd will it all away tomorrow if she thought it right. Why, Doctor, have you any idea how much that girl is worth?"

"I prefer not to know, if you please."

Mrs. McKay opened her eyes wide.

Miss Stuyvesant was sitting very still when she came up the walk, her head resting on her hand. There was a certain contraction of her forehead which was a match for Dr. James's low whistle as he walked rapidly up the road, switching the thistles with his cane in his nervous way.

She sat down at Mrs. McKay's feet, her head thrown back, her soft dress falling around her like Raphael's draperies. Miss Stuyvesant's dresses always hung like a picture; it was a circumstance quite worth mentioning. Let a woman be "Juno when she walks, Minerva when she talks, and Venus when she smiles," if her dress is an inch too short, too long, too scant, her breaths uneven, the silk flimsy, her muslin limp, she is good for nothing in an artistic point of view.

"Auntie, I want to be talked to."

"Very well, my dear. Shall I tell you a story of the depraved little girl who quarreled with country doctors, and what a sad end she came to in consequence?"

"No," said Miss Stuyvesant, with decision.

"Dear me, Mary, how you made me jump; my dear, my style of conversation isn't adapted to eyes like that."

Miss Stuyvesant's manner suddenly changed. She threw up her arms a little in brushing her hair from her forehead.

"Auntie, auntie, I'm tired, and foolish, and troubled. Talk about yourself—tell me all about you and uncle, and the children, and the hard times, and just how happy you are—exactly; don't make up a bit. I want to hear something that is real and true. I get so puzzled sometimes."

"Why, my child, I've nothing to say. There's only the old story—Frank, and the doctor's bills, and the children's jackets, and a little dread that would be a worry if we would let it, for fear the two ends won't meet. But then they always do meet, my dear."

"But weren't you ever unhappy, auntie, in all that's happened, when all the Mondays and Tuesdays kept going on with their washing and sweeping and cooing and sewing, and no end to it all, and no way out of it—never a bit? Oh, I so hope you weren't!"

"Once, Mary, I was a little blue—just once. It was just after Frank's health broke down, and he had to give up his parish and take to the farm. It was so hard for him, poor fellow! and for six months we hardly knew where next week's bread was to come from, and the children growing so fast. I used to go up into my room sometimes, and just get down on my knees and throw up my hands over my head and cry—and cry. Some days that was all the prayer I could say any way, if you'll believe it—I was so wicked, Mary. But then Frank never knew. It's easy enough to laugh if you try. There wasn't but one day I couldn't joke and carry on at dinner. That day Molly was just down with the scarlet-fever, and none of the children had had it, and when this damp house with the fresh plaster and paint, and no doctor in town then to be trusted, and no money to get one from Burlington. I did try to speak up bright, and—I was just pouring the tea—and I broke down all at once, and cried out, 'Oh, Frank, Frank!' just as if I were a baby in a spasm, and expected him to give me paragonic, or something, you see, Mary, and so silly! I've never forgiven myself for that, and I never shall to my dying day. He grew so white about his mouth, and his eyes looked so 'Della,' said he, 'come here!' and he took me right up in his arms and let me cry as hard as ever I could—right there before the children, too. Mary, where did I drop my handkerchief?"

Miss Stuyvesant looked very hard at the sky where the early moon was setting.

"There was only one other time when I thought something was coming that I could not bear."

"I know."

"The fever lasted so long the Doctor gave him up. We said good-by and talked it all over, what was to be done with the children and all, and I'd kissed him, and—well, he got well after all. What a goose I am! Where did I leave my handkerchief? Any way, those are the only two times I haven't been as happy as the day is long."

"And you were all the prouder of him because he was a poor man? And you never repented it one minute?" said Miss Stuyvesant, triumphantly.

"Repented it! Oh, Mary!"

Miss Stuyvesant's eager smile softened and quivered; her triumphant tones grew low.

"Auntie, you are so sure people love you. When they say you are dearer to them than anything on earth you know they don't mean your United States bonds and petroleum shares. I would throw every dollar I own into the sea if I could, and begin life as a shop girl—to dare to believe in people, to dare to take manliness, honesty, friendship, for what they seem. I can say this to you—and it is a fact—that you are the only person I know in all this world who would not answer me with a superior smile and—oh, that's because you've never been poor. Money is quite worth having, Miss Stuyvesant; and what's the use of friendship without it? Poor people always quarrel, etc., etc. The very air is full of it, Aunt Della."

You breathe it in at every breath. It is the keystone to every novel. Magazine stories are flooded with it—avarice, avarice, avarice, told over and over, as if a woman could marry, could desire to marry, could harbor the shadow of a thought of marrying for any reason upon

earth but a love so solidly, a love so mighty, that it she and it were alone in the universe she would say, I am content! As if a high-minded woman could talk about money; ease, position, home, as temptation to marriage—as if she could be capable of it!"

Miss Stuyvesant drooped suddenly, that curl on her lips, which would have fitted Zenobia, sharpening.

"And I—I have nothing. I can believe in neither man or woman. You are all I have, auntie, all I shall ever have."

Mrs. McKay caught her outstretched hand with a quick movement, kissing it in her soft, petting way.

"Mary Stuyvesant, you are just as morbid as you can be."

"What! you don't understand me—you?"

"Understand you? Better than you understand yourself, my dear. But I don't understand that you can't have just as many friends as any body else. You can make your money just as much of a blessing to you as it is a curse to some other people. And every poor man, my dear, doesn't want to marry you for your money nor every woman court your acquaintance for the sake of your parties. Hark! what's that?"

It was nothing but a little low cry from somewhere up stairs, but Mrs. McKay hurried away as she always hurried to such little cries.

"That's one of the uses you might put my money to," said Miss Stuyvesant, impatient at the interruption. "If you'd only have the grace not to be as proud as Lucifer, and let me hunt you up a good stout Irishwoman! You see if I don't smuggle one into the house some day!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## WHAT CONGRESS DID.—The new friends of President Johnson and his "policy," take special pains to abate, misrepresent and vilify the action of Congress during the session that has just closed. The best answer to these unfounded attacks is found in a plain statement of what the Congress actually did. The Philadelphia North American, gives a synopsis of all its important acts, and this we transfer to our columns as a conclusive answer to the abuse that has been showered upon it by rebels and rebel sympathizers.

"This Republican Congress reduced the domestic taxes to the extent of seventy-five millions of dollars per annum."

It provided for the gradual reduction of the great volume of paper currency, at a certain fixed rate, so that financiers and business men might know, how to calculate the future and be relieved of all danger of a commercial crash, on account of the contraction of the currency.

It provided for the protection of the revenue from foreign imports, by more stringent enactments to guard against systematic under-invoicing, through which the Treasury has been defrauded of countless millions of dollars.

It secured equality before the law to all citizens of the United States, of every race and color, under the protection of the national government, and made every native born adult a national citizen.

It furnished ample protection for the freedmen against their little masters and their associates in the enjoyment of all their rights.

It secured a homestead to all settlers on the public lands in the Gulf States under the national laws, and so provided for the poor whites and blacks of the South a future of their own, better than any they could otherwise have hoped for.

It reduced the number of Supreme Court judges by a gradual process.

It secured the election of the United States Senators against the future action of factious minorities.

It admitted the reconstructed State of Tennessee under circumstances which point out the way in which other reconstructed States may return to their old places in Congress.

It restricted the standing army to not more than fifty thousand men, against the urgent appeals of all who wanted a force of one hundred and seventy-seven thousand.

Doubtless it has done some things which might judiciously have been left alone, for all Congresses do that, but for what is stated above it deserves and will receive the thanks of all right-minded men.

## A STRONG PLATFORM.—Andrew J. Hamilton, away off in Texas, takes ground in favor of extending the right of suffrage to the freedmen, and quotes, as he places himself upon, the following platform, taken from the address of Andrew Johnson to the colored people of Tennessee:

"I, Andrew Johnson, hereby proclaim liberty—full, broad, unconditional liberty—to every man in Tennessee. I will be your Moses and lead you through the Red Sea of struggle and servitude to a future of liberty and peace. Rebellion shall no more pollute our State. Loyal men, whether black or white, shall govern the State."

## CHANGE IN COMMAND AT FORTRESS MONROE.—A despatch from Old Point Comfort announces that Major-General Miles has been relieved from command there, and ordered to report at Washington, and that Brigadier-General Barton, colonel of the fifth regular artillery, now commands at Fortress Monroe, and has charge of the State prisoners there confined. It will be remembered that we quoted, several days ago, from the Richmond Enquirer the prediction that this precise change was shortly to be made. In the days of the war the fact that the superintendence of General Butler by General Banks was known in the rebel capital before a dozen officials in Washington were aware of it, was considered remarkable; but now it is no longer to be wondered at that the intelligence of the purposes of the administration should be received first from Richmond. General Barton is endorsed by Jefferson Davis as a "high-minded gentleman"; and we presume we shall hear no more complaints of the ill-treatment of the rebel chieftain as long as he remains in his casemate. [Post. Adv.]

## The fine lady, and the good housekeeper! will find the J. Monroe Taylor Gold Medal Soap, one of the most useful and beneficial articles used in the household. It is an article that beautifies everything it comes in contact with, and, in justice to the manufacturer, we take pleasure in saying, that we have never, in a single instance, found him to depart from all he promised the public, when first introducing his valuable and indispensable Soap.

## CIVILIZATION WEAKENS AS WELL AS STRENGTHENS.—Society never advances; it recedes on one side as it gains on the other. It undergoes continual changes; it is barbarous, it is civilized, it is Christianized, it is rich, it is scientific, but this change is not amelioration. For everything that is given, something is taken. Society acquires new arts, and loses old instincts. What a contrast between the well-clad, reading, writing, thinking American, with a watch, a pencil, and a bill of exchange in his pocket, and the naked New Zealander, whose poverty is a club, a spear, a mat, and an undivided twentieth of a sled to sleep under! But compare the health of the two men, and you shall see that the white man has lost his aboriginal strength. If the traveller tell us truly, strike the savage with a broad axe, and in a day or two the flesh shall unite and heal as if you struck the blow into soft pitch, and the same blow shall send the white man to his grave.

The civilized man has built a coach, but has lost the use of his feet. He is supported on crutches, but lacks as much support of muscle. He has a fine Waldbach watch, but he fails of the skill to tell the hour by the sun. A Greenwich nautical almanac he has, but being as sure of the information when he wants it, the man in the street does not know a star in the sky. The subtle he does not observe; the cunning he knows as little, and the whole bright calendar of the year is without a dial in his mind. His little books impair his memory; his libraries overload his wit; the insurance office increases the number of accidents; and it may be a question whether machinery does not encumber, some energy by a Christianity entrenched in forms and establishments, some vigor of wild virtue.

## OUR MINISTER AT FRANKFORT.—By the subjoined paragraph, which we find in a London paper, it will be seen that the American eagle has flapped his wings at least once during the war in Europe:—

"A letter from Frankfort to the Presse of Vienna, tells the following story of the Prussian occupation of Frankfort. Mr. Murphy, the American Minister to the Diet, was informed by General de Manteuffel that he and his countrymen could not be relieved from the charge of billeting soldiers on their hosts. Mr. Murphy put on his hat, and simply replying, 'General, pray observe that our fleet is on the Baltic,' took his leave. The Americans have had no soldiers to provide lodging for!"

## BAD HOUSEKEEPING.—That house-keeping is bad which does not keep the family comfortable and the house at home. House-keeping should be a means to an end, and not the end of life. There are a good many Marthas "cumbered about much serving," whose reproaches drive their children from home in search of pleasure elsewhere. To such we commend the following case in point:—

"There are those balusters all finger marks again," said Mrs. Cary, as she made haste with a soft linen cloth to polish down the shining oak again. "George," she said, with a flushed face, as she gave the cloth a decided wrench put of the basin of suds, "if you go up these stairs again before bedtime you shall be punished."

"I should like to know where I am to go?" said George, angrily. "I can't stay in the kitchen, I am so in the way; and I can't go in the parlor, for fear that I shall muss that up, and now you say I can't go up to my own room. I know a grand place where I can go," he added to himself; boys are never told they are in the way there, and we can have lots of fun. I'll go down to Niles's corner. I can smoke a cigar now as well as any boy, if it did make me awful sick the first time. They shall not laugh at me again about it."

And so the careful housekeeper virtually drove her son from her door, to hang about the steps, and sit under the broad, inviting portico of the village grog-shop. Do you think she gained, or lost?

## On the way to Niagara Falls, a great deal of merriment was created in the President's party by a rivalry, which sprang up between Grant and Farragut. At one or two places the ladies had kissed the naval hero, and had merely shaken hands with the unconditional Commander-in-Chief. "This," said the general, "is easily explained. The admiral is so old that the young ladies don't hesitate to kiss him, but they don't like to take such liberties with a young man like me." Against this the admiral laughingly protested, ascribing the imputation upon his age to jealousy.

## At a type-foundry's feast, held recently at the London Crystal Palace, Mr. Caslon mentioned the curious fact that matrices from punches originally cut by William Caslon in 1725 were now taken down for daily use, after having been laid aside since 1772 as obsolete—nearly fifty years after their first invention—"for," said he, "with the returning taste for the beautiful in form—a necessary consequence of the greater popularization of art in our times—the 'old-faced type' had come to be regarded as the most elegant letters within the range of typography."

## FACT.—As a culinary preparation, Herrick Allen's Gold Medal Salserrus is infallible. It has great advantages over yeast fermentation, and will make twenty-five pounds more Bread or Biscuit from the same barrel of flour, and much better. It retains all the glutinous starch and sugar that is in the flour, and from two-and-a-half pounds of flour, will make three-and-a-half pounds of Bread or Biscuit, while the same quantity by yeast fermentation, will make only a trifle over three pounds, and require more than twice the quantity of shortening, besides being much more unhealthy. Try it, and be convinced.

## The Richmond Enquirer announces with much exultation and an air of confidence which suggests confidential information on the subject, that General Miles, who it says "is universally and justly regarded 'as a brute,' is shortly to be superseded in command at Fortress Monroe by a certain General Burton, who is satisfactory to Mr. Jefferson Davis, and is pronounced by him a high minded gentleman.

## BREAD AND MILK.—The incident I am about to relate I received from the lips of the principal actor when he was a venerable and most interesting gentleman. It is a story of his wayward boyhood, which he loved to tell because it reflected honor on a mother whom he delighted to honor.

One morning Johnny (for that was his real name) came to the breakfast table and boldly said he would not eat bread and milk that morning.

"Very well, Johnny," answered his mother, quietly, and without raising her voice, "I'll set it on this high shelf. You can run off to school."

This run consisted of a long piece of road and then a long tramp through a wood, which gave Johnny ample time to call up all his spunk and to strengthen his determination not to give in.

Accidentally on his return he was all ready to assert the dignity of boyhood, and when he drew up to the table and saw the bowl of bread and milk set before him, he felt nerved to any desperate course, and decided to die rather than eat



## Waterville Mail.

E. H. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, SEPT. 14, 1866.



## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

R. M. PATTEN, & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 37 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. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisers should be 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."

## A WORD TO THE WISE.

Our 19th volume closed on the first of July, and our great need of money has been increasing ever since. We urgently request all indebted parties to that time to give us speedy help; and the few real friends who are disposed to make advance payments can do us a great favor by helping us to work our way to a system of advance payments.

## OUR TOWN ELECTIONS.

The voters of Waterville found the interest of the annual State election very much increased this year, by their local as well as party divisions in regard to town representative. Probably fifty votes, at least, were added to the State tickets by this cause; and though this peculiar feature of the election was entirely unexpected, we have never seen the duties of the day performed with more quietness and good order.

For the first time, the freemen met at the West village, agreeably to a vote of the Town in March meeting. Mechanics' Hall was found to be well fitted to the purpose—spacious, neat, airy, and as a venerable voter said, "like our town, safe and firm in its timbers." It is but a few steps from the depot, and nobody could see any good reason why the two sections of the Town should not oblige each other by alternating their meetings in a friendly way.

At this village it was not generally known, till a day or two before election, that the republicans would run any candidate against Mr. Foster, who represented the Town last year. He is a young lawyer, well qualified for the place, and had specially gratified his friends by the determined efforts he made to defeat, for the time, the railroad monopoly concealed in the proposed "consolidation" of the railroads of the State. Though but little discussed before the people, this subject has long been jealously watched by shrewd business men, and in this emergency it must not be lost sight of. Two or three railroad officials in this village had also carefully watched this point of interest, and were by no means willing to lose an opportunity to defeat Mr. Foster. He had unquestionably been a leading agency in their defeat last year, and on close questioning was found determined to adhere to his position. His defeat was essential to their plans.

The West village, which claims the right of occasionally presenting the candidate for representative, thought the present a good opportunity. They had moved the matter last year and been defeated, and with some feeling of dissatisfaction. The "consolidation" question had hardly roused them to the deep interest their growing business enterprises had in its settlement. Without seeing the cunning finger of this scheme, as it moved carefully among their "wires," and remembering their wrongs of last year, they rallied a gossamer caucus the evening previous to the one regularly called by the Town Committee, and started their eastern neighbors with a unanimous nomination by one of the largest caucuses ever held in town. Here was a pickle indeed! The railroad officials now showed their hands, and tugged hard at their hobby. The regular caucus called out a special train from the West village, with one hundred and fifty voters. Their cause seemed a good one, and they meant to defend it manfully. The notice of their raid was a brief one, but was met by nearly an equal force. The argument urged on one side was the monopoly of "consolidation," and on the other long years of patient waiting, supported by several well made and badly broken promises.

The ballot is the great umpire, and in this case there was no other hope. "Votes all in?" echoed "No!"—but all things must have an end, and the careful and shrewd chairman meant to put one to the balloting—Whether he blundered is not for us to say, so long as he was accused of it—which answered all purposes. It made room for a protest, and the caucus broke up with a pretty well defined threat of "bolting."

Monday found the voters armed for the defence of their respective candidates. The democrats had nominated Capt. John U. Hubbard, a well tried soldier, a genial fisherman, and a skillful manufacturer of scythes and axes; but as unfit for political twisting and turning as honesty and frankness could possibly make a man. To be sure, he was in no

danger of illustrating, in his legislative record, the travels of a locomotive in a logging swamp. The West wing of the republicans had nominated Maj. A. R. Small, a young gentleman whose worst failing, for this contest, consisted in being but little known to the freemen—a point in which his improvement will no doubt contribute to their advantage as well as his own. We hope he will meet them again at the ballot-box. It is due to him to say that he is in no way committed to consolidation policy, and that all the friends of this measure had to gain by his election was the defeat of a known and strong opponent in Mr. Foster. The same may be said of the mass of the voters who supported him. Not half a baker's dozen of the freemen of Waterville favor this obnoxious scheme.

A day's voting is a solid monotony. The count revealed the fact that

Reuben Foster had 359 votes.  
Abner Small 275  
J. U. Hubbard 163

There was no unmanly shout of triumph; and but a very reasonable expression of dislike on the part of our neighbors of the West village, for the injustice they had at least some reason to think had been done them. They seemed to realize the emergency of the case, and to see in the heartless scheme of railroad monopoly a necessity for harsh measures, in order to defeat the plans of a few men whose inordinate devotion to money suggests the sacrifice of the interests of less grasping men. The result was one which could not have been reached if it had not embraced this rebuke; and we are willing that our townsmen of the West village should take it for granted that no necessity but that of sustaining Mr. Foster as the champion of the people's interest in defeating consolidation, could have persuaded the voters of this section of our town to overlook their claim to the representative. We trust that time will show them that their highest local interests, as well as those of the town, have been advanced by this result.

[On this subject of railroad consolidation we have more to say in due time. We trust the time has come when the press of the State will see that the people have it fully developed before them.]

It is creditable to the well known intelligence, and mainly independence of the employees of the M. C. Railroad, to add, that they almost unanimously made their record on the side where they saw the real interests of the town needed their support. So they have always done, and always will.

## THE ELECTION.

Maine is the second State to pronounce upon the policy of President Johnson, and her condemnation of it is a little more emphatic even than that of Vermont. The returns received indicate a republican majority of from 25,000 to 28,000. In 318 towns the total vote is 61,215 for Chamberlain; 35,922 for Pillsbury; majority, 25,293. Same towns in 1865, gave Cony 46,787; Howard 26,979; net republican gain, 5,485.

Every Congressional district has been carried by the republicans; the State Senate is unanimously republican, and only 12 or 15 democratic representatives are chosen. All the county officers, too, are republican. A pretty clean sweep, truly, and every way satisfactory.

**Representatives elected.**—Waterville, Reuben Foster. Bangor, Isaiah Stetson, H. M. Plaisted, Arad Thompson; Newport, Lewis Barker. Benton, Asa H. Barton; Fairfield, Daniel Allen; Augusta, John L. Stevens, Samuel Titcomb; China, Alfred H. Jones; Gardiner, John Berry; Sidney, Martin V. B. Chase; Anson, Nahum Pinkham; Athens, Stephen L. Tobey; Embury, Wm. Atkinson; Harmony, James M. Hutchinson; Palmyra, Samuel Clements; Skowhegan, Wm. Philbrick.

## VOICE OF WATERVILLE.

The following is a record of the balloting in this town, on Monday last:—

**For Governor.**—J. L. Chamberlain 607; E. F. Pillsbury 187.

**Rep. to Congress.**—J. G. Blaine 604; S. Heath 190.

**Sensors.**—G. W. Perkins 606; T. B. Reed 606; J. T. Woodward 606; A. Libby 190; Geo. Jewett 190; Franklin Smith 190.

**Co. Commissioner.**—Mark Rollins 606; Stephen F. Pierce 190.

**Co. Treas.**—Daniel Pike 606; Orlando Currier 190.

**Sheriff.**—C. Hewins 606; J. A. Pettengill 190.

**Town Representative.**—Reuben Foster 359; A. R. Small 275; J. U. Hubbard 163.

**CATTLE MARKETS.**—At Cambridge and Brighton, the *Boston Advertiser* reports 2,600 cattle and 11,000 sheep and lambs. Good beef and mutton a trifle higher, and a better feeling generally manifested at market, although ordinary grades of both cattle and sheep find rather dull sale.

**BAULKED AGAIN.**—The Editors' and Publishers' Convention, which we have been trying to attend for several years, and which was originally set for the 26th and 27th of this month, has been postponed to Oct. 2d and 3d—the days of our Cattle Show and Fair—when we shall neither of us be able to leave home. Our places at the council board of our brethren will therefore be again vacant.

**"BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS,"** a company that has shaken the cobwebs from so many millions of ribs during the last quarter of a century, is to perform in Waterville next Wednesday evening. (See advertisement.) Any praise of this famous company would be time wasted; as everybody knows it to be one of the very best in the world. Those who fail to attend will doubtless live long enough to be sorry.

## OUR TABLE.

**THE GALAXY.**—The number of this magazine for the fortnight ending September 15th, has three poetic gems, an interesting article on "Heraldry in America," and the usual variety of continued stories, essays, short sketches, etc.

**THE LADY'S REPOSITORY** for September, is ornamented with a charming engraving of "Greenwood Water, New Jersey," and a fine portrait of Queen Victoria. The contents of the number are excellent, as usual.

Published by Poe & Hitchcock, Cincinnati, at \$3 50 a year.

**BEECHER VS. BEECHER.**—Henry Ward Beecher was never charged with being over-logical, but is rather noted for sharp and earnest utterances, without much regard to their consistency. Some one is cruel enough to parade the following from a speech of his in 1861, as an offset to some of his recent talk:—

"Any party that permits peace to come until they have set God's signet of indignation on this infamous treason, will themselves be guilty of that war and treason. And when peace is made we mean that all nations shall understand how hateful unjust rebellion is, how terrible uncaused war is, and how despicable on earth among men, and in hell among the damned, are those who turmoil a nation with blood and revolution."

**CORRECTION.**—It was Mr. George Marston, formerly well known in this vicinity, and not Mr. Robinson, who presided so acceptably at the piano on the occasion of Mrs. Burnham's recent concert here. We are glad to be able to announce that our citizens may confidently look for a repetition of this rare musical entertainment immediately, of which further notice will be given as soon as the necessary arrangements are completed.

**WEST-WATERVILLE.**—A correspondent of the Commercial Bulletin makes the following notice of some of the business enterprises at the West Village:—

The pride of this young but lively village, is its fine water-power, which is one of the best in the State, having a fall of more than 100 feet in a distance of three-quarters of a mile. The village contains 8 stores, 4 churches, good hotel, and eight manufacturing establishments.

Hubbard & Blake manufacture axes enough to equip all the office-holders in the country, that is to say 2000 dozen per year, besides 3000 dozen scythes. They employ forty hands in the manufacture of various kinds of edge-tools but make axes and scythes a specialty. This firm has been in existence about two years, and has attained a very high rank among manufacturers of edge-tools.

The possession of a shirt has always been reckoned the crucial test of social decency. A man may lack a coat or hat, almost a pair of unmentionables, and be tolerated, but a man without a shirt had best hang himself. A realization of this great truth, doubtless, induced Hamlin & Farr to enter upon the business of clothing the naked with the most essential garment known to civilization, and their undertaking has now taken the shape of a mill which turns out eight to ten dozen fine shirts each day. Their factory is 80 feet long by 40 wide, and three stories high. The number of hands employed is 300, and when the works are in full operation, ten sewing machines will be used.

History does not record the name of the maker of "that old arm chair," which the poet has immortalized, but it is not dangerous to assume that Joseph Batchelder was the worthy architect. He makes all kinds of furniture, but devotes most of his energies to chairs. He employs 8 hands and produces 400 chairs per week, so he may be "set down" as a large manufacturer.

Judah P. Benjamin dealt extensively with political tools and cut his fingers therewith; but A. P. Benjamin confines his attention to the manufacture of agricultural tools, which, so far from being dangerous, are profitable to the users and maker. Threshing machines at the rate of 60 per year, are turned out from his establishment, together with plows, cultivators, corn-shellers, &c. He employs 30 hands, and occupies three large buildings which cover three-fourths of an acre of ground.

Among the many manufacturing establishments at this place, the tannery of Atwood & Parker is in very good order. These gentlemen manufacture all kinds of leather to the amount of 15,000 pieces per year, and also make large quantities of leather belting. They employ 10 hands.

Every head of a family who attends to that part of his duty which consists in sawing wood, will be interested in an item relating to the manufacture of the instrument which he uses. A. & E. Bates produce 8,000 dozen saw-files per year, which go, in obedience to the demands of commerce, to all parts of the Union and the Provinces. Most of their machinery was invented by themselves, and is driven by water power.

The new building recently completed for the use of New Town Theological Institution, was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies on Monday.

**THE PORTLAND PRICE CURRENT.**—The last of the re-constructed papers, makes its appearance this week, looking brighter than ever.

Late foreign advices say that Maximilian's return to Europe is expected at any moment.

**SQUIRRELS** are very numerous this season, and under protection of our flourishing shade trees they are seen upon every street. We hope they will not be molested, nor in any way find themselves the victims of misplaced confidence.

**A JUVENILE SINGING SCHOOL,** to be taught by Mr. P. S. Warren, of the College, is advertised in our paper this week. He has already taught one term here, very acceptably we believe. The term "juvenile" does not exclude pupils of 16 years of age, even, from this school.

"We cut a good many items from the Boston Post."—[Portland Advertiser.]

"We cut" the whole of the Portland Advertiser.

Rev. Isaac S. Kallioh has been elected President of the Ottawa University, Kansas. He has been President of the Board of Trustees for some time.

The Shreveport, Louisiana, News, avows that the South is biding her time to strike another blow for independence. Its words are as follows:—

"Impatient, venerable Southron, we have all to gain and nothing to lose in the contest brewing in the North; the fair haired son you mourn, who fell in the dark copses of the Chickamauga, or perhaps upon the bloody heights of Gettysburg, looks over the crystal battlements of Heaven and smiles, as the cloud of intestine war broadens over the sky of the North, for the day of retribution draweth near."

"Be patient, young stalwart hero of many a well fought field, the day of your deliverance is nigh; the hour cometh when the shackles which despotism has riveted upon your proud limbs shall be hurled aside, and once more you shall step forth in the pure sunlight of the newly risen sun of independence, emancipated and free. Let us wait and hope; let us not forget, that when thieves fall out, honest men get their dues; for as sure as effect follows cause, the convention assembled today at Philadelphia is the entering wedge to inaugurate civil strife."

The article appeared August 18, and the closing words of the quotation refer to the first Philadelphia convention.—[Post Adv.]

At Indianapolis, Indiana, President Johnson on being introduced was received with mingled cheers and groans, and cries for General Grant. On attempting to speak, the people refused to listen, and he soon retired, after a few more ineffectual attempts to be heard. Later, it is stated, the throng became disorderly and pistol shots were heard and one or two wounds inflicted. By whom they were fired is not stated. The firing, according to a later dispatch, originated in an alleged attempt to destroy transparencies inscribed with sentiments friendly to the President. The holder of one of these was thrown down and a pistol fired at him, whereupon a dozen other shots were fired. One man was killed and several wounded. At ten o'clock all was quiet again.

The President addressed the people of Indianapolis the next morning before leaving. The papers of that city, of both parties, condemn the fatal disturbance of the evening.

**THE KENNEBEC BAPTIST ASSOCIATION** will hold its next annual meeting with the Baptist church at West Waterville, commencing Tuesday, Sept. 18th, at 2 o'clock P. M. Free return tickets will be furnished to those who pass over the Maine Central, and Portland & Kennebec Railroads, to attend the meeting.

We cannot too strongly urge upon the attention of our readers a careful perusal of the East India Tea Co.'s advertisement in another column. Flooded, as the markets are, with base adulterations and poisonous compounds, it is refreshing to find a house of such standing, setting their faces so strongly against the tide of speculation and gain. That their prices are very low can be seen by their price-list; that their goods are first class, can be decided by a single trial.

**MR. JOHNSON'S PLEBIAIN BOASTS.**—Carl Schurz, of the *Deutsch-Frey*, with remarks of Mr. Johnson's numerous allusions to his humble origin:

"A man who, like Mr. Johnson is on all occasions reminding people that he is a plebeian, and that in spite of it he has fought his way up by his own exertions to his present position, (with the exception of what John Wilkes Booth did for him, which he never mentions), betrays his littleness of soul in presuming that they regard his low origin as a disgrace, which by his prodigious efforts he has overcome."

The man that in this country parades his plebeian origin, presumes that there are patrician houses and aristocratic families, to whose pride and magnificence he has attained. This is a common trait in the poor whites in the South. A man who recognizes his own merits as genuine, and is entirely reliant upon them, knows that in the truly democratic portion of the country, his birth is no disgrace, and that it has not been, and ought not to be, a drawback or hindrance to his career."

[See first page for commencement of this article.] Feeling well assured that he never would eat anything else until he had swallowed that oft-presented and oft-refused bread and milk, he just took it as quietly as it was offered and ate it.

And after that he said he never set up his will in defiance of his mother's. I saw the tears of fond and appreciative love gather in his eyes as he said:

"M. mother was a woman of good judgment, and I love to think how she made me obey her."

It is such mothers whom their sons delight to honor.—[Sunday School Times.]

It is reported that the military commission at New Orleans have submitted their report to General Sheridan, and that they find that the defenceless union men were murdered and murdered without mercy by Mayor Monroe and his police, aided by the fire department and different rebel military organizations. The testimony also proved that the grand jury was composed of rebels, some of whom were not even legal voters.

**CORRECTION.**—It was the wife of Alonzo P. Richardson, (and not Alonzo Richardson), that committed suicide in Clinton recently.

**MISS C. M. BARNEY**, it will be noticed, advertises that she will give lessons in music to young ladies.

The London Daily News of the 31st ult. quotes an advance in confederate bonds, which is attributed to action favorable to the South in the Philadelphia Convention, intelligence of which, it was surmised, had been received by the bondholders.

"I must pity that young man who, with a little finery of dress and recklessness of manner, with his coarse passions all daguerrotyped upon his face, goes whooping through these streets, driving an animal much nobler than himself, or swaggering into some haunts of show and calls it 'Enjoying life.' He thinks he is astonishing the world and he is astonishing the thinking part of it, who are astonished that he is not astonished at himself. For look at that compound of flash and impudence, and say if on all this earth there is anything more pitiable! As well say that the beauty and immensity of the universe were all enclosed in the field where the prodigal lay among the hucks and the swine!"—[CHAPIN.]

## Agricultural Exhibitions.

North Kennebec, at Waterville, Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 2d and 3d.

Kennebec Central, at Readfield, Oct. 3d and 4th.

Aroostook, at Houlton, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 20th and 27th.

Waldo, at Belfast, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Oct. 3d, 4th and 5th.

East Somerset, at Hartland, Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 11th and 12th.

North Penobscot, at Lincoln Village, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 3d and 4th.

North Aroostook, at Presque Isle, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 3d and 4th.

Bangor Horticultural, at Bangor, 1st—Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 12th and 13th; 2d, Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 2d and 3d.

State Exhibition of Horses at Augusta, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 25th, 26th, and 27th.

Hancock, at Ellsworth, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 25th, 26th, and 27th.

Piscataquis, at Foxcroft, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 3d and 4th. Address by Hon. A. M. Robinson.

East Somerset, at Hartland, Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 11th and 12th.

Kennebec Union Agricultural and Horticultural, at Gardiner, Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 2d and 3d.

North Waldo, at Unity, Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 9th and 10th.

Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon of New Haven thus writes to the Independent: "Before I compromise myself in any manner with Mr. Dixon's new party, I beg to know distinctly what they propose to do in the rebel states for liberty, for justice, for the security of life and property, and especially for the safety of those two obnoxious and imperiled classes. I want some adequate ground of confidence that the course which they are pursuing will not bring upon the nation the infamy and guilt of betraying those whom it has solemnly promised to protect."

As the democratic press is trying to make capital out of the non-payment of bounties under the late act of Congress, by asserting that the bill makes no appropriation for that purpose, it should be known that the Bounty bill is a part of the general appropriation bill whose enacting clause reads thus: "Be it enacted, &c., that the following sums be and the same are hereby appropriated for the objects hereinafter expressed," &c.

General Granger, in his report to the President, remarks, as an evidence of loyalty of the South, "I found the people taking our currency, and anxious to get it." An exchange suggests that if this is a proof of loyalty, the rebels who used to steal greenbacks from our prisoners at Andersonville were devoted patriots.

**THE LOYAL PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION** adjourned on Friday, after an interesting session. Resolutions were passed endorsing Congress. An address was adopted in which the President was severely criticized, and security for loyal whites and blacks demanded before restoring the rebels to political power. The convention refused to declare for impartial suffrage, though it was urged by a large portion of the delegates from the Gulf States as the only permanent security. The delegates from the border States were afraid to make the suffrage issue at present.

A good Hair Dressing has long been wanted for the use of ladies and children, but it has been unobtainable. Most of the so called Hair Dressings sold at the drug stores contain alcohol and oil—ingredients which are destructive to the life of the hair—give rise to many diseases of the scalp, and soil everything with which they come in contact. Dr. Knight's Hair Dressing is a vegetable preparation, free from oil and alcohol and the most perfect article in the world. It gives the hair a rich and glossy appearance, promotes its luxuriant growth, prevents it from turning gray, removes dandruff, cures nervous headache and all diseases of the scalp, is delightfully perfumed and will not soil the finest fabric. It is an honest preparation and as such we commend it.

The rebels and their northern allies clamor that the Constitution must be maintained. Where would the rebels be if the clause in the Constitution concerning traitors was enforced by the man who has taken a solemn oath to enforce it?

**DR. BICKNELL'S SYRUP**, advertised in another column, is an article that cannot be too highly recommended, for it really is all that it claims to be, and no family should be without it. All who test it say there is nothing equal to it.

The Steam Refined Soaps of Messrs Leathe & Gore are highly esteemed for washing white goods, under clothing, bed linen, &c.; for the reason that while they give a snowy whiteness to the fabric, they nevertheless do not impair the firmness and tenacity of its fibre.

Perfection has been obtained, through art, science and experience, in the manufacture of Herick Allen's Gold Medal Saleratus, as every lady who has tested it universally exclaims, "There is nothing like it!" Don't fail to test a paper, and you will never use any other. Call on your Grocer for it, and do not be put off with any other. All the Grocers sell it. Depot 112 Liberty Street, New York.

The Gold Medal Soap, like Widow Bedott, needs no introduction to our readers. It is an old friend—a welcome visitor on washing days, and will save more than one half the labor, and make your clothes look much better. It will not rot or injure the best of fabrics, as most soaps do. It removes grease spots, paint, tar, &c. It will not chap your hands, but make them soft and white. The rich and the poor can share alike in its benefits and good results.

**FADING AWAY.**—How often we see men and women who are fairly fading out of existence. They seem to have no especial disease, but general lassitude and languor; no ambition, no energy, indigestion, weakness, total inability to eat and relish food, &c., &c.—all of which is nothing but Dyspepsia.

Coe's Dyspepsia Cure will surely cure every such case, no matter of how long standing. It is also a most excellent remedy for Cholera morbus, Cramp or Colic, in either Stomach or Bowels. We advise all suffering, to try it.

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

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

Rev. W. C. Barrows, late of Newton Theological Institution, was ordained pastor of the Baptist Church in Freeport, Me., Aug. 22d.

Asking Andy Johnson a question which he is making a speech, is emphatically hitting him between his legs.

Of the approaching editors' and publishers' Convention to be held in Augusta on the 26th and 27th inst., the Farmer says:

"The members of the craft in this city for a sincere welcome to their brethren from every portion of the State, on the occasion above referred to, and will do their best to promote the objects of the Association, and to make the gathering personally agreeable to all concerned. We hope to see the entire press of the State represented."

A special dispatch says that officers of the National Military Asylum have had a meeting at Washington, Gen. Butler presiding. It was voted to establish three asylums, one in Maine, one in Ohio, and one in Wisconsin, suitable buildings in those States having been offered at low prices. The Togus Springs property, in Maine, will probably be thus purchased.

The word "shanty," now so much used in our daily conversation, is a corruption of the French noun *chante*—a dog kennel.

A person may believe as his pillow about things, but things will not therefore be as he pleases.

Why is a note of hand like a bunch of grapes? Because it is matured by falling dew.

Why is a smile invariably behind the time? Because it's a little laugher.

The President of the secession convention held in Texas, in 1861, has been elected United States senator from that State.

A number of union men with their families passed through Washington last week, on their way North, to settle. They were obliged to leave their homes in the South on account of the persecution to which they were subjected at the hands of the reconstructed rebels. They state that it is fast becoming impossible for men entertaining loyal sentiments to live in most parts of the South.

## THE MOON'S VOLCANOES

are engaging the attention of astronomers, but the world of Beauty and Fashion is less interested in human discoveries than in the great question of

## Turning the Heads

that have been whitened by age or skinked to a glorious black or brown hue. Nobody now lingers

## A LUNATIC,

as not to admit that the finest and most harmless hair darkener in existence is

## CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE.

which nourishes the fibres as well as changes their hue. Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO, 6 Astor House, New York. Sold by Druggists. Applied by all Hair Dressers. 1m-10

**Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.**—Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

Gray Hair changed to its Natural Color by Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

It is the best article known to preserve the hair, preventing its falling out, and making it lustrous, stiff, brassy hair. HEALTHY, SOFT AND GLOSSY.

All who use it are unanimous in awarding it the praise of being the best Hair Dressing extant, and without a rival in restoring gray hair to its natural color. Beware of counterfeits and imitations; ask for Hall's, and take none other. Price \$1 00. For sale by all druggists.

R. P. HALL & CO.,

Nashua, N. H., Proprietors.

## Important to Females.

The celebrated DR. BROW continues to devote his entire time to the treatment of all diseases incident to the female system. An experience of twenty-three years enables him to guarantee speedy and permanent relief in the worst cases of Suppression and all other Menstrual Derangements from whatever cause. All who are afflicted with this complaint will find relief in his treatment. For advice mail



Testimonials from all quarters of the country. The Surgeon General of the Army says, "I have the utmost confidence in Dr. Evans's ability."

**THE NEW ROUTE TO BOSTON!**

**NEWBEC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.**

**RAILROAD LINE:**

Lowellfield Nearing Steamer DANIEL WEBSTER, Capt.  
J. H. Fox, and the Fast and Excellent Steamer EAST-TRINITY,  
Capt. J. W. Adams, leave Railroad Wharf, Bath, every  
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, at 6  
o'clock A. M., for New York via the Steamboat route from  
Canton and Lewistown.

Lowellfield, leave Lincoln's Wharf, Boston, same evenings,  
at 10 o'clock, connecting at Hull with the Lowellfield Line for  
Canton, Lewiston and Intermediate stations.

Connecticut Train leaves Connecticut at 2.30, and Waterville  
Train connects with the Boat at Bath.

Lowellfield, the Steamboat train is due at Waterville at 8.00

NOT taken at low rates. To avoid mistakes, shippers,  
in particular, to order their goods sent by "Railroad  
and Steamship." Baggage checked through to Low-  
ellfield stations on the P. & K. and Androscoggin Rail-  
roads, can stowage the steamer in Bath.

The Steamer "East-Trinity" runs between the company  
can make yearly contracts for freight with all  
to do so.

J. F. PALMER, Gen'l Agt. Bath.  
J. W. T. MULLEN, Agent Bath.

Aug 25, 1895.

**AT REDINGTON'S.**

"Clean North Star".

at C. R. Redington's

Sold Pure Old Virginia.

at C. H. Redington's

at C. H. Redington's  
at C. H. Redington's  
at C. H. Redington's

**INSURE TO DAY!**

A disastrous Fire at Portland admonishes ALL to insure their property. I am prepared to issue policies in the best and reliable Companies. Look at their Assets.

Home,	\$7146.99.
Security	1,548,964.
Metropolitain	1,640,000.
Ningora	1,294,630.
Springfield, Mass:	551,496.
N. England, Hartford,	244,078.

Remember that delays are dangerous! Call and get a good and you are safe.

**DO NOT FORGET an Accident Policy in Traveler,** of Hartford.

L. T. BOOTHBY, Agent.

*Boat in Snow Pond.*

**PARTIES OF PLEASURE;—EXCURSIONS;—**  
Fishing and Picnic Parties, and all classes of  
pleasure seekers, are respectfully informed

[illegible]

ICE is hereby given, that I relinquish to my son, AL-  
FIN B. BROWN, the remainder of his time, and I shall  
none of his earnings and pay no debts of his contract-

After this date,  
 Sun, Aug. 29, 1860

CHARGES H. BROWN.  
 Sw—10.

A GIEFF MARE,  
 a light buggy, Harness, and Buffalo Robe, were  
 left at the stable of the subscriber on Tuesday last,  
 to men who have not since been heard from. The  
 owner of the property can obtain it by paying his  
 riding charges.  
 JOSEPH A. DINGLEY.  
 3w9  
 The above team can be found at the Philbrook House;  
 Allen's Mills.

WINTHROP HOUSE.  
 WINTHROP, MAINE.

In connection with the above House, a STEAM  
 BOAT with Barges, Sails and Rig, is always on  
 hand, ready to convey fishing parties, pleasure parties,  
 tourists to and from the Island if use and fishing  
 de vis.

Annabescocook Lake.  
 the pleasure season. The Lake abounds in pickerel and  
 perch, and for beauty of scenery cannot be equalled  
 in this  
 and other refreshments will be furnished on the  
 E STANTON, Proprietor,  
 Wintthrop, Maine, June 25th.  
 A. Sabattis & Co. will be accommodated at Low

12

Carding & Cloth Dressing.

by James N. Craig in good order, and employed  
 (Hess) Workman, is prepared to do work at  
 notice and in a workmanlike manner. T. E. CROMMETT.  
 No 7, 1866. 401f

**CARD.**

*A Carriage and pair of Horses*

to be kept at the stable next to the Williams House, for  
 use by the day or hour, and will also take passengers, to  
 the depots. Orders may be left on my slate at Mr. Platt's  
 or at Reeder's Harness Shop.

**S. B. LEWIS.**  
 21f

Sterrville, 31st & 1, 1866.

**ATO, Green Cohn, Peaches, &c.,**  
 at L. H. DOOLITTLE'S

**Notice to Settle Accounts.**

Subscriber is about to leave town, and requests, all per-  
 sons indebted to him to call forthwith and settle, as he  
 will pay up all outstanding demands immediately.

**G. D. SAVAGE.**  
 8, 2d

Sterrville, Aug. 10, 1866

**NEW FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.**

**SINGER, MANUFACTURING CO.** have just produced a  
 new family Sewing Machine, which is the best and  
 most useful of all sewing machines. This  
 Machine

...r, Tuck, Quilt, and in its capacity for a great variety of mental work. This is not the only machine that can fell,

and, braid, etc. but it will do so better than any other. The new machine is so very simple in its structure that a child can run it, and having no liability to get out of gear, it is ever ready to do its work. All who are interested in such questions are invited to call and examine this new and, which has never been exhibited in Waterville before week.

MEADER & PHILLIPS, Agents.

35

**WHITE LEAD!**

MR. T. LEWIS'S celebrated Pure White Lead, for sale at ARNOLD & MEADER'S.

FRESH CRANBERRIES at I. R. DOOLITTLE & CO'S.



