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Maxham & Wing

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THE LITTLE SLEEPER.

No mother's eye beside this wakes to-night,
No father's hand beside this lonely bed;
Daring, thou liest hidden out of sight,
And none are near thee but the silent dead.

How cheerily glows the hearth; yet glows in vain;
For we unheeded beside it sit alone,
And listen to the wild and beating rain—
In angry gusts against our casement blown.

And though we nothing speak, yet well I know
That both our hearts are there, where thou dost keep
Within thy narrow chamber far below,
For the first time unwatched, thy lonely sleep.

Oh! no, not thou!—and we our faith deny,
This thought allowing; thou, removed from harm,
In Abraham's bosom dost securely lie,
O, not in Abraham's, in a Saviour's arms—

In that dear Lord's who in thy worst distress
Thy bitter anguish gave thee dearest child;
Still to abide in perfect gentleness,
And like an angel to be meek and mild.

Sweet coat of wheat! committed to the ground
To die, and live, and bear more precious ear!
While in the heart of earth thy seed is sown,
His place of rest, for thee we will not fear.

Sleep softly, till that blessed rain and dew,
Down lighting upon earth shall change shall bring,
That all its fields of death shall laugh anew—
Yea, with a living harvest laugh and sing.

(From Harper's Magazine.)

MISS STUYVESANT.

Miss Stuyvesant paced the piazza many times that night there in the dark, her hands locked behind her. She paced her room while too, in the same restless way, a set, bitterness in her smooth, womanly face that ought not to have been there. She was morbid, of course. But a little story lay beneath this morbidness that the happy woman with the wide, cool eyes, singing away in the next room to her babies had never translated. Mary Stuyvesant had not loved. No. Otherwise, her history would have been different. She was not a woman given to fancies; what was once was always. But somewhere in her life a bit of a dream had come to her, and faded, rudely.

A circumstance worth mentioning happened the next morning; the slight circumstances are the great ones in nine cases out of ten. Dr. James, coming up from the office, saw Miss Stuyvesant out in the garden in a calico dress and Miss McKay's old hat. She looked up as he stopped, her lap full of weeds, both hands in the mud.

"Miss Stuyvesant weeding!"

"See appears to be. Mrs. McKay has several other little things to do."

"Mrs. McKay asked me to bring her letters. You monopolized the box," said the Doctor, gravely, holding the letter over the fence. Miss Stuyvesant broke into a merry laugh, and raised her muddy hands. Dr. James's professional eyes noticed the blue veins on them; his democratic and critical eyes observed that she wore no rings.

"Dr. James, will you be good enough to open the letter and tell me who it's from?"

He hesitated from simple astonishment.

"I will not trouble you," said Miss Stuyvesant, haughtily.

He opened it.

"Ah, my man of business! And he knew I came here to be rid of him. Will you do me the favor to read it aloud, and save me the trouble?"

He read it. It notified her of the loss, by fire, of one of her stores, a new building, but partially insured. The young lady laughed a low, mellow laugh, and tossed the letter away.

"Thank you. See the clover leaves I've pulled out of this pansy-bed, Dr. James—this one bed."

Dr. James leaned over the fence and looked at her.

"You care so little!"

She flushed to the temples, and rose in her queenly way.

"I am surprised that a gentleman of your perception should ask. Do you not see that I am heart-broken? What higher aspirations are there in the world than those bounded by four walls of granite and accompanying rents?"

Dr. James bowed and left her without a word. She dropped her weeds, opened her great eyes, and watched him walk away. That these two should misunderstand each other seemed inevitable. They gravitated away from each other by a law.

"Aunt Della, I feel at this moment precisely as if I should like to hire myself out as your Irish girl. One could believe in one's rosary and the ghosts of one's first cousins, I suppose," said Miss Stuyvesant, going up to the house.

The next fortnight there fell a judgment upon Dunkirk. The why and the wherefore, the whence and the whither, no man knew; but the judgment came and was gone and left a great hush in its place.

Dr. James's Journal will be, perhaps, for our purposes its best record:

"July 15.—The heat is intense. Thermometer 98 in the shade, not the shadow of a wind. There is a peculiar dry, scalding sensation in the air I never remember to have noticed in New England before. It reminds me of that week I spent becalmed just off Bombay years ago. I am not, to this day, capable of recalling that week without a gasp."

"I don't like the looks of things in the east quarter of the town. That case of Hoadley's disappoints me. Then there is Brandon; the man ought to be well by this time. The resemblance between the two cases may or may not be far-fetched. I can hardly tell as yet. Neither do I like the face of Brandon's wife exactly; there are circles about the eyes that had better not be there; the pulse, ninety-six, moreover. But the woman complains of nothing. We must have rain."

"Passed that young lady from New York this morning on my way to dinner; noticed her at a distance, owing to the fact that she wore a dress of some light blue stuff which shaded into the sky where she stood against it at the brow of the hill. She appears to fancy plain colors. I passed her with a bow, walking rapidly on. It may have been fancy, but I thought she looked surprised—she has a haughty way of drooping her eyelids when she is surprised. It probably was fancy."

"I had not gone far when I saw a lady's veil caught on a thorn bush—a delicate affair, blue, like Miss Stuyvesant's dress; there was a faint perfume of attar of roses about it. If there is anything I particularly dislike it is attar of roses. Reasoning that she must have dropped it on the way down to the village, I deduced the conclusion that there was nothing to be done but to go back and give it to her. I did so with the best grace of which I was master. I was a little amused at the conversation; of course it was Hobson's choice to join her then."

"Thank you. I did not know I had lost it."

"I presume not. If it had been a five-hundred dollar watch, it would, without doubt, have been quite the same. These headdresses are extravagant from their cradles, always. In handing her the thing it caught upon my sleeve and tore slightly. I made as much of an apology for my carelessness as I thought the occasion required. She interrupted me with a gesture of impatience:

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WATERVILLE, MAINE.... FRIDAY, SEPT. 21, 1866.

NO. 12.

"N'importe, n'importe! c'est assez!"

Her face was worth seeing when the words were spoken. That she should have insulted an inoffensive country doctor by addressing him in a language he could not be expected to understand, I saw; and I was surprised to see her so terribly against her own will, the generous and the courteous. Her face flushed in its faint way; she tilted abruptly to see the view, (which, by the way, consisted of a high board fence, a thicket of nettles, and an interesting and diminutive boy eating bread and molasses on top of a barrel.) At that moment I was awkward enough to step on her dress. At my "Patience, Mademoiselle!" she looked relieved. Her haughty eyelids, drooped in their surprised way for the second time.

"And that was literally every word that was said, till our roads parted, and I left her."

"I incline to the theory that this young lady has been decidedly bored by something or other at some time in her life. I begin to have a faint suspicion of the basis on which she rests her opinion of me, if she does me the honor to have any, which is more than doubtful."

The above is respectfully submitted to Enoch James, M. D., as bearing on the question, "How shall a country doctor, with eight hundred a year, no rival, an epidemic coming, and a whole night's study before him, spend his precious time?"

"July 16.—Brandon's wife is down. The eldest daughter doesn't look right. I begin to understand matters."

"July 17.—The cat is out of the bag now, and East Dunkirk has made up its mind to immediate extermination. It appears to be a species of malignant fever; of the typhoid type, if it can be said to have any type. There are five cases within a stone's-throw of each other. The Brandon girl, though the most recent, is most unpromising."

These people are wretchedly poor, and wretched poverty has little chance against an epidemic. Am doing what I can. The worst of it is, I am not made of stern stuff, and the women have such a way of waiting at you to save their husbands, as if you held human life between your finger and thumb, and could take it up or lay it down at pleasure."

"These still women cap the climax, however. There is that young creature, Annie Guest, sitting there all day with her eyes on David's face—they haven't been married three months. She never sobs nor cries out; she only looks up when I come in, and looks at me while my finger is on the pulse, and looks at me as I turn away. It makes a fellow feel precisely like going away and saying his prayers."

"Went up to Mrs. McKay's to-day, to tell her just how things are; the stories about town are so ridiculous—cholera, small-pox, and yellow fever—all three have raged within the last ten hours, with attendant horrifying circumstances ad infinitum. Such as Dr. James having told Mrs. Guest to order her husband's coffin, as the undertaker would be so busy shortly that it might save her some expense to do it now."

"I found Mrs. McKay expecting me, and unprepared to believe anything till I came."

"This thing will grow, Doctor?"

"Probably."

"It may come to us, then?"

"Possibly."

"It is one of my rules to have nothing to do with evasions. Of all men I believe a physician is most culpable in the use of them. I believe there are few cases in which the simple truth, properly told, can do a patient harm. Mrs. McKay, at least, should always hear it."

"Her children were clustered about her as they always are; her husband sitting by the window. I believe McKay likes to keep her in sight as well as he did upon their marriage-day, or better. She stooped suddenly and kissed the little upturned faces; then went over to her husband and slid her hand quietly into his."

"I suppose I have cavilled a good deal at the abuses and the shams of marriage; more perhaps than is necessary. There is something about this woman's love that always makes me feel like taking off my hat."

"Miss Stuyvesant followed me out to the door. The intelligence I brought had drawn no word from her. She had been quietly sewing (some of Mrs. McKay's work, I could see) in the corner. There was a light in her eyes that puzzled me."

"Dr. James."

"I bowed, and waited her pleasure."

"Can money help it any—this trouble?"

"Money can hire nurses and purchase ice."

"Yes."

"I am so glad! I should like—Doctor James."

"She paused, with a delicacy, for which I had not given her credit, unwilling to remind me of the great grief between us."

"I should like to do something for these people—anything you think best. Will you do me the kindness to call upon me at any time?"

"I confess I was unprepared for this. This young lady has a fashion of developing where you least expect it. However, it is an easy thing to play the lady patron. One never feels so rich; and it is such an excellent method to remind people of the fact! Fancy Miss Stuyvesant's great eyes if you suggested that she come down herself into those wretched homes, from whence the frightened nurses have fled, and touch these parched hands with her own white fingers!"

"Query: Is it preordained, predestinated, and in the eternal nature of things, that country doctors shall grow bitter as they grow old?—an inalienable instinct of the genus?"

"A ring at the door—the fourth this evening. The Brandon girl, probably. I had hoped for a little rest."

"July 18.—No rain. A sky like molten brass. Slow, purple hazes creeping like snakes down the valley; a mountain on fire four miles up the river. This grows serious. I have ten cases in one street. Hoadley died to-night, poor fellow! in a horrible spasm. I have done all I could for him—all human help could do. I solemnly believe. This thing puzzles me. I keep some cases from fatal termination: I effect no cures—no cure."

"Later: 11 P.M.—Just back from the Guests. Bureks! These people have actually been drinking the water of that half-stagnant pond without a filter!"

"July 19.—Still no rain. Those wells

ought to be filled. I am afraid the mischief is too far thither headway for me to do much with it. The people get drunk, and cannot be made to take care of themselves. I have lost two more. Brandon is better; I shall save him. But things are in a terrible condition there. The girl got hold of some rum in some way, and is dying horribly. The woman cannot leave her bed yet; the nurse has fled with a bewilderment that would be ridiculous if it were not abominable. What is to be done!"

"Sitting writing this page my question has answered itself. Right in the middle of the glaring afternoon, with that sun like molten brass in the sky, and clouds of dust like the smoke from a huge furnace, the whole length of a long mile's walk, some one opened Peter Brandon's door, and swept in a little breeze of Cologne-water and the flutter of a cool white dress. It was Miss Stuyvesant. She had a pail of fresh ice in one hand, and a couple of palm-leaf fans in the other."

"Miss Stuyvesant!"

"Dr. James!"

"What does this mean?"

"Just what it appears to mean."

"But I protest—"

"Protest if you choose. I don't know what difference that will make."

"You are not afraid?"

"Do I look like it?"

"But Mrs. McKay?"

"Bid me God-speed, and sent me down. It is simply impossible for her to leave the children. I have wanted to come from the first. I suppose she read it in my eyes. You can go now; they want you at the next house. Have you any directions?"

"July 20.—I saw a sight to-night I never expected to see. The Brandon girl died at nine o'clock. I was sent for at eight, and found Miss Stuyvesant there, sitting like a statue, in her pure, soft dress; her face a little pale, one of her hands—they are slender hands and white, with neither gold nor jewels on them—clasped convulsively in the girl's rigid fingers. I declare it made me start to see that clasp—the girl had led a wretched, evil life. I stood a moment looking in at the window. The lady's regal head was bent a little in the lamp-light, her eyes—the fashes, I think, were upon the open pages of a well-worn Book, bound in purple-and-gold. Her voice I could hear, but the words she read were lost. It was somewhere in the Gospels."

"But I'm so wicked!" sobbed the ruin lying there, so still and listening."

"And then that woman, still clasping the other's hand, knelt down upon the wretched floor, beside the wretched bed, and prayed such a prayer as I never heard in any pulpit—as I never expect to hear again."

"Enoch James, there may be several things in this world you are not too old to learn."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE NORTH POLE.—Two French gentlemen recently explored the island of Spitzbergen in a manner never before done. They have measured the mountains, mapped the whole coast, examined the vegetable products, the geological composition, etc., of the island. They have found that the long day extended over several months, during which the sun never sets, becoming intensely hot after a month or two by the unceasing heat from the sun. In this period vegetation springs up in great luxuriance and abundance. The North Pole is only a matter of 600 miles from the island, and it is thought by the two explorers, as by many others, that the pole itself, and the sea which is supposed to surround it, could be reached from Spitzbergen without many great difficulties being encountered. A single fact noted by the explorers, in connection with this island, is the enormous quantities of floating timber which literally cover the waters of the bays and creeks. A careful examination of the character, condition, and kind of these floating logs would, no doubt, lead to a conclusion as to whence and how they came, and probably suggest new theories for the solution of geographical problems connected with the arctic seas.—[Scientific American.]

CORK is the soft elastic bark of a kind of oak (*Quercus suber*) inhabiting Spain, Portugal and parts of France and Italy, and from these countries the world derives its supply of this very necessary and as yet indispensable article. The bark is loosened or thrown off by its dying, and thereby ceasing to distend with the expansion of the tree in its natural growth. The tree is about fifteen years old when this operation is first performed. The first crop is not of much value, and the second, which is removed about ten years after, is but little more valuable. After this the operation is repeated every eight or ten years, and the produce improves both as to quantity and quality at each operation. A tree thus barked periodically lives, it is said, about one hundred and fifty years.—[Artisan.]

AN ILLUSTRATION.—Dr. Adam Clark was preaching to a large congregation in Ireland, and after dwelling in glowing terms upon the freeness of the Gospel and telling them that the water of life could be had "without money and without price," at the conclusion of the sermon, a person announced that a collection would be made for the support of the Gospel in foreign parts. This announcement disconcerted the preacher, who afterwards related the circumstances to the lady of the house where he was staying. "Very true, doctor," replied the hostess, "the water of life is free, 'without money and without price,' but we must pay for the pitchers to carry it in."

AN article in the New York Times says that the reduction of the public debt has progressed during the past three months at a rate which, in less than nine years, would cancel every dollar of the national obligations, if it could be maintained by the resources and legal privileges of the government. The liquidation of the past year has been, on an average, equal to the redemption of the entire funded and unfunded debt in about sixteen years. This rate of liquidation is not at all unlikely to be realized. Confidence is freely expressed by well-informed financiers that Secretary McCulloch will bring the net indebtedness of the country within the limits of \$2,400,000,000 by the close of the current year.

IRREVERENCE OF AMERICAN YOUTH.—In his address before the Old School Presbyterian General Assembly at St. Louis, Rev. Dr. Thomas made the following allusion to the alleged prevailing contempt for authority:

"The great want of our age, sir, is a spirit of obedience to law; of reverence for constituted and legitimate authority; of respect for those who exercise authority, whether in the family, the State or the church. Let me illustrate the habits and temper of Young America, sir, by an anecdote respecting the late Hon. B. F. Butler, whose sobriquet of 'Sandy Hill' was familiar to politicians of twenty years since. He was invited to a mission Sunday School in the city of New York. The Superintendent introduced him to the boys as the Attorney General of the United States, one of the most distinguished citizens of their native State, and an active friend of friendless youth, adding, while he pointed to the clock, that Mr. B. would limit his speech to fifteen minutes."

Well, sir, they listened with fixed attention, but they kept an eye on the clock. The orator, warning with his theme, forgot the limitation of his time, and had passed the bound only a few seconds, when a tattered urchin, probably a newsboy, and so familiar with political slang terms, suddenly sprang up, and pointing to the clock, exclaimed, 'Sandy Hill, your time is out!' That, sir, is an illustration of our respect for those in authority."

Our political papers practise and cherish this pernicious and degrading habit. Our people speak familiarly and contemptuously of the President of the United States of America, the highest dignitary on earth as 'Old Buck,' 'Abe Lincoln,' or 'Brandy Johnson.' Is it in the use of such epithets that we fear God and honor the king? Is not this the conduct of those that 'despise government'? Of whom St. Peter says, 'presumptuous are they, self-willed; they are not afraid to speak evil of dignitaries.'

Sir, the tendency of our times—perhaps it may be a natural abuse of the nature of our free institutions—is to despise government, to cultivate a spirit of insubordination. Why, sir, if you will pardon me for relating it, I had once a curious exemplification of this young Americanism in my own household. It has already appeared in the public prints without my consent, and, therefore, it may not be indecorous to allude to it. I had a little son about four years old, who, of course, I thought a very bright and promising fellow. During my temporary absence from home for a few days on one occasion, his mother relieved the weary interval with reading to him the story of the Revolutionary war. The little fellow treasured up the shattered facts and anecdotes, and narratives of the battle-field, until his youthful patriotism was kindled to a flame, and his blood began to boil. I returned home late in the night, when he was wrapped in slumber. He rose later than usual. While we sat at breakfast he came down, and seated himself by my side in silence. He withheld the familiar welcome—the customary kiss. Evidently his mind was engrossed with something. He sat brooding his topic for a few moments, and then turning to me, he said, 'Father are you British?'

"My son," said I, "I had the good of bad fortune to be born in England, but like the Irishman, I was brought over here so early that I became a native." "Well, sir, said he, his childish face all aglow, and shaking his little fist at me, "We whipped you once, and can do it again!"

RANCID BUTTER FOR COOKING.—Many persons sneer at the common notion that butter too rancid to be eaten raw upon bread, may be used without objection in cooking; but this notion, like many other popular ideas, is more in accordance with the truth of the matter than the imperfect knowledge which ridicules it. All fats are compounds of acids with glycerine. Butter is a mixture of several fats, and one of them, constituting, however, only a small portion of its mass, is butyric; this is a compound of butyric acid with glycerine. Butyric acid, like other fats, is a neutral substance, but when it is decomposed—in other words, when the butyric acid is separated from the glycerine with which it is combined—we then have two substances, the acid and the glycerine, exhibiting each its peculiar properties. Butyric acid is a very powerful acid, caustic and sour, and having that peculiar strong odor which is characteristic of rancid butter. One of the early steps in the decay of butter is the decomposition of the butyric acid, which is made manifest by the odor of the butyric acid set free, and by the sour and biting taste of this acid.

Now, at a temperature of 315 degrees, butyric acid is evaporated, hence it is only necessary to raise the temperature of the butter to this point in order to drive off the acid which makes it rancid, and to leave the remainder perfectly sweet. If rancid butter is mixed in cake, a portion of the butyric acid will be absorbed by the water in the cake, and it may not be all expelled by the heat in baking; but if the butter is used for frying in an open pan, it is pretty certain that the butyric acid will all be evaporated. With a knowledge of the properties of butyric acid, a skillful cook ought to be able to use rancid butter in such ways as to retain none of the rancidity in the cooked articles.—[Scientific American.]

According to the statement published in the Brunswick Telegraph, the Seaside House at Harpswell was unquestionably fired by an incendiary, as a strange man was seen lurking about the premises only a short time before the fire was discovered. The house was built three years since by Mr. Smith, at a cost of \$20,000, and there was an insurance on the building to the amount of \$13,000. The furnishing of the house cost \$3,000, or thereabouts, and was insured for \$5000.

Dyspeptic persons, would you be cured of this dreadful disease, and all others arising from the use of common Saleratus? Also, have white, light and healthy Bread and Biscuit? Do not fail to procure a paper of Herrick Allen's Gold Medal Saleratus, after which you will never use any other. It is the best in the world. Try it. Call on your Grocer for it. At wholesale by all Dealers.

Rev. M. J. Kelley has accepted an invitation to take charge of the 1st Baptist church in Nobleboro, and entered upon his labors.

AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.—An exchange makes the following appeal, which we hope will command the attention of the farmers and mechanics of North Kennebec:—

The time is near at hand when the Annual Agricultural and Mechanical Fairs are to be held. It is for the Farmers and Mechanics to determine whether the immense amount of money expended in getting them up shall elevate and benefit their respective callings, and through them the whole country, or whether it shall be lost, or worse than lost.

Whatever amount of labor, or whatever amount of money the managers of these Annual Gatherings may expend, without the co-operation of the Farmers and Mechanics, not only in giving them their personal attention, but in exhibiting the products of their fields and their skill, their labor will be in vain, and the money lost. If, upon the other hand, the liberal premiums offered shall be cheerfully and spiritedly competed for, exhibitions may be held that will promote the interests of labor and skill, and elevate the callings of that class of men for whose benefit the Fairs are held.

It won't do to wait for your neighbor or depend upon him to furnish contributions. Go yourself, and carry with you whatever you have. It may prove to be the best in the class. But supposing it don't, that is no reason why you should not carry it. Take it along for comparison, and to help the general display. If your competitor has a better article, learn of him how to produce as good. If he has better cattle, or horses, or hogs, or sheep, inquire about the breed and the manner of rearing and keeping. With a good breed and good keeping, you may have good animals. Of the two, however, the keeping is quite as essential as the breed. You must not stay away because you have not been placed upon any of the committees, or upon the list of judges. There are always vacancies to be filled, and you may be the very man that is wanted to fill them. Having decided to attend and contribute, don't forget to remember that your wife, son or daughter, or each and all of them may do likewise, and that it is your duty to encourage and assist them in that direction. The ladies will want aid to carry their butter and honey and quilts, and the numerous useful and ornamental products of female handiwork, which add so much to every exhibition.

Every one should feel personally interested, should feel that without his presence and his offering, the Fair would be incomplete; then there would be no lack of attendance or of materials to exhibit. Prepare for the Fairs.

AN ILLUSTRATION.—H. Rives Pollard, the editor of the Richmond *Enquirer*, who regretted that the rebels should not succeed for the sake of the moral distinctiveness, well known superiority in civilization, political scholarship and high standard of individual character of the South over those of the North, has been indicted for whipping a woman at Richmond. He started for Washington after being put under bonds for \$1000, and this amount has been forfeited.

The lawyer who stuck up on his office door, "Gone to dinner; back in ten minutes," might as well have added, "I am killing myself by bolting my food, and then trying to digest it over my papers: at forty-five I shall probably be either a broken-down invalid or a lunatic; but, in the meantime, I am very much at your service." There is also a ghastly humor about that other story of the host in a New-England city, who asked his guest, at a mid-day dinner, if he would mind eating his pie in the street as they walked along.

Bankum, in the old North State, is undoubtedly the healthiest spot on earth, and it was on that account that some "lower country gentlemen" were surprised one day to see a Bankumite at work upon an ominous-looking "hole in the ground." Of course they inquired what he was about. "Digging a grave, sir." "Digging a grave! Why, I thought people didn't die often here—do they?" "O no, sir; they never die but once!" They never asked that question "but once."

"Well, my child," said a stern father to his little daughter, after church, "what do you remember of all the preacher said?" "Nothing, sir," was the timid reply. "Nothing!" said he, severely; "now remember, the next time you tell me something he says, or you must stay away from church." The next Sunday she came home, her eyes all excitement: "I remember something," said she. "Ah! very glad of it," replied the father; "what did he say?" "He said, pa," cried she delightedly, "a collection will now be taken up!"

An English letter-writer says that Gerald Massey is passionately immersed in spiritualism, and is indeed himself a medium. He confides to his friends that every idea in his new book on Shakespeare's sonnets was obtained directly from the ghost of Shakespeare himself. He says he went over the sonnets line by line with the spirit, and had the author's interpretation of each. He did not state this in his book, for fear of exciting the prejudice of the public against it.

It is the duty of each member of the Mt. Holyoke female seminary to write an annual letter, stating whether she is married or single, how many children she has, and other particulars concerning her status and progress. A young lady of the class of 1861 has just written to the class secretary that she is not married, but that she thinks she can see a little cloud that ariseth out of the sky of the future, like a man's hand.

The J. Monroe Taylor Gold Medal Soap will sustain the reputation that it has nobly won, having long been ranked the Queen of Soaps. We have known and praised this Soap ever since its first appearance in the market, and find all who have used it agree with us in saying, that if we had to give double the price, we would not do without it. It has no equal. Most of the merchants sell it.

A resident of New York, for whom letters-patent in England and France were obtained through the "American Artisan Patent Agency," for improvements in Bureau and Wardrobe Bedsteads, has just sold his English patent for £5,000 sterling—nearly \$25,000 in American gold!

A fortnight ago, Miss Lottie Bedleman, of Chillicothe, Illinois, lost her speech in consequence of excessive tickling under the arms. Husbands will take notice.

GEN. BUTLER ON THE NEGRO.—I am not addicted to indirectness of speech. I mean what I say; and I carry out what I say as well as I can. I give everybody fair notice that I shall try to get, whenever and wherever I have the opportunity, impartial suffrage for every man in my command. And anybody that don't like that, I don't want him to go with me. We are too afraid of this fear about negro equality. And are you going to make him any thing; I am going to leave him to make himself. [Applause.] I am not going to be so poor and contemptible as to build myself up by crowding him down. If he can really beat me fairly, beat me I am willing he should. Any man who talks about being afraid of the negro has a little doubt in his own mind whether the negro is not the better man of the two. (Laughter.)

LIFE INSURANCE.—The principle of Life Insurance has become so well understood, that it is hardly necessary at this day to go into an argument in its support. Every individual who has a family or dear ones dependent upon his existence, is in fact, overlooking, if not violating, one of the most important duties of life, in not guarding them against want, and protecting them from poverty, should death deprive them of his support and assistance. On an Insurance Policy, procured at a small premium, a requisite sum is secured in case of death, to provide them with subsistence through life.

A SINGULAR GIFT TO THE GOVERNMENT.—The United States Treasurer was yesterday visited by an individual of the genus Hoosier, who insisted on placing among the items of the Miscellaneous Fund of the Department the handsome sum of \$800 in five-twenty bonds, which he had purchased early in the war. The reason assigned for this singular donation, by the donor, was, that when he purchased the bonds he had not the slightest idea of their final redemption, but that, as he had been so greatly disappointed, he desired to return them to his Government, in whose stability and permanence he now has unflinching confidence. With a modesty seldom equalled, he requested the Treasurer, in giving publicity to the fact of his depositing the amount mentioned, to withhold his name and address. [Washington Republican.]

A RARE INSTANCE OF ECONOMY.—Commissioner Cooley, of the Indian Bureau, has established a precedent in economy which is worthy of notice. Having been authorized to use an appropriation of \$54,000 to treat with certain refractory Indians, he, in company with a special commission, last August visited these tribes, remaining with them over two months, and after entertaining the representatives of seventy-five thousand Indians, and expending \$3,000 in presents, and ratifying a treaty, only expended \$10,000 for this object. This is the first instance of this character on record at the Indian Bureau.

GENERAL GRANT AND THE PRESIDENT.—It seems that the remark of General Grant at the theatre in Cincinnati, in regard to the demonstration tendered him there, was distorted for partisan purposes and sent over the country as a public speech insulting to the republicans of Cincinnati and of the country. This has greatly annoyed the general, and in a conversation at Pittsburgh with a correspondent of the Chicago Tribune he has taken unusual pains to set himself right. This gentleman says:—

"He informed me that he had made no speech at Cincinnati, at all; that he had a private conversation in his own box at the theatre with a gentleman who called to propose some kind of a demonstration in his honor; that he had told this gentleman that the President of the United States was his superior officer, and that he (Grant) was under the President's command, and that he could not feel otherwise than annoyed at the demonstration evidently gotten up to offend the President, as it would embarrass the relations existing between them. For this reason he desired his friends in Cincinnati to omit their demonstrations and leave him to enjoy the performance at the theatre—adding that he should be glad to see them all at the Burnet House the next day."

The correspondent continues:—

"The General added that he had accompanied the Presidential party at the President's request—that he had abstained equally from declaring his own political sentiments, or authorizing anybody else to do so. He said that neither Mr. Seward nor any other person could commit him to any set of political opinions—that he was annoyed at the successive attempts which have been made by Seward and others, to announce to the people along the road that his political views were in harmony with those of Mr. Johnson. I inquired whether it was true that he had attended the interview between the Philadelphia Convention Committee and the President, upon his own motion. He replied: Of course not. That being a purely political gathering, it was none of my business. I was there at the request of the President, and all attempts to attach a political significance to my presence are unwarranted and impertinent."

The Richmond Times sees in the threats of civil war made by the President's friends, a prospect of carrying fire and sword through the North, and welcomes it in this wise:—

"It may be considered that we have already had enough to chasten our people. But the chastening has been partial and one-sided. One storm is often insufficient to purify the atmosphere, and the North has not had such a deluge as would cleanse all her gutters. Her turn is yet to come, and the rash folly and mad action of her malignant spirits may be the selected instruments of Heaven for her purification."

I have had occasion to observe that a warm, blundering man does more for the world, than a frigid, wise man. One who gets into a habit of inquiring about proprieties, and expediences, and occasions, often spends his whole life without doing anything to purpose.—Cecil.

The Isthmus of Suez Canal appears decidedly destined to become a "great fact." Messrs. Bazin & Co., of Marseilles and Alexandria, advertise that as regular transit service by the canals of the Isthmus of Suez is about to be established, they will be shortly prepared to receive and forward goods.</

Waterville Mail.

F. M. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, SEPT. 21, 1866.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETTINGILL & 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 abroad are referred to the Agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS

relating either to the business or editorial departments of this paper, should be addressed to "MAXHAM & WING," or "WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE."

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 previous 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.

BACKING DOWN.

The great day of "My Policy" and its friends, was that on which the President and his party left Washington, under the pretence of laying the corner stone of the Douglas Monument—but really for the purpose of stumping for the coming elections. The saddest of all the days, yet seen by the friends of the same scheme, was that on which the same little party returned to the point from which they started. Between these two events, what a change had taken place! The voice of the people was uttered from Vermont and Maine, and this wickedest of all political schemes was known to have taken the seal of its condemnation by the freemen of the yet powerful Union. Men who had committed all their political fortunes to the venture, saw at once that all was lost. Newspapers that had cheered the president with at least the hope of their support, at once turned their backs upon the doomed Caesar. Multitudes that gathered to listen with veneration to their chief magistrate, turned him to play the blackguard before the whole country. Never was a political failure more complete; never an entire party so thunder-struck; never a great people so suddenly overwhelmed with disgust.

In this mortified condition—this self imposed humiliation—President Johnson returned to the capital to sit down and listen to the comments of an awakened nation. One after another its utterances, prophetic and blasting, reach his ears. The solitary pulpit that had cheered his out-going, now more than stultifies itself with its apologies. Here and there is heard the crash of his strong pillars, as they fall away from his offered rewards. Hollow and petulant voices taunt him with "You did it!" The press, his main reliance, that only waited upon his smiles, now turns cautiously from his blanching cause, and bitterly rebukes him. The great political suicide munches his self evident folly in silence;—he seems glad to be stunned by the noise he has made.

The following from the N. Y. Herald is a note of the music by which the great monument builder is cheered in his retirement:—

It is a historical axiom that revolutions never go backwards. The truth has been affirmed in the great political events of this country since the adjournment of Congress, and especially in the recent State elections. It was reasonable to suppose that the Jacobinical violence, recklessness and ferocity of such political reformers as Ben Butler in the East, Senator Chandler in the West, and Parson Brownlow in the South, would have a damaging effect upon their party when brought to judgment before the people; but it is strikingly apparent from the result of the late elections in Maine that the popular mind is controlled by larger questions, against which the sayings or doings of this or that fanatical politician go for nothing. That great body of the American people to which we are indebted for the suppression of the most formidable rebellion in the history of mankind, are evidently determined to have substantial securities for the future before they pronounce the good work of the restoration of the Union complete—that, in short, Southern reconstruction shall rest upon the solid foundation of the Federal Constitution, regardless of the disturbing forces of radicals, copperheads, rebels, ruffians or fanatics, North or South.

From the elections which have occurred since the constitutional amendment was adopted by Congress for the reconstruction of the Southern States, we are satisfied that that amendment is to become the basis of Southern restoration—that it will carry and be carried by all the Northern State elections yet to come, and that with New Jersey leading off it will be ratified by them all, and become part and parcel of the supreme law of the land. Nor have we any fear of the consequences. There is nothing, after all, so very objectionable in this amendment—nothing which President Johnson himself has not, at one time or another, recommended to some Southern State or to Congress, and nothing upon which there should have been a disagreement between the President and Congress.

This amendment is the reconstruction plan and platform of Congress, and there is no good reason, we say, why it should not have been adopted also by the President, inasmuch as he stands committed in some shape to all its provisions.

visions. It is not the platform of Thaddeus Stevens, Sumner, nor any of the noisy radicals of Congress. They can do nothing. It was adopted against their remonstrances and in spite of their threats. It embodies substantially, in fact, the President's original programme, and if carried in these coming October and November elections,—as we predict it will be from Massachusetts and New York westward,—we trust that the administration, in deference to the will of the people, will come back to it. Why not? Surely this amendment engrafted upon the Constitution will be amply sufficient for the restoration of the Union, internal peace, sectional harmony, and the security of the government and the treasury for many generations to come, against all disturbing factions of either section. Parson Brownlow, in leading off with the State of Tennessee for the ratification, has shown that a good thing may be done by a bad man and for a bad motive; but that Tennessee should thus lead off for this amendment is a very remarkable and significant fact; that New Jersey should next follow is almost as strange; but from good or bad designs, thus started, the amendment will surely go through.

The President's quarrel and rupture with Congress was an unfortunate mistake. From recent events, South and North, it is clear that it will prove a fatal blunder to his administration, unless he abandons it as the issue before the people. The old contests in England between King and Parliament are full of instruction on this subject. Had Mr. Johnson taken our friendly advice, and made the distinguishing features of his administration a vigorous foreign policy and a sound financial system, he might ere this have become as popular a President as Andrew Jackson. He has yet a fair field before him in which to retrieve his misfortunes. Let him begin *de novo*, by a reconstruction of his cabinet, beginning with his particular marplot, the Secretary of State; and let him give us a cabinet and a policy, foreign and domestic, shaped to meet the exigencies of the day and the developments of public opinion, and his administration may still become universally acceptable and gloriously successful. We speak to him as a friend, and we think, in the voice of the people.

THE CATTLE SHOW AND FAIR of the North Kennebec Agricultural Society, for 1866, which will occur in less than two weeks, ought to be, and we believe will be in its attractions and attendance, superior to any former exhibition. With the growing interest in this section, the show of sheep will of course be large; long teams of noble oxen never fail us; many of the good colts have grown to be handsome horses, and this department will be well filled; and there are so many nice Jerseys now kept within our limits, of which their owners are justly proud, that the dairy department, shamefully lean oftentimes, will no doubt show a marked improvement. Hon. Warren Percival has promised to be present with his whole herd of Durhams, thoroughbreds and grades, including some imported animals, and these of themselves will constitute no mean show. Other stock raisers and farmers have promised to contribute their quota, and if the weather is only favorable, we feel confident that we shall eclipse all former exhibitions.

Through the liberality of a gentleman of the village, the premiums on colts have been raised, and the following sums are offered:—

For best colt, three years old, \$5; second, Vol. of Reports.
Best colt, two years old, \$4; second, Vol. of Reports.
Best colt, one year old, \$3; second, Vol. of Reports.
Best sucking colt, \$2.

Entries may be made with the Secretary, at the Mail office, and tickets can be obtained of Ira H. Low, Treasurer, at his store.

The following letter from General Grant, contains a pointed rebuke to the regular army officers who are taking an active part in the Cleveland Soldiers' Convention. It will be noticed that those who are to participate in the coming convention at Pittsburg are those who have served their country in the field, and have returned to private life:—

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES, WASHINGTON, Sept. 18, 1866.

"S. Edwin Dudley, Chairman Executive Committee Soldiers' and Sailors' Union:—

"Sir—General Grant directs me to acknowledge the receipt of your invitation to be present at a national convention of soldiers and sailors to be held at Pittsburg, Penn., Sept. 25, 1866, for political purposes. He instructs me to say that it is contrary to his habit and to his convictions of duty to attend political meetings of any character whatsoever, and that he sees with regret the action of any officer of the army taking a conspicuous part in the political discussions of the day.

"I am, sir, very respectfully,
"Your obedient servant,
"ADAM BADEAU, Col. & A. D. C."

COL. H. C. MERRIAM, who entered the army from Waterville College and served with credit in the war for the suppression of the rebellion, has just been commissioned Major of the 36th Regiment U. S. Infantry. He is ordered to report at St. Louis, for which place he will leave on Monday. Major Merriam is known at home as a true man of marked ability, unquestioned patriotism, and noble aims; and we are confident that his friends will be proud of his future record.

We invite attention to the advertised sale of Grade Sheep, at the coming Fair, by E. G. Abbott, Esq., of Vassalboro'. These sheep have secured marked notice at former exhibitions, and as only a very few will be offered now, we presume they will be readily disposed of.

We understand a few choice Spanish Merinos will be offered for sale at the Fair, by another owner.

THE CATTLE MARKETS were reported rather lightly supplied this week, but beef was 1-2 cent per lb. lower; sheep were more plenty with prices unchanged. Extra beef sold for 14-1-4 to 14-1-2; first quality, 13-1-2 to 13; second quality, or good fair beef, 12-1-2 to 12; third quality, lighter young cattle, cows, &c., 10-1-2 to 11-1-2. G. Wells sold ten pairs oxen, from 6 ft. to 6 ft. 10 in., from \$150 to \$240.

OUR TABLE.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—The illustrated articles in the October number of this sterling monthly are—"Personal Recollections of the War," continued; "Wooden Legs;" "Crucifixion of the Rob Roy;" "Hobbs Deeds of Heroic Men—The Wilds of Arkansas;" "Lady Godiva at Home." There are numerous good stories, with much other excellent reading, a spicy Editor's Table etc.

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

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for October has a handsomely colored double-page fashion plate; a fine steel engraving, "Suspense," several full-page wood engravings; numerous patterns and designs of fashionable novelties; a piece of music, and usual filling of good stories, etc.

Published by Charles J. Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for August contains besides the instalments of serials a paper on "British America," a survey of art matters in England, a review of Baker's Nile explorations, and articles on the war in Germany and the political situation in England. "Cornelius O'Dowd" discusses various topics of the day, and among other treats of "America as an Ally."

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW for July, contains: "Tenant-right in Ireland; Brigandage; Ecco Homo; The Origin of Language; The Legendary Love of Ireland; Italy, Venice, and Austria; Chaucer—his Position, Life, and Influence; Felix Holt, the Radical; Contemporary Literature."

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.—The leading article in the July number is on "Mahomet," and the rest of its contents are entitled "Weather Forecasts and Storm Warnings;" "Annals of the Huguenots;" "Mill's Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy;" "Baker's Exploration of the Albert Nyanza;" "The American Navy in the Late War;" "Precious Stones;" "Charles Lamb;" and "The State of Europe." It will be judged from the catalogue that the number is more than usually attractive and readable.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 38 Walker Street, New York, the terms of subscription being as follows:—For any one of the four Reviews, \$4 per annum; any of the two Reviews, \$7; any of the three Reviews, \$10; all four Reviews, \$12; Blackwood's Magazine, \$4; Blackwood and one Review, \$7; Blackwood and two Reviews, \$10; Blackwood and any three of the Reviews, \$13; for Blackwood and the four Reviews, \$15—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works will be delivered free of postage.

New volumes of Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews commenced with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works under the new rates will be but 66 cents a year.

NEW MUSIC.—The following musical gems come to us from Henry Tolman & Co., 291 Washington Street, Boston:—

Wilt thou but think of me. Ballad. Poetry and music by J. W. Turner.

"Wilt thou but think of me! Faithful this heart will be! Ever adoring thee, Till life shall end; Pure as the sunny ray That glides the opening day, Always to love and pray, For thee my friend."

Non T Accettare all' urna. "Approach not this tomb. English words by Warren Davenport. Music by Verdi. The Moonlight Eve Polka. By Frank Wilder. Class Day Waltzes. By C. L. Capen.

When the summer blooms again. Ballad. Words by A. J. Bates. Music by A. A. Hopkins.

"Summer blooms that are no more, Fragrance of departed joys, Breathe again the dreamy lore Learned beneath your beaming brows. Bathe me with your breath of balm, Fill me with your holy calm, Till my heart forgets its pain, When the summer blooms again."

Solitude. Romance. By A. E. Warren. Midnight Waltz. By A. E. Warren.

Polka, or in the Valley over there. Song and chorus. Poetry and music by A. A. Hopkins.

"Gone is one bright star fondly cherished, One I dared to love and prize, With all my brightest hopes perished, All my fondest dreams have flown. Life is now but an empty dream, Not the life it was before; Never more for me my star is beaming, Gleaming in the day of yore."

Conquers—Slowly on the long, long days are creeping, Softly sighs the summer air, While Solitude is 'neath the willow sleeping, In that valley over there."

Morning Dawn Schottisch. By A. E. Warren. How do you do Polka. By A. A. Hopkins. Hear me Norma. By Bellini. Arranged for four hands by A. Baumbach.

Many a time and oft. Poetry by Amelia B. Edwards. Composed and sung by Miss Adelle S. Ryan, at the concert of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, by Thomas Ryan.

"When the house is still and the day is done, And the stars are out aloft, I sit by the falling fire, by the fire alone, And think of the years that are past and gone, Many a time and oft."

I dream of that village beside the sea, I dream of the rest by the trying tree, And of one who will never come back to me, Ah! many a time and oft."

Return March. By A. E. Warren. Snow-drop Polka. By A. E. Warren. "They say she's pretty." Song and chorus. Music by Alfred Reed.

"They say she's pretty, that her eyes Are sparkling as a gem; She moves as graceful as a queen Who wears a diamond crown. The fairest flowers that deck the vale Are not more sweet to view; They say she's more than lovely—Some think so—now do you?"

The above with all other publications of Tolman & Co. may be found at Henriksen's new bookstore.

A LOYAL DAUGHTER.—A Waterville boy, native born—a subscriber for the Mail—a republican from the day of his first vote—and a zealously loyal man, in spite of the riotous and traitorous atmosphere of the great city in which he lives and flourishes, encloses pay for the Mail, and prefaces the announcement of his first-born, a daughter, with the following healthy sentiment. Disloyal sons and daughters are never born under such "conditions."

"There is now no middle ground, no 'half way between loyalty and disloyalty. Treason cannot be disguised under the name of 'conservatism.' In times like these a man is a radical Unionist or a radical Traitor. I am no conservative republican. During Mr. Johnson's late 'tour' through New York, I was not visible, (taking that day to go into the country—strange to say!) not wishing to see him paraded over the same ground, over which I witnessed poor Lincoln's remains carried a little over a year ago. Wasn't it a satire on the President, placing on the corner of Maiden Lane and Broadway in huge letters, that he might read that once famous utterance of his, 'Show me the man that makes war on vessels and commerce, and I will show you a traitor.' I have wanted to believe Mr. Johnson loyal, but have not Henry Ward Beecher's charity for him—although I believe Mr. B. to be sincere in his utterances. Maine has just uttered her voice, which I hope will be found to be the key-note to most of the other States when they speak."

The Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Good Templars convened at Syracuse, Wednesday. By the report of the grand secretary it appears that the order increased in the number of its members over 500 per cent. during last year.

THE CLEVELAND CONVENTION, a meeting of soldiers and sailors for bolstering President Johnson, is pronounced a complete fizzle, with light attendance and no enthusiasm. The resolutions adopted simply endorse the Philadelphia Johnson platform, and pledge the delegates to take up arms against resistance to the general government, whether it comes from the North or the South. The Maine delegation consists of Generals W. C. Roberts and A. S. Daggett, Colonels Robert Rich and A. W. Bradbury, Surgeon B. F. Buxton, Captains S. S. Bridgeman and J. W. Furbush. During its session, the following message, signed by the rebel General Forrest, of Fort Pillow memory, and seven other ex-Confederate officers, was received, dated at Memphis:—

"To the President of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Convention, Cleveland, Ohio:—

"The soldiers of the late Confederate army met here to day and deputed the undersigned to congratulate your convention on its efforts to restore peace and quietude to the country, and to express their deep sympathy with your patriotic purpose, and further to assure you that the Confederate soldiers are entirely willing to leave the determination of their rights as citizens of the States and of the United States to the soldiers of the Union. On our part we pledge security of life, person and property and freedom of speech and opinion to all. A mass meeting will be held here to-morrow night to give formal expression to these purposes and sentiments."

MAINE ELECTION.—The latest footing is as follows: 408 Towns give Chamberlain 68,198; Pillsbury 40,420. Chamberlain's majority 27,778. The towns not heard from, mainly the French settlements in Aroostook, last year gave Cony 1,234 votes; Howard 1,793. The probability is that Pillsbury will have 300 majority in these towns, which will reduce Chamberlain's majority to 27,500. The Senate is unanimously Republican, and the Democrats have not secured a dozen members of the House.

ROBBERY AT KENDALL'S MILLS.—We are informed that the fancy goods store of E. H. Evans, at Kendall's Mills, was entered on Tuesday night by forcing a window in the rear, and robbed of a large amount of cutlery and other valuable articles. "Some traces" of the route of the burglars are reported to have been discovered, which it is hoped may lead to their arrest.

VISITORS.—Col. Hesselbine, formerly of Waterville College, who entered the army in the late war as Captain of Co. G, 3d Maine, is now a visitor here, from his residence in Savannah, Georgia. The Col. thinks the best plan of reconstruction is for all loyal emigrants to the South to do what they can to add to the loyal population—and he is accompanied in his present visit by his wife and child.

Asa D. Nudd, Esq., of San Francisco, Cal., a well and favorably known Waterville boy, is also enjoying the agreeable moisture of his "native clime." Mr. N. is not accompanied by his family, and may not be on his return.

THE Augusta Dam Company have disposed of their property to Ex-Governor Sprague of Rhode Island, the city contributing about thirty thousand dollars of the purchase money. The same gentleman, with his engineer, came up and examined the water privilege at this place, and parties having authority are to submit plans and proposals to him immediately, with the hope that he will also be induced to purchase here and improve our magnificent water power.

The celebrated Fakir of Ava will give one of his unique and attractive exhibitions here this (Friday) evening, and in addition to the regular performances will give every one a present. He will perform at Skowhegan to-morrow (Saturday) evening, and at Kendall's Mills on Monday evening.

WRONG.—The three agricultural societies in this County hold their annual festivals this year in the same week, by which arrangement individuals who would gladly be present at all of them, are restricted to one. The Secretary of the Board of Agriculture, who we believe has the authority, should interfere and change the arrangement hereafter.

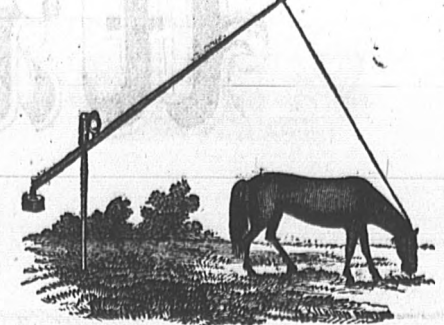
As the Presidential party passed through Johnstown, Penn., on its return from Chicago, a platform on which four or five hundred persons were standing gave way, and the people were precipitated a distance of 20 feet to the ground. Seven or eight are said to have been killed, and six or seven to be in a dying state, while 90 persons were seriously and a large number slightly injured. Twelve physicians were sent from Pittsburg to attend the wounded.

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.

THE SCIENCE OF ROAD-MAKING.—Some other people have the same opinion that we hold in respect to the proper mode of making roads. The Kennebec Journal says:—

Raising a street with earth is useful and tolerable only as giving an easier grade; never where it is made to take the place of or as a substitute for drainage. Good, cheap, rapid drainage comprises the whole art of road making for ordinary use.

Mr. Percival Bonney, a graduate of Waterville College of the class of '63, was recently admitted to the Bar in Sagadahoc county, and has opened an office in Bath.



JUST THE THING!—The invention delineated above needs no explanation. To every farmer, and to every man who has a patch of grass large enough to bait a horse, cow, or sheep, it presents just what he has been looking for. The closer he examines it the more simple and useful it appears.

This device is known as "Johnson & Thompson's Patent Tethering Machine," the right of which, for this county, has been purchased by Messrs. Benson & Fulsom, of W. Waterville, who are selling it at very moderate prices. They claim for it, in addition to its evident convenience and usefulness, perfect security to the animal from entanglement in the rope or other injury. It cannot be otherwise than perfectly comfortable to the animal. For baiting a horse difficult to catch; or for pasturing animals in the road, or on patches of grass near gardens or field crops, or where there are fruit trees, its great usefulness is seen at once. The only question is the safety of the animal, and this any man can see at once. One of its most common uses is for securing rams in the Fall. It is light and easy to remove from place to place, and may be constructed to give the animal a large or small circle.

The proprietors are offering this machine, by agents, to the farmers and others interested, in this county; and those interested can address them at W. Waterville. It may be seen by inquiry at this office. The machine recommends itself—but we can do no less than to advise every owner of a horse, cow, sheep, or other grazing animal, to examine it. It is certainly one of the valuable inventions.

THE delegates to the Convention of loyal Southerners are meeting with an enthusiastic reception all along the route of their return trip.

SECRETARY SEWARD was attacked with cholera at Harrisburg, last Friday, and for awhile his case was thought hopeless; but he finally rallied and is now pronounced out of danger.

DURING the rain storm in Ohio on Tuesday, two spans of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad bridge across the Big Miami river were carried away.

A HANDSOME Jersey cow, with her calf by her side, can be seen at the stable of H. Taylor, Esq., for a few days, and admirers of the stock will find it worth their while to call in.

They are telling the story of a brick-yard in Chicago, 800x400 feet wide, with machines for making 200,000 bricks a day. It can't be done on a yard of that size. It would not hold over 140,000 bricks, and it could not be covered more than two or three times a week. It is of about half the capacity claimed for it. [Gardiner Home Journal.]

There you have it to a dot. You can't impose upon Morrill in the line of bricks, for he was born in a clay bank and raised in a brick-yard. Thence comes his legitimate title, P. B., or Perfect Brick, and this also accounts for his propensity for flinging bricks among his peaceable neighbors.—[We speak in a figure, albeit the said metaphorical missiles oftentimes hurt like sin; but it's little he cares, the obdurate joker.]

A correspondent of the New York Times says that in New Orleans "women will not sit in the same pew with Yankees or Union men." With rare exceptions, the houses of "Confederate families are closed against all who did not fight for the rebellion." The result of this is acrimonious recrimination, and finally open enmity.

Why do not the supporters of the President's policy enlarge a little upon the duty of the South to forgive northerners and union men generally?

THE excursion of the Universalist Sabbath School to Augusta, advertised for Wednesday, but delayed by the rain, will come off to-morrow, weather permitting. Fare for children 30 cents for the round trip, 60 cents for adults. All are invited.

We had a slight frost on Sunday evening.

SUSPENDED.—The Hancock Journal, Col. Z. A. Smith's paper, has been discontinued for lack of support.

STAND FROM UNDER.—Our hundred postmasters were removed on Wednesday in New York.

IMMENSE damage by freshets is reported at Indianapolis, Indiana.

Two deer were shot in Bath one day last week.

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

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

A SHERIDAN IN THE NEW ORLEANS CONVENTION.—It would appear that General Sheridan had very direct authority for his statement about the massacre at New Orleans. A local paper in Perry County, Ohio, announces the presence there, on a visit, of Major Michael Sheridan, (a younger brother of the general), who was in the convention hall at the time of the attack by the mob and the police, and who says that it was a most horrid and unprovoked butchery, and that only his shoulder straps saved him from the fate of the members of the convention.

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 21st.
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.

EUROPEAN NEWS.—A Vienna despatch of the 13th says: "We are on the verge of another war which threatens to equal in extent that just ended. Austria shows bad faith in negotiating with Italy and has made unreasonable demands, to which Italy will not submit. Austria has overcharged the debt of Venetia, and withholds Venetian property which she was bound to transfer."

From Berlin, on the 14th, it is stated that Prussia has emphatically notified Austria that she will not suffer Italy, her ally, to be insulted and defrauded, and that if Austria insists on her present course war must follow.

A despatch from Prague on the 14th says the homeward march of the Prussian troops has been peremptorily arrested, and the demobilization of the entire army stopped.

A Dresden, Saxony, despatch of the 14th says: "Everything looks war. There is no reply from Austria to the notification of Prussia. It is now but a question of hours whether troops be not again put in motion for Vienna."

WARRANTED.—We would say to our readers, that Messrs. C. G. Clark & Co., proprietors of Coe's Dyspepsia Cure, warrant it to cure the most obstinate cases of Dyspepsia, no matter of how long standing.

We bid you use Coe's Dyspepsia Cure; it will help you. Constipation, one of the chief causes of ill health, is completely cured by the use of the Cure. All diseases of the Stomach and Bowels, like sick-headache, heartburn, Cramps, Pains are controlled instantaneously by the use of Coe's Dyspepsia Cure.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.—Since 7.30's have reached par we can advise no better investment for economical housekeepers than the purchase of a box of Leath & Gore's Superior Steam Refined Soap.—Unlike the wine of the present day, it will improve with age, in quality and usefulness, while the only regret at last will be that you had not ordered more.

Sold in Waterville by J. O. Drummond, under the Mail Office.

The single school three mile race for \$2000 which took place Tuesday in Portland, Me., between Walter Brown of Portland and Joshua Ward of Newburg, N. Y., was won by the former in 22:30, who beat his opponent four and a half seconds.

The Methodists held a very large meeting in Baltimore on Monday in reference to the recent camp meeting riot. Resolutions were adopted denouncing the affair as an unprovoked outrage.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN CIRCLE.—The members of the organization known as the K. G. C. are called upon, in an advertisement published in the New Orleans Times, August 30, "to report themselves within the next six days at the old headquarters," by order of the "General commanding department Louisiana K. G. C."

John C. Baine, the rebel naval lieutenant who headed the party that seized the steamer Chesapeake in December, 1863, has been arrested in New York on the charge of murdering the engineer at that time. Documents were found in his possession showing that he had joined a secret organization in New Orleans last month called the Knights of Arabia.

A BAND of returned rebel soldiers on Saturday took possession of Platte City, Missouri, killed several Union men, after a lively fight in which a dozen on both sides were wounded. A radical convention had been in session there during the day, and the movement was gotten up, after the style of the New Orleans riot, to "suppress the convention." Serious trouble is apprehended, and the operations of the rebels create a profound sensation. Gov. Fletcher has been called upon to send the State militia to protect the Union men and the rebels will call on Johnson for aid. The Johnson rebel party in Tennessee also threaten similar movements to override the State constitution.

IMPORTANT MEXICAN NEWS.—Vera Cruz dates of the 25th of August, report that Marshal Bazaine was concentrating his force at San Luis Potosi to meet Gen. Garcia with 30,000 men. It is supposed that a general engagement will take place between San Luis Potosi and Mexico. Guerreros' Liberal forces cut the bridges at Chichimila and Solidad. He then attacked Medella with his advance fifteen miles from Vera Cruz, sacked the former town—containing 2,500 inhabitants, mostly French—razing the place to the ground. The gunboat Eugenie was repulsed off Tuspau Bay. The Liberals under Herrowa also captured 200 French troops at Tuspau and

