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Maxham & Wing

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SEA MUSIC.

THE gray, unresting sea,
Adown the bright and beaming shore,
Breathing in untold melody,
Makes music evermore.

Centuries of vanished time,
Since the glad earth's primeval chime,
Have heard the grand pulsating thrum,
Momentarily new-born.

Like as in cloistered piles,
Rich bursts of massive sound upwell,
Ringing along dim-lighted aisles,
With spirit-raising spell.

So on the surf-washed strand,
Climate of deep pool the sea-waves raise,
Like voices from a river's land,
Hymning a hymn of praise.

By times, in thunder notes,
The booming billows shoreward surge;
By times, a silver laugh floats;
By times, a low soft dirge.

Souls more ennobled grow,
Lifting the lowliest anthem rise;
Discords are drowned in the great flow
Of Nature's harmonies.

Men change, and "cease to be,"
And empires rise and grow and fall;
But the weird music of the sea
Lives, and outlives them all.

That mystic song shall last
Till Time itself no more shall be;
Till seas and shores have passed,
Lost in eternity.

from the Lady's Friend.]

NO LONGER YOUNG.

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

Author of "In Trust."

CHAPTER II.

My eyes are filled with childish tears.
My heart is ill at ease;
For the same sound is in my ears,
As in those days I heard.

WORDSWORTH.

Some one called "Jessie," and she ran down.
In her mother's room she met Helen. She had
seen her a few moments in the morning, but
kissed her warmly now. Helen was much
taller and more stately.

"What a lovely dress, Jessie! That's papa's
taste, I know. But how odd not to see you in
white at such a time. White dresses and Jessie
are inseparable in my mind. Did you miss me
much, dear? It seems so strange! We had
such a grand time. I wish these parties and
this fuss was all over; and you know I thought
it was going to be so elegant. But I'm afraid I
shall turn into a common-place, old-fashioned
dowdy, for I begin to love quiet. Howard and
I had such a charming little dinner, all alone
by ourselves. I want you to come and spend the
day, I have such quantities to tell you. Oh,
these Say and Harry! Let us go down."

Jessie went, with her arm around her sister.
She felt as if she wanted to cling to some one.
Life looked so wide and lonely just at that moment.

Only the family were in the drawing-room.
Stuart and Clara had timed their visit for the
festive season. Clara was matronly, proud of
her husband, and proud of her five-year-old boy,
who was his grandpapa's pet. There was Robert,
a stylish young man, the two younger
girls; Mr. Ingersoll, thirty, fine-looking, and a
gentleman; and Helen, bright, assured for a three-
weeks' bride. Then, quite sparkling little Say,
with her azure silk, descended upon them. She
had not seen Helen until now. She always went
into raptures over anything or anybody she
liked, though her fine tact kept it from degener-
ating into obtrusiveness.

They all laughed and talked together. It was
such a delightful family scene that Mr. Throck-
morton must be pardoned if he felt proud of his
children.

The guests began to arrive. Mrs. Ingersoll,
senior, a stately dowager, with quite a retinue
of sons and daughters.

"One thing," Helen had said before her mar-
riage, "I shall have hosts of new relations. In
that respect, I shall quite distance Harry."

For Say had been an only child, and her
mother a widow.

"But the prospect appalls me now," she whis-
pered, mischievously, to Jessie. "There's our
own reception—and that at Mother Ingersoll's—
and how am I ever to get around to all the
brothers and sisters? At least, I shall have
my clothes all worn out."

Jessie moved hither and thither, introducing
and entertaining in her own pleasant way. Now
and then some one made a joke at her expense.

"I don't see how you came to let Helen take
the lead," said a good natured elderly friend.

"It was rather saucy of her."

"Oh, Jessie was so slow, I couldn't wait,"
laughed Helen.

And then some one remarked—"How odd
and grave you look in that dress, Jessie. I
wouldn't let them make me old right away. I
dare say they will all be wanting you to visit
round and sew for the children."

It was a very delightful evening, certainly.
The guests enjoyed themselves while there, and
went away with pleasant memories. Helen
Throckmorton had done splendidly, to be sure.

Some of the friends had seen Mr. Ingersoll's
house and pronounced it perfect; and then their
silver—such presents as they received! A
few, perhaps, envied Helen a little, and a few
wondered if Jessie would ever be married.

The supper was excellent; but, then, Mr.
Throckmorton never did anything meanly.

One after another said good-by to Jessie, who
seemed to be in more demand than the bride.

Then Helen and her husband. Last of all,
Say and Harry.

Say was putting on her wrappings and gather-
ing up her dress, in Jessie's room, and talking;
for Say was never still, unless when asleep.

"How lovely it has all been; though I don't
think it any nicer than our wedding party. I
was half frightened to death then, but Helen
seemed as brave as a queen. She is a dear girl,
and I am glad for her sake; but, Jessie, I'm
going to have you show partiality, because she
lives in Madison Square, and I on an ordinary
street—remember that if you please. You
must visit me just as often as you visit her."

"Yes," said Jessie, laughing. These pretty
tyrannies became Say very well.

"And how sweetly you have looked, although
I expect you are tired out completely; yet you
never do seem tired. I wonder who will be
married next—Robert or Stacy?"

"You think the disease contagious?"

"It generally runs through a family like the
measles. And some day they will all be off and
leave you alone, and then I shall take you to
myself," and Say ended by kissing her raptur-
ously.

Clara met her on the landing, after she had
seen her brother and his wife safely bestowed in
the last carriage. She drew Jessie gently toward
her, enfolding her with a sister's clasp.

"You must be quite worn out," she said, in
her considerate tone. Clara's voice was always

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cool and calm; it rested one to listen to. "It
had been so pleasant; yet I couldn't help think-
ing of the first wedding party in this house, and
what a tender welcome you gave me, a stranger.
And some day, Jessie, I hope it will be done for
you. If ever any one deserved the happiest of
all fates, it is you, my little dear, and I want
you to have it."

Jessie brushed away a tear. How good it was
to have those fond arms about her. There would
always be this secure refuge, better than she
thought, than Say's overflowing heart. How
different the predictions were!

At last she was alone in her own room. It
seemed rather desolate. Rose and Stacy had
always shared each other's apartment; indeed,
they were inseparable. Helen and Jessie had
been together in something of the same fashion.
But now Jessie was left to herself. No ribbons
or jewels strewn about, no dress thrown over a
chair; for Jessie was always particular in these
things—old-maidish.

She took out her flowers; they were sadly
withered. Then the mauve silk was hung up in
the wardrobe. She had never loved a dress so
little; indeed, she had felt all the time as if it
did not belong to her. And then she sat down
on the edge of the bed in a weary, listless man-
ner. The gay chatter of the girls in the next
room was all that broke the stillness. The
girls! Ah, they were still in the magic land of
youth, and she was leaving it behind. Every
day took her farther from the shining shore.

I suppose you think my heroine weak? Well,
I do not claim any great superiority for her.
You can find such girls, or such women, almost
anywhere. And as she sat there now, drooping,
lonely, she knew something was missing from
her life—would always be missed.

Was it her fault that she had lost it? Was
there some radical defect in her character, some
want of attraction? And then she thought of
Owen Hazellurst. Six years had elapsed since
he went away. At first they had corresponded
quite regularly—once a month, then as he began
to grow more interested in his business, and find
a greater variety of resources, intervals fell be-
tween some of considerable extent, it must be
confessed. Since the first year, he had never
written an absolute love-letter. She knew he
did not love her, not as Stuart, or Harry, or Mr.
Ingersoll loved. Nothing less would content
her. And it was not at all probable they would
ever marry. Then she remembered Mr.
Whitney. He had liked her. If—but then she
was thinking of Owen, and fancying herself
bound to him by some inexpressible tie. And
these two men were all who had ever cared
for her when she had youth and the sweetness
of youth. Now it was gone, and hope was gone,
too. It was not worth while for her to count on
marriage. Say was right; she would be the
old maid aunt.

True, there was much yet to life. There was
a world of humanity and benevolence before
her. No lack of people to love, to work for,
to sympathize with. No lack of daily duties and
daily cares, and a useful life would be accept-
able to God as a happy life. But she did hun-
ger a little after the happiness—something that
would always be her own. For these friends
and relatives, dear as they were, would have
some stronger tie, some little blossoming Eden
where she was shut out.

This was to be her destiny, her growing old.
And since God had sent it—God, who was ever
kind and wise, and pitiful, she must be content.
He would make her desert blossom with
frazee and beauty. Heart's ease might grow in
it, if bridal rose and orange blossom were never
seen there.

She said her prayers reverently, and went to
bed. Over the wide bridge floated away girl-
hood. She saw it on the other side, but she did
not reach out longing hands. The first keen
pang being passed, she could endure the rest.

For the next eight or ten days, the Throck-
mortons were very gay. And as everybody
wished Jessie, she was busy, fingers, feet and
mind. Then Clara went home, after stipulating
for a good long visit. Jessie seemed to feel so
much more Clara's equal and friend than she
ever had before, intimate and fond as they had
been.

After this, Helen had her day! Jessie came
early in the morning, according to promise.

"I am going to keep you up stairs," she said,
gayly. "You have seen and admired every-
thing in this drawing-room and library until I
know you must be weary of them. And my
room is so charming. It will be like old times
to have you share it."

It was delightful, furnished with most ex-
quisite taste, everything elegant, yet not too
fine for use. This, Howard had chosen for such
a reason, that he had selected because he once
heard her say she admired it. Who would ever
think of his remembering all these little things?

"I wonder if I shall bore you to death?"

Helen said, as they went down to lunch. She
had talked about steadily for the last four hours.

"I used to think Say such a little goose; noth-
ing but Harry from morning till night, until the
babies came; and now I believe I could think
and talk of Howard forever. Married people
are egotistical, only instead of Curly's ever-
lasting 'I,' it is the dual 'we.' But I hardly
knew people *could* be so happy. You think me
very foolish, don't you, Jessie?"

Jessie smiled a little, and answered—"No;
why should I?"

"Because you are grave and sensible. Jessie,
I wonder if you will ever be married?"

"I fancy not."

"And that's odd, too. Now I always sup-
posed I should be married. And I may as well
confess to you that I should have felt disap-
pointed if you had not been my lot, though to
be sure I never dreamed of any one quite as
splendid as Howard. People say there must be
an old maid in every family, and I am sure
ours will never be Stacy or Rose."

"Then you must be content with having it
Jessie," was the quiet response; yet she did
feel a trifle annoyed. Wouldn't she be just as
nice and good, if she did stay single?

"I used to think when I was a real young
girl that you would marry Owen Hazellurst.
I'm not sure yet about it."

"You may be. I shall never marry him."

"Oh, you don't know. I suppose he has
made quite a fortune. How Harry used to tor-
ment me. Yes, I should not be at all surprised
if he came back, and gave you no peace until
you were Mrs. Hazellurst. It would be such
a pretty romance."

"Nell, dear," and Jessie made a great effort
to keep the little troubles out of her voice; "I

wish you would not talk about it. I do not
think we love each other as people should who
are going to be nearest and dearest."

"You do not know what he will be when he
comes back; and you would suit Mrs. Hazell-
urst so exactly."

"What will you do for an old maid then?"
and Jessie laughed, albeit not very bright and
sunny.

"I'm not particular. Married people are
much the happiest. It is so sweet to be loved,
Jessie."

Yes, she knew it. Some day Stacy would
tell her this, some day Rose; but no tender
voice would ever say—"I love you, Jessie."

When Howard came home to dinner, he had
tickets for an opera, one of Jessie's favorites.
He was so kind and thoughtful, so solicitous
about Helen, so interested in all her trifles.
The world was right; they were a happy couple.

Outwardly, Jessie Throckmorton was not
changed. She was still fair and sweet looking,
no frown in her smooth brow, no sharpness in
her clear, deep gray eyes, almost violet hued;
none of that restless dissatisfaction you see in
some women's faces after the first joyfulness of
youth has gone. But she felt old, or fancied she
did. Helen being away made such a break be-
tween the girls. Rose—they always mentioned
her first, though she was the youngest, for she
displayed a certain spirit and vigor, and gener-
ally led in all their little arrangements—was six-
teen, Stacy eighteen. They had their circle of
girl friends of their own age, and young gentle-
men called not much older. They did not ex-
pect to ask Jessie to go down Broadway with
them, or to see a picture, or to buy a dress.

To be sure, they liked to have Jessie interest-
ed in the making, and if they were going a little
journey, Jessie packed for them, followed them
about until the last moment, and afterwards ar-
ranged their room in the nearest order possible.
It was a dress was worn, Jessie was called into
immediate requisition—she could darn so beau-
tifully. Rose began nubbies, mariposas, and other
wonderful head gear, didn't believe they would
be pretty and threw them aside. Jessie took
them up and finished something beautiful, at
which a friend would say—"Where do you
manage to get such lovely things from, Rose?"
You and Stacy have the most exquisite little
dainties in the way of dress that I ever saw."

The girls were sweet-tempered and amiable
enough, no one would have pronounced them
selfish, yet they had a way of appropriating
Jessie's time and interest, and then leaving her
to find pleasures as she best could. It was very
natural, perhaps. They had an idea she could
not take delight in the things that pleased them.
Thirty certainly seems old to sixteen. So be-
tween their enjoyments, there was a great gulf.
Jessie felt all this keenly. It was one of the
necessary concomitants of age. It was the bit-
terness of being "no longer young."

One evening, a month or so after Helen's
wedding party, Mrs. Hazellurst's servant came
in with the message that her mistress would
like to see all the folks, "every one of them."

"How odd," said Rose, pausing to tie up her
golden curls with a blue ribbon. "Will you
go in, papa?"

"When I finish reading this, mother and I
will come," and he nodded to a column of news-
paper. "A lot of young people, I suppose, and
they want you to help make merry."

Jessie followed slowly. Some presentiment
seized her. Twice, in the last six months,
Owen had appointed a time for his return, when
some business matters had interfered to pre-
vent. Then he had said—"I shall come just
as soon as I can; you may expect my own
steamer day." She wanted very much to look
over the paper and see if it had been "Steamer
day."

They ran through the yard, and entered the
cozy parlor. There sat Mrs. Hazellurst alone.

"W. y. Auntie Hazellurst, papa thought you
had a houseful of company!" exclaimed Rose,
and I was wondering whether I looked nice
enough to see the young gentlemen."

"You are a little flirt, Rose," but Mrs.
Hazellurst smiled all over her face.

"What did you want of such staid persons as
papa or mamma? Couldn't Jessie play propi-
riety?"

"I had something to show you all," and
Mrs. Hazellurst tried very hard to look grave;
but little little dimples dented her cheeks and
chin.

"Oh, mother! you cannot keep a secret,"
said a quick, joyous voice, and Owen Hazell-
urst stood before them.

They were all silent an instant, and all looked
at him, though Jessie was hardly surprised; ex-
cept at the change in him; for this Owen Hazell-
urst of thirty had so many many requisites
that the other lacked. The fair, girlish com-
plexion had been replaced by one of ruddier
hue; the hair was still light and curling, but
the beard much darker, thicker, and worn quite
long. There was a vivacity and vigor about
him, and the ease and assurance travel always
gives a man. I think he was rather hand-some
now; at least he gave Rose and Stacy this im-
pression.

He advanced straight to Jessie. "My oldest
and dearest friend!" he said, with a cordial clasp
of the hand; and, bending a little, kissed her
very fervently. It brought a bright color to
her cheeks.

"As for these young ladies," he went on, "I
don't know but you will have to introduce me.
I am sure this is Rose, by the curls and the
saucy mouth; but it isn't the little girl I left.
And Stacy is grown out of all remembrance.
Jessie has not changed a bit. Why don't you
say something? Are you not glad to see me?"

For not one of them had uttered a word.
Rose gave a gay laugh, and the next instant
they were all talking. Owen certainly had
changed—improved. This air of cordial audi-
ciousness was something new, and replaced his olden
bashfulness to quite advantage. He was more
manly, and seemed at no lack for conversation.

"I thought I never should get home," he
began. "Since the first year, I have not been
homeless until now. But there were so many
little details of business—the instant one was
settled, up started another. And I wasn't sure
but something would occur to detain me a
prisoner, when I came in sight of dear old New
York, when I resolved not even a requisition of
law should take me back. I am so glad to get
home. The house and mother look as if I had
only gone away yesterday. And Harry and
Helen are both married?"

"It seems a century to me," said Rose, with
comical gravity. "I think we used to play
'tag' about the grass-plot, and it's such a long
while since I have outgrown 'tag.'"

"Two years," said Owen; and he sat down
beside Rose. He was ready enough with re-
plies now.

They were in the midst of an animated con-
versation, when Mr. and Mrs. Throckmorton
entered. Owen received from them a most cor-
dial welcome.

After the first, Jessie subsided into quiet.
Not that she was ever very riotous, or noisy;
but somehow her shadow followed her, even
here. It was true Owen seemed much more
engrossed with Rose and Stacy, when he could
spare a few moments from his mother, or Mr.
Throckmorton, with whom he kept up a run-
ning talk about the country, the government,
and business. He understood himself so well
now, and advanced his opinions without any
vanity on the one hand, and certainly without
any diffidence on the other. And Jessie lis-
tened, feeling that he, too, like her youth, was
slipping away from her. Of course, she had
not expected to hold him; but the defection
was painful, nevertheless.

"I must congratulate you," Mr. Throck-
morton said, with his good-night to Mrs. Hazell-
urst, "not only that Owen has returned, but
that he is a young man you may justly be
proud of."

The mother's eyes glistened with pleasure.
"I shall be in to-morrow to talk over old
times, Jessie," Owen said when they parted.

Old times! That gave Mrs. Hazellurst a
little thrill. Not exactly suspicion or jealousy;
but for awhile she did want him to herself.
He would marry, of course—he really counted
on that—yet she did not want any entangle-
ment just now to separate him for her. Six years
had been such a long while to the mother's
heart. And these old times—there might be
danger in them. Somehow, she had never quite
gotten over her feeling that if it had not been
for Jessie, Owen would have staid at home.
He had made a nice little sum of money, to be
sure, and improved in various ways, she ad-
mitted; but there was the long absence, the
years she had been compelled to do without
him. So she wanted to keep him to herself
awhile, at least.

"How charming those Throckmortons are,"
Owen said, as he threw himself on the sofa, and
hid his head in his mother's lap. "Rose is a
perfect beauty, and Stacy stylish as a princess.
But I never saw any one change so little as
Jessie."

"She is six years older," replied the mother.
Now, Mrs. Hazellurst did not say this from
any unkindness, or desire to disparage her,
but because she thought the danger lay with
Jessie at present, and it made her a little sore
to have Owen enthusiastic in that quarter.

"We are all six years older," and he laughed.
"Why do you suppose Jessie has not been mar-
ried, mother? Is she waiting for me?"

It was all out.

"Owen," his mother said, in a wounded tone,
"don't talk of marriage the first thing."

"Oh, there's nothing in that. Though Jessie
and I were a little foolish at times, it never
amounted to anything positive. And now I
should be much more likely to fall in love with
Rose."

So long as the present danger was averted,
she did not care. She had not much fear of
Rose falling in love with him.

It was very pleasant to lie there and be
petted, after his hard rough-and-tumble life.
Owen enjoyed it amazingly. Yet, in the silence,
a something crept over him that he could not
explain, and that would not be banished.

The vision of bright young Rose contrasted itself
with that of Jessie. True, Jessie was sweet and
fair; but then she was *not* young—past thirty—
he knew the date of her birthday. What if she
had waited for him? He had half a mind to
say she was foolish in doing it.

Perhaps he had been unwise in the past.
Yet he had never asked Jessie to marry him—
never considered himself really engaged. Had
he not? His conscience gave a little twinge.
If, during the first year of his absence, Jessie
had comforted herself with another lover, what
would he have said?—that she was false, heart-
less, cruel, and gone into all the agonies of a
betrayed love. But since that time they had
outgrown each other—yes, that was the true
solution. Why, in ten years more, Jessie would
be an old woman, and he in the very prime of
life. It was too bad that time couldn't stand
still with girls. And though he gave Jessie
many sweet and fond thoughts, and wanted her
to be his friend always, he persuaded himself
the one best love was not there.

He was right enough in this. It was the
selfish manner of reasoning, the wish to get
nearly out of something he had gone into readily
when the first desire had been upon him. Con-
science said that, after appropriating all of
Jessie's young life, he ought to make some re-
turn. If she loved him—and he was afraid she
did—he might make her very happy. But he
wanted the highest and keener enjoyment him-
self, and whatever promised it, seemed to him
the best. He was not ready to become a grave
old man just yet; and when it came to that, his
young life before he went away had been rather
of the veal order. But he did not need to de-
cide tonight.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHITEWASH FOR OUT-BUILDINGS.—In
response to an inquiry for barns and out-build-
ings, the Massachusetts Ploughman says:
"Take a bushel of well burnt lime, white and
unsalted, twenty pounds of Spanish whiting,
seventeen pounds of rock salt, and twelve
pounds of brown sugar. Slake the lime and
sift out any coarse lumps and mix it into a
good whitewash with about forty gallons of
water, and then add the other ingredients and
stir the whole together thoroughly, and put on
two or three coats with a common brush."

To make a cream color, add to the above
three pounds of yellow ochre; a fawn color,
four pounds umber, one Indian red, and one
pound black; if a gray or stone color, add four
pounds of raw umber and two of lamp black.

WHITEWASH AND STARCH.—The Chemical
News promises that a strong solution of sulphate
of magnesia will give a beautiful quality to
whitewash, and a little of it used with starch
will add considerably to its stiffness and render
cotton or linen garments to a certain degree
incombustible.

ESCAPE OF CATS.—The thriving town of
Richmond, Ill., one day recently was the scene
of a sensation and a catastrophe. The sensa-
tion was caused by the advent of Van Amburg
& Co's Mammoth Menagerie. The catastrophe
we propose to describe:

On the day in question, an immense crowd
had been attracted to see the living giraffe, and
the other wonders of the menagerie. The
caravan had made its grand procession through
the streets; the tent had been erected, and at
throng of expected sight-seers were gathered
at the entrance, awaiting the opening of the
doors. Just then an old looking genius drove
up to the lot, seated upon a rickety lumber
wagon carefully boarded over, drawn by a pair
of wind broken, dilapidated steeds, eagerly in-
quiring for the manager. Upon that person
making his appearance, he was saluted with:

"Hallo, Squire, I've brought you a load of
cats!"

"A load of what?" said the astonished man-
ager.

"A load of cats to feed your lions on."

"To feed our lions on! The deuce you have.
We don't feed our lions on cat meat; they eat
nothing but the best beef."

"Sho! I know better than that; I've read in
the newspapers that cats are the favorite food
of lions. Besides I've got a contract with your
agent for a load of 'em, with a revenue stamp
onto it, and I guess you can't go back on that."

Saying which the cat merchant produced a
greasy slip of paper, which read as follows:

"Richmond, Oct. 6, 1866.

This contract witnesseth that I have this day
contracted with Simon Wiggins to furnish cats
to feed lions on, for which you will pay him
the hereinafter prices, to wit: for A. L. Prime
Cats, 75 cents; for Store Cats, 50 cents.

JONAS BUNO
Cat Agent Van Amburg & Co's Menagerie.

"My friend," said the manager, after read-
ing this document, "you have been imposed
upon. I do not know any such agent as Jonas
Buno, and I don't want any cats."

"You lie; now you know you do," retorted
Wiggins, with importunate good humor, "you
are only trying to beat me down and get
'em cheap. I've got a prime lot—75 of 'em.
Just look at 'em!"—and hastily descending from
his perch, he commenced shoving at the tail-
board of his wagon, to allow the manager a
chance to examine his load. By his nervousness
he managed so awkwardly that the board splut-
tered completely off, and with a terrible splut-
ter his entire load sprang into the crowd.

A score of worthless curs that were on the ground,
made a dash for the cats, and away they went
higher skyward, among the throng, upsetting wo-
men and children, and creating dire confusion
on every side. Towards the town the streets
were filled with people proceeding to the

Waterville Mail.

F. H. MAXHAM, DAN L. R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, JUNE 14, 1867.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

R. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York; S. H. Niles, Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 23 Congress Street, Boston, and 25 North Street, New York; and T. C. Evans, Advertising Agent, 120 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the Waterville Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

A. W. Ellis & Co., Advertising Agents, 174 Myrtle Street, Portland, are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisements abroad are referred to the Agents named above.

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

NOW, IS THIS SO?

In a ride with a friend among the farms, a few days since, on one of the sunny mornings that exhibit green fields and white cottages to such advantage, we spoke of the gradually improving condition of farms, from year to year, for several years past. We had been riding leisurely to N. Vassalboro', thence to China, Albion, Benton, and down the Sebasticook to Ticonic Bridge.

"This marked change," said our friend, who had passed through these sections frequently for forty years past, "I attribute in a great measure to the progress of temperance; and especially to the influence of the Maine Law."

This was a strong assertion, especially as there was but one "rumrod" in our party, and our companion was not that one.

"Twenty, thirty, forty years ago," he continued, "there was only here and there a farmer along this route who did not drink a good deal of rum. Every Saturday, especially, you would see this road full, a-foot, horse-back and in wagons, on the way to Waterville, where they spent most of the day in trading, drinking, wrestling, playing ball, whittling, &c. Most of them made it an occasion for buying family stores, for which they generally got credit. Many of them went home sober, but more of them did not."

We had often heard this from others, and that it was not very different from this in Waterville and all the farming region round about. Of course we could see the "conclusion of the whole matter" in the condition of farms at that time.

"Most of them," he continued, "were owing more or less for their farms, and made little or no progress in getting out of debt. Of course improvement, especially of the kind we now see, was out of the question."

Of course it was—and our mind hurriedly glanced from one to another of the old men who must have belonged to the class described—but who never fairly recovered from the blight of rum. And the farms, many of them now in the hands of younger men, still show the marks of those times—the scars left by this frightful enemy of good farming.

"After awhile," our companion went on to say, "temperance began to be talked—and then to be practiced—and then total abstinence. The Saturday loungers at Waterville became fewer—wrestling and wrangling ceased, and the week ended in a more rational way than formerly."

What a change—we thought as he talked—between that time and this! How gradual and imperceptible, and yet how continual, and how rapid, must have been the change!—so neat, so thrifty, so valuable, and giving such positive tokens of the absence of mortgages and debts;—and best of all, such assurance of education, taste, and moral culture!

"By-and-by," said he, "the Maine Law began to make both selling and drinking more inconvenient—a d-bet of all, more disgraceful. Jugs began to get unfashionable, and drunken farmers, abroad or at home, grew less and less numerous. Five years ago I passed along here"—[we were somewhere in Benton]—"and things were looking better, very much better. Paint and whitewash had extended among buildings and fences. The stumps and stones were removed, apple trees trimmed, wall built; and everything seemed advancing rapidly towards the condition we have noticed to-day. Now I see what the last five years have done! I say again, I lay it, in a great measure, to the Maine Law."

Well, we thought, who objects to this? Is it not a true picture, and a correct statement of things as they were, and as they are? Then who wants more positive evidence that rum is yielding up its old sway, than a ride among the farms? Go from Winslow Bridge to Fairfield Bridge, on the east side of the river, and weigh the subject as you pass from farm to farm. It was a hard pull, you will say, and rum held its grip as it always clings to its victims—but it is weakened in its power, and the evidences of its defeat cry out from the ground in notes of triumph.

The rooms of the Waterville Young Men's Christian Association will be dedicated on Wednesday evening, next, June 19th. A general invitation is extended.

OUR TABLE.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW—The number for April has the following table of contents:

Character of George the Third; Sea Fish and Fisheries; Autobiography of a Physiologist; Westmorland; The Poetry of Seven Dials; M. Du Chastell's Recent Travels; Curious Myths of the Middle Ages; New American Religions; Railway Finance; Wellington in the Peninsula; The Four Reform Orators.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 35 Walker Street, New York, the terms of subscription being as follows:—For any one of the four Reviews, \$1 per annum; any of the two Reviews, \$1.50; any of the three Reviews, \$2.00; all four Reviews, \$2.50; Blackwood's Magazine, \$1; Blackwood and one Review, \$1.50; Blackwood and any two Reviews, \$2.00; Blackwood and any three of the Reviews, \$2.50; for Blackwood and the four Reviews, \$3.00—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 commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works under the new rates will be but 56 cents a year.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF HORTICULTURE for June contains sixteen more pages than any previous number, and closes the first volume of this valuable magazine. Its publishers may be congratulated on two things: First—in having more than fulfilled their promise to give the public the best horticultural magazine ever published in this country—one which no live progressive horticulturist can afford to be without; and, second, in having secured the confidence and patronage of the public, which renders the magazine a pecuniary success. It enters upon its second volume with promises of increased value, and the first is a guarantee that they will be fulfilled. Dr. Kitchin of Ohio, writing to Messrs. Tilton & Co., says of the Journal of Horticulture:—

"No periodical extant is doing so much to develop a correct horticultural taste. It is carrying on a design commenced by A. J. Downing, with his *Book of the Flower*, but which has been seriously interrupted by his untimely death. Not a tennement, lawn or garden can be found at this day in the West which does not bear some imprint of his teachings; and it is both interesting and gratifying to discover that the same case of people who constituted his disciples are now seeking instruction from your new publication."

"The pleasing feature, indicative of its permanent success, is that each succeeding number shows decided improvement over its predecessor."

Published by J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, at \$6 a year.

Religious services at the Universalist church will be resumed next Sunday—the pastor having returned.

THE PORTLAND PRESS.—H. W. Richardson, Esq., has resumed his old position of editor-in-chief of this paper, Mr. Glavin having retired and gone west. A change in the tone of the paper, upon the present temperance issues, is observable, very gratifying to the zealous friends of the cause. Mr. Richardson's ability has come to be widely known and recognized, and his courtesy and candor are acknowledged even by his warmest political opponents. For the sake of a short lived popularity he does not pander to a purblind and vicious taste; and in his earnest advocacy of a good cause he does not unnecessarily grieve his friends nor thoughtlessly exasperate his opponents. Inspiring confidence, such a man will win friends to a party to which he is indeed a tower of strength.

A zeal for the cause of temperance that passes by grave offences vent itself in a war upon legally established town agencies and vendors of hop beer and sweet cider, and which received the warm commendation of those who have always been known as the opposers of prohibition, may well be looked upon with suspicion. The authorities of Augusta, therefore, who are slyly patted on the back by the *Standard*, would do well to pause and reflect before they make any more such strenuous efforts to stop the sale of liquors. The reproach of a friend is better than the kiss of an enemy.

Among recent business changes reported in the Argus, we find the following:—

Kendall's Mills—Bent, Dinkler & Co., Corn and Flour, new firm.

West Waterville—A. P. Benjamin, Mfr. Farming Tools; Geo. Allen admitted; now Benjamin & Allen.

A GOOD DAY'S WORK.—Alphonso Crosby of Albion, fourteen years old, recently sheared twenty-one sheep in one day. They were coarse wool sheep, averaging three to four pounds. Very few boys of that age are found to shear sheep at all, and this one did his work well. Where is the boy that has done as good a day's work?

PORTLAND AND KENNEBEC RAILROAD.—Special Notice. To accommodate the Masonic fraternity, and all others who wish to attend the dedication of the new Masonic Temple, the Portland & Kennebec Railroad Co. will take passengers from all their stations to Boston and return, for one fare the round trip! Tickets good to go on either Friday, the 21st, or Saturday the 22d, and return any time during the week ending Saturday, June 29th. Passengers between Augusta and Skowhegan will take the regular morning train; those from Augusta and stations west, can take either the train leaving Augusta 11 A. M., or the *Express Train*, which leaves Augusta at 4 P. M., and reaches Boston at 11 P. M.—Trains leave Boston at 7:20 A. M.; daily, for Skowhegan and intermediate stations, and at 3 P. M., daily for stations as far as Augusta.

At the shops of the P. & K. Railroad in this city may be seen the third of the "Monitor" cars which have been "reconstructed" from the old and low passenger cars, now nearly completed and soon to be sent to Portland to receive finishing touches from the hand of Shumaker. It is the design of the company to add to their present line of cars, thus making desirable, roomy and well ventilated cars of that before were objectionable in many respects. The company are also building a new first class, high, monitor top smoking car, for Mitchell's train, and have also ready the stock for a new passenger car, to be built immediately after the smoking car is completed. [Maine Farmer.]

The express train between Portland and Boston will commence on Monday next, and an express train will leave Augusta at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, arriving in Portland in season to take the express train to Boston. A train will leave Portland for Augusta at 8 o'clock in the evening, or immediately after the arrival of the afternoon train from Boston.

"ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE."—Miss Kate Norton, a native of Maine, who is described as a young lady of about nineteen years of age, and of very prepossessing appearance, committed suicide on Thursday last at her lodgings at No. 250, West-Eleventh street, New York, under the following circumstances. Until recently it appears that she has resided in Detroit, Mich. She had been seduced by a Mr. Edward Drury, who had proved unfaithful, married another woman, and come to New York, whither the unfortunate young lady followed him. On the day of her decease she had called upon him at his place of business. A quarrel ensued, which resulted in her removal from the store by a policeman. Upon returning home at one o'clock she took morphine in sufficient quantity to produce death at half past six the same evening. A physician was called but did not regard her condition as dangerous; but being called away, she died before his return. The coroner's jury returned a verdict in accordance with the above facts. It appears that the place of business and antecedents of the seducer were studiously concealed in the proceedings before the coroner.

Among the effects of the deceased, was found the following letter:—

Oh, grandmother, do pray that I may be forgiven, for my heart is broken. It is so hard to be treated as I have been by him I loved so much. Oh, I love everybody, and forgive all, and hope to be forgiven. I cannot live, I must die. He does not love me. He hates me. He had me put out of the store; but I forgive all.

Pray that I may be forgiven. Oh, Ed, do not take my cross off my neck.

It is expected that the friends of the deceased will send for the remains, and have them taken to Maine for interment.—[Portland Press.]

The Bangor Whig says that "the Bond Taxer commences with rather a strong statement—when it says the U. S. Bonds not taxed now amount to \$2,500,000,000. They are less than \$1,600,000,000,—and half of that amount at least is held in Europe, where of course they do not represent American capital." And the Whig might have added that a very large portion of the remainder is held in fifty or one hundred dollar bonds by poor laborers, who in the hour of their country's direst peril, moved by a patriotic impulse, contributed to the extent of their ability to avert the threatened peril and to maintain the integrity and the honor of the Republic. That honor was maintained, the world knows at what a cost of treasure and of blood; and mountains of infamy will bury those who meanly seek to cover it with shame. [Bath Times.]

We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Marrett, Poor & Co., of Portland, wholesale and retail dealers in Carpets, Paper Hangings, &c. &c.

A MAGNIFICENT STORE.—The temporary wooden structure which has hitherto concealed from view the front of the new carpet warehouse of Messrs. Marrett, Poor & Co., Middle street, was removed yesterday, and revealed to the public the handsome warehouse in New England. The building is 31 1/4 feet front, 157 feet deep and 66 feet in height. The front is of Albert free stone, from the New Brunswick quarries. The elevation is in the modern Italian style, richly ornamented. * * * The interior of the store is arranged in the handsomest and most convenient manner for the purposes for which it was erected. The basement is fitted for a carpet warehouse, and is well lighted. The first story is the main salesroom, the front part of which is appropriated to paper hangings and upholstery goods. About fifty feet are devoted to this purpose. The remainder of this room on raised floor, is devoted to the exhibition of carpets. The shelves run around three sides of the room, and are surmounted with handsome cornices of black walnut and chestnut wood, while the ceiling is richly frescoed in Shumacher's best style.—[Portland Press.]

Much credit is due the proprietors, for the enterprise shown in the erection of such a structure; and we hope their efforts will be appreciated by our citizens. Let the traders of the interior, who are purchasing carpets, call and examine the fine store and stock of Messrs. Marrett & Poor, and they will find that they can be furnished with goods in Maine on as favorable terms as out of the State.—Eastern Argus.

We trust our merchants in their dealings with Portland, will not forget this enterprising firm, as we are assured as good bargains can be obtained there as in New York or Boston.

The St. Croix Courier says a dreadful accident occurred on the Indian Township, above Princeton last week, by which a man named William Jordan came to his death. It appears that he left home, taking his dog and gun with him. Just one week from that time he was found in the woods with his skull broken by the bursting of his gun. He was still living but reason was gone, and he died on the following morning. From the report of a gun having been heard near the place on the previous Saturday it is supposed that he lay wounded from that time—five days and nights—until found.

CHIVALROUS.—Some seconds on Thursday evening last threw two bottles of oil of vitrol into the house of Mr. Danl M. Spooner, of Boston—probably supposing it to be the house of Wm. B. Spooner, the conspicuous temperance advocate, who lives on the same street. The bottles were thrown into a window of the dining-room in which a company of friends had just been dining, but in which there were no persons but the servants at the time. The bottles were broken and the vitrol thrown over the furniture, carpets, tables, and dresses of the servants, which of course were greatly injured.

BLOOM OF THE LOTUS.—A cosmetic of more eminent merit cannot be found.

INDIAN HOSTILITIES.—A despatch from Omaha, says that General Sherman has issued general orders stating that the Union Pacific Railroad shall be well guarded in the future, and that no Indians will dare to interfere with it. Gen. Sherman is sanguine that he will clear Platte Valley of Indians within two weeks. A fight occurred between nine passengers and twenty Indians within six miles of Moon's Fort. One passenger was killed instantly, and Gen. Davis's son was mortally wounded in the groin. Two Indians were killed and five severely wounded. Five of the passengers returned to Omaha this evening. Governor Steele of Colorado had a narrow escape, but succeeded in reaching Denver in safety.

If you have a screw rusted into wood, or a nut or bolt that will not readily turn, pour on a little kerosene and let it remain. In a little while it will penetrate the interstices so as to be easily started.

EUROPEAN NEWS.—The latest accounts agree that the Emperor of Russia was the personage aimed at by the would-be assassin on the Champ de Mars a day or two ago. The conflicting statements probably arose from the fact that the Emperor of the French rode in the same carriage with the Czar and his sons. The circumstances are related differently in almost every account, but all agree that the assassin, who was at once secured, is a Polish mechanic, that he was very cool, that the act was premeditated, and that he had no accomplice. His name is given as Beregoniski. A groom in waiting, who, it is said, spurred his horse between the carriage and the assassin, the horse's head intercepting the bullet, has received the cross of the Legion of Honor from Napoleon. Congratulations on their escape have been showered upon the Czar and Napoleon, and the Polish residents of Paris have published a letter expressing their reprobation of the "dastardly attempt." The Americans were about to present through General Dix an address to the Czar.

A despatch from Pesth says that the coronation of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria as King of Hungary took place on Saturday in the presence of a great concourse. The ceremonies, it is said, were impressive, and the enthusiasm unbounded.

Telegraphic despatches received in London on Saturday state that the Turkish navy had blockaded the Greek ship *Areadian* at Cerego, one of the Ionian Islands.

THE FALL OF QUERETARO.—A telegraphic despatch from New Orleans narrates the immediate cause of the fall of Queretaro and the capture of Maximilian and his army. It asserts that Gen. Lopez, who is represented as the bosom friend of Maximilian, sold out the entire imperial concern for \$18,000 in hard cash. The work of treachery was arranged so completely and carried out so successfully that Maximilian and his entire army, bag and baggage, were handed over to Escobedo without a hostile shot being fired. Maximilian, however, acted his part heroically. He sent his sword to Escobedo, stipulating that he should not be subjected to insult, but awarded the consideration due to a prisoner, and that if any one must be shot he should be the first to be put to execution. Up to the latest advices no execution had taken place. Escobedo says 15,000 prisoners were surrendered, including 13 general officers and 500 officers of inferior grade. He states that no fighting whatever occurred, and the only shots fired were by traitors upon their companions in arms. The surrender of the garrison was complete.

Look Out!—Pickpockets accompany the various circus companies in their tour through New England, and nearly every town where an exhibition is given is made to suffer from them.

Among the recent counterfeits are noticed 1 00s on the First National Bank of Boston; 100s on the Ohio National Bank of Cincinnati; 100s on the Central National Bank of New York City, and 100s on the National Bank of Bristol, R. I. Counterfeit 5s on compound interest notes of the issues of July, 1864, are also reported in circulation.

THE CROPS.—The reports are encouraging from nearly all quarters; and unless some unforeseen drawback occurs, the harvest of fruits and cereals will be one of the most abundant for years. This is especially true of wheat, while corn is everywhere more backward, owing to the lateness of the season.

The judiciary committee took considerable evidence bearing on the question of Jefferson Davis's complicity in the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. They have the originals or certified copies of a number of letters written in 1864, wherein the writers proposed the assassination, and there is nothing to show that he ever rebuked the authors or disavowed the scheme. The testimony as to his complicity in Lee's plot is not entirely conclusive, but is so strong that at least three of the members of that committee believe his guilt to be shown. That he had dealings with Booth and his agents is beyond a doubt.

The news from Mexico by way of New Orleans reaches to June 2. Mendez was shot May 16. A court-martial to try Maximilian was ordered by Escobedo to assemble May 23. Maximilian was badly wounded on the morning of the final assault, and it is said his wound may prove fatal.

ASHES.—The Maine Farmer knows a farmer who went into the soap-making business some years ago for the purpose of securing the ashes, after having been leached, to apply to his land. He owned a large farm, the soil being chiefly clayey loam, and any one visiting the farm now, who was acquainted with it before its owner began to apply the ashes, would be astonished at the results they have accomplished. He applied them at the rate of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred bushels per acre, to different crops and in every conceivable way.

We suspect that far seeing and thrifty farmer is Mr. Windthrop Morrell of Waterville.

PAVE, FUN, AND FANCY.

Senator Wilson has got back and reports the faithful execution of the Reconstruction acts in the South by the General in command.

An editor describing the present style of bonnets, says: "They have a downward slant that reminds one of a vicious cow with a board across her eyes."

Miss Bissell, in Beecher's "Novel," is afraid that Rose Westworth, as a child, is so good that she will not live. "I don't think you need take on 'bout it," replies Mrs. Marble. "Maybe you'll find enough human nature in her to suit you afore you get 'er right." This is certainly the experience of most guardians of children.

Gen. Neal Dow, in his recent speech in London, said an old gentleman had lately asked him when the United States Government was going to pay off the rebel loans. His answer was "When you pay off the Fenian bonds."

A horticulturist advertised that he would supply all sorts of fruit trees and plants, especially pine plants of all kinds. A gentleman thereupon sent him an order for one package of custard pie seed, and a dozen mince pie plants.—The gentleman promptly filled the order by sending him four goose eggs and a small dog.

Thaddeus Stevens' new project of confiscating property enough in the South to pay for damages done by the rebels in the North reminds the New York Nation of the old proverb about the difficulty of "taking the breaks off a highlandman."

Rev. Dr. Anderson, formerly of Waterville College, at present of Rochester University, has finally decided not to accept the Presidency of Brown University, tendered him some time since.

The miner is happiest when his "Triumphs are ore."

Chicago prohibits fireworks in the city limits on Independence day.

The municipal authorities of Portland are vigorously enforcing the liquor law.

An expedition has sailed from San Francisco to take possession of the newly discovered island in the name of the United States.

Mr. Lincoln has sold her household goods at auction, and proposes to remove to Racine, Wis.

The vote on the amendments in Waldo County, in all but four towns, was yes, 624, nays, 678. Bleeding Waldo!

The Washington Star explains the fact that the first nine honors at West Point were taken this year by the Southern States, by saying: "It so happens that the successful graduates accredited to the South really belong to the Northern and Western States, who having distinguished themselves by gallant services in the Union army during the early part of the war, were nominated to West Point as from Southern States, in order to fill up the allotment of cadets."

It is not generally known that the last Congress just before adjournment passed a bill granting to the heirs of "Union" soldiers who died prisoners of war, commutation for rations at the rate of twenty-five cents per day for the time the soldier was so held by the rebels.

The English have heretofore excelled us in the article of soaps for domestic use; but it is now conceded on all hands, that the STEAM REFINED is not only an exclusively American, but also exclusive Portland manufacture, and decidedly surpasses anything produced abroad. [Advertiser.]

A True Balsam. DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY is truly a balsam. It contains the balsamic principle of the Wild Cherry, the balsamic properties of tar, and of pine. Its ingredients are all balsamic. Coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis, and consumption speedily disappear under its balsamic influence.

DR. G. S. PALMER, DENTAL OFFICE, over ALDEN'S JEWELRY STORE, opp. People's Nat'l Bank, WATERVILLE, ME. Chloroform, Ether, or Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when desired. 50

TO PIANO BUYERS. LOOK AT THIS!!

Two 7-octave over string Pianos, for sale at a great bargain. One 7-octave over string Piano Carved Legs and Mouldings. One Extra large one, grand action. Both by the best of makers. LYFORD & CO. Call on or Editors of the Mail. 50

AUGUSTA HOUSE. State Street, Augusta, Me.

WILL BE RE-OPENED JUNE 1st, 1867.

J. H. KLING, Proprietor. Transient rates from \$2 to \$2.50 per day. Free carriage to and from the cars and boats. 50

STEAM DYE HOUSE. A few Doors South of Rail Road Bridge, AUGUSTA, ME.

Mrs. J. B. BRADBURY, Agent, Waterville. Who will send Packages every MONDAY MORNING.

Ladies' Dresses, Shawls, Basques, Veils, Ribbons, &c., Dyed or Cleaned; also, Gent's Coats, Pants, Vests, and Over Coats—Hats, Car-pets, Kid Gloves, Dyed or Cleaned and Pressed.

Postmasters, Expressmen, and Stage-Drivers, will please act as Agents.

All Orders promptly attended to.

Goods returned in a few days. 2m-50. PARSON & PHINNEY.

J. B. BRADBURY. OFFICE, MAIN STREET, WATERVILLE, ME.

Respectfully offers his services to the public as

LIFE ASSURANCE AGENT.

Wishing to extend the benefits of Life Assurance, he will cheerfully afford all information and every facility in his power, and invites careful attention to the following facts:

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, 92 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

grants to policy-holders every benefit which can possibly result from the benign principles of mutual life insurance. The cash assets of this Society amount to over THREE AND ONE-HALF MILLIONS OF DOLLARS. Its annual cash income exceeds TWO AND ONE-HALF MILLIONS. It is purely mutual in its character, dividing its surplus of profits among the assured every year, on the 1st of February. Profits may be applied to the reduction of future premiums, to increasing the sum assured, or to limiting the number of years during which the premiums are to be paid. When policies become paid-up by the latter plan, they realize, to the holders an annual cash income.

The Society conducts its business strictly on the CASH PLAN. Its dividends also being available in cash, its premiums are gradually reduced each year, instead of being increased by reason of annual interest, as is the case in Note Companies. The following is an example, showing the rate of its last dividend, on policies in force, for a single year: Age of the Assured 33 years.—Life policy—Amount Assured \$15,000.—Annual Premium \$378 15 (only one Premium paid). Cash reduction from second Annual premium \$116 34. Permanent addition to policy, on which no additional premiums are required, \$346 95. These dividends increase with the age of the policy.

In 1866 the Society issued policies to the amount of THIRTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS. Just and liberal dealing towards its policy-holders—promptness in the payment of losses—guarantee its continued unexampled success.

WILLIAM C. ALEXANDER, PRESIDENT. HENRY B. HYDE, VICE PRESIDENT. GEORGE W. PHILLIPS, ACTUARY. JAMES W. ALEXANDER, SECRETARY.

J. B. BRADBURY, Agent, MAIN STREET, WATERVILLE, ME.

Deputy State Constable Hawkes, of Portland, assisted by Deputy Herson, of Waterville, seized small quantities of liquor at four hotels in Westbrook, one day this week.

Dr. LIGHTHILL is at the Williams House.

WATERVILLE MAIL.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO THE SUPPORT OF THE UNION.

Published on Friday, by
MAXHAM & WING,
Editors and Proprietors.
At Frye's Building, . . . Min-St., Waterville.

TERMS.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
SINGLE COPIES FIVE CENTS.

Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

POST OFFICE NOTICE-WATERVILLE.
DEPARTURE OF MAILS.
Western Mail leaves daily at 10 A.M. Closes at 9 1/2 A.M.
Augusta " " 5 20 P.M. " 6 45 " " 9 45 " "
Eastern " " 5 20 P.M. " 6 10 P.M.
Bangor " " 5 40 " " 6 20 " "
Norridgewock, &c. " 5 40 " " 6 20 " "
Relief Mail leaves
Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 00 A.M.
Office Hours—from 7 A.M. to 8 P.M.
C. R. CHADEN, P. M.

NOTICES.

Important to Females.
The celebrated DR. DOW 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 a speedy and permanent relief in the most cases of Suppression and all other Menstrual Derangements, from whatever cause. All letters for advice must contain \$1. Office, No. 9 Endicott street, Boston.

WISTAR'S BALM OF WILD CHERRY.
We are this article is known to be a work of supererogation to one word in its favor, so well it is established as an unfailing remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma, diseases of the Throat, Chest, and Lungs, as well as that most dreaded of all diseases, Consumption, which high medical authority has pronounced to be a curable disease. Those who have used this remedy none its value, those who have not, have but to make a single trial to be satisfied that all others it is the remedy.

GEORGE W. MILLET, Esq.,
Formerly Editor of the "NORWAY ADVERTISER," gives his opinion of this great remedy, published in the following terms:—
"I have used WISTAR'S BALM OF WILD CHERRY, I cheerfully give my testimony, and trust that others may be induced thereby to give it a trial and be relieved. I have been acquainted with this Balm at a time of its distressing cough and cold, which took such firm hold of my lungs as to render me unfit for business, and its use produced a speedy and permanent cure, after trying various remedies to no avail."
In our own remedy is a great service to many, and it is all who suffer will give it a fair trial. I think they will find it to be of more service in pulmonary affections than any other remedy of the kind before the public.

CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ETC., &c.
It is well known that the benefits derived from drinking of the "ROCKWELL" and other celebrated Springs is principally owing to the fact that they contain
DR. H. ANDERSON'S Iodine Water
contains Iodine in the same pure state that it is found in these spring waters, but over 500 per cent. more in quantity, containing as it does 1-1/4 grains to each fluid ounce, dissolved in pure water, is a most powerful and efficient remedy in this country and Europe, and is the best remedy in the world for Scrofula, cancer, Salt Rheum, Ulcers, and all Chronic diseases.
J. P. DINSMORE, Proprietor,
36 Dea Street, New York.
Sold by all Druggists.

DR. SCHENCK'S NEW OFFICE.
DR. J. H. SCHENCK, of Philadelphia, has opened an office on Second street, No. 31, Waterville, Me., where he will be professionally every WEDNESDAY, from 9 to 12. Every person complaining with Consumption, or any chronic disease, is invited to call on him. He gives advice free, but for a thorough examination with his Respirator, and to patients very correctly the state of their disease, and how to treat it, he charges \$1.00. He has a full supply of medicines at his rooms, and he can be had for consultation at any time.

Free to Everybody.
A Large 9 pp. Circular, giving information of the great importance to the young of both sexes.
It teaches how the homely may become beautiful, the deformed, and the forsaken loved.
No young lady or gentleman should fail to read this address, and receive a copy post paid, by return mail.
Address P. O. Drawer, 21, Troy, N. Y.
Reply—33

Wonderful but True.
MADAME REMINGTON, the world-renowned Astrologist and Semantheistic Clairvoyant, while in a clairvoyant state, delineates the very features of the person you wish to marry, and by the aid of an instrument of intense power, known as the Psychometer, guarantees to produce a perfect and true likeness of the future husband or wife, and to give you the date of marriage, occupation, leading traits of character, &c. This is no imposture, as testimonials without number can attest. By the aid of this instrument, you can see the face of your future husband or wife, and know the date of marriage, occupation, leading traits of character, &c. This is no imposture, as testimonials without number can attest. By the aid of this instrument, you can see the face of your future husband or wife, and know the date of marriage, occupation, leading traits of character, &c. This is no imposture, as testimonials without number can attest.

A YOUNG LADY returning to her country home, after a sojourn of a few months in the City, was hardly recognized by her friends. In place of a coarse, ruddy, flushed face, she had a soft, pale complexion, and her hair was smooth, and instead of twenty-three she only appeared but eighteen. Upon inquiry as to the cause of so great a change, she only told them that she used the "ROCKWELL" and other celebrated Springs, which wonderful medicine had cured her of all her ailments, and she was now as healthy and as beautiful as a young girl.

Know Thy Destiny.
MADAME E. F. THORNTON, the great English Astrologist, Clairvoyant, and Psychometrist, who has acquired the scientific classes of the Old World, has now located herself at Hudson, N. Y. She is a clairvoyant, and can see the face of your future husband or wife, and know the date of marriage, occupation, leading traits of character, &c. This is no imposture, as testimonials without number can attest. By the aid of this instrument, you can see the face of your future husband or wife, and know the date of marriage, occupation, leading traits of character, &c. This is no imposture, as testimonials without number can attest.

HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU and Improved Rose Water. This is a certain cure for diseases of the bladder, kidneys, gravel, dropsy, organic weakness, female complaints, general debility, and all diseases of the urinary organs, whether existing in male or female, from whatever cause originating and no matter of long standing. Blisters of these organs require the use of a diuretic. If no treatment is submitted to, Consumption or Insanity may ensue. Our Fish and Blood are supported from these sources, and the health and happiness, that of Potestry, depends upon prompt use of a reliable remedy.

HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU, Established upwards of 18 years, prepared by H. T. HELMHOLD, 504 Broadway, New York and 104 South 10th Street, Philadelphia, P. A. 1867.

For Coughs, Colds and Consumption.
Try the old and well known
VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALM.
It is proved and used by our oldest and most celebrated Physicians for nearly a century past. Get the genuine.
REED, CUTLER & CO., 181 N. Broadway, Boston, Proprietors.

Marriages.
In this village, 9th inst., by Rev. Dr. Sheldon, Mr. Edward H. Chase and Miss Charlotte H. Shaw, both of Waterville.
In Augusta, June 9th, Henry A. Cummings, of Augusta, and Miss Helen Gray, of Boston; June 4th, Mr. Eben Sawyer and Miss Lucy W. Hamlin.
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Deaths.
In Anson, 7th inst., of consumption, Mr. Almon Tozier, son of the late John Tozier, formerly of Fairfield, Me., aged about 63.

ATTENTION, FARMERS.
We can sell you our
HARDWARE STORE,
CLINTON,
A Good One-Horse Mowing Machine (new) for Fifty Dollars.
A good Two-Horse Mowing Machine (new), for Sixty-five Dollars.

We have but a few on hand, and those wishing to buy should call soon. We are agents for the "CATYGA CHIEF," which for light draft and durability can not be beat.

We keep constantly on hand a general assortment of Hardware, Iron and Steel, Stoves, and Tinware, Plows and Plow Castings. We keep the Hay-land Plows, all kinds of Castings, Horse Shoes, Horse Rakes, Drag Rakes, Hand Rakes, Scythes, Secures, Shovels, Hoes, Forks, and all kinds of Farming Implements. Spring Hoes, Lead, Nail, Window Glass, Pump Chains, and everything belonging to a Hardware Store will be sold here at any price. We would call the attention of Farmers and others to our STOCK and PRICES before buying.

JOHN F. LAMB, LAMB BROS.
WILLIAM LAMB.
6m-50

FARMERS,
when you buy a
MOWING MACHINE,
you should buy the
BEST KIND,
which is given in by good judges to be the
"DIRIGO,"
as the simplest, no cog wheels, is of easy draft, about two-thirds of a ton of common machinery, and comes at a low price, three very important items. Please read our descriptive Price Circular.
Agents wanted to sell this Machine, who will be allowed the usual commission.
R. M. MANSUR, Augusta, Me.
60-11

Rocky Mountains!
MESSRS. CURTIS & BOYNTON,
No. 35 North Street, Boston,
MANUFACTURE a SOA about as good as can be imagined or described. One trial convinces the most skeptical of its merits. But wait! before its application, like most under the sun.
Merchants can be supplied with it on reasonable terms, either directly from the manufacturer, or from the agent for this State, at No. 74 Exchange Street, Bangor. Try a single bar and you will be unwilling to continue to use any other. It is not to be used for removing PAINT, PLASTER, WHOLE, GREASE, TAR and doing any and every kind of washing. It contains nothing that will injure the finest of cloths. Also, for salt use. Not heat by anything this side of a Rocky Mountain. For sale by all grocers.
June 20th, 1867.

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Two or Three Experienced Tailors Girls
To work by the week, or by the piece. Good wages given and steady employment. Apply to
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Ladies' Kid Gauntlets,
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Seventy six pages; price 25 cents. Sent to any address. No money required until the book is received, read, and approved. It is a perfect guide to the sick or indisposed. Sent by Dr. S. S. FITCH, 25 Tremont Street, Boston.
Reply—31

ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS.

Hartford, Conn., Nov. 11, 1864.
Messrs. THOS. ALCOCK & Co.—Please send with dispatch twelve Allen's Porous Plasters. Our daily experience confirms their very superior excellence. At this moment of writing a man applies for me, who, by entanglement in the shaft of a machine, had both his legs broken, spine severely injured, and was for nearly a year entirely helpless. This man found relief very soon by the application of a plaster to his spine. He was soon enabled to work, and now he labors as well as ever. He would cheerfully pay \$5 for a single Plaster if he could not be had at a lower rate. I am surprised that surgeons do not make use of these perforated plasters to the exclusion of all others, as their flexibility and adhesiveness are greatly in advance of all other plasters with which I am acquainted; while the perforations peculiar to these render them greatly superior to all others for ordinary surgical uses. Enclosing the plasters to be so useful, I have no scruples that my sentiments should be known.
J. W. J. HINSON, M. D.
Agency, Brandreth House, New York.
Sold by all Druggists in the United States and Canada.
8m-50

HELMHOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU.

Is a certain cure for diseases of the bladder, kidneys, gravel, dropsy, organic weakness, female complaints, general debility, and all diseases of the urinary organs, whether existing in male or female, from whatever cause originating and no matter of long standing. Blisters of these organs require the use of a diuretic. If no treatment is submitted to, Consumption or Insanity may ensue. Our Fish and Blood are supported from these sources, and the health and happiness, that of Potestry, depends upon prompt use of a reliable remedy.

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which adorn this famed Circus, are unparalleled in their several specialties. The

Scenes in the Arena
are enriched and beautified by gorgeous Paraphernalia and superb music, and they will be rendered with untiring grace and marvelous splendor. Messrs. Stone, Murray, & Co., having banished the antique style and reached perfection in this organization, offer no stale or exhausted acts.

NEW FEATURES AND FRESH NOVELTIES.

Errors of Youth.
A Gentleman who had suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Prostration, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will, for the sake of suffering humanity, and free to all who will, the recipe and directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience, can do so by addressing, in perfect confidence,
JOHN H. GIBBS, 22 Cedar Street, New York.
15-47p

TO CONSUMPTIVES.
The advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having suffered for several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure.
That who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used free of charge, with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE for Consumption, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, Colds, and all Throat and Lung Affections. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he believes to be valuable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.
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JOHN F. LAMB, LAMB BROS.
WILLIAM LAMB.
6m-50

FARMERS,
when you buy a
MOWING MACHINE,
you should buy the
BEST KIND,
which is given in by good judges to be the
"DIRIGO,"
as the simplest, no cog wheels, is of easy draft, about two-thirds of a ton of common machinery, and comes at a low price, three very important items. Please read our descriptive Price Circular.
Agents wanted to sell this Machine, who will be allowed the usual commission.
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MANUFACTURE a SOA about as good as can be imagined or described. One trial convinces the most skeptical of its merits. But wait! before its application, like most under the sun.
Merchants can be supplied with it on reasonable terms, either directly from the manufacturer, or from the agent for this State, at No. 74 Exchange Street, Bangor. Try a single bar and you will be unwilling to continue to use any other. It is not to be used for removing PAINT, PLASTER, WHOLE, GREASE, TAR and doing any and every kind of washing. It contains nothing that will injure the finest of cloths. Also, for salt use. Not heat by anything this side of a Rocky Mountain. For sale by all grocers.
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THE CIRCUS PAR EXCELLENCE OF AMERICA.

Will Exhibit at Waterville, Saturday, June 22d; Afternoon and in the Evening.

In the selection of Artists for this Colonial Alliance, it has been the Proprietors' desire to secure such a variety that no patron shall fail to find in it much that will interest the mind and claim the attention. The brilliant

Cluster of Celebrities
which adorn this famed Circus, are unparalleled in their several specialties. The

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Reply—31

THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD CO.

Are now constructing a Railroad from
OMAHA, NEBRASKA,
westward towards the Pacific Ocean, making with its connections an unbroken line
ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

The Company now offer, at limited amount of their
FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS
having thirty years to run, and bearing annual interest, payable on the first day of January, and July, in the City of New York, at the rate of
SIX PER CENT. IN GOLD,
at
Ninety Cents on the Dollar.

This road was completed from Omaha 365 miles west on the 1st of January, 1867, and is fully equipped, and trains are regularly running over it. The Company has now on hand sufficient iron, ties, &c., to build the remaining portion to the Eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, 312 miles, which is under contract to be done September 1st of this year, and it is expected that the entire road will be in running order from Omaha to its western connection with the Central Pacific, now being rapidly built eastward from Sacramento, Cal., during 1867.

Means of the Company.
Estimating the distance to be built by the Union Pacific to be 1,505 miles, the United States Government issues its Six per cent. Thirty-year bonds to the Company as the road is finished at the average of about \$25,000 per mile, amounting to \$44,250,000.

The Company is also permitted to issue its own First Mortgage bonds to an equal amount, and at the same time, which are secured by a First Mortgage on the lands along the entire line, the bonds of the United States being, under contract to be done September 1st of this year, and it is expected that the entire road will be in running order from Omaha to its western connection with the Central Pacific, now being rapidly built eastward from Sacramento, Cal., during 1867.

The Government makes a donation of 12,800 acres of land to the road, amounting to \$1,032,000, acres, estimated to be worth \$300,000,000, making the total resources, exclusive of the capital, \$1,184,000,000, but the full value of the lands cannot be ascertained.

The authorized Capital Stock of the Company is one hundred million dollars, of which five millions have already been paid in, and of which it is not supposed that more than twenty-five millions at most will be required.

The cost of the road is estimated by competent engineers to be about one hundred million dollars, exclusive of equipment.

Prospects for Business.
The railroad connection between Omaha and the East is now complete, and the entire line of the Union Pacific on the sections already finished for the first two years in May were \$113,000. These sections are now in the hands of the Company, and will be sold to the Government at the rate of \$100,000 per mile, and the through business over the only line of railroad between the Atlantic and Pacific must be immense.

Value and Security of the Bonds.
The Company's bonds are secured by the above statement of facts, and the security of the bonds is as good as the Government's, and the entire line of the Union Pacific on the sections already finished for the first two years in May were \$113,000. These sections are now in the hands of the Company, and will be sold to the Government at the rate of \$100,000 per mile, and the through business over the only line of railroad between the Atlantic and Pacific must be immense.

Nine Per Cent.
It is believed that on the completion of the road, the Government bonds, they will go above par. The Company intend to sell but a limited amount at the present low rates and retain the right to advance the price at their option. Subscriptions will be received in New York by the CONTINENTAL NATIONAL BANK, No. 7 Nassau St., CHASE, DODGE & CO. BANKERS, 51 Wall St., JOHN CISCO & SON, BANKERS, No. 33 Wall St., and by BANKS AND BANKERS generally throughout the United States, of whom maps and descriptive pamphlets may be obtained. They will also be sent by mail from the Company's office, No. 20 Nassau Street, New York, on application. Subscribers will select their own Agents in whom they have confidence, who will be responsible to them for the sale of the delivery of the bonds.

JOHN J. CISCO,
Treasurer,
NEW YORK.

MEAT, FISH,
West India Goods, Groceries, &c.
Having bought the
STOCK AND GOOD WILL
—of—
R. P. SHORES & CO.,
(Formerly I. R. DOOLITTLE & CO.)
we respectfully solicit the trade of the citizens of Waterville and surrounding towns, and shall spare no pains to give perfect satisfaction to all who call, and will their continued patronage.

We intend to keep nothing but
FIRST CLASS GOODS,
to sell them as
Low as such Goods can be afforded,
and in every way to fully sustain the excellent reputation established by former owners.

We have secured the services of
G. H. MATTHEWS
of the late firm, so favorably known to the trade, and feel confident that no one who may favor us with a call will go away dissatisfied.
No Credit given for a longer time than 30 days. Shorter credits more desirable.
C. A. CHALMERS & CO.
Waterville, May 28th, 1867.

THE MUSICAL MONITOR.
By Horace Biddle. With 13 full page illustrations. 114 pp. 25 cts.
This is a complete treatise on the origin and construction of the States in common use. It is a work in which is displayed an uncommon power of analysis, and which will furnish the most new ideas of accomplished musicians, and interest to those who have any knowledge of music. Mailed, post-paid, on receipt of price.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers,
227 Washington Street, Boston.

One Hundred Comic Songs.
One Hundred Irish Songs.
One Hundred Scotch Songs.
The best collection published and containing every variety of style and of new, unique and rare—many of them to be found in no other work of the kind, complete. Three books. Price of each, 60 cts.; paper, 50 cts. Sent post-paid.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers,
227 Washington Street, Boston.

New and Beautiful Songs by Dr. Ordway.
Somebody's Darling 8 numbers here. Song and Chorus. Suggested by a visit to Gortyburg. 30 cts. With the Key Thinking. Song and Chorus, founded on an incident at the Battle of the Wilderness. 30 cts. Come, Darling, Come to the Spirit Land. Song and Chorus. 30 cts. Being a Sweet to Think Song and Chorus. 30 cts. These are all new, and popular. Sent post-paid.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers,
227 Washington Street, Boston.

WANTED.
Two or three Custom Coat Makers,
To whom the highest wages will be paid. None but experienced workmen need apply.
E. N. FLECHER & CO.,
Waterville, May 31, 1867.

Bloom of the Lotus.
The Lotus Flower is one of the most beautiful of Flowers. From Egypt to China it is held typical of Eternal Life.
This preparation will certainly preserve and restore the complexion, and remove all defects of the skin. It is also excellent for the cure of all temporary diseases of the skin. It makes the complexion soft and fair. For gentlemen after shaving the Bloom is invaluable. It may be used by adults at every stage of life. The Bloom of the Lotus can be obtained at any apothecary store. Every bottle has Dr. S. S. Fitch's letter and name upon it.<

1y-16

PAINT, PAINT, PAINT. Ground White Lead and
Zinc, Oils, Varnishes, Japan, Turpentine, Benzine, Colors
all kinds, Brushes, & c. & c.

For sale at **ARNOLD & MEADER'S.**

ORKS Island and Liverpool Salt, at
C. H. REDINGTON'S.
oice Syrup, \$1.00, at **REDINGTON**