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Maxham & Wing

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MRS. JUDGE JENKINS.

BRING THE ONLY GENUINE QUEL TO "MAUD MULLER."

Maud Muller all that summer day
Raked the meadows sweet with hay:

Yet, looking down the distant lane,
She hoped the Judge would come again.

And when he came, with smile and bow,
Maud only blushed and stammered "Ha-o-w!"

And spoke of her "pa," and wondered whether
He'd give consent they should wed together.

Old Muller burst in tears, and then
Begged that the Judge would lend him "ten."

For trade was dull and wages low,
And the "craps" this year were somewhat slow.

And ere the languid summer died
Sweet Maud became the Judge's bride.

But on the day that they were mated,
Maud's brother Ben was intoxicated;

And Maud's relations, twelve in all,
Were very drunk in the Judge's hall.

And when the summer came again
That young bride bore him babies twain.

And the Judge was blest, and thought it strange
That hearing children made such a change;

For Maud grew broad, and red and stout,
And the waist that his arms clasped about.

Was more than he now could span, and he
Sighed as he pondered, ruefully,

How that, which in Maud was native grace,
In Mrs. Jenkins was out of place.

And thought of the twins and wished that they
Looked less like the man that raked the hay.

On Maud's farm, and dreamed with pain
Of the day he wandered down the lane;

And looking down the dreary track,
He half regretted that he came back;

For had he waited he might have wed
Some maiden fair and thorough-bred.

For there the women fair as she
Whose verbs and nouns do both agree.

Alas! for maiden, alas! for Judge,
For the sentimental—that's one-half "fudge."

For Maud soon thought the Judge a bore,
With all his learning, and all his lore.

And the Judge would have battered Maud's fair face
For more refinement and social grace.

If, of all words of tongue and pen,
The saddest are those, "It might have been,"

More are these that we daily see,
"It is, but it didn't ought to be."

—Philadelphia Bulletin.

[From Harper's Magazine for August.]

MR. GREGORY.

[CONCLUDED.]

It was not till October that the evening schools commenced; and by that time Agnes had got well into harness again, and was ready and strong to undertake her new labor. Still she had to confess to some fear and a good deal of excitement when the hour at last arrived for her to enter upon a strange, perhaps a repugnant task; and she had need to cast many fond and grateful looks toward her guardian spirit, her brave and spotless Una, to bethink her tenor of her lion-hearted, who would be ever at hand to help her before she felt able to start in faith and courage.

A Miss Burton one of the teachers in the day school, who likewise belonged to the evening-school corps, had volunteered to call and be her escort on this first evening; and Agnes had accepted the offer gratefully. She knew that Mr. Gregory would have willingly accompanied her had no one else proposed to; but she knew all too how much gossip any special attention on his part would create, and she shrank from it, and knew that he guarded against it for her sake. Still, her heart sank within her more than once, and she drew involuntarily closer to her companion's side and longed for some safer protectorate as, after leaving the comparatively well-lighted and respectable neighborhood in which she lived, they struck off into one narrow street after another.

"What! are you frightened?" said her companion. "When you've been to evening school as many winters as I have, you'll learn not to be afraid of any thing."

"But the coming home—so late at night! Are you not afraid then?" said Agnes, shrinking up closer still to her companion's side.

"Oh now, Miss Howe," she said, deprecatingly, "you're just asking that to draw me out. You know we don't have to come home alone. I don't at any rate; and I'll be bound that *Somebody* 'll be waiting for you at some corner not a mile off at nine o'clock! But here we are—here's the school-house now."

Agnes was glad, for now she would not have to reply to this good-natured though not very refined ally—would neither have to betray her paucity of friends, nor her sure trust in the one whose promise she had given in marble, to guard her so far as might be from danger or annoyance. She had time to give but a hurried glance to the great square building, whose windows were aflame with lights from top to bottom; and then Miss Burton, to whom all this was familiar ground, pushed open the great door and drew her on up stairs. "A loud hum of mingled male and female voices met her ear, and as they went further up the sounds became more peculiarly masculine."

"I belong in there—in the female department," said Miss Burton, as they passed a door on the landing, through which groups of girls and young women were seen walking about, or standing in knots, talking aloud; "but I'll just show you the way up to Mr. Gregory's room—you're his assistant, you know, and he'll tell you where to go. Ain't you most afraid to undertake such a great rough boys?"

"Afraid?" Agnes felt that she was, indeed, as she drew swung open, revealing a crowd of boys of all ages and sizes moving about the room, standing in groups here and there, sitting in rows upon the long forms, or gathered about the teachers' desks, all talking in a sort of subdued murmur, and all turning to stare at her, as she entered, with a look half-critical, half-doubtful, which made her heart quail within her. She knew as much experimentally about managing boys as she did about taming young lions, and these seemed such a rough, unmanly, and unchristianlike set—what should she do with them?

She cast one rapid, furtive glance around her, and then her eye involuntarily sought the Principal's desk. He was there—Mr. Gregory—pen in hand, and a group of boys around him, whose names he was rapidly taking down; but he glanced up at the momentary hush of curiosity which the teachers' entrance had created; and Agnes saw his face light up for an instant with one quick, glad look of recognition, then the stern business air returned. "Good-evening, Miss Burton," he seated somewhere, Miss Howe, I will attend to you presently," he said, briefly, and went on again with his rapid questioning of one new applicant for admission after another, assigning to each his proper position, and dismissing him to his classroom, until at length all except the regular first division had left the room, and every thing was now ready for the school-duties to begin.

Mr. Gregory struck a bell, and instantly there was a general subsiding into seats and hushing of the confused murmur which had prevailed

before. He rose then, and approaching the corner where Agnes sat, trembling and expectant, said, briefly enough,

"I will introduce you to your class now, if you please, Miss Howe."

She rose at once, and in another moment found herself in the next room facing an assemblage of some sixty boys, and hearing, without in the least understanding some brief introductory words of the Principal, and she was alone with her new charge, facing the sixty pairs of eyes, all strange, all curious and critical; some defiant, some mischievous, some waiting and watchful; only a very few smiling and friendly.

For an instant there was a curious sort of struggle going on within her; her heart beat thick and fast; the breath caught in her throat; she could not find her voice; but it passed in a moment, and she took her seat, and cast around her a quiet, cool, composed glance. The boys returned it boldly at first—some of them impatiently, but not even the dullest or the most daring there failed to read a certain firmness and power, only softened by the sweetness of that calm face, which made them think it best to obey the orders which she presently uttered.

Books were produced, and lessons began with fewer interruptions than she had dared to hope for. Still it was hard work, because she did not yet feel assured or confident of her continued and ultimate influence over this unruly throng; there was an anxiety and apprehension as to what might come at any moment, which would only cease when the possibility ended with the close of school; and the quick, sharp note of the gong announcing the welcome hour of nine was the pleasantest sound she had heard that day.

There was the usual opening of doors and dismissal of the pupils; and Agnes noted that two of her class were remaining in their seats after the rest of the rooms were empty. As she turned toward the corner where she had hung her bonnet and cloak on the wall they both sprang forward to reach them for her; but one, a slight pale boy, was nearest at hand, and, spite of a lame and halting foot which Agnes had not noticed before, obtained them first, and bringing them to her stood waiting, while the other boy, a great hulking fellow, stood at a little distance with ill-concealed chagrin. Presently he made a step forward as if to speak to her, but the lame boy took his place at her side, and said as though he had a certain right,

"I am to see you home, if you please, Miss Howe."

Agnes hesitated a moment, and glanced into the Principal's room. Mr. Gregory was there, but he seemed to be very busy, and looked as though he might remain there till midnight. The other teachers were departing one after another, and Agnes turned to accept the proffered escort of her lame pupil.

Before she could speak, however, the larger boy stepped up with an assumption of superiority, and said:

"You're not going to trust yourself through the dark streets with that little fellow? Besides, I was the first of the fellows who said they were going to see you home."

"That k you," said Agnes, hastily, "but I am quite sure that Charlie here—(you are Charlie Hale, are you not?)—will take good care of me. I am much obliged to you, but he spoke to me first."

"Very well, m'm," said the big boy, "I will give up then for this evening, but I hope I may have the pleasure of seeing you home to-morrow night."

"I will see about it," she said, hastily; "and now, Charlie, we must start."

Mr. Gregory looked up from his work as they passed, and bade her good-night, briefly enough, but with a look which showed how indeed he wished the night and the day alike to be "good" to her.

"Miss Howe," said Charlie, presently, "Mr. Gregory told me to come with you, and I always do what Mr. Gregory says."

Mr. Gregory told him to. Ah, that was it! Although he could not accompany her himself, whether because he did not care to do so, or to save her from the possibility of being made the subject of gossip, Agnes did not distrust herself to decide—he had, nevertheless, not forgotten her, nor his assumed part of friend and protector; he had planned for her safety and comfort.

"Mr. Gregory is very good; you do well, Charlie, to obey him. I am obliged both to him and to you."

When Agnes entered her class-room the next evening it was quite empty, the great gates not being yet open for the admission of the boys; but there stood upon her desk a little vase, a delicate, graceful lily-shaped thing of clouded glass, holding just a few clusters of faintly tinted, almond-scented heliotropes, a vivid scarlet geranium blossom, and one or two glossy dark-green leaves. It seemed to fill the great bare room with light and perfume—it kindled again with sudden warmth the last-night glow already fading in Agnes's timid breast; none but a loving and appreciative hand had placed it there, whether it were Mr. Gregory's or Charlie's; and it sent her to her work with fresh glad interest and energy; and she was rather surprised than otherwise when the bell for dismissal sounded.

She lingered a good while after school was over, even going down stairs to chat a while with Miss Burton, hoping thus to avoid the repetition of Regan's offer of escort; but it was in vain; he and Charlie were both waiting, as on the previous evening, and the big boy stepped forward the moment she appeared, bringing her hat and mantle, of which he had taken possession as soon as she had left the room.

"I was most afraid you had given me the slip, Miss Howe," he said, with an attempt at jesting familiarity; "but I was bent and bound I wouldn't be disappointed to-night."

"I am sorry, Mr. Regan, and I hope you won't mind it much, but I have promised Charlie that he shall always see me home. He was the first to ask me, and he is at the head of his class, you know; that seems to give him a right."

"That's a pretty way to treat a feller, ain't it?" burst out Regan, violently. "You're a lady, and always keep your word, don't you now?"

"I am a lady, and I have broken no word to you," said Agnes. "I told you I would think of it; I have thought of it, and given you my answer."

The boy slunk aside in silence, and let them

pass; a muttered defiance and threat he sent after them, but Agnes did not heed this, and the look which Mr. Gregory gave her as she passed his desk sent her home with such a trustful, happy feeling of being watched over and protected as made apprehension or disquiet impossible.

There was, nevertheless, room for both, as she found on the next evening at school. She chanced to be a little late; the classes were already assembled. Regan had possession of her desk as monitor; he resigned it to her with a mock-respectful bow, which brought a deeper tinge to the already flushed cheek of Agnes, and caused a titter of suppressed merriment among the boys.

"I am happy," he began, "to be able to report the conduct of the class before your arrival as excellent. There has been only one exception. It is my painful duty to report Master Charles Hale as excessively refractory. Please don't ask me to mention *how*, m'am, for I really couldn't tell you; but I *felt* m'am, that he meant to be impudent; and being impudent to me, in your place, is being impudent to you!"

"Very well," she replied, "I will attend to it. Be seated now," and she proceeded leisurely to open her desk, mark her roll-book, and even to sum up the figure in her order-book.

Then she took up the little vase, which again stood before her, filled with glowing and fragrant flowers, arranged the blossoms tenderly, smelled them in a dainty fashion, and selected one brilliant cluster to fasten at her throat. All this time there was an ominous buzz and whisper throughout the class, of which she took no notice whatever; and presently, when apparently quite at her leisure, she gave the order for books to be produced. It was obeyed, but with such a general slamming of desk-lids, clatter of slates, and dropping of miscellaneous articles, as plainly showed the confusion to be planned and intended; Agnes still took no notice, but proceeded to hear the lessons. Reading first—and such reading! every word purposely misread, every pause intentionally neglected, every previous instruction flagrantly violated. But she showed no consciousness of its being other than usual; and corrected the constantly recurring and absurd blunders with a smiling serenity which began to make the boys feel as though the joke were rather turning upon them, and had the effect of shaming most of them back to something of their usual behavior. This, however, did not suit Regan at all. The lesson was in arithmetic; and Regan's face bent thoughtfully over his slate and busy fingers were of themselves sufficiently ominous of some fresh impertinence to place Agnes on her guard, even had not an irrepressible titter, instantly forced into a cough or a sneeze, every now and then burst forth from some of his immediate neighbors.

At length raising his hand as a signal that his work was complete he presented his slate for inspection. Instead of a long calculation in compound interest it was an impudent caricature of herself, leaning upon the arm of the Principal, exaggerated to Brobdingnagian size, while Charlie Hale, drawn in Lilliputian diminutiveness and deformity, trotted behind them, holding up her sweeping train.

"Is my example correct, m'am?" he asked, with an effort at a jocular tone; and Agnes answered at once:

"Oh yes, entirely so; a perfectly correct example of your disposition and of your talents. I think that you are too far advanced for my class. I desire you to take your books and your departure at once. You are excused from further attendance for this evening at least, and for every future one, if my influence can avail to that effect."

"Do you mean to say you'll try to get me expelled from school?"

"Just so—and immediately."

"Then I mean to say I won't go, not for your making, anyhow! You're a pretty one to turn a feller off just for a joke! You know well enough I can't get into any other school this winter. I've to learn Interest and Exchange, and I won't go now!"

"You will go. Leave the room sir!"

"You have no right to expel me—you old Gregory either. I shall speak to the trustees; my father's a voter; I shall be one of these days, and you never will. We'll see!"

"Leave the room!"

Agnes's voice was only a very little raised, but it was clear as a trumpet. The coward and bully turned to obey her. In a moment, however, his brute nature reasserted itself. He turned again, and, approaching her with one sudden stride, doubled his coarse fists, and with a muttered curse struck her first with one and then with the other, full in the breast, and in the next instant had made his escape into the street. He was followed by a dozen infuriated boys; the rest of the class was in hopeless confusion; doors were opened, questions asked, teachers running hither and thither; and meanwhile Agnes had been raised from the floor and laid, apparently lifeless, upon a sofa in the library, while Mr. Gregory bent over her, so wild with anguish as to take no heed of the curious glances cast toward his white, stern face.

It was a long, death-like swoon; but at last the faint breath came fluttering back, the hue of life tinged cheeks and lips, and the heavy eyelids were lifted. It was a wandering and troubled glance which they cast round the anxious group; but a quick consciousness flashed into them as they met the gaze of the Principal. Each soul read the secret of the other, and now there was little need of words between them.

"Of course you must go home at once, Miss Howe," he said, in his old, brief, decisive way; "and of course you can't walk there. I have ordered a carriage; it is at the door, and I will see you safely home myself. Miss Burton, will you be so good as to get Miss Howe's wraps?"

The rest of you ladies will excuse me for reminding you that your classes are awaiting you. I imagine you will have orderly classes for the rest of the evening. I shall be back to close school myself. Now, Miss Howe, take my arm. There you are, all right and steady again!"

And it was all done—she scarce knew how. She was led out of the room, and borne down the long stairs, lifted into the carriage, and gathered there in those strong arms, close, close up to that beating breast; and there was nothing for her to do but to nestle up into his bosom, and lie still, and feel as does the mariner who, storm-tossed, ship-wrecked, and starving, finds himself safe at last, and warmed and fed, by the hearth of his own yearned-for home.

"And to think," he said, presently, "how nearly that brute came to robbing me of my wife!"

"But he has not, you see!" she said, hastily; "instead, he has really been the means of giving us to each other; so we must forgive him, and let him go. Promise me that; and now, without him, you shall see what a fine teacher I shall become—what a splendid class I shall make for you! Poor boys! it is but few influences for good that have ever been brought to bear upon them, I fear; but, please God, I shall try to help them, if only in return for this great good he has given me. Promise me that Regan shall not be punished, and that I may go back to school, at least till it closes at Christmas."

"And you—what will you promise me in return? Any Christmas-gift I may ask for?"

She only hid her head on his shoulder for answer; but silence gives consent, and he appeared to be satisfied.

A MILLIONAIRE IN THE RANKS.

BY JAMES PARTON.

No army, I suppose, ever contained such a variety of characters, and conditions as that of the United States during the late war. There were men in it of almost every race and color; men of every rank—from French princes lineally descended from Henry IV. to the plantation slave; men of every degree of moral worth and unworthiness—from the patriot-hero giving his life for his country, to the plundering "bounty jumper," who has since found a suitable home in a State's prison. Among other characters, the strangest, perhaps, was a private soldier who obtained an income of two hundred thousand dollars a year. Upon the staff of major generals and at the head of regiments there were several millionaires and sons of millionaires; but the gentleman of whom we speak, Elias Howe, Jr., the inventor of the sewing machine, served in the ranks of the 17th Connecticut, and refused every offer of a commission, alleging as a reason that he was ignorant of military affairs and could render no effective service to his country except as a private. Having had occasion recently to gather information respecting the origin and progress of the sewing machine, I heard the story of Mr. Howe's enlistment and service from the officers of his regiment.

He enlisted in July, 1862—the second year of the war. The country, as we all remember, had put forth prodigious efforts to repair the calamity at Bull Run. An immense army had been assembled on the banks of the Potomac, which after a long winter spent in organizing and drilling it, had been swiftly conveyed to Virginia and successfully landed near Yorktown. That proved to be the end of its success. Stopped for a month at Yorktown, until Richmond was ready to withstand it, that mighty host of devoted men came within sight of the steeples of the Confederate Capital, whence, after a succession of mishaps, reverses, and defeats, it was driven back to the James, and was soon after ordered back to its old position on the Potomac. Nothing in the history of the war seems to me so remarkable as the high spirit and unshaken resolution of the people after disasters so terrible, so unexpected, and so peculiarly calculated to dishearten a nation unused to war.

It was July, 1862. The army was still on the James, protected by the gunboats of the navy. A new levy of troops was ordered. Until this time men had not hung back, and new regiments had come in about as fast as they could be equipped. But in July of this year, when the ripening harvest called farmers to their fields, and the tidings of defeat gave pause to those inclined to enlist, the forming regiments filled slowly, and there were rumors in the air of a possible draft. Then it was that it occurred to some gentlemen of Bridgeport, Conn., to raise a county regiment, the several companies of which should be composed of friends and neighbors. It was an excellent and fruitful thought. The sanction of Gov. Buckingham was obtained, and a public meeting was called for July 17th, to begin the work.

The public anxiety as well as the patriotism of the people of Bridgeport caused this to be one of the largest and most earnest ever held in the town. Mr. Howe attended it, and sat upon the platform as one of the Vice-Presidents. When the meeting had been organized, it was addressed by several speakers, who raised the enthusiasm of the crowd to the highest point. Money was liberally subscribed for the expenses of the proposed regiment—Messrs. Wheeler & Wilson headed the list with five thousand dollars, and Elias Howe following with one thousand. The whole sum raised was twenty-five thousand dollars. This was encouraging, and it was then to be seen how the citizens of Bridgeport would respond to the call for services more perilous and more necessary than the subscribing of money.

When the time came for inviting men to enlist, Mr. Howe—to the astonishment of his friends, for he had never before addressed a public meeting—rose to his feet, and spoke somewhat as follows:—

"At such a time as this every man is called upon to do what he can for his country. I don't know what I can do unless it is to enlist and serve as a private in the Union army. I want no position. In fact, I know nothing of military matters; but I am willing to learn and to do what I can with a musket. At any rate I mean to go. I have in my hand a piece of paper for the names of those who wish to enlist to-night, and my name is at the head of it."

With these words, he laid the paper upon the chairman's table. The excitement produced by this announcement can neither be imagined nor described. Mr. Howe was known to every one present, as being one of the wealthiest men in the State, whose residence at Iranistan was as pleasant and attractive a scene as could anywhere be found; and to exchange this for the privations of a camp seemed to the audience, as it was, a most remarkable evidence of patriotic principle. Cheer upon cheer expressed and relieved the feelings of the excited multitude.

The next incident that occurred was one in which the comic and pathetic were blended. The coachman who had driven Mr. Howe's carriage that evening, attracted by the continual cheers within the hall, had hired a boy to

hold his horses, and had entered the building to witness the proceedings. He was a warm-hearted Irishman, named Michael Cahill, past the age of military service as defined by law. Upon hearing his employer's speech, he rushed forward, and, clambering upon the platform, cried out:—

"Put down my name too! I can't bear to have the old man go alone."

So down went the name of Michael Cahill, coachman, next to that of Elias Howe. Laughter and cheers, mingled in about equal proportions, followed the announcement of "Mike's" intention. Other names now came in with great rapidity. A large number of men were obtained that night, and such zeal and enthusiasm were created in the county by the events of the evening that in twenty days the 17th Connecticut had upon its rolls the names of one thousand men. It was commanded by Colonel H. H. Noble, one of the leading lawyers of Bridgeport.

A difficulty arose when Mr. Howe had to be examined by the surgeon of the regiment, Mr. Hubbard. All his life the inventor of the sewing machine has been troubled with an hereditary lameness. Indeed, it was owing to the extreme fatigue which his daily labor as a journeyman machinist caused him, in consequence of this lameness, that he set about inventing something by which he hoped to earn his living less laboriously. The probability is, that if Elias Howe had had two legs, he would never have invented the sewing machine. When Dr. Hubbard hesitated about accepting him, and told him that he could not march.

"No matter," said the inventor, "you must pass me. I am going!"

Both the officers and men of the regiment soon discovered that to have a man in the regiment who is both rich and generous is extremely convenient. To some of the field officers he gave horses from his stable, and to others he lent them; and whenever there was delay or difficulty in procuring an article necessary for the regiment's speedy departure, his purse was always open to supply the deficiency. Early in September, the regiment started on its way toward the seat of war, and went into camp near Baltimore.

When the camp was organized and the Regiment entered upon its routine duties Mr. Howe discovered that the doctor was right. He could not march with a musket in his hand, even to the extent of standing sentry. But determined to be of service he volunteered, to serve the regiment as its postmaster, messenger, and expressman. Sending home for a suitable horse and wagon he drove into Baltimore twice every day, and brought to the camp the letters and parcels for the regiment, which he distributed from his own tent with his own hands. He served, in short, as the father of the regiment. Going home occasionally to "Bridgeport," where he was then building a large factory, he always gave notice of his intention, and made his journey with a small cargo of letters and bundles for the families of his comrades, and took unwearied pains in performing every commission intrusted to him. As one of the officers said to me, "he would run over half the State to deliver a letter to some lonely mother anxious for her soldier boy, or bring back to him in the camp a favorite pair of boots which he needed during the rainy winter of Maryland."

I once heard Mr. Howe relate a curious anecdote of one of the journeys. He was sitting in the cars behind two wild secessionists, who were conversing eagerly about the war. One of them said to the other:—

"Yes, sir! the whole thing was got up for the purpose of giving fat contracts to the damned abolitionists. There's old Howe, the sewing machine man, worth his millions; they have actually given him the contract for carrying the mail to the army."

"You don't say so," said the other.

"It's a fact," rejoined his friend. "I saw Howe myself riding in one of the mail carts yesterday."

Mr. Howe smiled, but said nothing.

Another story of his warlike experience is related by Colonel Stephen A. Walker, paymaster of the division to which Mr. Howe's regiment belonged.

For four months after the Seventeenth Connecticut entered the field, the government was so pressed for money that no payment to the troops could be made, and consequently there was great suffering among the families of the soldiers, and a still more painful anxiety suffered by the men themselves. One day a private soldier came quietly into the paymaster's office in Washington, and as there were several officers already there to be attended to, he took his seat in a corner, to wait his turn. When the officers had been disposed of Colonel Walker turned to him and said:

"Now, my man, what can I do for you?"

"I have called," said the soldier, "to see about the payment of the Seventeenth Connecticut."

The paymaster, a little irritated by what he supposed a needless and impudent interruption, told him somewhat bluntly, "that a paymaster could do nothing without money, and that until the government could furnish some it was useless for soldiers to come bothering him about the pay of their regiments."

"I know," said the soldier, "the government is in straits, and I have called to find out how much money it will take to give my regiment two months' pay, and if you will tell me I am ready to furnish the amount."

The officer stared with astonishment, and asked the name of the soldier, who was no other than Elias Howe. On referring to his books, Colonel Walker found that the sum required was thirty-one thousand dollars. Upon receiving the information, the private wrote a memorandum certifying the advance, and promising reimbursement when the government could furnish the money.

Two or three days after, at Fairfax Court House the regiment was paid, and there were a thousand happy men in camp. When Mr. Howe's name was called, he went up to the paymaster's desk, received twenty-eight dollars and sixty cents of his own money, and signed the receipt therefor, "Private Elias Howe, Jr." We can not be surprised at some of the officers of neighboring regiments sending over to inquire if they could "borrow" this private for a while from the Seventeenth Connecticut.

During the winter Mr. Howe was twice prostrated by sickness; first by dysentery, and afterwards by fever. It was proposed to convey him to the officers' hospital; but he insisted on being taken to the hospital of the private, and to be treated in all respects as a private soldier. There was no difference, however, in essential points, between the hospitals for officers and those for private soldiers.

When the spring came, and the regiment was about to enter upon active service and to make long marches, it became clear to Mr. Howe that he could be nothing but an incubus, and, therefore, after rendering all the service which a man in his physical condition could render, he reluctantly asked a discharge and returned home. He used to say to the soldiers:—

"I've got to leave you, boys. I'm of no use here; but never mind; when your time is out, come to me at Bridgeport. I'm building a large sewing-machine factory there, and I shall have a plenty of work for those who want it."

Many of his comrades took him at his word, and are now at work under him in various capacities. Honest "Mike," after faithfully serving out his term, went to his home, and has advanced from driving Mr. Howe's carriage to driving his own horse and cart which he is still doing.

Mr. Howe's enlistment to serve in the ranks of the army was due to a genuine patriotic impulse.

An officer of his regiment related to me a conversation which he had with him one gloomy day in camp, when bad news was coming in from the West.

"Well," said the officer, "what do you think the trash we call our property will be worth when this is all over?"

"So that this thing is settled right," said Mr. Howe, "I don't care a copper. As for me, give me three acres of land, and I can earn my living upon it, and that's all I want."

PRESERVE THE POINT.

A Scotchman is not the only person who needs a surgical operation before he can get a joke through his head. A dozen men will be found who appreciate a story, to one who can repeat it so as to preserve the point, especially if it be a fine one. Our national sense of humor is broad, and does not readily take in the Attie wit whose force lies in its refinement. We admire the battle-axe of Richard rather than the scymetar of Saladin. The fine edge of the best story is generally blunted by transportation.

A writer in a western journal, in telling an incident in a speech of Tom Corwin during the Harrison campaign, illustrates the general tendency to miss the point. He thus tells the story:—

"After travelling over the corruptions of Mr. Van Buren's administration, and the tenacity with which those in office hold on to their lucrative offices, he stopped, as if he was about through. He cast his eyes over the vast crowd in his own peculiar style, his body bent over the platform as if he desired to speak to some one close by; then, with a low, clear voice, repeated the 5th verse of the 6th chapter of Job: 'Doth the wild ass bray when he hath grass; or loweth the ox when he hath fodder?'"

Corwin made the point much sharper than the writer does. After describing the corruptions of the office holders, he said, as if anticipating a possible objection to the truth of his statement,—we preserve the point if not the exact language,— "But, fellow-citizens, you will say, some of these men are patriotic and honest, and would not quietly endure such corruption; they would expose it if it really existed. Fellow citizens, doth the wild ass bray when he hath grass? or loweth the ox when he hath fodder?"

Another illustration was current in our college days. One of the professors met a boy whose jacket was much too short. "Why," my son," he said, "your jacket is too short for you." "It will be long enough before I get another," was the witty reply. The doctor laughed heart

Waterville Mail.

RPH MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . SEPT. 6, 1867.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

R. M. FETTERILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 17 Park Row, New York; J. H. Niles, Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. F. Rowell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 23 Congress Street, Boston, and 68 Cedar Street, New York; and T. E. Evans, Advertising Agent, 129 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the Waterville Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at the office.

At Wells & Co., Advertising Agents, 174 Middle Street, Portland, are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required by law.

Advertisements are referred to the Agents named above.

UNION NOMINATIONS.

FOR GOVERNOR.

Joshua L. Chamberlain.

Kennebec County Nomination.

Senators—JOSEPH T. WOODWARD, JOHN L. STEPHENS, WILLIAM B. SNELL, Co. Atty.—SAMUEL C. HARLEY, Co. Treas.—DANIEL PIKE, Co. Com'r.—NATHANIEL GRAVES, Reg'r of Deeds—ARCHIBALD CLARK.

ELECTION!—MONDAY.

Old party watchwords have gone by, and mere rallying phrases have lost their power over the ballot-box. Principles, now, and measures tangibly aiming at the public interest, are the powers that govern the great body of the voters in the selection of public officers. The war, more than anything else, has brought the great public conscience to this point. Heartless political schemers, and more heartless demagogues and party leaders, had driven the nation so near to ruin—a ruin that the common eye could see and feel—that the real labors and duties of freemen were brought home to the hearts and minds of all classes of men. And to-day—when these duties again call for the votes of freemen—mere party managers and party schemes were never more destitute of power. The nation has interests too high and holy to be bartered for the trifles that in times past had influence at the polls.

For a few months past there has been zealous effort, with a class of leaders in both the political parties of this State, to spread the idea that many republicans were going to forget, for the time, the principles and objects that have controlled their votes for a few years past, and go back to the little bickerings that used to blind them in days past. The great perils of the nation, it is said, are to be forgotten for this once, while the ballot-box is to be used to procure a little more rum or cider! The liberties of the people are more endangered, it is said, by the laws that stint them in the sale of intoxicating drinks, than by the combined efforts of a traitor president and the minions of secession to destroy the nation itself. Hundreds of old party hacks, who in times past have had no higher political work than to play with the ignorance of the voters, have been laboring to extend this belief. Some have even been deceived; and on Monday next at the polls, many old and well tried republicans will be watched to see if they do not cast votes for a party that remembers nothing indelibly but slavery and rum! Or at least they are expected to decline voting at all, and thus forget their share in the duties to which the republicans of the country have thus far stood mutually pledged.

We confess to no such apprehension. We have a higher estimate of the intelligence of the voters in Maine. The men who stood by the country in her four years of terrible peril, will not be turned aside by the smell of rum;—and this, too, when the dangers that now threaten are as great as those that are past. They will not forget that the vote of Maine is watched by the millions who are yet to vote in other States, to see if the loss of a single republican vote can be brought to encourage the odious schemes of the president and his party. They will never consent to meet the joers of their old enemies, in the howl of triumph that will stretch the mouth of every copperhead between Maine and California, if a single vote is lost from last year's majority. "You did it!" either by neglecting to vote, or by voting with political opponents, will sound worse to such men than the death knell of the last drop of liquor on earth. It is not true—we will not believe it—that men who are neither addicted to the use of liquor, nor engaged in its sale, will make sacrifice of great national interests to bring it within the reach of men who are better without it. The contest on Monday next will prove it is not so. Their views of expediency, or even of "constitutional rights," may be wounded by the late liquor laws, but they will never permit themselves to be so blinded, so befogged by men who would put them to base uses, as to desert principles and party even for one occasion. If they thus help their enemy to any measure of triumph, they will themselves blush to claim a share in it. We will fear no such thing from republicans, even to a number

worth counting. But when the accustomed wave of victory takes its start from the Dirigo banner, to roll with accumulating power over State after State, every true man will be able to lay his hand upon his heart and say, "I did it!"

THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL, which is to commence its session here on Tuesday, the 17th inst., and continue in session till Friday, promises a highly pleasant entertainment to those whose ears and souls are set to music. The engagement of Mrs. J. A. Crowell, a distinguished soprano singer, of Bangor, Mr. Ora Pearson, tenor, of the same place, and Mr. M. W. Whitney, basso, of Boston, with other arrangements heretofore advertised, completes a programme of unusual attractions. Mr. Dav- enport, the director, is well known to the public as eminently qualified to fill his place; and with the co-operation of the musical talent of Waterville, with such as will be attracted from abroad, and the general sympathy of our citizens, we may confidently look for an occasion of much interest and enjoyment.

Part of the Oratorio of the Creation will be given at one of the Concerts. Free return tickets will be furnished on the railroad.

KENNEBEC BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.—This body held its thirty-eighth anniversary the present week with the Baptist church in Sidney, commencing Tuesday P. M. Sept. 3d, and continuing until Thursday noon. The officers elected were Rev. N. J. Wheeler, Skowhegan, Moderator; Rev. W. H. Kelton, West Waterville, Clerk and Treasurer; Dea. W. A. F. Stevens, Auditor.

The annual sermon was preached Tuesday afternoon by Rev. W. H. Kelton, from Heb. 3: 19. The Doctrinal sermon was by Rev. A. Wilson, D. D. Subject: "The divine influence on the hearts of men." The Circular letter was by Rev. C. E. Harden. Other sermons were preached during the session by Revs. J. Chaplin D. D. and W. T. Chase. Considerable time was devoted to social worship, which tended very much to increase the interest and profit of the session. Several subjects of general religious and denominational interest were considered and discussed, the prevailing sentiment being much in favor of enlarged activity and extended operations. The contributions of the churches to the various objects of christian activity have been some hundreds of dollars in excess of what was reported last year. The reports from the churches were in the main hopeful and encouraging. No. of churches 17, all but two of which were represented. There has also been an increase in the total membership of the churches during the year.

A vote was passed expressing the cordial thanks of the body to the church and friends in Sidney for their hospitality; and to the Portland & Kennebec R. R. for granting free return tickets to the delegates who passed over their road.

The next session will be at Skowhegan, commencing the first Tuesday in Sept. 1868. Preacher of Annual sermon, Rev. C. E. Harden; alternate, Rev. B. F. Shaw. Doctrinal sermon, Prof. S. K. Smith; alternate, Pres. J. T. Champlin, D. D. Circular Letter, Rev. N. J. Wheeler. **CLERK.**

The first number of the new religious paper, *The Advance*, is published. It is a very handsome sheet of eight pages, well printed and well arranged. It is under the editorial charge of Rev. Dr. Patton, late pastor of the First Congregational church of Chicago, and a great deal of talent and ability has been enlisted in his support. The present number contains an original sermon by Dr. H. Bushnell, a political article by Hon. Lyman Trumbull, able editorials, a commercial and financial review, a list of Chicago prices current, and a good variety of other matter. *The Advance* is published in Chicago, and is intended to be the organ of Congregationalism in the West.

Four salmon, weighing respectively 8 1/2, 11, 16 and 18 pounds, have been caught at Skowhegan, as we are informed by J. H. Philbrick, Esq., of that place. They probably passed the Augusta dam by the lock, and the fact furnishes a hint for the Fish Commissioners; though we hardly think these gentlemen have ever doubted that the only obstacle in the way of restoration of the fish to our river is the dam at Augusta. Let us insist upon the building of a servicable fishway there, in accordance with the charter of the Company and the provisions of the statute.

THE "HAND OF DEATH" is said to be steady, but the hand of repair is heavier at times. This last hand is now resting in a long neglected spot—the venerable "Stilson" shops on Temple St. This property has recently been purchased by Mr. C. F. Hathaway, who owns the adjoining lots out to Main St., and other proprietors in the vicinity are rejoicing in the hope that their local interests have fallen into good hands. A few very neat residences on that street have been sadly incumbered with "social relations" of a different class. Mr. H. has put himself in a condition to become highly esteemed by his neighbors.

WHERE'S WENDELL?—Mr. Bryce Shepard, of W. Waterville, sends us a rich red tomato that weighs five and three-fourths pounds. This is the first man that ever beat Boothby. Now for Wendell.

Tax republicans of the Winslow district have nominated Col. W. E. Drummond, for their candidate for representative. Mr. Chas. Priest is the candidate of the democrats.

CAUCUS.—The republican Town Committee have called the usual caucus, for nominating a candidate for Representative, at Town Hall, Saturday P. M. at 4 o'clock.

BROOK FARM, Sept. 4, 1867.

Messrs. Editors:—

I see by a kindly meant notice in your paper, headed "challenge," that you are in error in regard to my advertisement in *Maine Standard*; and apparently misunderstood my motive. I simply called the attention of Capt. A. W. Calden to four errors in his advertisement of the horse "Hendrick Hudson," and offered to forfeit the sum of One Hundred Dollars if I did not prove him in the wrong, the amount to be given to some charitable institution in this State. No notice has ever been taken of my card by Capt. Calden; but a third person (who it seems has charge of "Hendrick Hudson") makes an attempt to answer, not denying any of the points to which I took exception; but after refusing to trot his horse to bring an "inferior" stallion into notice, he closes by saying he is willing to do so for \$500, the amount to be divided between the *Sanitary Commission* and the *State Constabulary*. Evidently the man—Pease—has not heard that our war had closed and that there was no further need for Sanitary Commissions. **HENRY TAYLOR.**

Mr. John Davis, of this village, who claims that the P. & K. Railroad Co. are occupying land taken from his father without just or legal compensation, made another attack upon the rails and sleepers of the road on Saturday last. The time chosen was just before the arrival of the afternoon freight train. Of course the train was detained for some time. Mr. Davis was armed with a revolver, and threatened to shoot any one who attempted to arrest him. He was at length secured by officer Joseph Nye, of Kendall's Mills, who sprang upon him from behind while his attention was taken with the reading of the warrant by another officer. He was taken to jail at Augusta the same night. This is the way Mr. Davis has taken to bring the Company to terms in settling his claim. It is not easy to guess whether he will succeed or not. The continued annoyance to the road is a serious matter; and though the Company offer to pay even more than they think the property worth, Mr. Davis contends that they shall pay for the sufferings of his family by the long delay—among the items of which he counts the death of his father. Though heretofore and in other respects an amiable and worthy young man, Mr. D. seems to know how to make himself a very difficult opponent for the road to control. The public will rejoice when this matter is settled.

THE CHURCH UNION, published in New York, has been enlarged to double its original size, and is now the largest religious paper in the country, as well as one of the best and most liberal. It is the organ of no sect, but aims to represent every branch of the Church of Christ. It is Trinitarian in Creed, but favors free discussion of subjects not already settled by the universal consent of the Church of all ages, opposes ritualism and infidelity, advocates a free pulpit and free communion table, is in favor of universal suffrage and equal rights to every man and woman of whatever nationality, and opposed to all human instruments contrived for the enslavement of the consciences of men.

It will publish a sermon by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher every Monday. Writers and editors of every branch of the Church are engaged on this paper.

Terms \$2.50; \$1.00 to agents for every subscriber. Premiums of sewing-machines, etc., will be offered. For sale by the American News Company, for 5 cents. Address C. Albertson, Supt., 103 Fulton Street, N. Y.

VERMONT, on Tuesday, went all right with a majority about 3900 less than last year, but with no indication of failing strength in the republican party. The legislature is overwhelmingly republican, as before.

It has been confidently said that Gen. Howard was to be removed immediately; but Gen. Grant has telegraphed to him at Providence that he is to be retained in office, and Grant usually means what he says.

CATTLE MARKETS.—A much smaller supply of cattle and sheep is reported this week, and a slight advance in prices, as compared with last week.

BASE BALL.—The Cushnoos of Augusta have been again beaten in a match for the championship of the State with the Bona of Portland. It was a near thing, though, 22 to 21.

OUR TOWN MEETING, next Monday, being held at the West village, must not diminish our vote. We certainly ought to call upon our neighbors as often as once a year, especially when we can have a cheap ride.

EXCURSIONS.—To-morrow, if the weather is pleasant, the members of the Baptist Sabbath School will make an excursion to North Belgrade, and have a picnic on one of the islands in Snow Pond, to which they are to be taken by Capt. Bowman's pleasure boat.

On some day next week the Universalist Sabbath School will make an excursion to Oak Grove Seminary, in Vassalboro'.

By the last will and testament of the late Capt. Ignatius J. Stevens of Gorham, he gives \$1,000 to Waterville College in trust to found a scholarship to be called the Stevens scholarship. Hon. J. H. Drummond, while living, is to name the beneficiary. After his death, the President of the College is to name him.

Mr. Albert Lyford, of this place, who suffered amputation of a leg in July, from the kick of a horse, is lingering in a very critical condition. His recovery is at least very doubtful.

OUR TABLE.

THE DIAMOND DICKENS.—"The Old Curiosity Shop and Reprinted Pieces" is the Seventh number of this issue. The remaining six or seven numbers will be published in rapid succession. The set, consisting of thirteen or fourteen elegant little volumes, will be a choice library in itself. Besides being so very attractive, it is really the cheapest edition of Dickens's Complete Works issued in this country. The illustrated edition is only \$1.50 a volume; plain, \$1.25. All the booksellers have it, or it will be sent postpaid by the Publishers, Ticknor and Fields, Boston.

The Chicago Journal says of this volume:—"The beauty, coarseness, form, and all the other attractions of this exquisite edition add new delights to one of Dickens' best stories. *Eugenie's* portraits of favorite characters give fresh interest to Little Nell, Mrs. Jarley, Dick Swiveller, Quilp, Sampson Brass, The Marchioness, etc., and will tend to increase the number of their admirers. The 'Reprinted Pieces' are some of the choicest papers ever contributed to English periodicals, many of them having already won wide favor in this country. The convenience and clear type of the 'Diamond Dickens,' we are glad to know, are widely appreciated."

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW for July has the following table of contents:—

New Paris; Cornish Antiquities; Reminiscences of Massimo d'Azeglio; The New Courts of Law; Mounting Characteristics of English History; Agricultural Gains; Hannibal's Passage of the Alps; The Church and her Curates; Reform Essays.

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 are as follows:—For any one of the four Reviews, \$4 per annum; for any two of the Reviews, \$7; any of the three Reviews, \$10; all four Reviews, \$13; Blackwood's Magazine, \$4; Blackwood and one Review, \$7; Blackwood and any 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 commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works under the new rates will be but 55 cents a year.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.—"Berne, and the Nydeck Bridge," and a portrait of Hon. Schuyler Colfax, are two fine embellishments in the September number of this excellent literary and religious magazine. The contents of the number are good, as usual.

Published by Poe & Hitchcock, Cincinnati, at \$2.50 a year.

HOURS AT HOME.—The number for September is as usual rich in entertaining and instructive reading matter. The contents are:—

Moral Essays of Dark Things; Tom Hogan's Great Fortune; Lang Syne Sketches; A Visit to Andersonville; I Mourning my Dead Diary; and Let us Remember; Pleasant and Pleasant; Storin Cliff; Streets; How to Use a Dictionary; Sleep and Death; Heat Motion; The Agricultural Resources of California; Summer Clouds; Minister's Sunshine; Rest and Unrest; Books of the Month.

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

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF HORTICULTURE for September has the following table of contents:—

Prairie Flowers; Architectural Gardening; Moving Crocus Bulbs; Irrigation; Pruning; Double-Grazing; Thunbergia; Violets; Keteleeria Fortuni; and about thirty pages of interesting and valuable Notes and Glosses, etc.

Published by J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, at \$3 a year.

THE STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE for September has a continuation of "Ragged Dick, or Street Life in New York," a capital story, and many other good things which will not mention, with a lively dialogue, as usual, and a piece for declamation, music, etc. This juvenile magazine maintains its old-time popularity.

Published by Joseph H. Allen, Boston, at \$1.50 per annum.

An enterprising business man is a desirable acquisition, and we are glad to have such identify their interests with ours by the purchase of real estate in our village; we are therefore pleased to learn that Francis Kenrick, Esq., the well known carriage manufacturer, has bought the house he lives in, being the south half of the Dodge & Scammon tenement, with the house and lot adjoining. We shall expect to see a new and handsome house take the place of the old one on this last mentioned lot, next season.

They have an editor up in the little town of Waterville who pays an income tax. We always knew that Waterville was a perfect Eden, but was not prepared to believe it approximated so near to Bunyan's land of Beulah as must be inferred by the above statement. [Bath Times and a dozen other papers.

Oh, hush, now; or we shall be kidnapped by Barum, and made a "plaster parish image of."

It is said that the President is about to issue another amnesty proclamation.

FLORE.—The following is a late report in the *Portland Press*:—

The market is in an unsettled condition, and prices favor purchasers. New flour is coming along quite freely and the common and medium grades are rather depressed. The crop of wheat, it is now acknowledged, will be immense in this country, and the latest advices from England give most favorable harvest reports, so that it is impossible, almost, that a scarcity of wheat should occur. The present demand is limited to the immediate wants for home consumption, and no speculative feeling is manifest.

THE FLORENCE SODA WASHING SOAP, manufactured by Messrs. Lincoln & Sons, of North Vassalboro', is a nice article, and cannot fail to be popular.

PRESIDENT JUAREZ is taking steps to lessen the power of the Church in Mexico. He discontinuances the convent system and favors the introduction of public schools.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston Advertiser states that the breach between the President and General Grant appears to be widening, and it is believed in some circles, that, notwithstanding the difficulties in the way of such a step, General Grant will soon vacate the war office. The foreign ministers at Washington are well informed, it appears, concerning the difficulty between the President and Congress, and estimate the course of the President as all patriotic Americans would have them.

STATE CONSTABULARY IN MASSACHUSETTS.—Mr. Jones, State Constable, states in an official report that \$45,721.22 were paid into the several county treasurers in June, on account of his department, and that the expenses for the same month were \$7,614.91—showing a balance of \$38,106.31. For six months ending June 30th, the whole receipts were \$105,254.45; and the expenses \$48,001.94—showing a balance in favor of the department of \$57,252.51. This shows that the constabulary is a decidedly "paying institution."

THE AUGUSTA HOUSE, at Augusta, and its new proprietor, we hear well spoken of on every hand. The following notice is from the *Portland Press*, and is no doubt just.

Mr. J. A. King, who a few months since assumed the proprietorship of the Augusta House, has in this brief period won his way to public favor and established the reputation of the house as a first class hotel. Mr. K. is a gentleman as well as a hotel keeper; he thoroughly understands his business, his tables are supplied with the best the market affords, the servants are attentive and polite, and the order, neatness and regularity of the house is such as to give universal satisfaction to his numerous guests. It is a good place to stop at.

The statement of the public debt shows a reduction of the aggregate debt of nearly five millions in currency. Over nine millions were paid on compound and seven-thirty notes in August. Twenty-three millions of the compound notes due in August have been redeemed—only seven millions are outstanding. The bonded debt has been increased by the conversion of seven-thirties; but the currency interest-bearing debt has been decreased by twenty-five millions over and above the increase of the bonded debt. Four millions of greenbacks were retired during the month. It is just two years since the debt reached its maximum. The following year, ending August, 1866, the debt was reduced one hundred and twenty-four millions, and for the year ending August, 1867, there has been a further reduction of one hundred and twenty-five millions.

Two leading European Parliaments have just closed their sessions, that of England and that of Italy. In each the legislative term has been characterized by adopting a measure of vast importance to the people. In England the Reform Bill has become a law; and in Italy an act has been passed confiscating all ecclesiastical property. The one goes far towards weakening the power of the aristocracy; the other weakens the temporal power of the Church, and both are significant of the growing power of the people.

To whom should the recent tragedy in Augusta be charged? Where are the officials who have been so valiant against cider and harmless beer? A young man returns from a sea-voyage, with his wages in his pocket; he meets his old companions, and is piloted to liquor-shops in the city that cannot tolerate an agency nor a hop-beer manufacturer. Stupefied by liquor, he essays to grope his way home in the darkness of the night, abandoned by his comrades. He staggers along, but finally stumbles and falls at a railroad track; there he sleeps. The train approaches, and the poor victim's consciousness is gone and he heeds it not. The train moves on unchecked, and leaves a mangled body behind while a soul passes to eternity. In whose pockets is the blood-stained money that bought the fatal drug? It is the duty of men in Augusta to find out.—[Hall Gazette.

SENTECE OF THE BOWDOINHAM BANK ROBBERIES.—Bartlett, Simmes and Maguire, the Bowdoinham Bank robbers, were sentenced by Judge Barrows in the Supreme Court in Sagadahoc County to imprisonment in the State Prison for the term of fifteen years each.

Those who suffer from coughs, colds, bronchitis, croup, influenza, or whooping-cough, will find sure relief in *DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY*, which has now been in use for nearly half a century, and still maintains its long established reputation as the great remedy for all diseases of the throat, lungs, and chest.

It is remarked that since the invention of the STEAM REFINED SOAPS, workers in oils, paints, leathers, and other odorous materials, can no longer be distinguished by the sense of smell. We doubt not the mechanics are glad to dispense with that form of advertising, and bless the STEAM REFINED.

Soldiers throughout the country are cautioned against parties representing themselves to be sent from Washington with instructions to soldiers and claim agents for the collection of additional bounties, and also stating that the soldiers of 1861 are entitled to one hundred and sixty acres of land. The object of these parties appears to be to obtain the dates, numbers of regiments and officers' signatures as they appear upon discharge papers; with these dates, forged applications for pay would probably be made out. Several of these parties have been discovered in Ohio and Indiana.

European despatches state that the English Foreign Office has published the documents relating to the Alabama case, the last despatch in the collection stating the progress already made toward a settlement, which is to the effect that England will submit the claims of American citizens for damages caused by the Alabama, to a commission, provided that the same commission shall adjudicate the claims of British subjects against the United States, for losses caused by the late war. The Cretan war is ended and a proclamation of general amnesty has been issued by the Sublime Porte.

The Leavenworth Bulletin promises "the coming man," Sheridan, an enthusiastic reception when he shall arrive in Kansas. It says "he will be received with shouts of welcome from loyal men who support him now in his moral victory, as they did when he rode red-handed through the traitor hosts and carved a victory with his sword."

SOMERSET NOMINATIONS.—For Senators, Col. Isaac Dyer of Skowhegan, and Stephen D. Lindsey, Esq., of Norridgewock; Register of Deeds, Frank B. Ward; Sheriff, Joseph F. Nye; County Attorney, Wm. Folsom; County Commissioner, Chandler Baker; Treasurer, James B. Dascomb.

The Republicans of Maryland have decided not to vote on the new Constitution to be submitted on the 18th of September to the voters of the State for ratification. In lieu of it, they prepared an address to Congress, stating that the Constitution is not Republican in form, as it disfranchises 80,000 colored people and does not allow them to testify in the courts where white people are parties to the controversy.

The New York Commercial says Dickens' agent has received letters from nearly one hundred towns and cities asking the loan or use of Mr. Dickens for one night or longer. For the present a printed formula, entirely non-committal, goes in reply. These letters come from the entire country, from Eastport to Omaha, and cities not even mapped out when Dickens prepared his "American Notes" now tender him audiences as large as a brigade, in halls of proportionate size and grandeur. Hundreds of miles west of that Eden whence the cheerful Mark Tapley speculated on American progress and the great Program and the inevitable Jefferson Brick swelled into unnatural proportions,

there come invitations to "read" to orderly and settled and civilized communities, which already have antiquarian societies and talk of the graves of their pioneer ancestors.

The Sierra is pierced; the Summit Tunnel is through, and now the energetic Californians will have down hill work. Sixteen hundred and fifty-eight feet of tough granite have been penetrated in a marvellously short space of time and we believe it is a very creditable piece of work as to quality, also. A commendable zeal has been shown from both ends of the Pacific Road, each striving to obtain the extra prize of construction which was wisely held out to the company first reaching the other—if we may be permitted such Hibernianism in speaking of a mutual advance. There is, perhaps, some danger of hasty workmanship in this provision, but, if the Commissioners do their duty, and peremptorily reject any section which on examination does not appear up to the requirements of the law, this may be effectually guarded against.—[N. Y. Times.

FOREIGN ITEMS.—A Vienna despatch informs us that the United States is about to conclude the purchase from Denmark of all the Danish possessions in the West Indies, paying therefor the sum of eight millions in gold. An armistice between the Turks and the Cretans has been agreed upon, and a commission will be sent to the island of Candia to learn the grievances of the inhabitants and report the necessary reforms in the government of the island.

The ravages of yellow fever are reported as fast becoming frightful, both at New Orleans and Galveston, and on the Texas coast. All the regular army surgeons are either dead or down with the fever, and additional medical aid has been requested.

Hon. James G. Blaine, M. C. from Maine, now travelling in Europe, writes:—

"Our newspapers at home are so much in the habit of commenting on the disorderly conduct of the House of Representatives, that a large portion of our people have come to consider it as a sort of organized mob. In this I am sure the greatest injustice is done to the popular branch of Congress. During the past two months I have attended the sittings of the Italian Parliament, of the French Chamber of Deputies, and of the British House of Commons, and I have no hesitation in affirming that the House of Representatives at Washington is a far more orderly, decorous and dignified body, taken as a whole, than any one of those Legislative assemblies in Europe."

HOW TO KEEP COOL.—Be sparing in your diet, which should consist principally of fruits, berries and vegetables. Avoid every trace of a greasy nature; also spices, condiments, and sweets. Drink nothing but water. Chew nothing but food; chew that well, but do not chew too much of it. Excess in eating is one of the principal causes of that lazy, listless, relaxing feeling experienced by so many persons in hot weather. Dress lightly, and change often. Wear nothing at night which is worn during the day. Bathe the body every morning with cool or cold water. Keep a clean conscience as well as clean body and clean clothing, and don't get excited. If uncomfortably warm at any time, immerse the hands, or feet, or both, in cold water for a short time, or let a stream of cold water run upon the wrists and ankles. This will cool the whole body in a short time.

"THAT BRUTE". A young lady at the Alpine House confessed with tears to the wife of a friend that her husband was a brute.

"As an instance," said she, "he forbade me to take more than three trunks, to be gone a whole month, and then—then—" (breaking down with sobs.)

"What then?" said the other.

"Why, then he put his hat and linen into one of my own trunks, and took ever so much room away from me again."

"Did you consent to this unmanly appropriation?"

"Dear me! I had to; but I used his shirts for napkins, and my poodle made a dog-house of the hat!"

"Humanity was vindicated!" said No. 2.

A NEW IDEA FOR HOUSING POULTRY.—A correspondent of the American Agriculturist gives a novel plan for a poultry house. It consists of a light building 4 by 9 feet, and 4 1/2 feet high, without floor, and set upon wheels or rollers. Three feet at one end open into the work, and the remaining six feet partitioned off—the partition coming down within a foot of the ground enclosing 3 by 4 feet. The enclosed portion is for the roosts and nest boxes. The house is designed for fifteen hens, and is to be sent on the grass and moved its length every day. The writer states that such a house is as practical operation, and works well, the advantages being that the fowl gets fresh grass every day, that they thrive better in small than in large flocks, that they can thus be kept more cleanly and in better health, and that by moving the house in any locality on the premises, so that it may be sheltered or exposed in warm or cold weather, a more even temperature can be maintained. The house is to be provided with windows and doors, and can be made ornamental or otherwise, to suit taste.

KILLING THISTLES.—Many a farmer has his peculiar remedy for killing and getting rid of thistles, such as mowing them at such a time on the old or new of the moon, &c., which is all nonsense. The moon has no more to do with a thistle patch than a politician with honesty. Owing to the peculiar form and vitality of their roots thistles are very tenacious of life, and it requires time and patience to destroy them. But it can be done by persistently mowing them down as fast as they spring up just before they blossom, without regard to the season, or the particular "horn" the moon may show. If they are mowed off just before blossoming the stems are hollow, and if a rain falls soon they are filled with water, which causes the stem and root to rot, thus destroying the plant. Every farmer should be particular to see that the thistles in his fence corners and by the roadside are mowed at least once a year before they blossom.—[Helfast Age.

According to Nasby, the "Institutor," of which he is the illustrious head, conferred the degrees of L. L. D., M. D. and A. B., on Andro Jonson, as a rebuke to the Northern Colleges.—"Bascom"—Nasby says—remark that he didn't know whether the President would feel complimented. "You know, Deekin Program," said he, "that this ain't 'nuch' 'n' a college." "True," said the blessed old piece of innocence, too true, but then to balance that, Johnson ain't much of a President, you know!"

Deafness, Catarrh, and Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Throat and Lungs.—Dr. C. B. LEWIS, will make his fourth professional visit to Waterville, on Friday, September 13th, 1867, where he can be consulted as usual at the Williams' House.

