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Maxham & Wing

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The bay lay sobbing at our feet,  
The night was dark and warm and calm,  
We felt the throbbing pulses beat  
Each in the other's palm.

Behind us, crested on the bank,  
Were great hotels gleaming with lights,  
Where youth and beauty, wealth and rank,  
Held revel through the nights.

But round us all was hushed and dark—  
No sound except the sobbing bay,  
No light, save when some phosphor-spark  
Flashed upward in the spray.

There on the rocks we talked of love—  
An old, lost love—dill on my breast  
Her head, like some overworn dove,  
Came fluttering down to rest.

Between us and the anchored light  
That marks the shoal beneath its lee,  
We watched the white and ghostly flight  
Of schooners out to sea.

We talked of freighted ships that sailed  
From bays like this with no return—  
We talked of many hopes that failed  
To reach the promised bourne.

We sat recalling all the past—  
The march and camp in prairie lands,  
Our canvas cities rising fast  
Along the southern sands.

Our eanters through the scented pine,  
The bolts in many an orange grove,  
The wreaths of yellow jessamine  
That rotund our heads we wove.

And then came up in sad review  
Full many a friend in battle slain,  
And all the war that either knew  
Before we passed again.

And tremulous grew the clasping palm,  
And gentler sank the fair dear head,  
And o'er our souls a deeper calm  
Than of the bay was spread.

A calm of pain and softened thought,  
A tenderance of vanished years—  
A gleamy mirror, quaintly wrought,  
In which the past appears.

And still, as sadder grew the theme,  
Her hand crept closer into mine,  
And on my breast in deeper rest  
I felt her head decline.

O dark-blue bay with your anchored light,  
O belt of hills and your silver shore,  
For the freighted hearts relapsed to-night  
What harbor has fate in store?

[From Harper's Magazine.]

# HELD BY A THREAD.

[CONCLUDED.]

III.

The days came, and the days went. Bright and beautiful days of summer skies and summer wind, that seemed as if they might have set to the music of happiness every living thing. But the heritage of earth hung heavily over many hearts in spite of all this beauty. Maud Erly, sitting on one of these days by the long, open window, chanted that old song which tells this sad human story better than any other:

"Ye flowery banks of Bonnie Doon,  
How can ye bloom so fair?  
How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
And I see fa' o' care?"

"Who's full of care this lovely morning—not you, Maud, are you?" asked Mark Rowley, stepping in over the low window lintel.

"We're all of us full of care, Mark," answered Maud, in her airy, half-sarcastic way.

"No, by Jove! not all. There's lots of fellows as gay as larks."

"You, for instance, Mark."

"Well, I might be, Maud, if—if—Maud. There's a little thing I've wanted to say to you for a good while."

"Don't say it, Mark—don't say it. It's better not," interrupted Maud, with a sudden pained prescience of what this something was.

"But, Maud, I had rather—"

"No, no, Mark; I am in no mood to listen to any thing serious. My mind is full of an old pain which makes me full of care as the song says. It's an old story, Mark. I loved somebody once, and I suffered and lost through it. My mind is full of the suffering now, so that I have no room for any thing else, Mark."

So she saved Mark Rowley from mortification by this bitter confession. Some people would have said that there wasn't enough in Mark Rowley to appreciate this; but there was. He seemed like an empty-headed little dandy; but he had a kind heart, and I think on this occasion it was sorer for Maud than for himself.

"Don't say any more, Maud," he said. "I am very sorry—but I didn't know—"

And Maud, here looking up into his pitying face, suddenly put out her hand.

"Mark, we'll be good friends always."

"Always, always, Maud!" And then he got up and walked away, more agitated than he had ever been in his life before. And Maud, sitting there where he had left her, did not remark the soldierly figure that presently cast a long shadow in the sun. But there he stood—Captain Jack Steyner—held by a thread.

To be more explicit, if not more expressive, as Captain Jack came sauntering down the avenue he had, in glancing up, caught sight of a small familiar hand, flying backward and forward on that slender fairy line of white weaving. It was the old fascination—the old irritation too. Why, I wonder, did he stop there? Why did he deliberately stay his steps to watch that "witch-work," as young Halford called it? I think he could hardly have told you himself; but certain it is that, as he observed her on this morning, as he caught the fragment of the old plaintive song that floated over her work, all his fierce resolves, all his stern defenses broke down, and obeying the swiftest impulse of his life, he crossed the sward; he made two or three quick strides over the dividing piazza, and in over the low window lintel, as Mark Rowley had gone before him, he suddenly appeared to her. As swiftly as he had come he made known his errand to her. You could scarcely have called it a wooing, you could scarcely have called it a suit he was urging. It was more like a confession which could be stayed no longer, which he hardly expected would be met with any favor, and of which none knew the folly more than himself.

Maud Erly had listened to passionate protestations, to all manner of tender and ardent vows, but she had never listened to any thing like this. At first a spark of fire lit her eye at the singular tone he took, but at the last a softer look came into her face, for over and above all she recognized that this man was sincere, and so she answered him; but to save her life she couldn't keep that little string of indignation from quivering through. He meant well, doubtless, she told him, but he had made some great mistakes. The quiet of her voice, her manner, misled him; and what were these mistakes he persisted in knowing?

Then her patience gave way.

"What were these mistakes?" You have utterly and thoroughly misunderstood a woman, and done her entire injustice from entire ignorance of her life or her motives; and you have made your unjust judgments only from the narrow prejudices of your mind, and the most external trifles. Then again—"and here a little girlish malice showed fire—" you presumed unwisely in supposing that I should feel honored by a confession of a passion which implies such misapprehension."

And then she stood up in her small stately

ness and bad him good-bye and good-morning in a breath. There is a force to truth so indignantly uttered sometimes, which makes itself felt in spite of anger and prejudice. So now the truth in this girl made itself apparent to Captain Steyner; and for the first time in his acquaintance with her he felt, as he ought to have felt long before in regard to her, like a great blundering fool. In this healthy condition he went up stairs to pack his trunk. As he was cramming his things in, with that charming confusion which gentlemanly hurry is apt to produce, he caught a glimpse from the window which arrested his industry, and which called forth the exclamation, "Bless my soul!"

He left his packing and ran down with all speed to meet upon the threshold of the hall the person he always spoke of as the best friend he had in the world. "I am delighted, Mrs. Hayes," and he put out both hands to the pleasant-faced elderly lady before him.

"What, you, Captain!" exclaimed Mrs. Hayes, and then she shook his outstretched hands and declared her pleasure at meeting him. A pleasure and a relief too, for she was alone, "and an old woman needs a friend more than a young one at these gay places," she said, laughingly.

Well, what could Captain Steyner do now? He couldn't run away and leave this old friend, whose husband was once his superior officer, and the kindest gentleman in the world. Of course he couldn't. That packing must stop. It would be awkward meeting Miss Erly. To be sure; but we can't always run away from awkward things, and he wouldn't make himself a coward by doing so now. Thus it came about that Captain Steyner stopped his packing and staid; and thus it came about that, instead of drinking his solitary cup of tea on board one of the Sound boats that night, he was taking Mrs. Hayes in to supper at the Ocean House.

"Such a levitation of a place for a lonely old body like me! I'm glad you're here, Captain, for I don't see a face I ever saw before—why, bless my heart! Maud, Maud Erly, my dear child, is this you? and I was just saying to Captain Steyner—Captain Steyner, this is one of my pets, Maud Erly. I was just saying to the Captain that I didn't see a face I had ever seen before. Well, this is pleasant! Who are you with? Oh, the Rowleys! and talking, hand in hand, these two ladies went on straight to the Rowley's table, and, of course, the Captain must follow.

If ever a man was in a fix, wasn't he? There, opposite to him, sat the man of all others he thought he had cause to detest, Mark Rowley. Poor Mark! And all around and about were those, chattering, giggling Rowley girls! And Captain Steyner ground his teeth. And all the while Maud was as cool and commonplace as that slice of bread-and-butter she held to her lips. And Captain Steyner ground his teeth over this too.

Later he sat and talked with Mrs. Hayes, and ground his teeth still more at what she had to tell him.

"I'm so glad you know Maud Erly," said unsuspecting Mrs. Hayes. "She's one of a thousand, Maud is."

Here was a startling verdict from a staid and sober matron about a girl he had patronized, not to say snubbed, for her shortcomings. A girl in a thousand, was she?

How was she, he wondered. He determined to find out; and he did find out. It did not take much or very deep questioning to set Mrs. Hayes to talking about Maud Erly. "She marry Mark Rowley!" answered the good lady, at some remark the Captain insidiously flung out; "not she! The Rowleys are fond of her, and perhaps Madame Rowley would favor the match, for though Maud hasn't a penny, they are rolling in riches, and Madame is sensible enough to know that Maud would help Mark wonderfully; but it will never be."

Captain Steyner breathed lighter, though Heaven knows why, for he knew by this time certainly that he had not much chance himself.

"No, it will never be," went on Mrs. Hayes, decidedly. "That family of hers tried to marry her to young Clarkson, and because she disappointed them they have almost given her up. Why, what do you think—that girl actually clothes herself by the industry of those little hands and the French knock she has, because those aunts and cousins of hers—she has no nearer ties you see—because they've made her dependence so disagreeable since her refusal of Clarkson?"

"Industry—what can she do?"

"Why she is never idle. Haven't you seen her constantly with some little delicate white work in her fingers? She makes all that pretty stuff we women use for trimming."

"Bless my soul!" cried out Steyner, with such emphasis that Mrs. Hayes fairly jumped.

"And not only that, but she finds time to be the help and comfort of many a sad soul. Such deeds as she has done during this war—nothing ostentatious, but quiet way-side help I call them. She was fairly worn out this spring, and I'm glad the Rowleys brought her here."

So Mrs. Hayes kept on her praises, and Captain Steyner listened in mortification and humiliation of spirit, as was good for him.

The next time he met Maud Erly his colors were at half-mast, and I think Maud suspected the reason, for she knew Mrs. Hayes's opinion of her, and knew that Mrs. Hayes was fond of telling her opinion. It is very certain that if Captain Steyner loved this girl in spite of what he thought was reason and religion before, he loved her tenfold more now that he found she was a great deal better than he was himself.

He had generosity enough for this; which every body hasn't. But he had made such a mess of it he shrank from any more confessions. But Heaven sometimes, perhaps always, gives us better than our deserts. So now, in the case of Captain Steyner, the roughness of his way seemed presently smoothed out for him; for, with Mrs. Hayes for a third companion, every thing went on so pleasantly that by-and-by Steyner felt that Maud Erly at least bore him no malice. And by-and-by—and by-and-by—there he was one morning again, talking the matter all over—actually telling her that he considered himself a great blunderer, and suing her forgiveness, the brave fellow! He did not speak of love; but when Maud, moved by his words, turned a soft glance upon him, he sprang up suddenly like a flame, and as suddenly he said: "Maud—Miss Erly, sometimes perhaps I may convince you how sincerely I have loved—how sincerely I do love you at this day, and if—"

A deep blush rose to Maud Erly's cheek.

"I never doubted your sincerity, Captain Steyner; but the mistake you made was more unfortunate than you know. Listen a moment. Four years ago I suffered so sharply from misapprehension that I have been sore and sensitive to a morbid degree ever since. I said then that I never would trust my love or my friendship with any man whose nature it was to doubt and distrust."

"But, Miss Erly, consider my life—a rough sailor, you know, with little knowledge of the ways of the world of fashion."

"Then you should have doubted yourself and your power of judging, not another of whose life you knew nothing."

"That is true; but, Miss Erly, I think we men always judge differently from you women. I think we are more inclined to suspicion, and perhaps doubt most where we love most at first."

"That seems so horrible to me, Captain Steyner. This man, whom I loved four years ago, believed that when I parted from him one night with kind and tender words that I was simply amusing myself—playing with the most sacred expressions the heart knows. And he met me on that ground!"

There was such a desolate ring in the voice here, such a deep, deep hurt that Captain Steyner, listening to it, almost gave up his cause. But there are some men generous enough in their natures to love most and cherish most tenderly those who have suffered. Pity they say is akin to love. Certainly it does not detract from it; and though I am not going to end this story up with a marriage, I will tell this much—that the last I saw of Maud Erly and Captain Steyner, she was sitting by the window making passes at him, as young Halford has it, with that white witchwork of hers. And I thought as I looked at the two faces: that pity was a very close bond, and that Steyner was still held by a thread.

LONDON AT NIGHT.—A writer in Tinsley's Magazine for September gives the following description of the view of London he obtained by a balloon ascent at night:—

"London, in its mass and magnitude, in the whole of its metropolitan grandeur, is to be seen only from the air. I have floated slowly over it as the evening closed in, and watched, for instance, the lighting of the lamps. 'Nothing romantic in that?' No; nothing particularly striking if you only survey your individual lamp-lighter from your window. But it is a different thing when the subtle flame hurries along, visible in its glittering coils for miles of streets, and clasping the whole city in its folds like a serpent of fire. In the parks and on the bridges, on square and street, out in the building wilderness that circles London, you see lights awaking. Lazily, I remember, we floated that night over the city, with scarcely a breath of air to move the balloon; and then, tiring of the dead calm, we tried for a breeze by going up through the clouds. It was long, even then, before we moved very briskly; but when we dropped a little to reconnoitre, behold! London! We were obviously a few miles away from it; but there it was; and as, endier, we had seen the swift gas running as it seemed from street to street, so now all united in one mighty glare, the whole light of the wonderful city burst upon eyes that had been peering a moment before through the gray folds of its cloud canopy."

WAR INCIDENT.—Col. E. R. Goodrich, formerly of Boston, is furnishing a series of incidents to the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Union.

We copy one of them:

A favorite saying of those who are afraid to run the race with the black man is, "that they make good servants." Will you, in these days of "societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals," print the following narrative of the war, showing how much better master the black man may be than some of those who believe him only fit to serve? On one of the marches of the gallant Ninth Corps from the Rapidan to Richmond, the transportation was climbing a long and steep hill when one of the six-mule teams came to a halt. The loyal Southerner (black to be sure) called to his usually faithful mule for another pull, but the mule did not respond as promptly as the blasphemous wagon master thought proper, and with the customary oaths, crack went his whip over the heads of the willing mules.

"Hold on, dar, don't whip dem mules," cried the teamster, and getting down from his wagon-seat, he commenced his tour round his team, touching the head and neck of each animal, and ostensibly examining harness, etc., but says to the mules as he goes round them: "Look here! who give you dem oaths every morning? Who carry you down ebery mornin'?" Who takes dem mules to de spring twice a day? What yer hitched to dis wagon for, any how?" By the time he had returned to his seat he gathers up his reins, the faithful mules tighten in their traces, the moral suasion cracks a loud crack in the air crying out, "Go on with dis wagon, and stop foolin'!" The wagon goes on, and both humanity and brute force are honored in the transaction.

Dr. — was called upon one day to visit a young man not far from this city who had been in a "plug muss" and from all indications was likely to have a black eye as a consequence. An inquisitive individual had learned there was something wrong about the young man's optic, and stopping the doctor on his return, inquired what the trouble was. The learned man informed him that he "found the patient suffering from a severe contusion of the integuments under the left orbit, with a great extravasation of blood and ecchymosis in the surrounding cellular tissue, which was in a tumefied state. There was also considerable abrasion of the cuticle. The fellow scratched his head, looked puzzled, and, after slightly recovering, said, "Y-a-a-s, Doctor I understand all that; but what is the matter with his eye?"

Intelligence has been received of Captain Hall, the Arctic explorer by a whaler which has arrived at New Bedford. He was at Repulse Bay, where he has been two years. In the winter of 1865-6 he made a journey to Pella Bay, 180 miles north. Six men from the whaling fleet have joined his party, and in company with them he will make a trip to King William's Land next spring, and will endeavor to return in 1868.

## CURIOSITIES IN THE HORSE TRADE.

There are some curiosities in the horse trade and among them is that of the peculiar manner in which some horses are kept, and the value placed upon them by the owners. The horse market is always uppermost in some men's mind. They give their whole attention to the subject and become acquainted with all the qualities of horses, and where they may be found. At a late State Horse Fair in this city a beautiful, supple, well-formed, high spirited horse was upon the ground and much admired for his fine figure and easy action. This horse was found by the present owner upon a farm in the interior, where he was was misused and abused, poorly kept and badly managed. The owner regarded him as a vicious and gave him poor feed and many blows, which the high spirit and pride of the horse resisted and kicked back in defiance. His leading points were discovered and the horse was purchased by a man who understood his nature, and who was disposed to develop it. The lean, hungry and defiant horse in the hands of his new owner has become a marvel of beauty and gracefulness, his pride fully gratified and his powers developed so symmetrically as to make him one of the most attractive animals, and also fitting him to associate with human intelligence. His market value has increased from two or three hundred to that of more than a thousand dollars.

In one of the towns not many miles from this city, an aged farmer has a horse that is seven years of age and which has never yet been shod or been bridled. This colt, as he is still called, is the old farmer's pet. He has good feed and receives all the attention which he requires, and is led out, in his playfulness and like affection by the halter. He is glossy, gentle and graceful, but as yet the owner has not felt like undertaking to prepare him for labor and hardly seems conscious that any time is wasted by the neglect. Many offers have been made to purchase the horse, but the attachment is so strong for the colt that the owner cannot be tempted to part with him at any price.

In a town somewhat nearer to Augusta, on a farm where the buildings are poor and in some aspects seem to indicate poverty in the inmates, there are two horses, one six years old and the other seven years. These horses have never been shod and only one of them has ever been bridled. They are animals of great beauty and have attracted the attention of many dealers in horses, who have in vain offered large sums for them. The property is owned by a widow, and one man who offered to her six hundred dollars for one of the horses and was refused, said to her, "My good woman, how happens it that the large price I offer you for the colt is refused?"

"Why, sir," she replied, "that was my son John's colt, the dear boy who was killed in battle, while bravely fighting, as his kind Captain said in his letter, for his country; how could I sell it?"

"But from the appearance of your buildings you do not seem to have much money, and the sum I offer is a large one and sufficient to put your buildings in good repair."

"Oh, we have no difficulty in getting a living. We keep a good flock of sheep, my only living son and I, and we have a thousand pounds of good wool which we shall sell when we can get a good price. We do not care to make great changes since my son was killed, and all the property, the colts and the sheep, so remind us of him, that we cannot part with them at any price."

The flock of sheep, equally with the horse, were marvels of beauty and are eagerly watched by butcher and others, but no temptations of money have succeeded in effecting a change of ownership.

BOOK FARMING.—What is it?—It is simply the best farming put in books—yours, reader, if it is the best. A fool cannot write a book; an able man must do it—not a man of mere recomplishments or learning—but one versed in the business he writes upon. It is thus that we have books by the best men in all departments. These make our literature—and to be opposed to them is to be arrayed against schools and newspapers. What is thought of the man who opposes education? And what is education but to learn to do a thing? If the prejudiced reader (prejudiced against book farming) knows how to trim his vine, he is the man, if he has words for it, to write a book on the subject—the very man we want for we are after the best farming. And yet this would be called "book farming." It is mere prejudice, depend upon it.

But, there is one evil which gives rise to this very prejudice: bad books are foisted on the public. These are read, and they lead into error; and forthwith good and bad are condemned.

Our best men certainly are not fools. Our ablest men, who lead in their departments, are men qualified, if any, to impart instruction. Shall we heed them, or shall we follow after our own half-formed, inexperienced notions? We have our prejudices, and they make us believe we are right without consulting the facts in the case.—[Rural World.]

VERMONT'S TESTIMONY.—A little experience goes further than much theory and the prohibitionists will make a strong point of the fact adduced in this item:—

In the State of Vermont the most rigid kind of a prohibitory law has been enforced for about fifteen years, during which time there has not been a place within the limits of the State where a glass of liquor of any kind could be legally sold or purchased. A tourist says: "I have been all over the State this summer, and have not seen in my travels, thus far, a single person in the least degree intoxicated, except it was now and then a visitor from New York or Boston. I find moreover that public opinion everywhere sustains the law and am told that it has been growing more unanimous each year since the law was first enacted."

Among the grimly humorous addresses attributed to Judges speaking from the bench to prisoners at the bar, Baron Alderson's rejoinder to a man convicted of swindling is memorable. In reply to the final inquiry why sentence should not be passed upon him, the prisoner, with blasphemous obstinacy, persisted in asserting his innocence. The miserable fellow

concluded his address by saying deliberately, and in a singularly solemn tone, "May God strike me dead, now at this moment and here where I stand, if I am not innocent!" As the speaker's guilt had been clearly ascertained, every hearer was painfully moved by this abominable self-imprecation. A thrill of horror ran through the Court. A minute of painful silence ensued; and then the Judge substituted another emotion in the minds of all present by saying, in a cold, matter-of-fact voice, "Prisoner at the bar, as Providence has not interposed in the behalf of society, the sentence of the Court is that you be transported for twenty years."

A portion of a private letter printed in the Springfield Republican, from a writer who has lately attended a "powow" of the Arkansas Indians, gives rather a pleasant but not a romantic description of the braves of the forest:—

"It was our first sight of wild Indians, and you may be sure we improved the occasion for making our real brother's acquaintance. As he is usually pictured with a dignified countenance, resembling Daniel Webster about the time he said, 'As for me, give me liberty,' we may as well tell you that he looks like the Evil One, minus horns and hoofs. An utterly depraved, diabolical countenance, so filthy that it is alive with something besides animation of expression, the shrewdest of inky eyes and the look of Shylock bargaining for the pound of flesh. His very smile is like the grin of a skull. Which Victor Hugo calls the satire of laughter. The principal chiefs present were Left Hand and Bear of the Apaches, Tall Bull and Black Kettle of the Cheyennes, Little Raven and Yellow Bear of the Arapahoes, besides many lesser lights. Trading with the whites has somewhat modified the traditional Indian costume. Black Kettle was arrayed in a crimson and white damask table cloth, over a flowered dressing gown, whose owner's scalp very likely adorned his string of human hair. His own locks were parted in the middle and reached to his waist; they were plaited with strips of fur, silver bands and beads, while the parting was stained red. Two chiefs wore great silver medals, with President Johnson's face thereon. The costumes were all grotesque in the extreme, and the squaws were not distinguishable from the men, except for their high, scall voices; the paposes looked like lumps of dirt fashioned into a baby. No 'squaws' but white were admitted to the council, but we visited them afterwards. Mrs. Black Kettle is a big beside whom Meg Merrilies is Venus and the Wife of Endor Hecate. She is a survivor of the Chivington massacre and has ten bullet holes in her body; but there is enough of her, such as it is, to stand it. We gave her our handkerchief as a parting souvenir, but it gave no hope of her ever using it. The only English any one could speak were the words 'How?' when they shook hands, and 'Good!' to express approval."

"The 'powow' consisted in their being told, through a woman interpreter, that they would be nice, good boys, and not play scalp any more, kind, soft-hearted Uncle Samuel would pay them \$100,000 or more for the Indian village burned by General Hancock, and would give them all the goods they wanted. And they replied as follows (or words to this effect): 'Wishy-washy-filthi-kibuntungumagh-uh 600!' which, translated, means: 'We will go home and ask our tribes about it,'—further than which they were non-committal. Then followed the pipe of peace, of which we took two whiffs, much to Little Raven's delight, and a grand distribution of goods in Colonel Wyncoop's back yard. These were of very poor quality, and to see the savage noses go up and the jeering grunts when some cotton checked shirts were passed around, was very funny. We have seen all the poor Indian we care to, and as we gazed around the circle of dirty wretches, it was with extreme difficulty that we could forgive Christopher Columbus for discovering America."

Major-General Logan delivered a long and vigorous speech at Hamilton, on Wednesday, in which he arraigned the Democracy for their crimes and infamy, and said of Andrew Johnson:

"Tell me to-day if you had Jeff. Davis in the Presidential chair, or Mr. Robert E. Lee, could they have done more for the Rebels in this land than Andrew Johnson has since he has been President? If they could, I would like to know in what way they could have done it. If Jeff. Davis had been President, what would he have done? He would have returned all the property to the Rebels that they had lost. Andrew Johnson has done that. If Jeff. Davis had been President he would have pardoned all the Rebels that asked him for pardons. Andrew Johnson has done that and more too. If Jeff. Davis had been President he would have denounced this Congress, and called them a set of traitors. Andrew Johnson has done that. If Jeff. Davis had been President he would have appointed Rebel Governors down South to control those States. Andrew Johnson did the same thing. If Jeff. Davis had been President he would have vetoed the Freedmen's Bureau bill. Andrew Johnson did that. He would have vetoed the Civil Rights bill. Andrew Johnson did that. He would have vetoed the first Reconstruction act of Congress, and all the acts, which Andrew Johnson has done."

The sudden and mysterious explosions of steam boilers, which frequently occur without any evident or apparent cause, will generally be found to have one element in common—they occur on the performance of some act which disturbs the water after a state of rest, such as turning on steam. This has been noticed also by Prof. TRIDALL in regard to locomotive boilers, whose explosions are found to have taken place surprisingly often under these circumstances. We have received a pamphlet descriptive of a "danger indicator" for steam boilers, which sets forth the interior causes of this. They are interesting and we condense them: The ebullition of water expels from its particles the air which ordinarily lessens their mutual cohesion, and enables them to easily expand by heat. When ebullition has ceased after such expansion, and the water becomes quiescent, its cohesive power is resumed

so unwillingly that the water may be heated up to 100 degrees above boiling point without commencing to evaporate; but when it does, either by the intensity of the heat or by some sudden mechanical disturbance of its particles, begin to boil and expand, it does so with a rapidity and explosive violence almost equal to that of gunpowder. This seems a most rational way to account for many of our "unaccountable" accidents. The "indicator" spoken of is constructed on the unchangeable principle of the expansion of aerated water by heat, and appears to be a simple and unfailing means of pointing out the above-mentioned dangerous condition of temperature in the water; also, incidentally, any excessive heat of the boiler crown-sheet itself, by reason of low water. Too much attention cannot be given this important subject by inventors.—[N. Y. Times.]

## PREMIUMS FOR HORSE RACES AT AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.

Judge King, of Dubuque, at a recent session of the Farmers' Club held in that place, administered a deserved rebuke to the manager of the approaching State fair, on account of the liberal premiums offered for racing and the insignificant ones offered for agricultural productions. It would seem that they were of the same opinion as the eminent agriculturists of the New England Society, and thought that while the fruits and staple productions of the soil might be left to take care of themselves, horse-racing must be stimulated by the offer of most liberal premiums. The following extract from the Boston Cultivator is to the point, and will show the farmers that at least one agricultural paper in Boston is not disposed to remain silent while such things are being done under the name of promoting agriculture:

Horse-racing is a gambling device as strictly as is a faro bank or the game of "brag," and a mean device at that, as it involves wanton cruelty to the noble animal which God has given us to be used—not abused. Horse-racing, called by its true name and for the stakes of money put up, has long since become as disreputable as a puffed gambling house, and no person could engage in it or countenance it by his presence without suffering in his reputation.

But in these days of loose morals and polite literature, a great horse race is called a great national, or State, or county horse fair, the stakes are called premiums, and the racing is called trials of speed, and in this toggery the disreputable practice, with all its demoralizing influence, struts into respectable company, associated for worthy purposes, and chuckles in the light of its countenance, and appropriates its moral support, and in fact takes the lion's share of the premiums at most of our agricultural fairs. And yet, stripped of its thin disguises, it is nothing but unmitigated gambling of the most public and pernicious character.

We are glad to observe that agricultural men and agricultural journals, in various quarters, are beginning to wake up to a just sense of this nuisance and to speak out plainly in regard to it, and unless they continue to insist that agricultural societies and agricultural fairs are instituted for the promotion of agriculture, and not to give respectability and amusement to horse jockeys and fast men, that kind of gentry will run away with every thing and defeat every valuable object of such associations.

MARYLAND ratified the new State constitution by a vote of part of her people last week. Among the reforms embraced in the constitution is the abolition of the common school system and of the test oath for rebels. If the quasi Union men of Maryland, a State where the rebel element was never strong enough to carry it out of the Union, take such unpromising measures, what would have been the result if the governments of the genuine rebel States had been left in the hands of the secessionists? Maryland, by reason of the full license which the disloyal element has, is now one of the most dangerous States in the Union. It is organizing a standing army of 30,000 men, appropriately clad in gray. The work of disciplining this army is carried on with so much energy that not even Sunday is observed as a day of rest. Moreover a military fund of \$300,000 is placed at the absolute disposal of Governor Swann. Artillery is being procured in large quantities. This attitude of Maryland may yet become a serious matter.

[Kennebec Journal.]

"DRINKING CLUBS DECLARED ILLEGAL.—The Supreme Court is holding its September term in Androscoggin County, Judge Walton presiding. On Saturday the case of C. M. Bradbury, the first of the three parties indicted as common sellers, they being the organizers and leading men in the Drinking Club recently organized and carried on in a room of John Nash's saloon, Lisbon St., in which the police made a seizure of liquors last week. The club was governed by a constitution, the terms of membership being these: By paying \$1 or \$5 the person became the recipient of a ticket which entitled him to a private key to the Club Room, and to the privileges of the same, and entitled him in the former case to seven and in the latter to thirty-seven drinks, indicated by that number of figures on the ticket. Judge Walton charged the jury that if they should find the state of facts admitted by the respondent, it would constitute him and every one associated with him in the club, a common seller under the Act of 1858. The indications are that the case will be carried up to the full bench, on exceptions to the rulings of the Judge."

A JERSEY LANDLORD AND PROVIDENCE.—In Monmouth county, a few miles from Long Branch, there is a small town called Eaton-town. It boasts its hotel, with a jolly, good-natured, though sometimes fastidious landlord; at least so thought a traveller, who applied there for accommodations a few nights since. He was a gaunt six-footer, apparently a great stranger to both soap and water, and carrying two bundles of soiled linen under either arm. Stepping up to the bar, he accosted the proprietor:—

"Be you the landlord here?"

"Well, I rather think I am," replied Boniface.

"Can I 'put up' here to-night?"



## Waterville Mail.

EPH MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . OCT. 4, 1867.



## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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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."

The adjournment of the Fair of the North Kennebec Society from Tuesday to Friday, on account of the storm on Monday last, brings the exhibition to-day and to-morrow. If the weather proves fair the Show will be one of the Society's very best.

FILL UP THE HALL, to-day. Bring in that basket of apples, that plate of pears, or that dish of grapes; and don't forget the garden vegetables—squashes, pumpkins, beets, onions, potatoes, tomatoes, &c. &c. The walls too, must be ornamented with pictures, and handsome specimens of household manufactures, and the tables covered with ornamental and useful specimens of the handiwork of the wives and daughters of our society. Our traders and shopkeepers, too, we trust, will show a little public spirit, and benefit themselves while helping the Society by handsome displays of their wares with their business cards attached. Remember the social gathering this evening at the Hall, and come with a disposition to advance the happiness of others, and you will not find of a blessing yourselves. Good music will be in tendance.

"FLOWERS, SWEET FLOWERS."—Those beautiful vases of flowers, that have been so pleasant to the congregation of the Unitarian church all summer—and, indeed, in some measure all the year round—have come from the green house of Mr. J. B. Wendell. The careful attention of Mrs. Wendell to this matter, aided by Mr. W., who is the sexton, has called forth many thanks from the gratified audience; and it is in their behalf that we acknowledge this kindness. Some may have contributed much money without giving as much pleasure. We venture to suggest that the members of that wealthy and liberal society will not forget the patronage due from them to Mr. Wendell's floral enterprise. It requires long and patient effort to bring such an establishment to the paying point, and every little helps.

CORRECTION.—The contribution in aid of Mr. Grant, recently injured while in the employment of the Maine Central Railroad Co., was mainly by the shop hands and not exclusively the work of the engineers, as stated in a little paragraph set afloat by the State reporter of the Argus. It is a way they have of helping one another in trouble, but they do not like to have these instances of fraternal generosity paraded before the public.

WOOL CARDING AND CLOTH DRESSING.—Mr. Jesse Dorman—well and favorably known in this vicinity, having run a mill in Vassalboro', and afterward at Canaan—has made an arrangement by which work in his line can be left at the store of J. Percival & Son, in our village, and promptly returned free of charge for transportation. Those having work of this kind to be done will do well to read his advertisement in another column and make further enquiry as to prices, &c. of his agents.

Glance your eye along Main street, when there is nothing to obstruct the view, and saving the "humps," to which our down-town correspondent objects, see if it is not in pretty good condition. The Commissioners have just raked out the larger pebbles, and there is now nothing in the way of fast driving—except our worthy Chief of Police.

Somebody, in a letter to the Boston Journal, says that from an eminence called "Marsh's Hill," Newport, Me., no less than thirty different towns can be seen with the naked eye. Guess twenty-nine would be nearly all. Two millions of long lumber and two and a half of short have been manufactured at Newport this year.

JOSEPH GOODWIN—"a man of many friends,"—who has been in poor health for a year or two, we are pleased to see is again at his post as engineer on the Maine Central Railroad. He has been running a train for about a month, and thunders find it rather improves than injures his health.

AKERS, of Portland, has just completed a bust of George Evans, which the Press pronounces a capital likeness. Six copies have been ordered, one of which very properly will be placed in the State House at Augusta.

## BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON, SEPT. 30, 1867.

## Editors Mail:—

The city government refuses to consider the question of building a soldiers' monument at present. Last Winter or Spring, there was an attempt made to appropriate \$150,000 for that object, but it did not succeed, although it seemed so sure a thing that the foundation for one was laid. It was the intention to erect the structure on the common. By the way, Boston has several "Soldiers' Monuments" already, in the shape of children of fallen patriots, now supported as common paupers with common paupers.

On Sunday evening, 28th inst., Rev. Mr. Duncan lectured in the Park St. church, upon the subject of educating the freedmen. He has been engaged in the work of establishing schools in the State of Florida since the close of the war, and gave some very interesting particulars in regard to the temper and feeling both of whites and blacks. The former, he says, have accepted the position, in which the war has left them in respect to their former slaves and enter cordially into the spirit of educating them. In a good many places schools have been established on the large plantations, where the blacks are now employed by their former owners, for wages, and the desire of the freedmen to learn is really astonishing; old and young enter into the spirit of trying to rise in the social scale with the greatest zeal. As an instance illustrative of this, he told of a boy about ten years of age, who came to his office one day for a dozen spelling books. He had learned to read, himself, and was teaching a school, some members of which were old enough to be his grandmother. There is no telling what value they attach to a book; he has never known of a single instance where a black child has destroyed one. The greatest difficulty was the lack of means to pay teachers and furnish books. The idea is to make the schools self-supporting where it is possible. A man, he said, who would cheat one of the ignorant freedmen, would be hooted out of society. Perhaps if Mr. Duncan knew all about *New England* people, he wouldn't find anybody who would cheat anybody else. But somebody suggests that here a man often gets kicked into society than out of it by cheating.

The funeral services of Sir Frederic Bruce, British Minister to the United States, though unostentatious, was very impressive. The respect shown for the deceased, both by state and national officials, was creditable to the country as well as a sincere tribute to the worth of the man.

Boston is having a new theater and a new hotel built, both of good dimensions. The theater is to be called Selwyn's Theater, and the hotel will be known as the St. James. The hotel she needs, the theater—perhaps.

The State House is undergoing a "radical change." Hereafter the legislative wisdom of the Commonwealth will have a house made with hands, but not supposed to be eternal on the earth, worthy of them; but whether the majority of men who are able to get elected to any political office, nowadays, have any reason to expect that they will ever occupy the house not made with hands, is a question I do not wish to decide.

Next Monday, Phil Sheridan is coming to Boston. There will be a great contrast between the reception of a gallant and patriotic soldier and that of Andrew Johnson, the self-styled *Moses* of modern times—nobody cared for Johnson, and his honors were merely formal. The ovations to Sheridan will be hearty and enthusiastic. The President said, "Much of the difference of opinion among us, arises from the fact that our nation is too large. I know that some think otherwise; but I will take the converse of the proposition. I think our nation is too large." We shall hear what Sheridan may say.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE.—The Cambridge Quarterly meeting of the Primitive Free Will Baptist Church, convened at Burdick's Corner Wellington, Sept. 27th. Opening prayer by Elder Blake.

1. Chose Brother Otis to preside as Moderator of said meeting.
2. Heard the report of the last quarterly meeting.
3. Heard the report of the several Churches, by letter.
4. Requested for the next quarterly meeting to be held with the Church at Exeter and Garland.

Voted, to send out a Home Missionary into the field; made choice of Elder Mair, of West Waterville, to be supported by our prayers and means.

Saturday, 28th. Preaching by Elder Blake, of Dexter, and Brother Remick.

Sunday, 29th. Preaching by Elder Mair, of West Waterville, and Elder John Friend, of Exeter.

The spirit of the meeting was very good, and the Lord was with us by his Spirit.

ELDER GEORGE MAIR.

Conductor Mitchell's train from Skowhegan to Portland, has lately been furnished with a new Monitor car of great beauty. In it the Conductor has a neatly furnished room, and passengers find marble tables, swing chairs, patent spittoons, and all other modern improvements. Just so it should be.

The snow flakes flew merrily during the cold rain storm of Monday last, and next morning the hills in the far north were clad in white raiment. It is reported that in the upper portion of Somerset county snow accumulated to the depth of four or five inches. We don't often have a snow storm in Maine while gathering hay.

## OUR TABLE.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE for October is ornamented with a spirited and lifelike portrait of Louis Adolphe Thiers, the eminent French historian and statesman. Some of the more noticeable articles in the number, where all are good, are—"The Achromology of North America," "Sentiment and Philanthropy," "The Modern Spirit," "The Confessions of St. Augustine," "History of Agriculture and prices in England," "Marriage Laws," "The Prophet of Culture," "The Gorilla as I Found Him," and "The Last Amati." There are a few pages of choice poetry and some interesting short literary and Scientific paragraphs.

Published by W. H. Bidwell, New York City, at \$5 a year.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—The September number has the following table of contents:—  
Novels: La Pluque Moderne; The Literature of the Scottish Independence Question; Brownlow—Part IX.; Egmont; Cornelius O'Dowd; The Question Settled; Qu'il Nourit; A Royal Idyl.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 38 Walker Street, New York, the terms of subscription being as follows:—For any one of the four Reviews, \$4 per annum; any of the two Reviews, \$7; any of the three Reviews, \$10; all four Reviews, \$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 discounts to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these volumes 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 PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for October contains Portraits and Characters of Mary Queen of Scots; Charlotte Brontë; Thomas Nast, the Artist; Ira Aldridge, Tragedian; Alfred Sewall, and others. Well written articles on Anthropology; Married or Single? Boots and beauty; Sick Headache, its Cause and Cure; The Fashions, Illustrated; Man's Spiritual Nature; Forming Character; The American Physiognomy; "Expression;" Whining Women; Grapes and Blackberries, Illustrated.

Published by S. R. Wells, New York, at \$5 a year, or 30 cents a number.

THE NURSERY.—The October number of this magazine for youngest readers is full of nice stories and poetry, with numerous charming pictures, several of which are by Oscar Rejlander, the clever young German artist. A magazine for the occupants of the nursery is a novelty, but under the wise management of Miss Seaverns, it has proved a wonderful success.

Published by John L. Shorey, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

THE STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE for October has another chapter of "Ragged Dick, or Street Life in New York." There are several other good stories, with poetry, a piece for declamation, a dialogue, etc., nicely illustrated.

Published by Joseph H. Allen, Boston at \$1.50 a year.

THE SHOW AND FAIR of the old Kennebec Agricultural Society was held on Wednesday and Thursday of this week; and as our own exhibition had been postponed, we went out to see how others did it. By the aid of the railroad, we are only about an hour apart, and there ought to be more intercourse between the two Societies, particularly as we find the farmers of the two sections, near as they are, varying considerably in their choice of stock. With us the Durhams predominate, but the Herefords and the Jerseys have a stronghold within the limits of the Kennebec Society. The display of Hereford oxen, steers and calves was very large and handsome. A little smaller than our big Durhams, the most of them were very nicely matched; and the ease with which this is done with this breed of cattle is one of their chief recommendations. Singularly enough, however—there were very few low grown bulls on the ground, and no cows scarcely—which last fact, "Duke Durham," who was with us, thought had a dam'ging significance. The Underwoods, of Fayette, noted breeders, had some very fine animals on exhibition; and a pair of beautiful calves and a pair of yearlings—

"Mounted on a lofty cart,  
A load of mighty cattle!"

Herefords, of course, for there was hardly anything else on the grounds,—attracted a good deal of attention. These were the property of Bailey, of Winthrop, and the calves, which cost about seventy-five dollars when a few weeks old, will make a beautiful pair of oxen.

There was a good show of Jerseys and Alderneys—bulls, cows and calves. "Virgil," a Jersey bull presented by Mr. N. R. Pike, of East Winthrop, took the first premium. Some of the younger specimens we could have brought away in our arms, without much difficulty; but as they asked only a hundred dollars for the smallest, we didn't do it. There were several grade Galloways present and one specimen of the Black Dutch.

The horses—well, we don't run to horse, much, and we suspect that Duke Durham looked after that department closer than we did, and we only know that "General Grant," a very handsome stock horse, took the first prize.

Of swine we only saw a few lots of nice looking Chester Pigs, brought principally for a market, probably. O, yes; we did see a swinish animal wallowing by the side of the road, but he was outside of the enclosure and evidently not entered for a premium, and made but a sorry exhibition. Another genteelly dressed specimen, after his final appeal of "Keep a little, don't you?" accompanied by a comical wink and a sly poke in the ribs, had been answered in the negative, showed that he had found somebody less scrupulous by pouring forth a maudlin oration on the iniquity of the Maine law and the Constabulary.

"Things have come to a pretty pass," said he, "when Readfield Corner has to knuckle and Capt. Craig darren't sell a feller a drop that knows how to make a good use of it." And in the same line—"Hold on," said the driver of a six-horse team, whom we came upon suddenly, as he received a suspicious looking bottle from the occupant of a house under the hill, "Hold on, there's some one coming." "Oh, never mind; I'll run the risk," was the answer, and the bottom of the bottle went up, and a few swallows of the burning liquid went down. If Readfield formerly was one of ruin's strongholds—now we have a dim recollection that

such was the fact—it would not be strange if the scent of the traffic still lingered there to trouble the community. The inscription of "Rum, Brandy, Oats," even now to be seen upon the shutter of a store there, but which would have been wiped out long ago in most places, confirms the idea that temperance found here a protracted opposition.

But to leave the hogs and turn to the sheep. Here, as at Skowhegan, there was a small show. Count Cotswold, who was with us, was mortified to find not a single representative on the ground; and the Senior if he had been along, would have not been particularly proud of the merinos. Of these last there were only three in one pen, fifty in another and two in a carriage. One of the bucks, though of royal descent, had received poor treatment and was but a sorry looking animal.

Of poultry there was not a single specimen. The display in the Hall, which is on the grounds, was very fair, and it increased through the day. Butter and cheese stood prominent, as they always should; domestic manufactures had received fair attention; the ornamental and elegant were not neglected, and there was quite a variety of good fruit, but of garden vegetables there was a woful lack.

Thirty-five years ago, or thereabouts, a Mr. H. F. Nickerson traded in the store on the corner of Main and Temple Streets, in our village, now occupied by Lucius Allen, Esq., as an Omnium Gatherum. We found this gentleman a prominent exhibitor, particularly in the fruit department. He is the originator of the famous Nickerson pear, the rival of the Bartlett, though somewhat smaller; and he has a large sugar orchard on his place in Readfield, tapping no less than 700 trees, and making quantities of sap syrup, sugar and candy, of which he had beautiful samples on exhibition.

N. Foster, Esq., of Gardiner, having no show at home, was present with a fine show of pears, and James M. Carpenter, Esq., the wide awake Secretary of the South Kennebec Society, contributed a few fine varieties of apples. Mr. Foster is at home in all the walks of agriculture, and as the waggish Carpenter said, in introducing him, "though not much to see, is hard to beat"—and no one knows this better than Carpenter, who has met him as a competitor year after year. We have to thank our genial friend Carpenter for a pleasant addition to our little company, though he would keep looking at the show through a pair of eyes that had just beheld the glories of the New England Fair.

The worthy Secretary of the Society, D. Cargill, Esq., with his wife—a helpmeet here as well as elsewhere—was found busily at work in his office, but not too busy to be courteous to strangers.

The will of the late Captain J. I. Stevens, of Gorham,—who disposed of a large share of his property for charitable purposes, and gave his grand-daughter nothing—is to be contested by the heir at law.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS has been nominated as the democratic candidate for Governor in Massachusetts. What an abuse of a good man!

The State reporter of the Argus, who is too industrious sometimes to be careful of his facts in noticing the nice improvement of the old Gilman & Mathews store, in our village, sets down Chalmers & Co. as dealers in stoves; He came within two doors of the truth.

Browner and his family are already in the new hotel at Skowhegan, which will be opened to the public in about three weeks.

The eldest daughter of Mr. John Kinsman of North Thetford, Vt., was burned to death on Monday night last. She had lighted a match to see in filling a kerosene lamp and the vapor from the can which her mother was holding, took fire and it exploded.

The above is copied from an exchange paper of the 20th inst., and it furnishes another instance of the use—not of kerosene—but of bad oil, probably of naphtha, sold for kerosene, and at the same price, when the cost of naphtha is only about 17 cents per gallon. People love to be cheated; and can have little regard for their own lives when they use so explosive a material as naphtha.

A large drug store was burned in Buffalo, N. York, on the 13th, the fire taking from naphtha stored in the building.

The only safe course is to buy the true kerosene, such as is manufactured by the "Portland Kerosene Company," which stands a fire test of one hundred and forty degrees, while the rock oil, naphtha, and others sold for kerosene, will explode at half that temperature. The Portland company furnishes the very best, if not the only safe article in the market.

The subject of a hearing on a motion for a new trial in the Verrill murder case on the ground of new testimony, was brought up at the S. J. Court at Auburn, Friday P. M., by counsel, Judge Walton presiding. After an informal discussion of the subject it was agreed on recommendation of the Judge, to continue the hearing till the January Term of the Court.

THE NASHVILLE TROUBLES.—A Nashville dispatch of Friday says that when it was ascertained that Gen. Thomas would sustain the election board appointed by the registration commissioners, the officers appointed by the city government, were withdrawn. Mayor Brown, who was a candidate for re-election, retired from the contest, disclaiming any intention of resisting lawful State authority, but protesting against the action of the United States Government. The other Conservative candidate also withdrew, leaving the field to Mr. Alden and Mr. Scovill. As Gen. Thomas acted in accordance with instructions from Gen. Grant, these proceedings afford further evidence of the latter's fidelity to Radical principles.

GRADING STREETS.—Upon the subject of fixing the grade of streets, which is just now occupying the attention of some of our citizens, the Kennebec Journal offers the following suggestions:—

We notice some criticisms in our exchanges which suggest the importance of establishing in all our towns a grade of streets, particularly in the villages, so that all who erect buildings may know the grade of the street, whether the street be made to the grade or not. Where the grade is established the builder has an assurance that whenever the street is completed it will come to the grade, however much excavation or embankment may be required. He may be sure too that whatever is done to the street previous to its completion the true grade will be respected. It is found to be unsafe and inconvenient to allow the wisdom or whim of road commissioners to fancy a grade to suit themselves, for some of them work as though water may be tempted to run up hill if the grade be made to look very easy. True grading is the vitality of good drainage, and this is the climax of good road making. In all village streets after the exterior lines are established there should be the strictest attention paid to the grade of the street as a whole. Whenever this is done the street will at length come into the beauty of uniformity of surface, regularity of buildings, and the best uses of rapid drainage and of the public convenience. It too often happens that earth is hauled upon the centre of the road when ditching the sides is only needed, and the ditching can be done at much less expense.

ORIGINAL, NATURAL COLOR is what you want Land get by the use of "Barrett's Hair Restorative," which took the Silver Medal.

FIREMEN'S MUSTER.—The Bath Times states that there will be a grand firemen's muster in that city the 12th of October, or on the arrival of the new engines which have recently been manufactured. A general invitation is extended to the firemen of the State. There will be a trial of engines, for two silver trumpets, valued at one hundred dollars each, to be contended for by the visiting companies. All companies accepting this invitation should address Thomas F. Craven, Clerk of Committee of Arrangements, stating the time of their intended arrival, that they may be furnished with an escort, also whether they are to be accompanied by music or not. Hall's Boston Brass Band will be present.

In April last the house, barn and outbuildings belonging to Hon. A. G. Jewett, Mayor of Belfast were destroyed by fire. Soon after he purchased the Webster farm, on the Lincolnville road, about half a mile from the city, had it well stocked with cattle, and purchased an excellent variety of farming implements, and during the past summer has been hard at work farming, cutting on his farm about 150 tons of hay, besides raising the usual variety of potatoes, vegetables, &c. A fire caught in his stable, and all his sheds, two large barns filled with hay, and also containing two horses, seven hogs, and all his farming tools, were burned to the ground. His house, one barn to the windward of the fire, and L were saved. The barn saved contained about forty tons of hay. Nothing is known of the origin of the fire. The buildings were insured for \$3,000 and the loss is probably three or four thousand dollars above the sum covered by insurance.

[Maine Farmer.]

The real luxury of railroad riding can only be felt when rolling swiftly and smoothly over the "continuous" rail, in the beautiful cars now furnished by the Maine Central, Portland and Kennebec, Eastern, and some other roads. This variety of rail, now so deservedly popular, is taking the place of the old rail very rapidly. On the Maine Central about one half of the track is now laid with it, and as fast as the old iron requires replacing, the continuous rail is adopted. [Bangor Courier.]

A COPPERHEAD THREAT.—The Philadelphia Sunday Mercury contains the following in its Washington correspondence:

Let Congress attempt to depose our worthy chief magistrate, and such a hurricane will be raised as the world never saw. Thirty thousand armed and equipped militia from the State or Maryland, to say nothing of the hundreds of thousands from the North would assemble and fight for the maintenance of the oppressors and usurpers. Then, instead of regal honors at the Executive mansion, as contemplated by Mr. Wade, a halter would be his end—a fit punishment for his treachery and contumacy.

TIM OIL REGION.—A recent visitor to the oil region of Pennsylvania briefly describes the condition of things in that once famous locality. Between Oil City and Meadville not one well is in operation. It is only a long line of rotting derricks and rusted boilers and engines. At Franklin, where the French creek empties into the Allegheny, they show with pride the great court house that they are building, the tall marble monument to the martyrs of the war, and the tumbling down farmhouse of the Evans family. Three years ago \$100,000 were offered to this family for their house and ground. The offer was refused as too moderate; and the daughter of the house, in the flush of sudden wealth, scorned her rustic lover, and cancelled her engagement. Now the estate, house, farm and all, will not bring \$1,000, the daughter pines in single blessedness, and the family can only remember in their present misery, their former hope.

The Bangor Whig says horse thieves have been at work the past three or four weeks, in that part of the State, committing depredations in the towns of Unity, Newport, Exeter, Levant, Stetson, Kenduskeag and Garland. In Levant, on the night of the 18th inst., they stole a valuable colt from E. D. Baker, who organized a force to track and catch the thieves, and while absent for that purpose, on the evening of the 18th, the colt came home dashing into the yard, covered with foam, having broken his halter and escaped from his captors. A colt stolen from Mr. Dooliver of Kenduskeag has not been heard from.

An exchange very truthfully remarks that whether the people will it or not, a local paper is their representative abroad, their ambassador in foreign parts, by which they must be judged. Let them, then, take a patriotic interest in giving it news, co-operation and patronage. Like every other duty performed, it will be their gain in the long run.

GEN. GRANT has been blamed by some quarters for not allowing Wilkes Booth's trunk to be given up to his relatives. A New Hampshire correspondent informs us that it is believed in Washington that the contents of the trunk did not belong exclusively to Booth, but may yet be useful in tracing the ramifications of the conspiracy.

INDIAN AFFAIRS.—A despatch from Oregon stated that Lieut. Small, of the 1st U. S. Cavalry, fought and defeated a band of Snake Indians near Lake Albert, the same band which lately defeated Gen. Crook's friendly Indians. After the first charge, the Snakes made for the swamps, but the troops dismounted and fought them waist deep in the water. Twenty-six warriors with their chief were killed, and fifteen taken prisoners. None of the soldiers were hurt.

Superintendent Head writes the Indian Bureau from Great Salt Lake that Black Hawk had pledged himself to use all his influence to stop further depredations, to visit his own land at once and stop all hostilities, and immediately thereafter see the other hostile Utes and induce them to do likewise, and meet Head with his own Indians and others on the Uinta Reservation within six or eight weeks.

The Rev. Mr. Howe, late pastor of the Baptist Church in Stetson, accused of the seduction of a member of his flock, a young, fatherless girl, has confessed his guilt to very many citizens in that vicinity. He also made a written confession over his own signature which was publicly read at a meeting of the church and is now on its files. The church promptly expelled him and he has been placed under bonds for his appearance at the next criminal term of the court to be held in Penobscot county.

There would seem therefore to be no doubt of his guilt and no grounds whatever for believing that any persons have wrongfully accused or endeavored to injure him. He is simply a victim of his own base passions and lack of piety and principle. He was held in very high estimation before his shocking criminality became known. [Maine Farmer.]

A REMARKABLE ESCAPE.—The Dover Observer gives an account of a narrow escape in the neighboring town of Sobes, recently. Two little girls, daughters of Philip Badger, aged five and seven years, were playing around the well, in which was a pump, when the youngest stepped upon a plank in the platform that had become loose, and was precipitated into the well, which was thirty feet deep, with about six feet of water. There was no one about the premises at the time except a small boy, who ran to the house of Mr. Andrew Green, three quarters of a mile distant, for aid. As good fortune would have it a horse was already harnessed and Mr. Green drove to the scene of the accident as quick as possible, and succeeded in getting the little girl out with a hook he had brought for the purpose. She had been holding on to the pump for twenty minutes, encouraged to do so by her older sister above.

The refusal of Secretary Stanton to issue artillery to Governor Swann, of Maryland, has been repeated by General Grant, and thus defeated in his attempts to procure guns from the general government, Governor Swann has just purchased three field batteries, brass twelve-pounder Napoleons, and has issued them to three companies of militia, the commanders of all three of which were in the rebel service.

GOOD TEMPLARS.—The quarterly session of the Grand Lodge of this flourishing Temperance organization is to be held in Biddeford, on the 8th inst., commencing at 3 o'clock P. M. The session will no doubt be one of unusual interest, owing to the peculiar position of the cause throughout the State, in view of the effort being made in some quarters to produce a sentiment which will have the effect to cause the repeal, by the legislature, of the Temperance enactments of last winter.

Garibaldi has written a letter urging his followers to persevere in their attempt to liberate Rome from the pontifical rule, and invoking the aid of the Italian liberals to this end. The Garibaldian riots throughout Italy were more serious than at first supposed. Quite a number of citizens and soldiers were killed.

A Balm for every Wound. *Gracie's Ointment* is now so generally used for the cure of flesh wounds, cuts, burns, ulcers, felon, sprains, and all diseases of the skin, that praise of it seems to be needless. Those who have tried it once always keep a box on hand, and nothing will induce them to be without a supply.

The famous wedgewood ware, though of the same material as other, stands unequalled by its peculiar manufacture. Their peculiar manufacture, in like manner, gives to the STRAM REFINED SOAPS their altogether characteristic and unrivalled excellence.

A TREMENDOUS HAIL STORM, which swept through Southern New Jersey, Eastern Pennsylvania, Delaware, &c., was fierce in the extreme. In Philadelphia it is estimated that 500,000 panes of glass were broken. Some edifices had every pane smashed that faced the storm.

Thomas Ranco had his trial at Norridgewood on Saturday, in the Supreme Court, before Judge Danforth, for breaking into the house of C. G. Totman. He was found guilty and sentenced to twelve years in the State Prison.

Quite a number of Maine men now in Alabama are taking a prominent position in the political matters in that State. Among these are Hon. B. W. Morris, formerly Land Agent of Maine; Maj. Chas. A. Miller, formerly Clerk of our House of Representatives and clerk of the Courts of Knox county, when he enlisted in the Union army; N. D. Stanwood formerly of Augusta, and Capt. Samuel S. Gardner, a graduate of the Theological Seminary in Bangor. All of the above named gentlemen have been elected members of the Constitutional Convention.

A Western editor tells a story of an enterprising genius, who bought an old watch for \$1.50, a jack-knife for 15 cents; traded the knife for an old gun, traded the watch and gun for an old horse, traded the old horse for five sheep, one calf, one pig, one spring wagon with two wheels; and two dollars in money, besides working the old horse five days on the canal.

A State Teachers' Convention will probably be held in Lewiston, commencing on the Monday afternoon of Thanksgiving week, and continuing through Tuesday, day and evening. So we learn from the Journal.

Nine miles of the Dexter and Newport Railroad have been graded, and the remaining five miles will be finished this fall. The road has been leased for a term of years to the Maine Central R. R., and it is expected will be open for travel by the first of next June.

The Free Will Baptist denomination, which had its rise in New Hampshire, consists of 28 yearly meetings, 148 quarterly meetings, 1876 churches, 1221 clergy men, (ordained and licensed), and 69,221 communicants.

Several persons have applied for registration in the third military district under the amnesty proclamation, but Gen. Fox has refused the application. The matter will be submitted to the courts.

"There's only two ways of getting along with the restaurant servants," says Bluster, "either scold 'em well or 'em well. One takes nerve, the other takes money. I've got more nerve than money, so I scold 'em."

In Dundee, Scotland, an old tarantula dating 1822, bears this wholesome sentence from Seneca: "It is ungrateful at what place death awaits thee. Wait thou I at every place."







Kendall's Mills Column.

E. C. LOW,  
Druggist and Apothecary.

Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals.  
Patent Medicines, Fancy Goods, Toilet Articles, fine assortment Brushes, extra quality, Pomades, Perfumery, Combs, Cigars and Tobacco of the best;

A New Stock of Artists' Materials.  
These calling will find the Stock Complete, Fresh and Pure

Physicians Prescriptions carefully compounded from the Purest Articles.

One Door South of the Phillips House, KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

For the next Thirty Days

I will sell New and Second-hand

CARRIAGES, WAGONS, & BUGGIES,

At Reduced Prices!

Those wishing to purchase will do well to call and examine. KENDALL'S MILLS, July 17th, 1887.

J. H. GILBRETH,

KENDALL'S MILLS.

Has a splendid assortment of

HARDWARE, BUILDING MATERIAL,

Paints, Oils, Varnishes,

Farmers' and Mechanics' Tools, Tin Ware,

&c. &c.

All at as low as can be bought on the river.

May, 1887.

F. E. CROCKETT, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

Residence with Lorenzo Dow.

CORNER GROCERY.

We desire to call the attention of the citizens of

KENDALL'S MILLS

and vicinity to our stock of

Flour, Corn and Groceries.

The old customers of D. Bunker, Jr. & Co. will find us

preparing to give them as good bargains as formerly.

ALSO

No. 1 Mackarel,

Nappes and Pins,

Tailbit Heads,

Tongues and Sounds,

Brighton Beef.

BENJAMIN BUNKER & CO.

Kendall's Mills, June 27th, 1887.

DR. A. PINKHAM,

SURGEON DENTIST,

KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

(CONTINUE) to execute all orders for those in need

of dental services.

Office—First door south of Railroad Bridge, Main

Street.

Dr. PINKHAM has licenses of two (and all) patents on

Hard Rubber, which protects his customers and patients

from further cost, which any one is liable to, by employing

those who have no license.

FLOUR AND CORN.

We are receiving a lot of

Old Mixed, and Prime Yellow Corn,

which we offer to dealers and consumers at the lowest market

price. We have also a good supply of

FLOUR

on hand at the reduced prices. B. BUNKER CO.

Kendall's Mills.

Buy your Hardware

AT

GILBRETH'S, Kendall's Mills,

and get First Class Goods at the lowest market price.

LIME AND CEMENT.

NEW Lime from the Kiln, just received. Also Ros-

endale and Portland Cement. Kept constantly on hand

and for sale at the Corner Grocery, Kendall's Mills, by

B. BUNKER & CO.

C. W. WINGATE,

WATCHES, JEWELRY,

STERLING SILVER WARE,

AND FANCY GOODS,

117 and 119 Middle Street,

CORNER TEMPLE STREET, PORTLAND, ME.

WATCHES SKILFULLY REPAIRED.

EDMUND F. WEBB,

Counselor at Law,

and Solicitor in Bankruptcy,

WATERVILLE, MAINE.

FRED C. THAYER, M. D.

Office over I. H. Lowe's Apothecary Store, Main Street,

WATERVILLE, ME.

DR. G. S. PALMER,

DENTAL OFFICE,

over

ALDEN'S JEWELRY

STORE,

opp. People's Nat'l Bank,

WATERVILLE, ME.

Chloroform, Ether or Nit-

rous Oxide Gas administered when desired.

STOVES, TINWARE, & C.

We can sell you at our

HARDWARE STORE,

in

CLINTON,

A general assortment of Hardware, Iron and Steel,

Stoves and Tinware, Plows and Plow Castings.

We keep the Haviland Plows, all kinds Plo-

Castings, Horse Rakes, Horse Rakes, Drag

Rakes, Hand Rakes, Scythes, Scythes

Snaths, Shovels, Hoes, Forks, and

all kinds of Farming Im-

plements. Spinning Wheels,

Lead, Nails, Win-

FIRE INSURANCE

Meader & Phillips,  
AGENTS,  
WATERVILLE.

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO.,  
OF HARTFORD, CONN.,

Incorporated in 1810, with perpetual charter.

Capital and Surplus, \$1,583,162 02.

ATNA INSURANCE COMPANY,  
HARTFORD, CONN.,

Incorporated in 1819:

Capital and Assets, \$3,650,651 78.

Losses paid in 46 years, \$17,485,871.

CITY FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,  
OF HARTFORD,

Assets, July 1, 1884, \$408,686 63.

These Companies have been so long before the public, and

the extent of their business and resources so well known,

that commendation is unnecessary.

Apply to  
MEADER & PHILLIPS,  
Waterville, Me.

BOOTHBY'S INSURANCE OFFICE,

AT  
EASTERN EXPRESS OFFICE.

MAIN ST., WATERVILLE.

Policies issued in First Class Companies—Fire, Life,

Accident and Live Stock, on the most favorable

terms. For further information apply to

L. T. BOOTHBY.

At the Express Office, or at the P. & K. R. R. Depot.

NOTICE! DENTISTRY!

ZENNO E. TAYLOR.

At the old stand of Dr. Edwin Dunbar on Main

Street, would inform the citizens of Waterville

and vicinity that he is prepared to execute all

orders in the line of

Surgical and Mechanical Dentistry, in the

best and most skillful manner.

Nov. 8, 1886. ZENNO E. TAYLOR.

BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

Old Stand opposite the P. O.

I have this day bought the interest of

F. W. HASKELL

in the business recently carried on by him, and shall continue

the same in the future.

Boots and Shoes.

At the old stand directly opposite the Post Office.

All accounts due the late firm of Haskell & Mayo being in-

cluded in the above sale, I would request an early payment

to the above sale. I would request an early payment

I shall keep constantly in store a full assortment of goods for

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S WEAR.

of the best manufacture. Particular attention will be given to

Custom Work.

For Gentlemen REPAIRING of all kinds neatly done.

Waterville, Jan'y 22nd, 1887. O. F. MAYO.

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 and merit

their continued patronage.

We intend to keep nothing but

to all them as

FIRST CLASS GOODS,

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. CHAMBERS & CO.

Waterville, May 28th, 1887.

ALL STYLE

CHIP BONNETS,

and handker-

FANCY STRAW.

Perf. and Imitation Pearl Ornaments

with an assortment of

RIBBONS, FLOWERS, &c.

Just opened by

E. S. FISHER

NEW GOODS.

JUST ARRIVED

AT MAXWELL'S

a superior quality of

LADIES' BOOTS.

and of the latest

NEW YORK STYLE.

Consisting of the following:

Ladies' Fine Glove Calf Button Boots, B-1-2

Lace Polish, C

Button Boots, C

Congress Boots, C

Button Highland Polish

C

Fine Goat Polish Boots.

Misses' Kid

The above are extra fine quality goods for LADIES and

MISSES, and are offered in Waterville before.

Please call and examine.

And an endless variety of other Goods, Serge and Leather,

Feigned and Real, for Men, Women and Children.

Sept. 26, 1886.

GROceries

The subscriber offers for sale at the stand o-

the late

MR. BENJ. PLATT,

HANSON'S BLOCK,

Fresh Arrivals—Latest Styles—New

and Elegant—Lowest Prices.

W. A. CAFFEY,  
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN  
FURNITURE,  
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

Looking Glasses, Spring Beds, Mattresses,

Children's Carriages, Willow Ware,

Picture Frames &c.

Rosewood, Mahogany, and Walnut Burial Caskets.

Black Walnut, Mahogany, Birch and Pine Coffins, con-

stantly on hand.

Cabinet Furniture manufactured or repaired to order.

WANTED.

AGENTS.

To sell a new and very useful article. Patented Feb. 20th

1887. Extra inducements offered. Send for Circular.

General Agent for the State, J. C. WATERHOUSE,

15-42 Biddeford, Me.

Sash, Doors,

BLINDS, AND WINDOW FRAMES.

THE undersigned, at their New Factory at Grommett's Mills,

Waterville, are making, and will keep constantly on hand all

the above articles, of various sizes, the prices of which will

be found as low as the same quality of work can be bought

anywhere in the State. The stock and workmanship will

be of the first quality, and our work is warranted to be what it

is represented to be.

Our Doors will be kiln-dried with DRY HEAT, and not

with steam. Orders collected by mail or otherwise.

FURISH & SANDERS.

P. Furish, 45 Waterville, May 10, 1887.

STEAM

REFINED SOAPS

LEATHER & GORE.

Would solicit the attention of the trade and consumers to

their Standard Brands of

STEAM REFINED SOAPS,

VIZ:

AMERICAN CASTLE

CHEMICAL OLIVE

CRANE'S PATENT,

FAMILY

EXTRA

NO. 1

OLIVE

AND SODA

ALL OF SUPERIOR QUALITIES, in packages suitable for

the trade and for use.

Importing our chemicals direct, and using only the best

materials, and so our goods are manufactured under the

superior supervision of senior partner, who has had

thirty years practical experience in the business, we therefore

assure the public with confidence that we can and will furnish

the best goods at the lowest prices!

Having recently enlarged and erected NEW WORKS, con-

taining all the modern improvements, we are enabled to fur-

nish a supply of Soap of the Best Quality, adapted to all

the demands, for Export and Domestic Consumption.

LEATHER & GORE'S

STEAM REFINED SOAPS

SOLD BY ALL THE

WHOLESALE GROCERS THROUGHOUT THE STATE.

LEATHER & GORE,

397 Commercial St., 47 and 49 Beach Street,

PORTLAND, ME. 6m-40

March 24, 1886.

MANLEY & GOZER,

Having taken the store lately

occupied by

N. S. EMERY,

corner of Main and Temple

Streets, will keep constantly

on hand a good assortment of

Groceries, West India Goods,

FRESH MEATS AND FISH.

Which they propose to sell for PAY DOWN, as the credit system

is detrimental to both the dealer and the consumer, and they

will therefore strictly to the 'No Credit System.'

CASH paid for most kinds of Produce

Waterville, Feb. 23d, 1885.

TO BLACKSMITHS.

30 KEOS Providence Horse Shoes. Also the Patent Toe

Corks For sale at Manley & Gozer's.

AT ARNOLD & MEADER'S,

Waterville, Me.

Life and Accident Insurance

On all kinds, is made by the Original

TRAVELLER'S INSURANCE CO.