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Maxham & Wing

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Splendors of morning the billow-crests brighten,
Lighting and luring them on to the land—
Far away waves where the wan vessels whiten,
Blue rollers breaking in surf where we stand:
Curled like the necks of a legion of horses,
Each with his froth-gilded mane flowing free,
Hither they speed in perpetual courses,
Bearing thy riches, O beautiful Sea!

Strong with the striving of yesterday's surges,
Lashed by the wailing winds leaping from the shore,
Each driven fast by its follower, urges
Fearfully those that are fleeing before.
How they leap over the ridges we walk on,
Flinging us gifts from the depths of the Sea—
Silvery fish for the foam-hunting falcon,
Palm-wood and pearls for my darling and me!

Light falls her foot where the rift follows after,
Finer her hair than your feathery spray,
Sweeter her voice than your infinite laughter,
List! ye wild couriers, O list to my lay!
Deep in the chambers of grottoes auroral
Morn haves her jewels and beads her red knee;
Thence to my dear one your amber and coral
Bring, for her dowry, O beautiful Sea!

(From Harper's Magazine for November.)

CALICO.

It was about time for the four o'clock train. After all, I wonder if it is worth telling; such a simple plotless record of a young girl's life. Made up of Mondays and Tuesdays and Wednesdays like yours or mine. Sharley was so exactly like other people! How can it be helped that nothing remarkable happened to her? But you would like the story?

It was about time for the four o'clock train, then.

Sharley, at the cost of half a sugar-bowl (never mind syntax, you know I mean the sugar not the glass), had enticed Moppet to be-take himself out of sight and out of mind till any body should signify a desire for his engaging presence; and had steered clear of Nate and Methuselah, and was standing now alone on the back door-steps opposite the chaise-house. One could see a variety of things from those door-steps. The chaise-house, for instance, with the old, solid, square-built wagon rolled into it; Sharley passed many a long "mending morning" stowed in among the cushions of that old wagon; the great sweet-kept barn where the sun stole in warm at the chinks and filtered through the hay; the well-curb folded in by a shadow; the wood-pile, and the chickens, and the kitchen garden. A little slope, too, with a maple on it and shades of brown and gold upon the grass; brown and golden tints across the hills, and a sky of blue and gold to dazzle one. Then there was a flock of robins dipping southward. There also was the railroad.

Sharley may have had her dim consciousness of the cozy barn and chicken's chirp; of brown and gold and blue and dazzle and glory; but you don't suppose that was what she had out-generaled Moppet and stolen the march upon Nate and Methuselah for. The truth is that the child had need of none of these things—neither skies nor dazzle nor glory—that golden autumn afternoon. Had the railroad bounded the universe just then she would have been content. For Sharley was only a girl—a very young, not very happy little girl—and Halcombe Dike was coming home to spend the Sunday.

Halcombe Dike—her old friend Halcombe Dike. She said the words over, apologizing a bit to herself for being there to watch that railroad. Hal used to be good to her when she was bothered with the children and more than half tired of life. "Keep up good courage, Sharley," he would say; for the long summer he had not been here to say it. And to-night should not one be glad when one's old friends come back?

Mrs. Guest, peering through the pantry window, observed—and observed with some motherly displeasure, which she would have expressed had it not been too much trouble to open the window—that Sharley had put on her barbe—that black barbe with the pink watered ribbons run through it. So extravagant in Sharley! Sharley would have been so extravagant as to put on her pink muslin too this afternoon; she had been more than half inclined to cry because she could not; but as it was not orthodox in Green Valley to wear one's "best clothes" on week days, except at picnics or prayer-meetings, she had submitted, sighing, to her sprigged calico. It would have been worth while, though, to have seen her half an hour ago up in her room under the eaves, considering the question; she standing there with the sleeves of her dressing-sack fallen away from her pink, bare arms, and the hair clinging loose and moist to her white bare neck; to see her smooth the shimmering folds—there were rose-buds on that muslin—and look and long, hang it up, and turn away. Why could there not be a little more rose-bud and shimmer in people's lives? "Seems to me it's all calico!" cried Sharley.

Then to see her overturning her ribbon-box! Nobody but a girl knows how girls dream over their ribbons.

"He is coming!" whispered Sharley to the little bright barbe, and to the little bright face that flushed and fluttered at her in the glass—"He is coming!"

Sharley looked well waiting there in the calico and lace upon the door-step. It is not every body who would look well in calico and lace; yet if you were to ask me a could not tell you how pretty Sharley is, or if she is pretty at all. I have a memory of soft hair—brown I think—and wistful eyes; and that I never saw her without a desire to stroke her, and make her purr as I would a kitten.

How stiff, and stark, and black the railroad lay on its yellow ridges! Sharley drew her breath when the sudden four o'clock whistle smote the air, and a faint, far trail of smoke puffed through the woods, and wound over the barren outline.

Her mother, seeing her steal away through the kitchen-garden and down the slopes, called after her:

"Charlotte! going to walk? I wish you'd let the baby go too. Well, she doesn't hear!"

I will not assert that Sharley did not hear. To be frank, she was rather tired of that baby.

There was a foot-path through the brown and golden grass, and Sharley ran over it, under the maple, which was dropping yellow beans, and down to the knot of trees which lined the farther walls. There was a nook here—she knew just where—into which one might creep, tangled in with the low-hanging green of apple and spruce, and wound about with grape-vines. Stopping down, careful not to catch that barbe upon the branches, and careful not to soil so much as a sprig of the clean light calico, Sharley hid herself in the shadow. She could see unseen now the great puffs of purple smoke, the burning line of sandy bank, the station, and the up-hill road to the village. Oddly enough some old Scripture words—Sharley was not much in the habit of quoting Scripture—came into her thought just as she had curled herself comfortably up beside the wall, her watching face against the grape-leaves: "But what went ye out for to see?" "What went ye out for to see?"

"A prophet? Yes, I say unto you, and more than a prophet," and stopped, scarlet. What had prophets to do with her old friend Halcombe Dike?

Ab, but he was coming! he was coming! To Sharley's eyes the laboring, crazy locomotive which puffed him asthmatically up to the little depot was a benevolent dragon—if there were such things as benevolent dragons—very horrible, and she was very much afraid of it; but very gracious, and she should like to go out and pat it on the shoulder!

The train slackened, jarred, and stopped. An old woman with three bandboxes climbed out laboriously. Two small boys turned somersaults from the platform. Sharley strained her wistful eyes till they ached. There was nobody else. Sharley was very young, and very much disappointed, and she cried. The glory had died from the skies. The world had gone out.

She was sitting there all in a heap, her face in her hands, and her heart in her foolish eyes, when a step sounded near, and a voice humming an old army song. She knew it; he had taught it to her himself. She knew the step; for she had long ago trained her slippered feet to keep pace with it. He had stepped from the wrong side of the car, perhaps, or her eager eyes had missed him; at any rate here he was—a young man, with honest eyes, and mouth a little grave; a very plainly dressed young man; his coat was not as new as Sharley's calico, but a young man with a good step of his own, strong, elastic, and a nervous hand.

He passed, humming his army song and never knew how the world lighted up again within a foot of him. He passed so near that Sharley by stretching out her hand could have touched him—so near that she could hear the breath he drew. He was thinking to himself, perhaps, that no one had come from home to meet him, and he had been long away; but then it was not his mother's fashion of welcome, and quickened his pace at the thought of her, and left the tangle of green behind, and the little wet face crushed breathless up against the grape-leaves, and was out of sight and knew nothing.

Sharley sprang up and bounded home. Her mother opened her languid eyes wide when the child came in:

"Dear me, Charlotte, how you do go chirping and hopping round, and me with this great baby and my sick headache! I can't chirp and hop. You look as if somebody'd set you on fire? What's the matter with you, child?"

What was the matter, indeed! Sharley in a little spasm of penitence—one can afford to be penitent when one is happy—took the baby and went away to think about it. Surely he would come to see her to-night; he did not often come home without seeing Sharley; and he had been long away. At any rate he was here; in this very Green Valley where the days had dragged so drearily without him; his eyes saw the same sky that hers saw; his breath drank the same sweet evening wind; his feet trod the roads that she had trodden yesterday, and would tread again tomorrow. But I will not tell them any more of this—shall I, Sharley?

She threw her head back and looked up, as she walked to and fro through the yard with the heavy baby fretting on her shoulder. The skies were aflame now, for the sun was dropping slowly. "He is here!" they said. A belated robin took up the word: "He is here!" The yellow maple glittered all over with it: "Sharley, he is here!"

"The butter is here," called her mother irrelevantly from the house. "The butter is here now, and it's time to see about supper, Charlotte."

"More calico!" said impatient Sharley, and she gave the baby a jerk.

Whether he came or whether he did not come there was no more time for Sharley to dream that night. In fact, there seldom was any time to dream in Mrs. Guest's household. Mrs. Guest believed in keeping people busy. Mrs. Guest was busy enough herself when her head did not ache. When it did it was the least she could do to see that other people were busy.

So Sharley had the table set, and the biscuit to bake, and the tea to make, and the pears to pick over; she must run up stairs to bring her mother's handkerchief; she must hurry for her father's clothes-brush when he came in tired and not so good-humored as he might be from his store; she must stop to rebuild the baby's block-house that Moppet had kicked over, and snap Moppet's dirty, dimpled fingers for kicking it over, and endure the "hick" that Moppet set up therefor. She must suggest to Methuselah that he could find, perhaps, a more suitable book-mark for Robinson Crusoe than his piece of bread and molasses, and question Nate's theories of standing on the table-cloth and sitting on the toast-rack.

And then Moppet was at that baby again, dropping five cold pennies down his neck. They must be made presentable for supper, too. Moppet, and Nate, and Methuselah. Methuselah, Nate, and Moppet, brushed and washed and dusted and coaxed and scolded and borne with. There was no end to it. Would there ever be any end to it? Sharley sometimes asked of her weary thoughts. Sharley's life, like the lives of most girls at her age, was one great un-answered question. It grew tiresome occasionally, as dialogues of one are apt to do.

"I'm going to holler to-night," announced Moppet at supper, pausing in the midst of his berry-cake, by way of diversion, to lift the cat up by her tail. "I'm going to holler awful, and make you sit up and tell me about it; how the baby that ate the giant, and Cinderella; how she lived in the stove-pipe, and that man that built his house out of a bundle of straws; and—well, there's some more, but I don't remember 'em just now, you know."

"Oh, Moppet!" glared Moppet over his mug. "You made me put on a clean collar. You see if I don't holler an' holler an' holler an' holler a-holler!"

Sharley's heart sank; but she patiently cleared away her dishes, mixed her mother's peenec, read her father's paper, went up stairs with the children, treated Moppet with respect as to his buttons and boot-lacing, and tremblingly bled her time.

"Well," condescended that young gentleman, before his prayers were over, "I believe—give us our debts—I'll keep that hollerin' forever—ever—Namen—till to-morrow night. I ain't a-bit—sleepy, but—And nobody heard anything more from Moppet."

The coast was clear now, and happy Sharley, with bright cheeks, took her little fall hat that she was winking, and sat down on the front-door steps; sat there to wait and watch, and hope and dream and flutter, and sat in vain.

Twilight crept up the path, up to her feet, folded her in; the warm color of her plaided ribbons faded away under her eyes, and dropped from her listless fingers; with them had faded her bit of a hope for that night; Hal always came before dark.

"Who cares?" said Sharley, with a toss of her soft, brown head. Somebody did care nevertheless. Somebody winked hard as she went up stairs.

However, she could light a lamp and finish her hat. That was one comfort. It always is a comfort to finish one's hat. Girls have forgotten graver troubles than Sharley's in the excitement of hurried Saturday-night millinery.

A bonnet is a picture in its way, and grows up under one's fingers with a pretty sense of artistic triumph. Besides, there is always the question: Will it be becoming? So Sharley put her lamp on a cricket, and herself on the floor, and began to sing over her work. A pretty sight it was—the low, dark room with the heavy shadows in its corners; all the light and color drawn to a focus in the middle of it: Sharley with her head bent—bits of silk like broken rainbows tossed about her, and that little musing smile considering gravely: Should the white squares of the plaid turn outward? and where should she put the coral? and would it be becoming after all? A pretty, girlish sight, and you may laugh at it if you choose, but there was a prettier woman's tenderness underlying it; just as a strain of fine, cool sweetness will wind through a mazurka or a waltz. For who would see the poor little hat to-morrow at church? and would he like it? and when he came to-morrow night—would he tell her so?

When every body else was in bed and the house still, Sharley looked her door, furtively stole to the bureau-glass, shyly tied on that hat, and more shyly peeped in. A flutter of October colors and two great brown eyes looked back at her encouragingly.

"I should like to be pretty," said Sharley—and asked the next minute to be forgiven for the vanity, "At any rate," by way of modification, "I should like to be pretty to-morrow."

She prayed for Halcombe Dike when she knelt with her face hidden in her white bed to say "Our Father." I believe she had prayed for him now every night for a year. Not that there was any need of it, she reasoned, for was he not a great deal better than she could ever be? Far above her; oh, as far above her as the shining of the stars was above the shining of the maple-tree; but perhaps if she prayed very hard they would give one extra, beautiful angel charge over him. Then, was it not quite right to pray for one's old friends? Besides—besides, they had a pleasant sound, those two words: "Our Father."

"I will be good to-morrow," said Sharley, dropping into sleep. "Mother's head will ache, and I can go to church. I will listen to the minister, and I won't plan out my winter dresses in prayer-time. I won't be cross to Moppet, nor shake Methuselah. I will be good. Hal will help me to be good. I shall see him in the morning—in the morning."

Sharley's self-knowledge, like the rest of her, was in the bud yet. Why did not the old words have it: "As thy day, so shall thy merit be?"

Sharley's day—her Sunday, her own warm, shining day, opened all in a glow. She danced down stairs at ten o'clock in the new hat, in a haze of merry colors. She had got breakfast and milked one cow and dressed four boys that morning, and she felt as if she had earned the right to dance in a haze of any thing. The sunlight quivered in through the blinds. The leaves of the yellow-maple drifted by on the fresh, strong wind. The church-bells rang out like gold. All the world was happy.

"Charlotte!" Her mother bustled out of the "keeping room" with her hat on. "I've changed my mind, Sharley, and feel so much better I believe I will go to church. I'll take Methuselah, but Nate and Moppet had better stay at home with the baby. The last time I took Moppet he fired three hymn-books at old Mrs. Perkins—right into the crown of her bonnet, and in the long prayer, too. That child will be the death of me some day. I guess you'll get along with him, and the baby isn't quite as cross as he was yesterday. You'd just as lief go in the afternoon, I suppose? Pin my shawl on the shoulder, please."

But Sharley, half-way down the stairs, stood still. She was no saint, this disappointed little girl. Her face, in the new fall hat, flushed angrily and her hands dropped.

"Oh, mother! I did want to go! You're always keeping me at home for something. I did want to go!" and rushed up stairs noisily like a child, and slammed her door.

"Dear me!" said her mother, putting on her spectacles to look after her "dear me! what a temper! I'm sure I don't see what difference it makes to her which half of the day she goes. Last Sunday she must go in the afternoon, and wouldn't hear of any thing else. Well, there's no accounting for girls! Come, Methuselah."

Is there not any "accounting for girls," my dear Madam? What is the matter with those mothers that they can not see? Just as if it never made any difference to them which half of the day they went to church! Well, well! we are doing it, all of us, as fast as we can—going the way of all the earth; digging little graves for our young sympathies, one by one, golden mornings and pretty new bonnets and the sweet consciousness of watching eyes bounded life for us—so very long! We have dreamed our dreams; we have learned the long lesson of our days; we are stepping on into the shadows. Our eyes see yet we see not; our ears hear yet they have not considered. We read our melodious story through, but we have read other stories since, and only its *hac fabula deest* remains very fresh; You will be as obtuse as we are some day, young things! It is not neglect; it is not disapproval—we simply forget. But from our forgetfulness may the good Lord graciously deliver us, one and all!

There! I fancy that I have made for Mrs. Guest—sitting meantime in her cushioned pew (directly behind Halcombe Dike), and comfortably looking over the "Watts and Select" with Methuselah—a better defence than ever she could have made for herself. Between you and me, girls—though you need not tell your mother—I think it is better than she deserves.

Sharley, up stairs, had slammed her door and locked it, and was pacing hotly back and forth across her room. Poor Sharley! Sun and moon and stars were darkened; the clouds had returned after the rain. She tore off the new hat and Sunday things savagely, put on her old chocolate-colored morning-dress, with a grim satisfaction in making her elf as ugly as possible; pulled down the ribboned chignon which she had braided, singing, half an hour ago, (her own, that chignon); screwed her hair under a net into the most unbecoming little pug of which it was capable, and went drearily down stairs.

Nate, enacting the cheerful drama of "Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree," hung from the balusters, purple, gasping, tied to the verge of strangulation by the energetic Moppet. The baby was calmly sitting in the squash-pies.

render it, translate by the pure Saxon "Humbug." O sage and prophet of "Usinn!" not in any true sense a nobleman, but rather one of nature's most ignoble; setting the brutallest attributes over the manliest; wandering about in the cloudiest obscurities of the pathless past; sending up from your befogged intellect streams of Stygian mist. Don't shoot Niagara! Shoot yourself!

WOMEN AND THE FASHIONS.—It is the eternal, heaven-decreed, anti-Mill law that women should be dependent, and poor, and vain; and their dependence, their poverty, and their vanity make them all the more adorable, because we know that they spring, not from selfishness, but from desire to give delight to men. They are deliciously poor. They will borrow sixpence from you without shame; and if they have fifty thousand pounds, they will come and eat the money into your lap and say, "There, dear; pay off the nasty mortgages, and then take me out for a walk." They only want to be taken out for a walk to look at the bonnet-shops. If there be cash about, they will have a bonnet—the best that money can buy. If the funds be at low-water, they will "take it out of the bonnets" by looking at them. I have known a "nice woman" who had not the slightest hesitation in eating partridges at twelve-and-sixpence a brace, but who was perfectly content to dine on a basin of water-gruel—so long as you took her out for a walk. The nice woman forgives everything but neglect. Pay her attention, and she will forgive forgive, forgive for ever and ever. Neglect or scorn her, or decline to admire the new collar and cuffs she has bought for one-and-elevenpence-halfpenny in Newington Causeway, and she will hate you worse than Mrs. Potiphar hated Joseph. What is the usual complaint of an ill-used woman against man? It is not "He beats me"; "He has spent all my money." It is, "He doesn't care for me." The woman likes to be poor. She likes to beg. She likes to have nothing, and that everything should come from you. She would nibble the bread out of your mouth if you would let her. She triumphs in "carrying" you out of a five-pound note. I do verily believe she would cheat you a little if she has a chance. If you are wealthy and generous, you may cover her with all the gems Mr. Hancock has to sell. You may pour on, and she will endure. But fall you into poverty—be you proscribed, be unhappy, be distressed, and away go the diamonds and the cashmere to Mine Uncle—away go Vanity and Caprice; and you have by your side a patient little soul in cotton-print, who will wash and mangle and iron and starch—who will peel potatoes and broil red herrings—who will stretch her fingers to the bone in the making of soldiers' jackets to buy your bread. I believe that Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, would do this; and "Nancy," the burglar's sweetheart in *Oliver Twist*, could do no more. It is the nature of woman-kind. There are exceptions to the rule; but the exceptions are scarcely women.—[Belgravia for October.]

Square Cliff, of Vermont, lives up on the picturesque Onion river, (sometimes called the Winooski), of whose scenery he is very proud. He is an entertaining companion, and what they call, in the Western Reserve, "considerable of a man any way." The great defect about him is his breath, which is a little the worst a man ever drew. It is good not only to perfume a room, but a whole neighborhood. M. Moustier, the polite French minister, was travelling this summer on Lake Champlain, and Square Cliff was introduced to him at Burlington as a gentleman well informed upon Vermont records and scenery. "Marquis," said the Square, drawing close, "for two and fifty years I have lived upon the Onion!" "Sure," replied the Frenchman, "I should think you lived on him one hundred!"

MARK J. LEAMING, who was on duty at Fort Pillow at the time of the massacre, as adjutant of the Thirtieth West Tennessee Cavalry, has written to the New York Times a letter in which he disputes the statements made by the Rebel General Forrest in a card lately published by him. Forrest endeavored to shield himself from the terrible consequences of his crimes during the war, and denied that his troops committed the atrocities at Fort Pillow which have been fixed to their charge. Learning says that those charges are true, to his personal knowledge. He was himself shot down after he had surrendered, and while lying upon the field saw a number of men deliberately shot. All this occurred after the fort was in entire possession of the Rebels, and after our men had entirely ceased to offer resistance. These atrocities were renewed the following morning, when two unarmed, helpless, wounded Federal soldiers were shot within thirty feet of where he was lying. He heard at the same time firing going on all around the fort, but these two murders occurred in his immediate sight and hearing.

The following is Sidney Smith's idea of the proprieties of kissing: "We are in favor of a certain amount of shyness when a kiss is proposed; but it should not be too long; and when the fair one gives it, let it be administered with warmth and energy; let there be a soul in it. If she close her eyes and sigh immediately after it, the effect is greater. She should be careful not to slobber a kiss, but give it as a humming bird runs his bill into a honey-suckle, deep, but delicate. There is much virtue in a kiss when well delivered. We have the memory of one we received in our youth, which lasted us forty years, and we believe it will be one of the last things we shall think of when we die."

A young man in New Haven, the other day, rushed into a drug store, and, in great alarm, asked the clerk if benzine was poisonous. "No," said the clerk, "why?" "Because," said the fellow, "father went to the closet to take down the gin bottle, and by mistake took several swallows before he knew it." "He is all right, replied the clerk; "the only difference between benzine and modern gin is in the smell."

Money seems to have a specific influence on the inventive faculties. During the long years that our patent office has been in existence, only five labor saving machines have been produced by men of wealth—and of these five, one is devoted to a "new mode of smoking tobacco," and the other four to easy chairs.

Somebody has nominated Mr. Geo. H. Pendleton for President of the United States, and it is understood that distinguished candidate is building his platform, whereof the chief planks are 1. A nigger is not as good as a white man. 2. Not being as good as a white man, a nigger is good for nothing at all. 3. If you let a nigger vote he will marry your daughter. 4. A dollar is not a dollar, but a piece of green paper. 5. A promise to pay is binding only as long as it may be convenient to keep it. 6. Free Liquor. We have not heard who has been chosen to write the customary campaign "Life" of the candidate but we suggest Polkard.—[Tribune.]

In a recent conversation with Lucy Stone Chief Justice Chase said: "Be free to say from me that I think there will be no end to the good that will come by woman's suffrage, on the elections, on government, and on woman herself. I have said this in public and private for many years. I am glad that an effort is making in Kansas to accomplish it, and I shall rejoice when the elective franchise shall be as free to women as it is now to men. I think, too, that this will be at no distant day."

On the first Tuesday in November, which is the fifth day of the month, elections will be held in the States of New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Illinois, Kansas, Missouri, and Nevada. Some of the commonwealths vote for a governor and State officers, but in others the ticket is only local.

A CEMENT FOR IRON AND OTHER SUBSTANCES.—A correspondent asks, "What is the best known substance for sticking sheepskin to iron?" We reply, that any fibrous material can be "stuck" to metal, whether iron or other metal, by an amalgam composed of glue dissolved in vinegar, hot, with one-third of its volume of white pitch pine, also hot. The composition will give a sure and certain return.—[Scientific American.]

A DEMOCRATIC SOLDIER.—The Democrats at Middlesex County, N. J. are about to show their admiration for the soldiers, by nominating one for the assembly in their Second District. His name is Col. Jones, and he served creditably—in the Rebel Army, under Gen. Price. He is a genuine representative "Democrat."

A new grass is springing up in the Southern States. It appears to be a dwarf clover, is very thick set, covering the earth with a beautiful carpet of green. It is much relished by cattle, and is complete exterminator of Bermuda, joint, sedge and other grasses. In Middle Georgia it is very abundant, and is attracting much attention.

Somebody, with a good deal of spare time, has been talking with ex-President Buchanan about the situation. Mr. Buchanan declares that the policies and actions of parties have "got beyond his comprehension," and he can't imagine "what the result will be." Mr. Buchanan has been suffering under this complaint for the last twelve or fifteen years.

Some low blackguard recently smeared the house of Rev. Dr. Miner, in Boston, because of his advocacy of a prohibitory liquor law. Such acts show on which side of the liquor question are the cowardly sneaks.

The Freedmen's Bureau will expire next July by limitation. It is understood that Gen. Howard will not recommend its continuance beyond that time, in case the reconstruction of the South should be accomplished. In that event he will recommend a comprehensive system of education for colored youth south, by the establishment of an extensive normal school at Washington city for the education of colored teachers, and the organization of normal schools for the same object in the Southern States.

SURRATT.—The second trial of Surrott is set for the term of Court to be held in Washington in November. In the mean time an application will be made to Congress to change the law so that he can be tried in a Northern State, upon the ground that no jury that can be empaneled in the District of Columbia will convict him. It is suggested that, instead of taking this course, Congress may conclude to give colored men the right to sit on juries.

A correspondent of the Boston Advertiser, who has recently gone the rounds of the publishing houses of that city, makes the following notice of

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It will require a close study or thorough previous acquaintance with Worcester to take in the full meaning of the following extract from an obituary notice of an editor:—

"After a little more than the century's noontide, living years as a social comorbite,—his hoarier age spent in abjuration of all companionship and coetere life—annescence whose caducity was the greenest and most indisputable dotation—he is at last sarcophagated with the old men of all past time—and we mourn him as we wait those who have gone down to their infatuation in fulness of years, and no scantiness of the honors of the calling in which he was both a Nestor and a master hand."

Somebody has nominated Mr. Geo. H. Pendleton for President of the United States, and it is understood that distinguished candidate is building his platform, whereof the chief planks are 1. A nigger is not as good as a white man. 2. Not being as good as a white man, a nigger is good for nothing at all. 3. If you let a nigger vote he will marry your daughter. 4. A dollar is not a dollar, but a piece of green paper. 5. A promise to pay is binding only as long as it may be convenient to keep it. 6. Free Liquor. We have not heard who has been chosen to write the customary campaign "Life" of the candidate but we suggest Polkard.—[Tribune.]

In a recent conversation with Lucy Stone Chief Justice Chase said: "Be free to say from me that I think there will be no end to the good that will come by woman's suffrage, on the elections, on government, and on woman herself. I have said this in public and private for many years. I am glad that an effort is making in Kansas to accomplish it, and I shall rejoice when the elective franchise shall be as free to women as it is now to men. I think, too, that this will be at no distant day."

On the first Tuesday in November, which is the fifth day of the month, elections will be held in the States of New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Illinois, Kansas, Missouri, and Nevada. Some of the commonwealths vote for a governor and State officers, but in others the ticket is only local.

A CEMENT FOR IRON AND OTHER SUBSTANCES.—A correspondent asks, "What is the best known substance for sticking sheepskin to iron?" We reply, that any fibrous material can be "stuck" to metal, whether iron or other metal, by an amalgam composed of glue dissolved in vinegar, hot, with one-third of its volume of white pitch pine, also hot. The composition will give a sure and certain return.—[Scientific American.]

A DEMOCRATIC SOLDIER.—The Democrats at Middlesex County, N. J. are about to show their admiration for the soldiers, by nominating one for the assembly in their Second District. His name is Col. Jones, and he served creditably—in the Rebel Army, under Gen. Price. He is a genuine representative "Democrat."

A new grass is springing up in the Southern States. It appears to be a dwarf clover, is very thick set, covering the earth with a beautiful carpet of green. It is much relished by cattle, and is complete exterminator of Bermuda, joint, sedge and other grasses. In Middle Georgia it is very abundant, and is attracting much attention.

Somebody, with a good deal of spare time, has been talking with ex-President Buchanan about the situation. Mr. Buchanan declares that the policies and actions of parties have "got beyond his comprehension," and he can't imagine "what the result will be." Mr. Buchanan has been suffering under this complaint for the last twelve or fifteen years.

Some low blackguard recently smeared the house of Rev. Dr. Miner, in Boston, because of his advocacy of a prohibitory liquor law. Such acts show on which side of the liquor question are the cowardly sneaks.

The Freedmen's Bureau will expire next July by limitation. It is understood that Gen. Howard will not recommend its continuance beyond that time, in case the reconstruction of the South should be accomplished. In that event he will recommend a comprehensive system of education for colored youth south, by the establishment of an extensive normal school at Washington city for the education of colored teachers, and the organization of normal schools for the same object in the Southern States.

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Waterville Mail.

E. H. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, NOV. 1, 1867.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

R. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 27 Park Row, New York; E. H. Niles, Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. L. Howell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 22 Congress Street, Boston, and 58 Cedar Street, New York; and T. B. Fenn, Advertising Agent, 129 Washington Street, Boston, are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office.

A. J. WALK & CO., Advertising Agents, 71 Middle Street, Portland, are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisements 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," at "WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE."

The Horse Trot and Trial of Engines, first advertised for Wednesday and Thursday, was adjourned to Friday and Saturday, on account of the storm. The fine sunshine of Friday morning induced a large turn-out, though the number of fire companies from abroad was but three; making five with those of Waterville, besides the steam engine Cashmore from Augusta.

The following plays were made for the two purses of \$100 and \$50:—

Waterville No. 3	196 ft.
Kennebec, of Bath	186 ft. 6 in.
R. E. Lyon, Skowhegan	155 ft.
Ticonic, Waterville	186 ft.
Atlantic, Augusta	176 ft.

All are Burton engines except the R. E. Lyon, which is Hunneman.

The several companies made a fine show in procession from Main Street to the Park. The Atlantic, it will be remembered, took the first premium at the late contest at Bath. The Kennebec, of Bath, is one of the new machines recently purchased by that city. If its men have as much weight of character as of person, no wonder the city of Bath has a good name the world over. The R. E. Lyon took special attention for the neat appearance of its boys—their good behavior helping to set off their fine clothes to good advantage. Of the Waterville companies modesty forbids us to boast—or if it did not, the duty has already been done. At Home we are always proud of them. Their figures speak for them.

The sobriety and good order, and especially the rarity of all symptoms of intoxication, which marked the day in all places and at all hours, more than met expectation. No arrests were made, and there was no apparent occasion for them.

There was good trotting in the afternoon, though that portion of the programme mainly went over to Saturday. Little Fred is every where an attraction—and there was a fine show of Knox horses, with the General among them.

SHERIDAN'S VISIT to Maine was badly managed. He did not arrive at the capital on Saturday, as was first promised; nor on Monday, according to the advertised programme of the city authorities at Augusta; but on Tuesday, he did make a flying visit, his stay being so short that not half the people in the city had an opportunity of seeing him, even. People down river scold awfully (it is just possible that they swore a little at the time)—complaining of Portland for detaining him so long; and they may be pardoned for so much; but when one of the papers flings the epithet of "pauper municipality" at the Forest City, it oversteps the bounds of good taste and makes itself only ridiculous.

The dinner at the Augusta House, was all that could be desired, and just what was to have been expected under the direction of the new landlord, who has established his reputation as one of the best caterers in the State; but Sheridan was nearly a hundred miles away when it was eaten, for he was wanted at Concord, at which place he arrived in time to be too late for the demonstration in his honor, and after a very short stay was off with a rush for Vermont. One arrangement of the dinner was creditable to our Governor, and we mention it with pride and gratification—no liquor was on the table. A noble example! Let others, in high places, imitate it.

STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS of your house and grounds will have a great interest for friends abroad; or if it is the old house, soon to be displaced by a new one, you will want the picture yourself as a memento of the olden time. Pierce has taken many of them this fall, but the season for such work is rapidly drawing to a close, and you must speak quick if you want anything done. Read his advertisement and go in and look at his numerous street views. Perhaps you may find yourself already "in print."

HON. JOHN A. ANDREW, Ex-Governor of Massachusetts, died in Boston on Wednesday evening of apoplexy, after lying in an unconscious state for about twenty-four hours.

THE OLD FARMER'S ALMANAC for 1868, by Robert B. Thomas, has just been issued by Brewer & Tilton, of Boston, and will be found at all the bookstores.

CONFERENCE OF "LIBERAL" CHURCHES.

A conference composed of ministers and delegates from Universalist and Unitarian Societies in various parts of the State was held in Brunswick on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of last week. It was the first gathering of the kind, and the meeting was large and harmonious. Delegates were present from the Universalist and Unitarian churches in Augusta, Waterville, Hallowell, Gardiner, Portland, Bath, Lewiston, Saco, Saccarappa, Brunswick, Freeport and Kendall's Mills, and letters of approval and sympathy were received from clergymen of the two denominations in Portland, Gardiner, Kennebunk, Auburn and Turner. We take the following account of the proceedings of the convention from the Portland Star:—

The conference began on Tuesday afternoon with a prayer meeting opened by Rev. Mr. Copeland of Brunswick. After this meeting an essay on the authority of the scriptures was read by Rev. Dr. Sheldon of Waterville. This was a masterly production, taking strong ground against verbal inspiration. An animated discussion, entered into by the Rev. Messrs. Nichols of Saco, Magwire of Waterville, Cleaves of Augusta, and Mr. Butterfield of Saccarappa, ensued. In the evening at half-past seven, the conference listened to an interesting sermon on Perfection, by Rev. Mr. Magwire, of Waterville.

On Wednesday morning the conference opened with a prayer meeting conducted by Rev. Mr. Fowler of Kendall's Mills. Messrs. Copeland, Butterfield, Curtis, Sheldon and others took part in this meeting, which was earnest and interesting. At ten Rev. Mr. Moor of Augusta read an instructive essay on early religious culture. The rest of the morning was occupied in discussing the method of instruction in Sunday Schools. Rev. Mr. Stone of Norridgewock gave his views at length followed by Rev. Mr. Magwire, Rev. Dr. Sheldon, Rev. Mr. Pons, Mr. Curtis and others.

In the afternoon an essay on temperance was read by Rev. Mr. Copeland of Brunswick, which closed with a resolution pledging the members of the conference to the abolishing of wine at the Communion Service. This was earnestly debated by Rev. Messrs. Magwire, Everett, Sheldon, Pons, and Messrs. Hartford, Curtis and Cowan, but was not put to vote. In the evening the conference listened to a sermon by Rev. Mr. Everett of Bangor, on the nature and the grace of God.

On Thursday morning the conference opened with a prayer meeting conducted by Rev. Mr. Pons of Massachusetts. After this meeting, which was most impressive, Rev. Mr. Copeland introduced the following resolution:—

Resolved, That the ministers and delegates attending this conference representing the Universalist and Unitarian Societies of Western Maine, believing that they are sufficiently interested in doctrine to render their religious interest the same, do cordially unite together for Christian work and to further this union, do form themselves into a permanent conference to meet every autumn, and oftener if desirable.

An animated debate ensued, taken part in by Rev. Messrs. Sheldon, Pons, Copeland, Everett, Magwire, Moor, Steere, Messrs. Curtis, Butterfield and Captain Bowers. The resolution was unanimously adopted, and Rev. Mr. Steere of Lewiston was chosen President, and Rev. Mr. Copeland of Brunswick Secretary. Rev. Messrs. Moor and Everett then administered the Lord's Supper, after which votes of thanks were passed to the Portland and Kennebec Railroad, and the Androscoggin R. R., for their kindness in furnishing free return tickets; also to the choir for their beautiful music; over 50 delegates were present from abroad and all the meetings were of the greatest interest.

CHIP DIRT.—The agricultural editor of the Portland Press, in reply to a correspondent who inquires whether it is well to deposit chip dirt around fruit trees, says, "If the trees stand on grounds that are under cultivation, it would not be advisable to apply that sort of dressing to the soil about the roots, as it is apt to be the home of noxious vermin and to contain the larvae of insects which will infest the trees and growing crops. But if they stand in sward land quite bound out, such an application will make a good mulching which will keep the soil loose and moist—an important desideratum for the health and growth of the trees. Of course chip dirt in due time decomposes and becomes a natural fertilizer of the soil. By the application of lime or ashes, however, most of the larvae and vermin may be destroyed the first season, and therefore the dressing may not be injurious but serviceable to vegetation."

THE GRAND DIVISION OF THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE held its annual session in Bangor last week, and the gathering was unusually large. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—Rev. L. J. Fletcher, G. W. P.; E. H. Cass, G. W. A.; M. L. Stevens, G. S.; Rev. C. T. Norcross, G. Chaplain; John S. Kimball, G. T.; J. C. Blagdon, G. C.; Joseph Surry, G. S.

The quarterly sessions are to be held in Richmond for January, Rockland for April, Pembroke for July, and Gardiner for October. In his annual address the Grand Worthy Patriarch, Hon. B. F. Tallman, deemed the amendments to the Liquor Law and State Constabulary Law eminently calculated to do the work intended of staying to a great extent the withering, blighting curse caused by the illegal sale of intoxicating drinks; and while deprecating a resort to political action, declaring that temperance men will stand in solid phalanx in defence of the laws.

Voters in the new Dominion of Canada are a little worse than the "ferce democracie" on this side of the line. At the late election in Lower Canada a Mr. La Francoise, who was a candidate for the Provincial Legislature, was offered \$400 to retire from the canvass, which he declined. He was afterwards forcibly abducted and carried off, so that he could not be present at the nomination until after his competitor was declared elected.

CAPPED THE CLIMAX.—"Barrett," in the introduction of his splendid Hair Restorative and Dressing, now becoming widely known and approved.

OUR TABLE.

CHEMISTRY OF THE FAIR AND THE SEA. By James R. Nichols, M. D., Editor of "Boston Journal of Chemistry." Member of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, etc. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

This charming little volume consists of a series of essays, giving the chemistry of common life in a way that cannot fail to be understood by any one of ordinary intelligence. We have chapters upon the Chemistry of the Farm, the Chemistry of the Sea, the Chemistry of a Bowl of Milk, the Chemistry of a Kernel of Corn, etc., and they embody a great amount of useful information, presented in a way to fasten the attention of the reader, and fix the facts and principles in the memory. This book has received warm commendation from high scientific authority, and has already had a great sale. It will be found with all booksellers.

NEW TEMPERANCE TALES.—The Nation at Temperance Society and Publishing House have just published the following Sunday School Books:—THE HARD MASTER. A Temperance Story. By Mrs. J. McConaughy, author of "One Hundred Gold Dollars" and other popular Sunday-School books.

ECHO-BANK. A Temperance Tale, by "Ernie." They are interesting and well written narratives, illustrating the value of right principles, and enforcing lessons of honesty, truthfulness, and especially of temperance. They are just the books for school, and will be valuable additions to Sunday-School libraries. These, with two other new temperance tales, "Rachel Noble's Experience," and "The Red Bridge," are put up in a neat box and sold for \$3.50, or they are sold singly for 85 cents each. Address J. N. Stearns, publishing agent 172 William Street, New York.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.—The November number of this repository of foreign literature has a fine portrait of John Ruskin, with an accompanying biographical notice. The number is one of unusual interest as the titles of even a few of the articles will show: The Religious Side of the Italian Question, by Joseph Mazzini; The Plot of the Mexican Drama; A Lunar Volcano in Operation; Old Stories Retold—Trafalgar; Egypt's place in Universal History; On the Correlation of Force and its bearings on Mind; The Rationale of Recreation; The Attitude of the Clergy towards Science, by J. Hannan; Matthew Arnold's Poems. There are many other articles, all good; some choice poetry; Notes on recent books; scientific tit-bits, and a page or two of interesting Varieties.

The opening article, by Joseph Mazzini, will attract special attention at the present time, and so will the one by J. Hannan. We commend this number of the Eclectic to those who are unacquainted with its merits, confident that it will fully satisfy the reasonable expectations of the best class of readers.

Published by W. H. Bidwell, editor and proprietor, No. 5 Beekman Street, New York, at \$5 a year.

HOURS AT HOME.—The October number of this excellent monthly failed to reach us, but the one for November, which commences a new volume, is here promptly with an abundance of good readings. The following is a list of the contents:

Many Uses of Dirt; Things, No. 9—our Things Unusually and Distasteful; The French Corps Legislatif and its Leaders; The Amusements of War; The Virginia Company—its Puritan Affiliates; The Sunkent Legend; A Morning with Hiram Powers; Philip Elizabeth; The Week of Indian Summer; The Monastery of Monte-Cassino; Sublime Wretchedness of Water-Places; Storm-Cliff, continued; Death; Destruction of the Madrid Legion; "Something about the Japanese; The Boys in Blue; Books of the Month.

The publishers promise to make the magazine still more worthy of patronage in the succeeding volumes, and say their aim is to furnish a Monthly for the Family unrivalled in excellence, one that shall instruct, elevate, and educate the social, moral, and religious nature of man, while at the same time it shall interest and entertain. A Monthly of the highest literary ability and attraction, while yet excluding everything frivolous, characterized by a high moral tone, and infused with the vital spirit of Christianity.

Published by Charles Scribner & Co., 556 Broadway, New York, with liberal premiums to clubs.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.—This popular Magazine for Boys and Girls presents a very attractive table of contents for November. Doctor Hayes furnishes an exciting new chapter of "Cast Away in the Cold;" Mrs. Diaz gives two more capital "Letters from William Henry to his Grandmother;" Gail Hamilton writes of "Jamie Again." These and other excellent stories and poems, all profusely illustrated, make this number of "Our Young Folks" one of the best ever issued.

The Publishers present an imposing array of attractions to the readers of "Our Young Folks" for 1868. Charles Dickens has written expressly for this Magazine "A Holiday Romance," which will appear in early numbers, with illustrations by the greatest of English designers, John Gilbert. The author of "John Halifax" will contribute several articles in prose and verse. Dr. Hayes will finish his capital story, "Cast Away in the Cold;" Mrs. Stowe will continue to write sketches like those which have made her so popular with the readers of "Our Young Folks." Mr. J. H. A. Bone will furnish six historical articles on very interesting subjects, which will be illustrated with historical accuracy. The author of "The Seven Little Sisters," one of the most charming of children's books, will tell "Dame Nature's Story," explaining many curious facts of nature and vegetable life. And hosts of other good writers will help make "Our Young Folks" constantly attractive and useful. As the Publishers say: "It will be seen that 'Our Young Folks' for 1868 has something for its patrons in every juvenile department; Romance, History, Fiction, Fact, Poetry, Prose, Science, Music, Art, and Amusement, and it must continue to be as it now is, a household necessity and delight."

Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$2 a year.

"TRACTS FOR THE PEOPLE."—Lee & Shepard, of Boston, are publishing a series of books with this title, consisting of short and able essays on growing evils, "Delicate Subjects," generally shunned in literature and avoided in conversation. That these subjects are delicately treated the names and positions of the authors give positive assurance; and that they meet a want that has long been felt is shown by the large number of the books sold. Nos. 3 and 4 have the following titles: "Is it a Book for Every Man?" by Prof. H. R. Storer, M. D., and "Woman's Rights," by Rev. John Todd, D. D.

These books cannot be too widely read. In the adoption of the advice and hints to reform here written, lie the secrets of Health and Happiness, and our future prosperity as a nation.

Sent free of postage, by mail, for 50 cents each.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for November has the usual number and variety of fashion engravings, including a handsome colored two-page fashion plate; a steel engraving, "Minnie's Pot;" a full page wood engraving of "The Harvest Moon;" a ballad, "Five O'clock in the Morning;" set to music; and the usual number of good stories. Four original novelets by popular authors, are promised in the next volume.

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

STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE.—"Ragged Dick, or Street Life in New York," a capital story, by Horatio Alger, Jr., is continued in the November number of this favorite juvenile, which, in addition to several other stories, contains poems, anecdotes, etc., with the first of a series of articles on "Chemistry;" a piece for declamation, with illustrated directions for delivery; a spirited school dialogue; a piece of music, etc.

The December number will contain a charming and finely illustrated Christmas story, by Mr. Alger, who writes for no other juvenile publication; and in the January number he will commence a continued story, entitled, "Fame and Fortune, or the Progress of Richard Hunter."

Published by Joseph H. Allen, 205 Washington Street, Boston, at \$1.50 per annum; ten copies for \$15.00, or twenty for \$25.00. New subscribers for 1868, paying immediately, will receive the Oct., Nov. and Dec. numbers of the present volume gratis.

[For the Mail.]

MESSRS. EDITORS:

Permit me to make a few comments upon an article in last week's Mail, from the pen of C. H. R. Public writers usually put their preface on the first leaves of the book. "C. H. R." is the first instance I have seen of a person putting a preface in the place of an amen. This preface, at the last end of the article, is in substance that he undertakes to be a public teacher and that he is ignorant of the subject he proposes to discuss. I hold that no person has a right to discuss a public question unless he has matured his treatise by study and thought. Imagine a public instructor prefacing his attempted elucidation of a theme by a statement that he has given the matter no thought. Such a person would be called "non pompous mentis." So much for the preface. Now for the horse and State Constable.

"My kingdom for a horse!" said Christopher Columbus when he set sail from Boston to discover the Island of Spain. (If my quotations are wrong I stand corrected. I think I am right—see preface.) I like a horse; I like to drive one; and shall the Constable stop me because one has died in Main St.? Main St. is a pleasant one, and if I were a horse I would as lief die in Main St. as any where. I think the horse would not complain for he would stand it as long as the Street would.

I have carefully examined the State Constable law; I find no provision authorizing the Constable to designate any place in particular where old horses shall "shuffle off this mortal coil," "dulce de decorum pro patria mori." Again, by what authority could a State Constable prevent horses from standing "in front of the grist mill," or how could he prevent people who think alike from swapping horses, or how could he order "a horse to be killed or half killed," or could he, "ex officio," "heal the" "falsely broken shoulder of an old hack," or prevent the "caput mortuum" "from being dragged away by another poor old," etc.? Can the State Constable "remove boiling springs"? "R's" ground of complaint is that the Constable does not prosecute all offenders of the law. Now if you will go into "R's" store any day you will hear him use a great deal of profane language—which is made a criminal offence by law, \$3.00 fine for each offence. I desire that this law should be enforced upon "R"; for it is to use his own language, "a glaring and barbarous wickedness, that exists among us without let or hindrance."

There is also a penalty for the "all sorts of talk," in the midst of which "R's" letter was inspired. I insist that that law shall also be enforced. It is a violation of law also for a person to smoke in the street, or on the sidewalk. Let "R" be designated to enforce the smoking law. It is a glaring and barbarous wickedness, etc. Persons hire teams on Sunday to ride for pleasure, and do not go to meeting. It is "glaring" etc., and I want the Sunday law enforced.

Preface.—This is written at leisure, with deliberate thought, in the midst of educated conversation, and therefore is grammatical and otherwise correct. It is written for show.

GROWLER, AGAIN.

BUSINESS CHANGE.—An advertisement notices the dissolution of the well known firm of E. N. Fletcher & Co., and the continuance of the business at the same stand by Messrs. Perham S. Heald and S. D. Webb, who have for some time been partners in the late firm. It is not true that all our best young men go abroad for success; but it is true that the best of them find success at home. Enterprise, integrity, sobriety, industry, with good business habits generally—as we find them combined in this case—rarely fail of success, at home or abroad.

The rogue who stole the horses and other property from Mr. Geo. Newhall, of Kendall's Mills, was arrested in New Hampshire and is now in Norridgewock jail. He is an old gray haired man with an irrepressible taste for horse flesh that has already kept him inside of a prison many years, and will no doubt enable him to finish his days there now, if he gets properly rewarded.

A Sabbath School Convention, composed of delegates from the Sabbath Schools of the various evangelical churches of Kennebec County will be held at the Congregational church, Augusta, on Wednesday and Thursday of next week. Matters of special interest will be brought up for discussion. All interested in Sabbath Schools are invited. Exercises will begin Wednesday, 11 o'clock, A. M.

"NO PLACE LIKE HOME."—Mark Twain writes an indignant letter from Constantinople, denouncing the much lauded oriental bath as a malignant swindle. "The books of travel," he says, "have shamefully deceived me all these years, but they can never do it more. The margharis, the dervishes, the aromatic coffee, the Turkish bath—these are the things I have accepted and believed in with simple, unquestioning faith from boyhood; and behold, they are the poorest, sickliest, wretchedest humbugs the world can produce. Wonders foresoth! What is Turkish coffee to the coffee at home? What is a margharis to a meerschaum? What is a Turkish bath in Constantinople to a Russian one in New York? What are dancing dervishes to the negro minstrels? New York has fifty wonders where Constantinople has one!"

"THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC," is not a political body, as many suppose, but is open to members of both parties. It is said that one of the prime objects of the society is to provide relief for the widows and orphans of soldiers. Adj. Gen. Caldwell is at the head of the order in this State, and new posts are being rapidly established.

We invite attention to the advertisements of

"Harper's Illustrated Weekly," and "Harper's Bazar," and copy the following bits of literary gossip, thinking they will have an interest for the numerous readers of Harper's publications: The circulation of Harper's Magazine is now 115,000; that of the Weekly is from 85,000 to 90,000; and the Bazar, of which the first number is just out, is also likely to attain an immense sale. It is exclusively devoted to the fashions, and is profusely illustrated. It is of the same size as the Weekly. The opening number contains upwards of sixty illustrations, in addition to an extra sheet of patterns.

The Monthly is edited by Dr. A. H. Guernsey; the Weekly by George William Curtis and Mr. Henry M. Alden. Mr. F. G. Shanks, author of "Personal Recollections of Distinguished Generals," and a noted western war correspondent of the New York Herald, is connected with the Harper periodicals. Miss Mary L. Booth, the translator, is engaged for the Bazar as an editor. Mr. Charles W. Parsons has charge of the artists' and designing rooms. J. Ross Browne, who has recently returned from a government survey in Lower California, is preparing a series of articles in his well known vein for the Magazine, embodying the observations made on his tour in that country.

Wilkie Collins is writing a serial story for Harper's weekly. "Inigo," of the Bazar, is Charles H. Webb, the author of "Liffith Lank."

The largest edition of the Weekly ever issued was of the number after President Lincoln's death, when 340,000 copies were printed and sold. When an unusually large edition is ordered, duplicate or triplicate sets of stereotype plates are made.

The author of "The Dodge Club" in the Monthly is Professor James De Mill, of the College of St. John, New Brunswick. He is professor of English literature, and is an Englishman by birth, but was educated in the United States and graduated at Princeton. He is an author of great versatility and popularity. He has just begun a novel in the Bazar entitled "Cord and Creese."

"The poor man's purse" may be empty, but he has as much gold in the sunset and silver in the moon as anybody.

We suspect he often fails to "realize" on his deposits, though, rich as they are; for with an empty purse and an empty stomach there is an engrossing demand for something more substantial than moonshine, and the rays of the sun, however golden-hued, do not furnish an equivalent for the "raise" he is required to make in order to keep soul and body united.

To look at ourselves and our belongings through the eyes of other people is not always pleasant but it is often a great queller of self conceit, and with this view of it we copy what the editor of the Winthrop Bulletin says of our toll bridge:—

We have crossed the Mississippi on a bridge a mile in length, had spent hours on the famous Suspension bridge near Niagara Falls, and now were about to cross the Kennebec. It was becoming late, but we should have an opportunity of viewing the bridge, under the mild subduing effect of the twilight. Oh, horrors! The blackness of darkness with just light enough to render it visible. The bridge was without a walk, dirty, filthy. A few small tin lamps, partly filled with the poorest kind of old whale oil, rendered the miserable old affair perfectly frightful. We don't believe friends Maxham or Wing have occasion to cross it often or they would blow the concern sky-high. But most things have an end, and we were thankful the other end of that bridge had not washed away or we should be crossing on it again; and we don't intend to be caught on it again till—next time.

PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE—once a great favorite, with a wide circulation—is to be revived. The first number will appear in December, and the list of contributors embraces some of the best talent in the country.

THE NATIONAL THANKSGIVING DAY is the same as that appointed by Gov. Chamberlain, to wit, Thursday, Nov. 28th.

THE PICKPOCKETS were busy in Portland at the reception of Gen. Sheridan, and among the sufferers, was S. L. Carleton, Esq., who lost \$250.

Our Boston Letter, and No. 2 of "Traveller's Notes," we are compelled to defer till next week.

ITALIAN NEWS.—Late accounts report Garibaldi before Rome with about 10,000 men; the papal forces being directed to act entirely upon the defensive. The French fleet had arrived at Civita Vecchia with troops to act against Garibaldi, as King Victor Emmanuel has failed to form a cabinet in the French interest. Italy is in commotion, but all will probably be compelled to succumb to Napoleon's dictates.

A correspondent of the Bath Times, a Congregationalist, rescues the Christian Mirror from the oblivion into which it had fallen, by an indignant protest against its hunkerism.

KEROSENE OIL.—A party in Brunswick sent to a Boston trader to furnish him with Boston Kerosene. The trader replied—"Buy Portland Kerosene Oil, for I really believe it to be the only safe article in the market."

The recent deaths of two women in Boston from being burned by benzine taking fire, while using it to clean furniture, and the severe burning of a man in Bangor, who used benzine to remove grease from his hands,—the vapor taking fire—only show how fatal it is to use the ordinary kerosene oils, which are a mixture of benzine or naphtha, and that the only safety consists in using the Portland Kerosene Oil which is absolutely pure.

CATTLE MARKETS.—The receipts at the Cambridge and Brighton cattle markets for the week ending Wednesday the 30th inst., were 3116 cattle, 13,000 sheep and 4700 hogs. The supply was large and prices had a downward tendency.

A match game of base ball was played on Saturday, 19th inst., between the Sheridans of Norridgewock and the Victors of Fairfield, on the grounds of the latter club, resulting in a victory for the Victors, 58 to 44.

GRAND TEMPERANCE RALLY.—The Trustees of the State Temperance Alliance have called a mass-convention of the State Alliance, Sons of Temperance, Good Templars, Templars of Honor, Cold-Water Legions, and the friends of Temperance generally in Maine, to be held in Lewiston on Tuesday evening Nov. 12, and continue during the following day and evening. Eminent speakers from this and other States will be present and address the Convention on Tuesday and Wednesday evening, and the remainder of the time will be given to completing the organization of the Alliance and to a free discussion of the great questions of prohibition, the State Constabulary and such other important matters as may then be presented for consideration.

An elm tree at Hampden, Ohio, furnished seven thousand feet of inch boards, clear stuff. The tree was six feet in diameter and weighed sixty thousand pounds. The concentric circles, which are said to indicate one year each, numbered seven hundred and ninety-two. It was a sapling when William the Conqueror died, and a four hundred year old when Columbus discovered America.

Selectmen will remember that the efficacy of the Hydrographic Report as an advertising enterprise for the State, will depend largely upon the number of water-powers represented in it; and that accordingly, specifications for all powers small or great should be furnished the Survey.

P. L. L. means, simply, license. "A. L. D." means license to health, and long life; but a rigid prohibition of everything that tends to destroy the one or shorten the other; they are the symbolic letters of that great Pain-Killer for external or internal use, American Life Drops.

Any person who, in the course of his daily labors, incurs upon his person, clothing or dwelling, any spot of paint, oil, grease, stain, smut, or grime of any character soever, will find, in the STEAM REFINED SOAPS, a friend in need. They are embodied antagonism to dirt.

A Family Remedy.—No family should be without some efficacious remedy for the cure of affections, so universally prevalent, as croup, colds, sore throat, whooping-cough, and croup—some remedy, too, which can be relied upon as safe, sure and certain. Dr. Wistart's Balsam of Wild Cherry combines this desideratum.

YOUNG MEN.

The place to secure a thorough Business Education, including Bookkeeping, Mathematics, Penmanship, Commercial Law, &c., is at Worthington, Warner & Smith's Bangor Commercial Institute and Normal Writing Institute.

To any person sending the names of the young men of their acquaintance we will send a splendid piece of Penwork by mail.

Kor College Journal &c., address, W. A. WILLIAMS, Bangor, Me.

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

A philologist's discovery made by Gail Hamilton, for which she claims a premium in the Pickwick Club, is worth repeating: "Everything goes lovely and the goose hangs high" is not correct. "Yang" is the word from the same dialect, the sound and sense of which are the same, representing the "far heard clang" of the wild goose. So in literal fine weather or in a state of prosperity, "everything is lovely and the goose hangs high."

It is asserted that there are so many Frenchmen in Bangor as to give a decided Gallic character to the general dialect. The people of Bangor, on the opposite side of the Penobscot, go so far as to declare that they are very much annoyed at night by the Bangor dogs, across the river, barking with a French accent.

There's our grandmother, says a contemporary, a striking instance why women should vote. She's paid taxes on a dog for the last ten years, and now declares she won't stand it any longer—she'll either vote or kill the dog!

Speaking of the sudden death of a lady in Vermont, an exchange says in an apologetic manner, "No death having occurred in the family for more than twenty years, they were very much afflicted."

Late congressional make the Ohio Senate stand 19 Democrats to 19 Republicans.

The New Bedford Mercury thinks the music to the Ancient Mariner will be written in the key of sea. It's a pity the sea cannot be flatted, but the singers can do that.

A country grocer of Philadelphia bent determined to observe what articles he sold most generally during a severe storm, and found that during the storm the necessities of life. The result was a discovery that yellow snuff and rum "led all the rest."

The New York World wants the old Democratic leaders to step aside and give place to men not identified with the party in its opposition to the war; a world of confessing hangs thereby.

Observe, says Froide, the practical issue of religious corruption. Show us a people whose trade is dishonest, and I will show you a people whose religion is a sham.

Emily—"Charlie, dear sister Sophy has got a little baby!" "Charlie—" "Is it a boy?" "Emily—" "No, a girl." "Charlie (retfully)—" "Oh, then I shall be nasty again!"

Begging has been reduced to a science in Columbus. The latest application was from a little girl at the street corner, who earnestly pleaded for a "chunk of terbaccer for her sick and dying mother."

A meeting is called of the heirs of another estate in England,—fit Airshire it is suggested.

One complete and two partial skeletons of the mastodon have just been dug up near Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Hippogrify is growing rapidly into popularity in Paris. The old man, who cut up into roasts and steaks, is now cut

HOUSE, SIGN AND CARRIAGE

HOUSE, SIGN AND CARRIAGE
PAINTING,
ALSO GRAINING, GLAZING AND PAPERING

C. H. ESTY
continues to meet all orders in the most prompt manner at as given satisfaction to the best employers for a period that indicates some experience in the business.

Orders promptly attended to on application at his shop

(Main Street,
opposite Marston's Block,
WATERVILLE.)

CAUTION

To Females in Delicate Health

DR. DOW, Physician and Surgeon, No. 7, Lincoln St., Boston, has consulted the most successful diseases incident to Female system. Prolapsus Uteri or Falling of the Womb, Fibroid Abscess, Suppression, and other Menstrual Disorders, are treated on new pathological principles and guaranteed in a very few days. Satisfactorily maintained the new mode of treatment, that most obstinate & painful yield under it, and the afflicted person soon regains a perfect health.

Dr. Dow has no doubt had greater experience in these diseases of women than any other physician in Boston. He has cured many cases of the kind, and many who wish to be cured in Boston a few days under his treatment.

Dr. Dow, since 1846, having combined his whole attention an office practice for the cure of Private Diseases and Female Complaints, and acknowledged no competitors in the United States, N. B.—All letters must contain one dollar, or they will be answered.

Office, No. 84, N. to P. M.
Boston, July 26, 1867.

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Removal—Special Notice.

MRS. BRADBURY

Has the pleasure to announce that she now occupies her
New and Commodious Place of Business
in the third building south of that occupied by her for
many years.

Mrs. B. returns thanks for a long continuance and general
patronage, and pledges her best efforts to offer a complete
stock of

Millinery and Fancy Goods

AND

SMALL WARES,

that shall meet the wants of the community in variety, of
quality and price.

Special attention will be given to furnishing
for **MORNING and FUNERAL occasions.**

A continuance of public patronage is respectfully solicited.
Waterville, Feb. 1st, 1866. 1

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN PATENT
R. H. EDDY,
SOLICITOR OF PATENTS,
Late Agent of U. S. Patent Office, Washington
under the Act of 1837.
78 State Street, opposite Kibby Street,
BOSTON.

AFTER an extensive practice of upwards of twenty
years, continuing to secure Patents in the United States,
in Great Britain, France, and other foreign countries.

NO AGENCY IN THE UNITED STATES POSSESSING FACILITIES FOR OBTAINING PATENTS, OR ASCERTAINING PATENTABILITY OF INVENTIONS.

During eight months the subscriber, in the course of his professional work, has received numerous applications for TREN APPARELS; EVERY ONE of which was decided IN FAVOR by the Commissioner of Patents.

TESTIMONIALS.

"I regard Mr. Eddy as one of the MOST CAPABLE and CREATIVE practitioners with whom I have had official course." CHAS. H. RICHMOND, Commissioner of Patents.

"I have no hesitation in advising inventors that they not employ a person more COMPETENT and TRUSTWORTHY and more capable of putting their applications in a form to obtain them an early and consideration in the Patent Office." EDMUND BUIKKE, Late Commissioner of Patents.

"Mr. R. T. Eddy has made for me THIRTEEN applications all but one of which have been granted." "That is NOW PENDING. Such unmistakable proof of talent and ability on his part leads me to recommend him to apply to him to procure their patents, as he will be sure to give them the best results." J. W. HARRIS, Inventor.

on their cases, and at very reasonable charges.
 Boston, Jan. 1, 1867.—1yr 26 JOHN TAGG.

SMOLANDER'S EXTRACT BUC
 CURES
ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
 AND
RHEUMATIC DIFFICULTIES
 Price \$1. Sold everywhere.
 J. A. BURLEIGH, Wholesale Druggist, Boston, Gen'l
 ly—37

NICKAWA.

THIS fine animal will stand for service at my saddle North Vassaboro', the ensuing season.

I have been induced to purchase this Horse by the inquiries of farmers for a larger Stock horse than I usually send. I have endeavored to select one whose pedigree, style, color and soundness promise valuable service. I have been disappointed in many others, but provided they did not trost fast. In addition I may say that this horse, now new to us, is a fast horse and of fine blood on both sides, and is a fine gamester. He is a dorbil, Bonner's Lady Woodruff, Rose Washington, and other fast horses.

Persons are invited to examine at their convenience.

NICKAWA is of a beautiful chestnut color, 16 hands high.

Fast Driving.

Rocky Mountains!
MESSRS. CURTIS & BOYNTON
No. 35 North Street,—Boston,
MANUFACTURE a SOAP about as good as can be
or described. One who possesses the most ac-
its merits. But vanishes under its application like
the hoonday sun.

either directly from the manufacturers or from the
this State, at rear of No. 74 Exchange Street, Bangor.
Try a single bar and you will be unwilling to
housekeeping without it. It is adapted for
PAINT, PUTCH, WHEEL GRASS, TAR, and doing any
kind of washing. It contains nothing that will in-
jure the finest of cloths. Also, for the use. Not heat by
this side of Rocky Rocky Mountains. For sale by the
June 31st, 1867

DR. MILLER'S
Soothing and Healing Balm
—OR—
NATURE'S ASSISTANT.

IT HAS PROVED INFALLIBLE FOR BURNS, Lumps, Boils, Syphilis, Wounds of all kinds, Head Side, Jack of Shoulders, Chilblains, Chapped Neck, Aque in the Face or Breast, Ear Ache, Dandruff, Erysipelas, and inflammation of the Eye. Rub it then in with the finger, and the pain is relieved by it when other remedies have failed.

As an INTERNAL REMEDY, when taken in Sausage form, it is a powerful medicine for the cure of Plague, Cholera morbus. It will also cure Dysentery, Cough, and Asthma.

It is a most extremely vegetable in its composition, and in healing in its influence, and may be given to sex with perfect safety. It has been before the public for the past nine years, and has wrought some of the most wonderful cures.

produce the superior as a remedy. For sale by all Druggists.

C. D. LEET, Proprietor, Springfield, Mass.
 Demas Barnes & Co., 21 Park Row, New York, N. Y.
 For sale at list prices.

Ladies' Kid Gaitlets,
\$2.75 per pair.
 A Superior Article, at
E. & S. FISHER'S,

ent Toe
ER'S,
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CO'S

GOLDEN EYES MADE NEW

WITHOUT SPECTACLES, DOCTOR OR MESS
Sent post paid, on receipt of 10 Cents. Address
B. FOOTMAN, (author of Medical Commaes sent), No
ngton Ave., cor. East 28th st., N. Y.

**JUST received at MAYO'S, a choice lot of BOOKS
of Style - 10c each**