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Maxham & Wing

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THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

Could we but know
The land that ends our dark, uncertain travel,
Where lie those happier hills and meadows low—
Ah! if beyond the spirit's inmost day!
Aught of that country could we surely know,
Who would not go?

Might we but hear
The hovering angels' high imagined chorus,
Or catch, betimes, with wakeful eyes and clear,
One radiant vista of the realm before us,
With one ray moment given to see and hear,
Ah! who would fear?

Were we quite sure
To find the peerless friend who left us lonely,
Or there, by some celestial stream as pure,
To gaze in eyes that here were loveliest only—
This weary mortal coil, we were quite sure,
Who would not fear?

Round Table May 5.

THE ANSWER.

"Who would not go?"
With buoyant steps, to gain that blessed portal
Which opens to the land we long to know?
Where shall we catch the spirit's inmost day?
Where we shall drop the wearying and the woe
In resting so?

"Ah! who would fear?"
Since sometimes through the distant portal,
Unclosing to some happy soul a near,
We catch a gleam of glorious light immortal,
And strains of heavenly music faintly hear,
Breathing good cheer!

"Who would endure?"
To walk in doubt and darkness, with misgiving,
When He whose tender promises are sure—
The Crucified, the Lord, the Ever-living—
Keeps us those "mansions" evermore secure
By waters pure.

"O wondrous land!"
Fairer than all we see, with gleaming
"Eye hath not seen"—no heart can understand
The things prepared, the cloudless radiance streaming,
How longingly we wait our Lord's command,
His opening hand!

"O dear ones there,
Whose voices, hushed, have left our pathway lonely,
We come, ere long, your blessed home to share;
We take the guiding hand, we trust it only—
Seeing, by faith, the light that glows afar,
That land so fair!"

F. M. T., in the Round Table, May 26.

JACK AND HIS MOTHER.

"DEAR help us!" cried Jack's mother, dropping her smoothing-iron and looking at Jack with horror and disgust. "I have always tried to believe with decent resignation that I am made of dust. But to be told that I am made of starch and sugar, lime and phosphorus, and that I, a respectable woman, go about with eight or nine pails of water in my composition, is a little too much. I suppose you will say next that I am first cousin to the lime-buckets and the match-box."

"Don't know about that," retorted Jack, "but you are a member of a small family that begins with the sun and ends with the rhizopods, interesting fellows, who eat without a mouth and digest without a stomach. And, considered individually, you may be said to be a sort of stove. The oils and starch of plants keep up the fire in your blood, but coal would answer quite as well if it could be dissolved in the liquids of the body. It is likely that a way of preparing it will be discovered some day, and then we shall see men and women eating their bushel or peck of coal for lunch when they can get nothing better."

Jack's mother shuddered.

"Talking of coals," persisted Jack, "do you know what heat is?"

"Of course I do," she said, somewhat scornfully. "It is fire."

"But if you rub two pieces of iron together by the help of water-power," answered Jack, "you can heat a large room as well as a stove could do it. And if you rub them together in a box surrounded by water, by the help of horse-power, you can make the water boil. Steel bars are welded together by powerful blows of a hammer, because further application of fire would spoil the quality of the steel; and under the blows of this hammer the bars get red-hot; or make a hole in a thick block of wood with a gimlet, and the gimlet will get so hot that it will almost burn your cheeks. Here is plenty of heat, you see, and no fire at all."

"Remember: I have read about it," said his mother, picking up her iron. "Heat is a fluid called caloric, and all this rubbing and pounding squeezes it out, I suppose."

"If that is the case," replied Jack, "after we had rubbed our pieces of iron together a great while the caloric would begin to run low, and the heat would grow less and less, till by-and-by there was none. But you can rub your iron as long as you like and it will always give out as much heat as it did in the beginning. Now how do you explain that?"

Jack's mother looked puzzled.

"Here is another thing," pursued Jack, with warmth. "Say we are rubbing the pieces of iron together by the help of water falling on the wheel. A mechanic could measure and find in round numbers just how much force there was at the wheel; and philosophers have measured heat also. One degree of heat always will raise one pound just so many feet. Eleven hundred and twenty, I believe. Now, then, the force turns the wheel and is gone. You can never find it any more; but you know how much it was in numbers. Now gather up all your new heat and measure that. One always equals the other. Just so much force or motion as you had, just so much heat you have got always."

"I don't see any thing in that," returned his mother.

"But look here," insisted Jack. "You know how stiff and hard iron is. All its particles are held tight by what we call attraction of cohesion. Now heat your iron. What does it do? It expands. Its particles pull so hard to get away from each other that the iron grows larger. Don't you see, then, that what heat really gives iron, or any other substance, is motion?"

"You mean to say, then, that this fire in the range is motion?"

"Certainly I do. The liveliest kind."

"Don't believe it."

"But I will prove it to you. When you filled that tea-kettle with cold water the water was still, was it not?"

"Why of course it was."

"And as it began to grow warmer it began to move did it not? And the hotter it grew the more it bounced and bubbled and swelled, till it fairly shook the kettle lid; and at last, as you would say, it grew so hot, or, as I should say, it got into such furious motion, that the particles of water actually succeeded in tearing themselves apart and flying off in tiny atoms of steam. Now if the heat in that water is not motion, what is it?"

Jack's mother made no answer—perhaps because she was obliged just then to look after the peas and asparagus.

"There is another thing," remarked the relentless Jack. "What do you think your dinner really is?"

"Why lamb, peas, and asparagus, to be sure."

"That is what it is just now; but it is a chemical combination, made out of oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, nitrogen, and ammonia."

"I believe you want to turn me sick," remarked his mother, who was really pale.

"I do not see why it should. Your stomach, all our stomachs, are chemical laboratories in miniature, you know."

Waterville Mail.

VOL. XXI.

WATERVILLE, MAINE..... FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1863:

NO. 52.

OUR TABLE.

COPPER'S LIFE OF GRANT: A Military Biography, by Henry Coppee, LL.D., formerly Instructor at West Point. With splendid Steel Portrait, and Official Plans, &c. 1 vol., post octavo; 468 pages. Richardson & Co., publishers, N. York.

This biography is published under the sanction of General Grant, and is in every particular trustworthy and accurate, written as it is by Prof. Coppee, from official documents put into his hands—the author himself being a graduate of West Point. The New York Evening Post, in its notice of the work, says:—

"This is altogether the best account of Gen. Grant's career that has yet appeared. The author not only enjoyed free access to the official documents required for the verification of his narrative, but obtained the assistance of Gen. Rawlin, chief of Staff to the Lieutenant General, and the sanction of Gen. Grant himself. With these superior advantages it is not surprising to find that Mr. Coppee has distanced all competitors. No attempt is made to describe sieges or battles, but the consecutive narrative, clearly and succinctly drawn, furnishes an epitome which is in fact a comprehensive history of the war. For sale by C. K. Mathews, who has handed us a copy coming through Nichols & Hall, of Boston.

THE RIVERSIDE for July is hot and patriotic. There is a striking frontispiece from the Eastern story in the "Arabian Nights" of the Afife who was released from a jar by the Fisherman. For out-door Summer scenes there are two papers of excursions: "My Three Gardens," and "About Frogs," together with more of Mr. Abbott's "Hunter and Tom," while Miss Thomas, a Western writer, describes with a picturesque power scenes on the prairies. The Fourth of July is remembered in various ways, by an account of Joseph Warren's oration in Boston Old South Church, just before the Revolution; by the beginning of a short series of pictures of New York in early days, in which the three notable events of Washington into the city make the central point; by a sketch of Patrick Henry, and by a series of eight amusing pictures headed "Mimic Warfare." There are some lively verses also on the "Third of July." One quaint paper is called "Three Little Artists," and contains fine sketches of the little Artists' work. The number has a good show of illustrations, and more than the usual variety of articles.

Published by Hurd & Houghton, New York, at \$2.50 a year.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.—The July number, which begins a new volume, has some very fine embellishments, and the usual amount and variety of excellent reading. T. S. Arthur is furnishing for its pages a new series of temperance stories, and Miss Townsend contributes a serial story entitled "The Hollanders," which everybody will be glad to read.

Published by T. S. Arthur, Philadelphia at \$2 a year.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.—The July number of this excellent magazine of Literature, Science and Education, has the following table of contents:—
Dallas Galbraith, Mrs. R. Harding Davis's story, continued; Rebecca; Miss Judith Revenger; The Chinese in California; A Literary Hospital; The Legend of Ball's Lake; On Expression in Painting; To a Book-Worm; A Pilgrimage to the Grave of Humboldt; Mapping of the Moon; Made Whole; Drowned; No more Metaphysics; English Society in Paris; Lady Houghton's Mistake; Old Letters; Literature of the Day.

Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, at \$4 a year.

THE AMERICAN NATURALIST.—The July number of this popular illustrated magazine of Natural History is with great propriety styled a "Seaside Number," its contents being as follows:—
Sea-Weeds; A Stroll by the Sea-side; Our Sea-anemones; The Marine Aquarium; A Few Sea-Worms; with Natural History Miscellany, Review, Proceedings of Scientific Societies, &c. As usual, the number contains a number of embellishments.

Published by the Peabody Academy of Science, Salem, Mass., at \$3 a year, and sold by periodical dealers all over the country.

EVERY SATURDAY, for the present week, which concludes the fifth volume for which it furnishes a title page and index, contains Matthew Arnold's third paper on "Anarchy and Authority," "Carons," a story from the Aogvay; an article on "English Theatres," from Tinsley's Magazine; "The First Sunday of Lent," from Paris; by the author of "John Halifax," &c., with several shorter articles, and the usual amount of Foreign Notes.

Every Saturday is a weekly journal of choice reading selected from foreign current literature, published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$3 a year. Its selections are made with excellent taste and good judgment.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.—The July number opens with a beautiful engraving of Abraham and Hagar. The double Fashion Plate of this number—and the variety of other Fashions—cannot fail to please the ladies. The Music is the "Little Birdie's Waltz." The literary matter of this month is "Evangeline in Prose," (concluded); Remembrances of Thaddeus Kosciuszko (the Thaddeus of Warsaw); of Miss Porter; "A Dead Man's Rule," lively, spirited and interesting as ever; "Angel Visits," a story by Emile Lester Leigh; "The Debarry Fortune," a capital story by Miss Douglas; "Vacant Places," a fine poem by Florence Percy; Novelties for July; Editorials; The Fashions—Receipts, &c.

Published by Deacon & Peterson, Philadelphia at \$2.50 a year.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR. T. S. Arthur's charming little juvenile magazine, enters upon its fourth volume with the July number, which is full of nice stories and lively pictures, and commends itself alike to parents and children. Miss Virginia F. Townsend, an admirable writer for the young, is engaged upon this magazine, and is furnishing a serial novel, entitled "The Boy from Bramley," a sequel to "Making His Way."

Published by T. S. Arthur & Son, Philadelphia at \$1.25 a year.

DO YOU WISH YOUR BOY TO BECOME A DRUNKARD?—If you do, I will tell you how it can be done.

1st, Let him begin quite young to drink tea and coffee.

2nd, When pretty well habituated to these, indulge him in a liberal use of flesh meats, especially swine's flesh and beef steak. Mutton and fowls are not nearly as available for the purpose.

3d, Always put on these flesh meats, as well as on his vegetables, plenty of pepper, salt and mustard, and if the meats be roasted or boiled, give him a good supply of Worcestershire sauce, and Feed him a pickle.

4th, Feed him as dessert, particularly at dinner, rice pudding with wine sauce, pastry pie with plenty of cinnamon and mace inside and nutmeg outside, and urge him to eat till his appetite is satisfied and he is loath to stop. When a person gets a disgust at food, he is in good condition to desire stimulating drinks.

5th, Then introduce him into the society of persons older than himself who chew and smoke tobacco, and show by your respect and esteem for them how much you desire that he should grow up to be like them. He will readily accept your estimate and after a little follow their example. If he should seem perverse in this respect, then, introduce him to associate with girls, or young women, or matronly women

who make no distinction in their regard between clean-mouthed and filthy-mouthed men and, to use an eastern "classic" expression, "they'll fetch him."

7th, When you have well indoctrinated him into these six American cardinal virtues—harbinger to upspringing manhood, then add the following:

(a) Let him go to dancing school to learn manners, and stay till 12 o'clock at night, or which is quite as effective, let him stay at the school till 10 o'clock P. M., and then go to a saloon and eat "stewed" or "fried" or "roasted" or "raw" oysters, or all these sorts which make a very fine collation, not to say collection for his stomach to dispose of while he sleeps.

(b) When he wakes up in the morning with a quick pulse, give him a sedlitz powder, followed by a generous breakfast as described above, and if his bowels become deranged and his circulation disturbed, send for a doctor and give him at his direction two or three blue pills. Keep him pretty still for a couple of days and then open the gates and let him pass out to go the same round over again.

(c) If he is so unfortunate under this state of things as to get sick, be yourself or yourselves astonished at it. Say in his hearing and to others—if you can manage to say it to a Physician or Minister all the better—that you cannot for the life of you imagine what he has been doing that could have made him sick, and contrive to have the Physician advise that he "try a little Port wine, or xx or Brown Stout, or London Porter, or egg-nog, or milk punch, or pure brandy or what is better than all some good old Bourbon whiskey. My dear friend, only persevere and I will guarantee your boy by the time he becomes a full grown man will be a candidate for an Inebriate Asylum, or if he is not, no blame can be attached to you for his escape." [By Dr. JAMES C. JACKSON.

The Nation relates the following anecdote of a young clergyman who had just buried his wife:—"In the early freshness of his grief he was waited upon by one of his deacons, with the announcement that Brother Smith had left his church and gone to the Methodist, and Brother Smith does say that you, his own minister, have hurt his own feelings so that he can never get over it." The tender-hearted shepherd was touched by this imputation and eager to atone to the aggrieved sheep for any unintentional wrong he might have done him.

So up he took his little crook, Determined for to find him."

which he did, sulking over some job of his trade of house-carpentry. After an expenditure of much affectionate entreaty and skilful cross-questioning, the minister, elicited the following: "Well the fact is, I knew there wasn't much chance for your wife's getting well, and so I went to work several weeks before she died, so as to have it all ready, and I made just the prettiest coffin for her that was ever turned out in this town. I'd took her measure a hundred times sitting right back of the parson's pew, you know. I didn't say nothing about it to you before hand, 'cause my woman had a notion it would sort o' cut you up. I don't know why, but when I heard that you'd telegraphed to Boston for one of them new-fangled burying concerns, I must say I felt as if I couldn't set under your preaching no longer; and 'set' he didn't."

Malmon was valet to a count. One day, after returning from a tournament, the count met his valet on the high road, and asked him where he was going. He answered coolly that he was off to find another place. "Another place?" cried the count, "what then has happened at my house?" "Nothing, monseigneur." "And what besides?" "Nothing much, I tell you. Only your dog is dead." "And how did that happen?" "Your palfrey took fright, killed the dog in running away, fell into the river, and was drowned." "Eh? And who frightened it?" "Your son, monseigneur, who fell out of a top window before it." "Good heavens! my son! where were his nurse and mother? Is he injured?" "Yes sir, he was instantly killed. When the news was brought to madame she was seized with a fit, and fell dead without speaking." "Secound! instead of running away, why did you not get help, and remain at the chateau?" "How could I, monseigneur? Marotte, in watching by the side of Madame's corpse, fell asleep. The light upset and the chateau is reduced to ashes!"

A lady, riding in a car on the New York Central Railroad, was disturbed in her reading by the conversation of two gentlemen, occupying the seat just before her. One of them seemed to be a student of some college, on his way home for a vacation. He used much profane language, greatly to the annoyance of the lady. She thought she would rebuke him, and on begging pardon for interrupting them, asked the young student if he had studied the languages? "Student—" "Yes, madam, I have mastered the languages quite well." "Lady—" "Do you read and speak Hebrew?" "Student—" "Quite fluently." "Lady—" "Will you be so kind as to do me a small favor?" "Student—" "With great pleasure. I am at your service." "Lady—" "Will you be so kind as to do your swearing in Hebrew?"

HAYMAKING.—As the season for making hay is approaching, we publish the following discreet advice to farmers, from the Ohio Farmer:

"Don't dry your hay too much. Hay may be dried till it is as worthless as straw. As a good coffee-maker would say, 'Don't burn your coffee, but brown it,' so we say, 'Don't dry your hay, but cure it.' Our good old mothers, who relied upon herb-tea instead of 'potheary medicine,' gathered their herbs when in blossom and cured them in the shade. This is the philosophy of making good hay. Cut in the blossom, and cure in the shade. The sugar of the plant, when it is in bloom, is in the stalk, ready to form the seeds. If the plant is cut earlier, the sugar is not there; if later, the sugar has become converted to woody matter. Hay should be well wilted in the sun, but green in the cock. Better to be a little too green than too dry. If, on putting it into the barn, there is danger of 'heating in the mow,' put on some salt. Cattle will like it none the less."

BORAX AS A DETERGENT.—As a means of cleansing the hair, nothing is better than a solution of borax in water. It leaves the scalp in a most cleanly condition, and the hair just sufficiently stiffened to retain its place. This stiffness, however, can be readily removed, if objectionable, by washing with water. Borax is also an excellent dentifrice. Dissolved in water, it is one of the best of tooth washes.

THE EAST WIND.—Why should the wind coming from the east over an ocean of water, depress the human body, while that which comes from the west, across a continent, enlivens the spirits and gives courage and vigor? Be this as it may, it seems as if some people never felt any wind that was not east. They are always "out of sorts." The weather is always just what they don't want. I met one of these men awhile ago, a farmer who raised all manner of crops. It was a wet day, and I said:

"Mr. Naying, this rain will be fine for your grass crops."

"Yes, perhaps, but it is bad for the corn, and will keep it back. I don't believe we shall have a crop."

A few days after this, when the sun was shining hot, I said:

"Fine sun for your corn, sir."

"Yes, pretty fair, but its awful for the rye. Rye wants cold weather."

Again, on a cold morning I met my neighbor and said:—

"This must be capital for your rye, Mr. Naying."

"Yes, but it is the very worst weather for the corn and grass. They want heat to bring them forward."

So the man lives in a perpetual east wind. Nothing suits him, and it would be impossible for Providence to send him weather about which he would not grumble. I know one man who feels our country is on the "very brink" of rule, the government a curse, and everything to be destroyed. And he has felt and talked thus for at least thirty years, and yet his property has been increasing in value all this time, amid this gathering ruin. The fact is, the man lives in an unchanging east wind. And there is Mr. Slow, who lives in the hollow under the Long Hill, who has been mourning many years over the degeneracy of the times, and always telling what wonderful lawyers, and doctors, and ministers there were when he was young! He can sleep under any preaching he now hears, and the lawyers seem to be young upstarts, or too old to practice. He longs for the good old times. Ah, Mr. Slow, does your weather-vane point any where but to the east?

M. Du Chailu, tells how, after staying some days at an African village, he observed the gray-beards in frequent and earnest conversation. He watched them with some anxiety, as he feared that they meant to rob him. At last, one fine afternoon, he saw a large body of people approaching. He took out his spy-glass and saw that they were women. There were between six and seven hundred of them, headed by the old patriarchs of the village. They came up and made a circle round him. Then began a palaver.

Venerable man and brother, No. 1, was orator of the day. His costume was an entire ignorance of the origin of the tailor's trade or a total disbelief in the doctrine of the Fall. He had only an old overcoat on—nothing less or else. The women wore about a yard and a half of grass cloth each and their appearance suggested the idea of an approaching rehearsal of the Black Crook.

"We know, Aguzi [Spirit], that you are a good spirit: we wish you to stay among us forever."

And then was poured out a speech as full of flattery as Mr. Johnson's presidential career is full of vetoes.

The practical application of it was that they had made up their mind to adopt him, and had brought all the young women of their tribe to do so. That he might not be deceived, the women, by their acclamations, showed a perfect willingness to become the bosom friend of the Aguzi, who made beads and looking glasses, and had flaming red night caps among his treasures.

De Chailu was too much of a Frenchman to reject in a surly tone this too-generous proposition. He rose and replied that he feared he must decline the offer—really he was afraid that he must do it—because he came as a messenger of good will—to make people happy—and, if all these charming creatures were willing that he should select one of them as a wife, and he did so, it would make the others unhappy. He could not do that. No, he could not do that.

The gray-beards retired for consultation, and after a short but lively debate, came back to the bashful white lover, who was still surrounded by the swarm of maidens.

"We have seen it, Chailu," said the venerable orator, "You spoke what was true. If you took one, the rest would be unhappy. Take them all!"

A minister, exchanging pulpits, waited at the close of the morning service for some one to invite him to dinner. All passed out, and the preacher got no invitation. He had no alternative but to go home, some miles distant, or loiter around the sheds. As the last man was leaving the church, he stepped up to him and said, "Friend, go home to dinner with me today?" "Why—yes—how far is it?" "O, only about twenty miles." "Then I guess you had better go home with me?" was the reply.

FIVE DOLLARS REWARD.—The Evening Post offers five dollars reward to anybody who will tell what meaning the following passage from a dramatic criticism in one of the New York papers is intended to convey:—

"Out of dramaturgy rises this neophyte [Mr. Augustin Daly is supposed to mean by this endearing epithet] with Fultonian might, clean shaken of the shackles of the 'unities' and serenities, and all the book-bosh of the past, holding the dynamics and chronometrics in imperious grasp, and treading upon the flummery of sentiment and the passion flowers of romance with the ruthlessness of a young giant."

Without venturing to claim the reward, we offer a conjectural interpretation. "Dramaturgy" is probably the trade name of a newly invented bedstead, and "Fultonian might" is plainly an error of the press for "Plutonian night." The writer is trying to describe a misadventure of Mr. Daly's occurring through neglect to light the gas when he got up in the night and accidentally trod on his wife's bonnet—though why the bonnet should have been on the floor is more than we can tell.—[Port. Press.

HEAR THIS CRUSTY OLD BACHELOR.—Don't believe any woman to be an angel.—If you have any symptoms of that disease take a dose of sage tea and go to bed; it is as much a malady as the small-pox, and it is your business to get over it as soon as possible. An angel indeed! If you don't find out pretty soon that she lacks considerably more than the wings, we are mistaken.

BORAX AS A DETERGENT.—As a means of cleansing the hair, nothing is better than a solution of borax in water. It leaves the scalp in a most cleanly condition, and the hair just sufficiently stiffened to retain its place. This stiffness, however, can be readily removed, if objectionable, by washing with water. Borax is also an excellent dentifrice. Dissolved in water, it is one of the best of tooth washes.

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