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Maxham & Wing

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Great Heaven! Is this our mission? End in this the
prayers and tears,
The tolls, the wars, the watchings, of our younger, bet-
ter years?
Still as the Old World rolls in flight, shall ours in shad-
ow turn
A beamless chaos, cursed of God, through outer darkness
born?
Where the far nations looked for light, a blackness in the
air!
Where for words of Hope they listened, the long wail of
Despair.

The Crisis presses on us—face to face it stands
With solemn lips of question, like Sphinx in Egypt's
sands!
This day we fashion Destiny, our web of Fate we spin;
This day for all hereafter, choose we Holiness or Sin;
Even now from stony Gethsemane, or Zion's cloudy crown,
We call the dews of blessing, or the bolts of cursing
down!

By all for which the martyrs bore their agony and shame;
By all the warning words of truth with which the
prophets came;
By the future which awaits us, by all the hopes which
cast
Their faint and trembling beams across the blackness of
the Past;
In the name of those who for our country's freedom died;
Oh, ye people! Oh, my brothers! choose ye the right
course!

So shall the freedom lover go joyful on his way,
To shed his precious blood for San Francisco's bay,
To make the rugged fables smooth, and sow the vale with
grain,
And bear with liberty and Law, the Bible in his train;
The mighty North shall bless the South, and sea shall
answer sea,
And mountain unto mountain—PRaise God, FOR
WE ARE FREE!

[From Ballou's Monthly.]

MISS HESTER MILLS.

BY MISS CAMILLA WILLIAMS.

It takes a woman to outwit a man; there
can be no doubt about that. His satanic high-
ness was perfectly well aware of that fact when he
enticed Eve to tempt Adam, knowing that
he himself would stand in no chance whatever.
How our first father forgave the cause of his
undoing! and how his sons, to this day, forgive
the mischievous enchantresses who dress them
in cap and bells, and set them jingling their fol-
lies for the amusement of lookers-on! But,
after all, men know perfectly well that it is
done more from fun than malice, and that the
witches adore even while they victimize them.

But that one should dare to play tricks
on Judge Frederick Ronceval was almost in-
credible.
Judge Ronceval was about as young as a
judge can be, forty, that is; but if he had been
a hundred years old, he could not have been
more imposing. He was of old family, and
his grandfather had been a chief-justice; his
manner was decidedly superb, and he had a
somewhat sententious way of speaking. "A
dignified as Judge Ronceval" was a proverb.
He was, moreover, just rich enough for the
most undoubted respectability, without being
possessed of those vulgar millions which sug-
gest oil-shares, or speculations of doubtful char-
acter. A pretty large slice of a first-class
hotel, the whole of a gilt ship christened the
Ronceval, a stately fifty acres of land not ten
miles from the city, a neat little sum in bank-
stock, and four respectable dwelling-houses—
these, with his salary as judge, or otherwise the
income of a large and first-class practice, con-
stituted the gentleman's possessions. He could
have been richer if he had chosen; but he
did not choose. There was the Ronceval man-
sion, a square old brick house in the midst
of large gardens, in the very heart of the city.
Stores and blocks of houses were reaching to be
built on those lazy acres that sat green and
cool in the mart; but the dweller in that aris-
tocratic mansion would sooner have planted
her walls and hedges with cannon, and died de-
fending her ancestral halls, than have allowed
an inch of her sacred territory to be alienated
for any such vile uses. An ancient maiden
aunt of Judge Ronceval, Miss Chrissie, his
father's eldest and only surviving sister, lived
with four servants in the family mansion, and
kept up a solitary and somewhat faded grandeur
there. At her death, so it was said, the place
would go to the judge.

The reader perceives that my hero is not by
any means a person to be trifled with, particu-
larly by ladies. Indeed, the judge was not a
particularly gallant man, though he was very
courteous, in rather a stiff and stately fashion.
Some used to call him a woman-hater; but he
was nothing of the sort. He didn't think much
about ladies, either one way or the other. He
had his business to attend to, he had his books
to read, an occasional opera or play to listen to,
his cigars to smoke, his dinners to eat. Why
should he derange all these important and
agreeable affairs, which made up the varied
mosaic of his daily life, by introducing into
their midst that disturbing element, a petticoat?
If others saw any propriety in his doing so, he
saw none. It is, however, highly probable that
Judge Ronceval had occasional visions of a
home which he intended to make into himself
when leisure and inclination should serve.
Perhaps when the thin smoke of his cigar had
doubled, and trebled, and quadrupled indefi-
nitely its purple veil, so that, as he leaned back
in his chair and saw nothing of the world but
that unreal atmosphere in which he had en-
veloped himself, perhaps then his half-closed
dreamy eyes beheld the faces of cherub children
with milky brows and golden hair, and sweet
serious faces, like Raphael's cherubim. It is
possible that a more mature face may have
sometimes looked dimly over the winged shoul-
ders of these little ones—a face calm, and be-
autiful, and proud, you may be sure, drooping
in dignified obedience to him, but laughingly up-
lifted to all the world besides. The future
Mrs. Ronceval was sure to be a lady of fine
presence, and of the very highest position and
character. The judge had not yet seen her.
He was very sure of that, she thought, shrug-
ging his shoulders a little. Women disap-
pointed and often disgusted him. His ideal
was high, and the ladies whom he met were,
the most of them—well, not very high. They
cringed to him, they made eyes, and smiled
and smirked at him; they stared at him, in
short, they courted him rather more than he
meant the future Mrs. Ronceval should. Mrs.
Ronceval told he should come to hand her
down; on that he was resolved.

Judge Ronceval boarded at a private house,
on a quiet and unexceptionably genteel street.
For many reasons he preferred such a home to
a more showy and crowded one. Besides him-
self, there were but four boarders, none of
whom bothered him in the least. Mrs. Mason
his hostess was a lady, a widow, had seen bet-
ter days, adorned him, and knew all his little
tastes and whims; the table was good, and his
room delightful and well-attended to. Besides,
everybody in the house minded his or her busi-
ness. If the judge laid down a half read pa-
per or pamphlet anywhere in the house, a
month after he would find it untouched in the
very same spot. If a friend came to his room
to see him on private business, he had no fear
that there would be an ear at the keyhole, or
necks stretched over the balusters to see who
and what wanted him. If letters or notes
came, there were no signs of their having been

VOL. XXII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE. . . . FRIDAY, AUG. 28, 1868.

NO. 9.

tampered with before he got them, or exam-
ined afterwards.

And then, not the least of the charms of the
Widow Mason's *menage* was that if the judge
did not speak to anybody, nobody spoke to him.
He wasn't obliged to talk, and his silence,
though ever so persistent, was never looked on
as an offence. Mrs. Mason gave her family
distinctly to understand that this potent seignor
was on no account to be called to account for
anything, and the family obediently acquiesced.
The family consisted of Miss Agnes Bannister,
a pretty girl of eighteen, who had come to town
to take lessons of Bangs the great pianist, Miss
Lennon, a wealthy young lady without any con-
nections, whose guardian was just allowing her
to go into society, Miss Hester Mills, a quiet
young lady who had a small class of pupils in
French, and who made translations for some
publications, and, lastly, Mrs. Mason's nephew,
Ralf Mason, a comely, light-colored young
man, who was clerk in a highly respectable
banking-house. Mrs. Mason had hesitated
about receiving into her family a person who
had to do anything for her own living, and had
not ventured on the step till she had consulted
the judge.

"Is she modest and well-bred?" asked the
gentleman.

"She seems to be so," replied the widow,
carefully.

"Are her references good?" was the next
question.

"They are excellent, judge; some of the
first names in the city."

"Ladies or gentlemen?" pursued the judge.

"O, ladies!" said the matron immediately,
and then proceeded to mention various shining
names.

The gentleman quietly smoothed the long
dark moustache which shaded his proud upper
lip, and when the list had been read, re-
marked:

"I don't see why you should have hesitated
for a moment to receive the young lady. She
seems to be unexceptionable."

"But since she has to work for her own
support—" the widow began, then stopped;
for the judge's head was lifted a little higher,
and there was something very like a flash in
his deep-set blue eyes.

"Madam," he said, with dignity, "labor is
honorable, even manual labor. I should not,
however, advise you to receive a seamstress.
But intellectual labor is not only honorable, it
is elevating. It may happen to any lady or
gentleman to meet with a reverse which will
compel them to work. Earning money is no
disgrace; it is how we earn it. A young lady
who understands a foreign language well enough
to teach it, and to translate from it acceptably
to first-class periodicals, has at least one ac-
complishment. I should advise you to receive
her very politely."

Mrs. Mason had, in her earlier days, occu-
pied a very good position in society, and was
above any low word or act of spite; but she
nevertheless always felt a little little towards
Miss Hester Mills, since that young lady could
perform intellectual labor, while she herself
was only a housekeeper. The difference had
only just occurred to her. But she treated the
girl well, and, on the whole, rather liked her.

Judge Ronceval, having delivered his dictum,
stirred, too, by a momentary chivalrous pity for
the young lady whose name had to be so bandied
about, and whose title to toleration in respecta-
ble society had to be canvassed, forgot all
about the matter, and occupied himself with his
own affairs. He did not give the subject more
than a passing thought, even when he saw a
new face opposite him at the table, and when
Mrs. Mason, in answer to his inquiring glance,
introduced to him Miss Hester Mills. A very
nice, ladylike-looking girl, he thought, and im-
mediately returned to his *mutton*. A remarka-
bly silent young lady, he just glanced to think
after a week or two, when he noticed that she
had a very pleasant voice, and recollected that
this was the first time he had heard her speak.
Miss Bannister and Miss Lennon were always
carrying on low-toned, chattering conversations,
and exchanging smiles, and nods, and compli-
ments with Mr. Ralf the bank-clerk. But their
chattering did not much annoy the gentleman,
for he sat at the table with them but once a
day, and sometimes not that. He took his
breakfast before they came down stairs in the
morning, and his luncheon down town, and he
often dined out. Semi-occasionally he brought
some one home to dine with him.

After a while the great man got to have a
pleasant impression of little Miss Mills. He
sometimes met her coming in from a morning
walk as he was coming down stairs to his break-
fast, and the freshness of her color at such
times was very pretty. Besides, she always
smiled with a certain happy confidence in her
air when she said good-morning, not so much
as though pleased with him, as though happy
in herself. At other times her sole salutation
was a quiet and deferential bow. He noticed
that she was very neat and tidy in dress, that
her boots, gloves and handkerchiefs were of the
daintiest, and that she never wore jewelry,
as young ladies call their cheap trinkets. She
had a pretty form, though she was small, scarce-
ly reaching higher than the judge's broad
shoulders, indeed. So much he thought casual-
ly, and then turned his mind to more important
matters. He never noticed the young ladies
of the house much. He sometimes met Miss
Lennon in society, but he never accompanied
her there; he never asked Miss Bannister to
sing, and he never tempted Miss Mills to speak
French. He had no idea but she pronounced it
excellently; most people do when they learn it
out of Paris. On the whole, he was perfectly
well satisfied with the awful distance
from which the family viewed him, and the
downcast, timid manner in which they replied
whenever he chose to address them.

One day a great event stirred the equanim-
ity of Mrs. Mason's boarders, and nearly drove
Mrs. Mason crazy. Judge Ronceval went
out sound and well in the morning, and half
an hour afterward was brought in with a broken
arm. When he was passing by a new and un-
finished block of houses on his way to his of-
fice, a timber fell and broke his arm just below
the elbow.

"Oh then and there was hurrying to and fro,"

from him, a task which the good lady performed
with an air of great consequence, dismissing the
most aristocratic suitors from her door with a
suave inflexibility which was truly wonderful
to behold. A few magnates were admitted,
among them Miss Chrissie Ronceval, who came
in great state to see her nephew, and rustled
up stairs in the stiffest of stiff silks. On her
way out she encountered a young woman in
the entry.

"Bless my soul!" muttered the spinster,
staring, "the very image of Celeste De Ville.
My dear what is your name?"

"Hester Mills, madam," answered the young
woman.

"Tut!" cried the old lady, and hobbled out
to her carriage.
The judge had had company several even-
ings, but there came a night when he was
alone. Mrs. Mason was uneasy. She didn't
like to leave him alone. Finally she sent Ralf
up to ask if the invalid would have anything.
Yes, the judge would have something. He
would have three of the young people come up
and play whilst with him to save him from *en-
nui*. Miss Bannister, Miss Lennon and Mr.
Ralf made up the table.

"Thank you, I don't like whist," Miss Mills
had said, when they asked her out of mere ci-
vility. "It is too stupid a game."

So with many flutters the others went up to
the front chamber over the parlor, where they
were elegantly and courteously received by the
great man whom they had come to entertain.
The next day the judge came down to dinner.
Miss Mills made a very slight and respectful
bow as she took her place, but made no in-
quiries whatever concerning the patient's health,
though it was the first time she had seen him
since his accident. The others were profuse
in their offers of help and expressions of sym-
pathy, and it was noticeable that the gentleman
had unbent considerably in his reserve, and
really chatted in a very pleasant way with his
entertainers, expressing the hope that they
would favor him with their company again that
evening.

"I am at your mercy now," he said, smiling-
ly, "and you must be merciful."
"Why, Miss Mills," Miss Bannister ex-
claimed, after the gentleman had gone up stairs,
you never inquire how the judge was! What
will he think?"

"Why should I inquire when I know per-
fectly well?" asked Miss Mills, with an air of
surprise. "I had heard all the particulars,"

Miss Bannister tossed her pretty head.

"He is delightful!" she said. "I had no
idea he could be so gallant. You should have
seen him pick up my handkerchief last night!"
And the young lady walked up and down the
parlor, admiring herself in the long mirrors,
shaking out her trailing silk, and adjusting the
bracelets which she wore so constantly that
she believed the girls slept in them.

"No great things either," sneered the heir-
ess, refastening her own diamond sleeve-battons.
"They are nothing but garnets."

But Miss Bannister, who caught the gesture
if not the words, could afford to laugh; for her
black eyes outshone the other's diamonds, and
the great man had paid her a compliment on
their brightness. Mr. Ralf Mason, who flut-
tered between the two young ladies, at one
time a slave to beauty, at another prudently
enamored of money, kept carefully aloof from
their quarrels, and on this occasion considered
it safe to be civil to Miss Mills whom he didn't
much care about, and who took rather a high
hand with him. He sometimes suspected that
she patronized him.

"The judge is really very pleasant when
you get to know him, Miss Mills," he com-
menced.

The young lady was usually quiet and even
demure in her manners, but now she gave an
awful yawn.

"I am so terribly tired of hearing about
Judge Ronceval that I am in danger of hating
the sound of his name," she said, with empha-
sis.

"I dare say he is a very good sort of
man; but I utterly fail to perceive any tran-
scendent qualities. I have seen taller men,
men with broader shoulders, and bigger mus-
taches, and curlier hair, and deeper eyes, and
longer noses; I have seen richer men, and men
ten times handsomer, and I have seen men as
polite and a great deal more agreeable. I have,
moreover, seen judges before. Altogether I
fail to understand what particular claim Judge
Ronceval has to being set on a pedestal."

Ending this somewhat lengthy speech, Miss
Mills glanced with a sort of haughtiness in her
now glowing brown eyes at the three astonished
faces that stared at her boldness, and looking
away from them, encountered the eyes of Judge
Ronceval. He stood in the door of the parlor and
regarded her with a steady gaze which was too
cold to be angry, but which nevertheless had a
spark in it. Perhaps he merely felt surprise
at hearing himself, probably for the first time,
so slightly spoken of. Their eyes met for one
instant, and if he did not blush, Miss Hester
Mills did, just one gleam of pride and defiance,
then they dropped, and she sat pale and silent.

"I think I left my evening paper here," the
judge said, in a perfectly unmoved voice, step-
ping into the room and glancing round in
search of the missing sheet.

Miss Bannister, with her face in a flame
ran to cover her embarrassment in hiding the
paper, and the other two made a confused feint
of searching. They expected nothing less
than that the house would be turned upside
down on account of this awful insult which had
been given to Judge Ronceval.

Miss Bannister found the paper, and received
a courteous "thanks!" for it.
"Aren't you coming up soon?" the gentle-
man asked, pleasantly, quite in his usual way.
"I do not expect any company to-night."

Of course there was a smiling acquiescence.
As soon as he had gone Miss Mills left the
parlor and went up to her own room. The
others spent the evening with the judge, and
found him more charming than ever. Mrs.
Mason, trembling at the awful story she had
heard, sent him up a nice little supper, and
presently went in herself, and attempted an
apology for Miss Mills' insolence.

"O, Miss Mills!" the judge said, after a
while, not seeming to have understood at first
what the lady meant. "Why, I was not aware
that you were in the room when I went down
to see the speaking disreputably of me? I am
sorry. Perhaps she thinks disreputably of
me. I should be sorry again to believe it. But

she has a right to her own opinions, and to ex-
press them. Dismiss her on account of it?
By no means! I protest against any one men-
tioning the subject to Miss Mills, or making
any difference with her because of what she
may have said of me. She will drop the sub-
ject? Miss Bannister, I hold four honors."

"It is your way to monopolize honors, judge,"
said Miss Bannister, smirking.

The next morning Miss Mills met with very
cool greetings from all the family. Obedient
to the judge's request, they did not mention the
forbidden subject, but they let her see that it
was not forgotten. She was looking rather
pale, but otherwise quite as usual. She was
really annoyed with herself for having spoken,
and afraid that she might get into trouble with
Mrs. Mason in consequence of it. She was
pleasantly enough situated now, and would find
it very inconvenient to look for a new home, as
she resolved to do if Mrs. Mason should be
rude to her. To her great relief there was
nothing but that slight coldness, and a very en-
thusiastic praising of Judge Ronceval. Such
autographs as he had shown them the night be-
fore, such curious seals, and coins, and old
books, and such meerschaums, and chessmen as
he had!

At luncheon, contrary to his custom the judge
came down. Miss Mills glanced at him, and
he bowed. He was even rather more polite to
her than usual, to show how little he cared for
what she had said. At dinner it was the same
and when he observed that the others had said
but little to her, he took pains to make amends
by addressing her often, and even asked her to
translate for him a French poem which he was
not very clear about.

"I read but do not speak French," he said.
"And I read so little that I am rapidly forget-
ting all I ever know."

So took the book he gave her, and read the
poem first in French, and with the most ex-
quisite pronunciation. Then she rendered it
clearly and elegantly into English.

"Where did you learn French?" he asked,
when she had got through.

"At Paris," said Miss Mills.

She did not respond to his civilities. He
need not trouble himself to show that he didn't
care, she thought. Besides, if she wasn't of
sufficient consequence to be invited into his
room with the others, then she wasn't worth
talking to. She had a great mind to charge
him something for the poem she had translated.
She half laughed and half cried as she thought
the matter over in her room afterwards, and
fancied herself presenting a bill for so many
lines of French translated. He did not treat
her as a lady and his equal, but as a young
person who sat opposite him at table, and whom
he spoke civilly to as he did to the chamber-
maid when he met her. Why should he say
so much to her? So the young lady played off, and presently the
gentleman let her alone, and confined himself
to the usual bow, and request for the butter.

Besides, the judge had a new subject with
which to occupy his mind, one that piqued his
curiosity, excited his interest, and which pro-
voked him. He had received an anonymous
letter. Now, anonymous letters he considered
beneath his attention, as a rule; but this letter
was a shining exception. It was written by a
lady, and was one of the most beautiful letters
he had ever read. It was not a love-letter, but
the writer pretended that she was an old friend
of his, and the letter was dated at some i magi-
nary city in which the writer described her life,
telling him little daily events, trifles, as well as
affairs of moment. She visited the courts, the-
atres, opera, churches, lecture-rooms, picture-
galleries, and gave her thoughts of each. Some-
times she described scenes in her past life. All
this was in many letters, but the first was a
foretaste. The judge vainly racked his brain
to think of any lady of his acquaintance who
could have written that letter; but without suc-
cess. It was a remarkably elegant letter, the
product of a superior and highly cultivated
mind, and, fresh as was the writing, of a pure
and noble heart. The judge did not approve
of anonymous letters, would not for his right
hand write one, and was fully resolved that no
one should ever know that he had received one;
but he found himself reading this over for the
third time, and wishing that he had such an
acquaintance as Dora Sutcliffe, as she signed
herself, and that he could locate the No. 1
Azure St. Ceruleum, and call on his corres-
pondent. He almost wished that he wouldn't
be ashamed to employ somebody to watch and
find out where the letters came from. But we
are anticipating, for the judge's interest, which
gradually grew absorbed in these letters, was
only piqued by the first. The day after that
on which he received it was a violent storm of
snow and wind. All out-doors was chaos, it
was useless to expect anybody in. Miss Ban-
nister was confined to her room with a swelled
face which nothing would tempt her to show to
a gentleman; Miss Lennon was off spending a
day or two with some gay friends in another
part of the city. The judge had had his arm
dressed, had eaten his breakfast, had a call from
Mrs. Mason, read the morning paper, and
looked over a little law business. Finally, he
recollected the mysterious missive of the day
before, for some reason he had not put
into the fire, and taking it from his *escritoire*,
read it over again. A remarkably clever letter
as we have said, such a letter as a gentleman
of cultivation likes to receive, being proud of
his correspondent; but rather singular as com-
ing from a stranger who conceals both name and
address. He hardly knew what to think of the
spirit which prevailed and dictated that writ-
ing. There was a vein of sarcasm here and
there, an intimation that the writer was able to
perceive his faults should be allow them to be-
come too prominent, and at the same time a
touch of charity, and of that nobleness which
does not stoop to carping and criticism. The
tone that was of a cool friendliness, too assured
to speak of its own existence, yet, neither as-
suming nor asking return. The writer wrote
because she chose, and gave no clue by which
he could answer, even would he have stooped
to do such a thing as write to an unknown per-
son.

On the whole, the judge believed his corres-
pondent to be a lady of rather eccentric and
daring temper, who was—well, he could not
deny that she must be interested in him; else,
why should she write? To be sure, the letter
was such as a gentleman might receive from
his grandmother, provided she had wit enough

to write it; but then, the lady was not his
grandmother.

The judge had been courted by women, but
no one before had come quite so near as this.
Having nothing else to do, he sat with the let-
ter in his hand, and let his fancy play about it.

A dainty, rather crabbed little handwriting, it
was, showing a good deal of character, and the
light French paper was of the prettiest pattern,
and had the very faintest scent of violets. In
every way the note was perfect, in material,
writing, folding and sealing. It breathed of a
delicate and beautiful lady. He could not help
thinking that she had white hands with pink
tips to her fingers. Someway, the thought
made him blush, and smile in a very curious
way. For an instant he almost felt as though
he were holding that hand in his. He folded
the letter hastily, and put it away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN IN DOORS PHOTOGRAPH.—I declare
that the woman who is able to systematize and
carry on smoothly the work of an ordinary fam-
ily, illustrates higher sagacity than is called for
by seven-eighths of the tasks done by man.
Men take one trade and work at it;—a moth-
er and housekeeper's work requires a touch
from all trades. A man has his work hours
and his definite tasks;—a woman has work at
all hours and incessant confusion of tasks. Let
any man do a woman's work for a single day;
wash and dress the children, having provided
their clothes the night before; see that break-
fast is under-way to suit a fault-finding hus-
band; the wash-bowls on with water for the
wash, and the clothes assorted ready for wash-
ing; the dish water heaving, and a luncheon
thought out for the school goers; a nice dinner
in the good man's dinner parlour; the beds made
after proper airing, and the bugs fought off and
kept down; the father's convenience exactly
fit for family prayers; the systematic sweep-
ing of the house at least once a week, and of
living rooms once to three times a day, accord-
ing to the number of MEN to bring in the mud;
the actual washing and out-hanging of cloth-
es; the drying, sprinkling and folding, and pro-
vision of new ere the old give out; the making
of bread three times a week, with cake and
pies intercalated judiciously; pickles, preserves
and cellar stores to be laid in and not forgot-
ten in their season; children's manners to be
attended to; company to be entertained; her
own person to be tidied up to please *his* eye;
the tired *husband* to be welcomed and waited on
by the no less tired *wife*, and the home made
cheerful; his trousers to be patched after he
goes to bed, so he can put them on in the
morning; the children to be helped about their
lessons and reminded not to forget their
Sunday school lesson; the shopping and mar-
keting to be done for the household; house re-
pairs attended to and matters in general kept
smoothly running. The woman who does all this
is not troubled or hindered about her work,
because his work brings the money. But man's
work does not so tax the head and heart and
hands as woman's work does.

Besides all this, man is helped by many
strong relishes and incentives in his labor. He
is out in the world among folks. He comes and
goes and is refreshed in spirit. But woman
works alone and almost unknown. To please
her husband and her God is possibly her only
motive; and alas, how many wives there be
who sit in secret before their God because
they fail to win one smile or word of praise from
their husbands. It is stupid and brutal for any
ordinary man to be finding fault with woman.—
[Rev. T. K. Beecher, in the Bistoury.]

An exchange says: "Raphael Semmes, the
cowardly pirate who burned our unarmed mer-
chant vessels on every sea, has announced his
satisfaction with the nomination of Seymour
and Blair. So has Toombs, the traitor Sena-
tor of 1861; so has Cobb, Mr. Buchanan's
faithless Secretary of the Treasury, who de-
serted his post and perjured himself to take a
position in the Rebel Government of Jeff.
Davis; so has Albert Pike, whose Indians
scalped our dead at Pua Ridge; so has Forrest,
the Tennessee butcher; so has Beauregard,
who urged the *garrote* the prisoners of war;
so has the Rebel Gen. Preston, who left his
post as United States Minister to Spain, came
home, drew his pay in gold from the Treasury
that Cobb had impoverished, and then hastened
to take a command in the Rebel army; so has
Vance, late Rebel Governor of North Carolina,
who declared a few days ago in a speech deliv-
ered to the Rebels of Richmond, that what the
South lost by the overthrow of the Rebellion,
it would gain by the election of Seymour and
Blair; so has Wade Hampton, who prophes-
ied that the cause for which Jackson and
Stuart died will yet be gained; so has Henry
A. Wise, late a Rebel General, and so thor-
oughly devoted to the Rebellion, even in his
death, that he scorned a pardon for his treason,
and so has every Ku-Klux assassin in the
South, who plies the trade of murder, and il-
luminates the darkness of midnight by the burn-
ing dwellings of Union men. Who shall say
henceforth that the New York nominations
have not been enthusiastically received?"

OUR CHART.—If you would know whether
the Bible be true in its teachings, you must do
it as you do by a chart. A chart is nothing
but a piece of paper, and what good would it
do for half a dozen captains to sit down on
shore and discuss its merits? How can they
know whether its descriptions are correct or
not? Let them take it on board and prove it
by sailing by it. That is a true chart on trial.
If there is a rock where it says "rock"; if
there is a shoal where it says "shoal"; if there
is a current where it says "current"; if it is
safe where it says "safe," then it is a true
chart, no matter who made it, or how, or when,
or where it was made.

It is the sea that is the best test of a chart,
so is the human life the test of the Bible. Take
God's word, in which human life is charted
down, and measure character and conduct by
it; measure God's grace by it, and see if it is
not true. Would you know the truth of the
Bible? Become a Christian. "If any man
will do my will," says Christ, "he shall know
of the doctrine which I teach, whether it be of
God."—[Selected.]

A Paris Newspaper suggests that the sub-
ject of the Alabama claims be left to the arbi-
tration of one of the great powers.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The Boston
Advertiser, with time for a leisurely perusal of the Sep-
tember number, pronounces it "even rather than bril-
liant." It enumerates and characterizes the contents as
follows:—

Mr. Whipple continues his survey of Elizabethan lit-
erature with a paper on Sidney and Raleigh. Mr. J. J.
Sprague has an essay on "The Impossibility of Chance."
Frederic in little-known, but has supplied Mr. Everett
Taylor with material for "The Island of Madalena," with
a Distant View of Caperna, and Mr. T. W. Knox for an
account of "Siberian Exiles." Dr. S. Weir Mitchell has
another of his popular scientific contributions, "On the
Modern Methods of Studying Poisons." The poetry is
made up of a characteristic effort of Dr. Holmes "Bill
and Joe," an anonymous piece, "In Vocation," and
"Expectation," by Miss Celia Thaxter. There is only
one completed story in the number, "No News," by Miss
E. Stuart Phelps; but Miss Harrison's "Michael's Night"
is continued, and the first chapters are given of an an-
onymous serial, "The Face in the Glass," and of a story
founded on Major De Forrest's inexhaustible military ex-
periences, "The Man and Brother." Besides all this
there are two prose essays, the authorship of which is
not divulged,—one on "American Diplomacy," and one
on "The Genius of Hawthorne."

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

HOURS AT HOME.—The September number
of this popular monthly of Instruction and Recreation,
contains two more chapters of the story of "The Chapel
of Pearls," and many articles from able writers. Dr.
Bushnell discourses of "Building Eras in Religion;" Dr.
Fenton contributes a timely and temperate article on
"Amusements and the Church;" Dr. Simmons gives an
interesting account of "The Religion of Japan;" and
there are several other articles, all good.

Published by Charles Scribner & Co., New York, at
\$

Waterville Mail.

EST. MAY 1864. DANIEL B. WING, EDITOR.

WATERVILLE, AUG. 28, 1868.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT.

ULYSSES S. GRANT,
OF ILLINOIS.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT.

SCHUYLER COLFAX,
OF INDIANA.

FOR GOVERNOR.

J. L. CHAMBERLAIN.

For Member of Congress,
JAMES G. BLAINE.

Electors of President and Vice President.

At Large.....**GEORGE L. BEAL,**
SAMUEL B. STROCKLAND.

Third District.....**DENNIS L. MILLIKEN.**

Kennebec County Nominations.

For Senators.....**JOHN L. STEVENS,**
WILLIAM B. SNELL,
THOMAS S. LANG.

Clerk of Courts.....**WM. M. STRATTON.**

Sheriff.....**CHARLES HEWINS.**

Judge Probate.....**HENRY K. BAKER.**

Reg. Probate.....**JOSEPH BURTON.**

Co. Treasurer.....**ALANSON STARK.**

Co. Commis.....**ASBURY YOUNG.**

Everywhere in the Republican ranks there is a strong and earnest rally for the coming election. Never, since the first election of Abraham Lincoln, have the masses of the voters seemed more moved by so intense impulses to prepare for the trial. They regard this election as the closing chapter of the great revolution that began with the war, and seem determined to make thorough work in the last great battle. The more they see and hear of the men arrayed against them, the plainer the truth comes out to the light that rebellion and treason have only fallen at the South, to rise again for a new struggle on Northern fields. Otherwise how is it that the party leaders of the north, who were seen nursing their wrath all through the struggle, have struck hands with the rankest and foremost rebels of the South? How came the cordial meeting of northern democrats and southern rebels at New York, and the mutual endorsement of each other that has since been witnessed from day to day? Why does every democrat run mad at the slightest word uttered against the rebels or their deeds, while the whole democratic party, north and south, rebel and copperhead, join heart and hand in railing against the government? Loyal men are startled at this strange sight. They know that party feeling is strong, and has power to drive men to strange positions; they know that party leaders are hungry for office, and will sometimes win it by wicked works; but they are not prepared to see them kindling into new life the embers of a war that has so nearly consumed the nation. They are slow to believe that men with human souls are willing to regain their party power by steps so false to humanity. The same astonishment that paralyzed the nation when the first blow of treason fell upon Sumpter, seemed to forbid belief when this unholy partnership was first declared. It was beyond human faith—not that the few who sold themselves to treason before the war should rush to its aid at the first chance—but that the old and time honored banner of democracy, that had waved over loyal men under Jefferson in the revolution, and under Jackson, when he swore "by the Eternal" that treason should not breathe the first breath in South Carolina, could be unfolded over treason and loyalty alike, so that its broad folds should embrace both the true and the false-ate-once. For they are traitors still while they yet cry treason; rebels still, while they declare that the "lost cause" shall yet be found, and by the aid of northern allies. The palmetto with its serpent, or the bloody stars and bars, might lead traitors like Hampton and Pillow; but the eagle can only soar over loyal men. So loyal men reasoned, till this unholy alliance, this clasping of bloody hands at New York.

But light is dawning upon such as believed that northern men could not be disloyal—and better still, it greets the eyes of those who had dreamed that their old party leaders were beyond the reach of corruption, and could be crowded beyond the hope of political power without being driven into sin. The honest men in the democratic ranks are gradually opening their eyes to these startling facts, and one by one are falling out by the way, and

as they fall out, or show feebleness in their party warfare, their loyal opponents take courage and renew their zeal. So that we everywhere see, and we believe the fact is everywhere felt as well as seen, that while the efforts of the democratic leaders to arouse the rank and file are almost without precedent, the response is heavy and heartless, and totally without the life that marked the old democracy. There are men there yet who have not bowed the knee to treason for the sake of party—and who never will.

A PLEASANT OCCASION.

The fiftieth anniversary of the ordination of Rev. Thomas Adams, was very pleasantly celebrated at the Congregational Church in Winslow, on Wednesday, 26th inst.

In the morning "Father Adams" preached a Semi-Centennial Sermon of great historic interest, giving a full and clear account of the establishment and progress of Congregational Churches in this vicinity, and a sketch of his own labors as a Pioneer in the Temperance cause. Rev. Messrs. Rogers of Farmington, Drinkwater of the Baptist Church of Waterville, Tappan of Norridgewock and Mitchell of Madison, were present, and participated in the exercises of the morning. At the close of this service the large company gathered around the refreshment tables which had been most bountifully spread under the fine shade trees in the vicinity of the Church, and an hour of rare enjoyment was passed in partaking of the good things thus freely provided, in the greeting of friends long separated, and in most delightful social intercourse.

At 12 P. M., the goodly company met again at the Church for a social reunion. After prayer, by Rev. Mr. McCully of Hallowell, some very interesting letters were read from friends abroad who were unable to be personally present. These letters all breathed the most cordial respect and love for Father Adams, and one of them enclosed a Bill of Exchange for \$50 for his benefit. It should also be added that a liberal contribution for the same object was given at the close of the morning service, although Father Adams protested that it was no part of the "programme."

An original hymn prepared for the occasion by George K. N., Esq., of Brunswick, a classmate and friend of Father Adams, was sung by the congregation, led by a choir who had added greatly to the interest of the occasion by their appropriate music. Short addresses were then made by George Kent, Esq., Rev. Father Rogers, Rev. Mr. Tappan, E. J. Poet, Esq., Dea. S. Page, Dea. C. Keith, and A. M. Billings, Esq. During an interval in the speaking, a gem of music, entitled "Under the Rod," was finely sung by Miss Lincoln, of N. Vassalboro'. A vote of thanks was then given to the Rev. Mr. True of the Methodist Church, the assembly dispersed with the recollections of a day to be marked in their calendar with a "white stone."

REPUBLICAN MEETINGS.—Hon. Hannibal Hamlin will address the people of Waterville and vicinity at the Baptist Church on Monday evening next, at 7 1-2 o'clock.

Hon. J. G. Blaine will speak at North Vassalboro' on Monday, Aug. 31; at Pittsfield, Wednesday Sept. 2; at China Village, Friday, Sept. 4, at 2 P. M.; at Sidney, Saturday, Sept. 5, at 2 P. M.; and at North Anson, Tuesday, Sept. 8, at 2 P. M.

Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, Hon. James G. Blaine and Gen. Brinkerhoff will speak at Pittsfield Tuesday, Sept. 1st, at 2 P. M.

Gen. Brinkerhoff will speak at Canaan Thursday, Sept. 3d, at 7 o'clock P. M.; Fairfield Meeting House, Friday, Sept. 11 at 7 P. M.

Hiram Knowlton, Esq., and Z. A. Smith will speak at Greeley's Mills, Smithfield, Monday, Aug. 31st, at 7 o'clock P. M.; Black's Mills, Monday Sept. 7th at 7 o'clock P. M.

REMEDY FOR CACKED BAG.—"D," a correspondent of the Maine Farmer, who dates at Waterville, contributes the following remedy:

Bunches on a cow's bag, or caking of the bag, may sometimes be reduced by the following treatment, if taken in the early stage of the disease. Bathe the part affected twice a day with the following, viz:—iodine of potassium, 1-2 ounce; glycerine, 1-2 ounce; soft water, 2 ounces, mixed together. Give a tablespoonful of saltpetre every second day, and one-quarter pound of epsom-salts every second day, for a few days—say a week—and continue the salts another week, or longer, if the difficulty does not subside. The saltpetre and salt may be given in a mash of wheat bran. I think the above is worth giving to your readers.

THE WATER POWER OF MAINE.—We are indebted to Walter Wells, Secretary of the Hydrographic Commission of this State, for a copy of the Reports of the Commissioners and Secretary of the Hydrographic Survey of 1867—a valuable volume from which we shall make some extracts when we have room for them.

Among the five bands of music attendant upon the Masonic festival at Skowhegan, all worthy of praise, the North Vassalboro' Cornet Band was particularly complimented—assisted for the day by Mr. John Gibbs, one of Waterville's best musicians, vocal and instrumental.

AMOS KENDALL, whom we supposed to be under the sod, is out with a melancholy two column article on the condition of the country, politically. He is dead to all the live issues of the present, and signs himself "As ever, A Jackson Democrat."

WESTERN CORRESPONDENCE.

A Waterville man at the West—a gentleman of large acquaintance with commercial matters, as well as of extensive observation, writes us from Jacksonville, Illinois:

"I don't propose to write a letter for publication, though you can, if you choose, make use of the facts."

"Crops.—About a year ago I wrote you, predicting *cheaper bread*; but circumstances which I did not foresee proved me to be a false prophet. Now I will predict again, the ensuing year we must have cheaper bread than in the past year. *Everybody* says the 'crop of wheat is splendid. Corn looks well, the acreage is very large, and nothing but early frost can prevent a large crop. The weather now don't feel much like an early frost. With the exception of a few days in last week, it has been torrid for two months. The growing corn in Illinois is a cheering sight. It would make the eyes of a Maine man 'stick out.' In a ride, a few days since, up ninety miles, on the top of a freight car, where I had a good view of the surrounding country, it seemed almost one vast cornfield."

THE TEXAS FEVER.—No doubt you have heard of this singular disease, which is creating so great a 'scare' all over the country. It is really alarming, especially to some of our large stock raisers and feeders. Don't believe all you hear about it; one half will make it bad enough. There are some peculiarities about it that seem to be pretty well established. It is introduced by cattle brought from the Gulf coast of Texas, any time, say between the first of March and the first of November—which covers most of the importations. It is probably caused by feeding upon something that grows early in the Spring. The Texas cattle themselves appear healthy, but wherever our native cattle graze upon the same ground where Texas stock has been fed—some say wherever they have passed over the ground—the natives contract a disease which is sure to result in death, in from one to eight days. Native cattle do not appear to communicate it to each other. Calves do not get the disease from their dams, even though they suck their milk up to the time of death. Some contend that the meat of one of these diseased cattle is harmless,—but I don't want any of it in mine! There is no known cause, and the only remedy seems to be prevention.

"I believe there are no well authenticated cases of cattle from Northern Texas having introduced this plague. The result of the panic is that there is now no sale for Illinois cattle in the eastern markets. No matter what their condition may be, they must remain where they are till cooler weather comes, or till the panic is over. Meanwhile, those not infected are fattening, and eventually you ought to get cheaper beef, and of good quality."

[For the Mail.]

DUTY.

In a few weeks occurs the general election in Maine. We then give expression by our ballots of the judgment of the people of things past. It is the verdict of "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," or condemnation if they have proved recreant to their trusts. We do more than this; we delegate to officers the power of the people, to make and execute the laws of the State for the next year. These we have trusted bring their actions to the ballot box for review. A vote cast for the deer is an endorsement of the deed, and an instruction by the voter to continue in the future as in the past.

Once a year those who are governed become the governing power. They have months for consideration, but a moment for action. The ballots that decide the legislation of the State right or wrong—that pass upon the ability, efficiency and honesty of officials,—that indicate the will of the people for the future,—make the irrevocable verdict of a tribunal from which there is no appeal; and it behooves those who vote rationally, as men worthy of citizenship in a great nation, demonstrating the theory that man is capable of self government, to consider well the principles involved in the simple act of casting their votes. It is not a question that should be decided by verbal misstatements raised by the heated imaginations of scheming office-seekers, who flounder about in the filthy pool of politics, the exaltation of which is a stretch in the nostrils of honesty and judgment. It is not a question that poor liquor at free bars, or Judas pieces of silver, bribery, should decide. It is not a question in which party predilections should be allowed to avert men from a conviction of right, and compel them to acts of violence against their better judgment. It is a question whether the public servants have been faithful or unfaithful in the discharge of their trusts, and if you pass opinion on it, let it be conscientiously, rationally. J. H. M.

Another flag—the good old Stars and Stripes—has spread itself across Main street, from Ticonic Row to Merchant's Row. We have seen a good man's note endorsed by bad names, but they don't invalidate the note or bankrupt the principal. This is the northern wing of the democratic eagle—the southern wing we don't like so well, though some folks seem to like it better. Let it wave, till it fans the hot blood of rebellion out of the veins of its votaries, and cools them down to the good old honest democratic declaration that "all men are created equal," even if some of them are a little dark complexioned. Let it wave, till the eyes of its admirers see its true meaning, and the hands that raised it are willing to "break every yoke and let the oppressed go free." Let it wave!

CATTLE MARKETS.—The number of cattle at market this week was small—less than 1700 head—and the demand being in excess of the supply, prices advanced. Better prices were also obtained for sheep and lambs. Extra beef is quoted by the Boston Advertiser at 13 1-2 to 14c.; first quality, 12 1-2 to 13; second, 11 1-2 to 12; third, 9 to 11. Gideon Wells sold 8 pairs of store cattle, 6 ft. 8 in. oxen, for an average of \$210; 4 pairs 6 ft. 6 in. oxen, for \$180; 3 pairs 6 ft., for \$150.

"Federal" used to be the never failing argument of the Eastern Argus of the olden time; but it now has several new ones. One of these is "Jacobin," and another is "Carpet-bagger," which it uses freely in every issue. Its "ground tier," however, is a mocking echo of the rallying cry of our own party—"Let us have peace." This, parrot-like, it repeats in season and out of season, and thinks it "awful funny," no doubt.

OUR TABLE.

PACKARD'S MONTHLY.—Oliver Dyer's third chapter of "The Sundry Side of Metropolitan Life," in the September number of this vigorous young monthly, is devoted to "The Magicians of New York City," and though his probing article may be somewhat painful to many we cannot help feeling that it will do good. Horace Greeley, Elihu Burritt, Geo. W. Bungay, and Dr. M. L. Holbrook, also furnish valuable contributions to the number; and these, with the ready editorials and other articles, make excellent reading for young men.

Published by S. S. Packard, New York, at \$1 a year.

BALLOU'S MONTHLY for September has an entertaining "Tale of Lager Beer," and "A Chapter in Natural History," both of which are illustrated. The other contents are good, and the stories (one of which we copy) will be found interesting.

Published by Elliott, Thomas & Talbot, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

THE SCHOOLMATE for September fully sustains its excellent reputation. Mrs. Jane G. Austin has a thrilling story, and Fame and Fortune, Mr. Alger's best story, is continued. Mr. Alger and other excellent writers have been engaged for the next year, and the publisher offers the three remaining numbers of this year free to all subscribers who send him \$1.00 before September 30th, an excellent opportunity as it will give over seven hundred pages for this small sum.

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

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for August is promptly at hand with the following table of contents:—

The Right Honorable Benjamin Disraeli, No. 1; The Odes of Horace, continued; Recit d'un Secret; How in the September number of this vigorous young monthly, is devoted to "The Magicians of New York City," and though his probing article may be somewhat painful to many we cannot help feeling that it will do good. Horace Greeley, Elihu Burritt, Geo. W. Bungay, and Dr. M. L. Holbrook, also furnish valuable contributions to the number; and these, with the ready editorials and other articles, make excellent reading for young men.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 37 Walker Street, New York, the terms of subscription being as follows:—For any one of the four Reviews, \$4 per annum; any two of the Reviews, \$7; any three of the Reviews, \$10; all four Reviews, \$13; Blackwood's Magazine, \$4; Blackwood and one Review, \$7; Blackwood and any two Reviews, \$10; Blackwood and any three of the Reviews, \$13; Blackwood and the four Reviews, \$15—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works will be delivered free of postage.

New volumes of Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works under the new rates will be but 56 cents a year.

Yes, we did hear Mr. Pillsbury, in a portion of his speech to the democracy of Waterville on Wednesday. We should like to hear him again, talking as he did there, to republicans and democrats, in a mixed audience. He does good—not that he means it for good—and the more speeches he makes before the day of election the better. We say this in all sincerity. He is doing more, with his peculiarly demagogic speeches, to open the eyes of a large class of his party, than Mr. Morrill with all his truth and eloquence. In the language of one of his friends, "He says taxes one time too many," and this is a legitimate commentary upon his whole argument. He forgets that the men he addresses have been reading and investigating for themselves during the period of which he speaks, and that many of them are mentally doubting him at every step. Mr. Pillsbury is a demagogue—we never saw the man that better bears the name. His very face, manner, and all that he says, is stamped "demagogue." Did anybody hear him without thinking so? At every new assertion, he looks to see how much his auditors will swallow—wondering whether he may venture any further upon their credulity. He may have his political alliances somewhere in the world, but he is not the man to convince Waterville democrats. They know better, and they could tell him better, nine out of ten of them. "I guess I'll get out," said one of the party, as he elbowed towards the door, "I thought I was doing pretty well, but I find I'm almost taxed to death." He doubtless thought that taxes were necessary to pay the immense debt saddled upon the nation by the southern branch of the party.

"How is this," said another democrat, "I've figured about 50 cents a pound in taxes that he says go upon cotton, all in all, and how is it that we got the cotton for half that?" Mr. Pillsbury has set him to thinking. A few swallowed the dose, and clapped their hands; but this one man "figured" for himself. No doubt the speaker left most of his friends as he found them, democrats still; but we cannot doubt that many who went into the hall democrats, came out to vote against the democratic ticket. Mr. Pillsbury is the champion of his party in Maine, and the one chosen for their highest honor; let them hear him patiently, candidly, and then go and vote as conscience tells them. They have heard their best man, and the best argument he can make.

The Masonic Dedication at Skowhegan on Wednesday, attracted to that live village an immense number of visitors; and the citizens were praised from all tongues for the generous and elegant hospitality with which they entertained their guests. A procession in the afternoon, a collation at Coburn Hall, and a public oration in the evening by Rev. Mr. Bolles of Portland, constituted the programme—though a promenade concert followed at 10 o'clock.

The friends of Rev. J. W. Hathaway, the Methodist clergyman at this place, will be pained to hear that he is compelled to suspend preaching on account of failing health. He will probably go west, and retire from clerical labors for a time. The society will have preaching as usual. Mr. Hathaway has won warm friends among all classes, as an earnest and faithful christian minister.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—The September number of this deservedly popular monthly comes to us from A. Williams & Co., of Boston, through Henriksen. It is a very good number of this excellent magazine. Henriksen has an early supply of all the magazines from the same house.

The democracy of Waterville are to be addressed on Saturday evening, at Town Hall, by Mr. Holmes of Boston and Mr. Libby of Augusta. Subject, "Equal Taxation."

Waterville Perch Association.

The members of this time honored institution made their annual excursion to North Pond, meeting at the "North Pond Hotel" precisely at any time from 8 until 11 o'clock, A. M. There were present Doctors of Laws, Doctors of Divinity, and several clergymen who had not been divinely doctored; Doctors of Medicine, Masters of Arts and some whom the arts were unable to master, Bachelors of Arts and the other kind of bachelors, lawyers, merchants, bankers, gentlemen loggers and last and least two biped specimens of the editorial fraternity. At the North Pond Hotel which is kept upon the European plan, we were met by the delegates from West Waterville, under the lead of the great American piscator, ex-president Hatch, and the financial agent of the corporation, Esq. Kimball. A party of ladies and gentlemen from Norridgewock had arrived in advance of us, and were occupying the boat we wanted. It was a dilemma. A council of war was summoned. Brevet Capt. Morrill was detailed to perform the task of regaining the lost boat. Mounting the gunwale of an old smack, and inflating himself with North Pond wind, he cried through a tin horn (which he always carries with him) "pieces, stop biting" and they did, the perch all leaving for the other end of the pond; then exclaiming in stentorian voice "root hog or die," the Norridgewockers, thinking the millennium at hand, departed.

Of the fishing all got a plenty. The two who could not get a bite saved a "skunk" by picking the perch from the bottom of the boat and hooking them on, threw them in the pond and thus caught fish, a little trick worth knowing. The chowder was all one could wish. Some few ate it a la Polyphemus. After the chowder was gone, the president, as a matter of habit, perched himself at the end of the table and amidst great confusion of tongues and sounds called for speeches. He had speech on the brain. He succeeded in eliciting a large number, but as it was family talk, and contained many violent hits and many monstrous wits, I forbear to report it.

The financial agent reported the treasury in a piteous condition, funds invested at the "usual rate of twelve per cent secured by mortgage three times the value." The president wickedly said that the financial agent made this same speech every day of his life, Sundays excepted.

The secretary had no report to make, he had reached the topmost round—was a L. L. D. and cared for no one. Whereupon articles of impeachment were preferred, charging him with being guilty of "high crimes and misdemeanors." The association resolved itself into a court of impeachment, the President acting as Chief Justice, who said his opinions in the matter would be given with a view of securing votes for re-election. "The 'Senior' was assigned as counsel. He opened the case in a ponderous manner, comparing the defense to that of Demosthenes, said Parson L—d was the Eschines, and finally in behalf of his client said a plea of *guilty* might be entered. "The Respondent, seeing his situation, prayed to be relieved of counsel and that the guilty plea might be retracted. But the Chief Justice ruled as a matter of law, that the Respondent could not make his first prayer in this court, and proceeded to pronounce sentence, which was to read the editorial of the Mail for three weeks or he might be imprisoned a month. The lowered profession said he felt grateful to the court for the alternative sentence and that he would accept the imprisonment.

The Honorary Degree of M. S. (masterorum scollorum) was conferred upon H. W. Morrill of the Home Journal for sculling in a calm. Also the Honorary Degree of M. B. P. C. (masterorum bullorum bulli poutum cuticum) upon Eph Maxham of the Mail, for his agility in looking a dead punt, the only one caught for the day. As it was becoming very common for literary institutions of this kind to confer Honorary Degrees upon very common persons, and to such an extent as to depreciate both the value of the degree and the institution, it was voted that no more degrees should be sold at auction, but should be conferred only upon real merit.

Officers elected were E. P. Blaisdell, President. D. R. Wing and Henry Hatch, Vice Presidents, (without any right to expect promotion). E. F. Webb, Secretary. Capt. E. Coffin, Gen. H. M. Plaisted, Hon. J. H. Drummond, W. A. Caffrey, W. A. Farr, and Deacon Asa Bates, Directors.

Voted, That any report of proceedings published in the Gardiner Home Journal may be considered *re-tellable*.

The only thing which occurred to mar the proceedings, was the ascending of a down river member when called upon for a speech. He was last seen going round a point at a two forty gait, his coat tail at right angles with his spinal column. The association feel a deep regard for his welfare, and a reward of fifty cents will be paid for intelligence of his whereabouts if living—otherwise twenty-five cents.

Those members who brought home three times as many fish as they caught, are entitled to one report.

Voted, To meet next year at the West place—the financial agent to pay all the bills.

E. F. W. SECRETARY.

THE DAM OF THE TICONIC WATER POWER Co., under the efficient lead of Mr. T. J. Emery, is making rapid progress, and will soon be beyond the reach of freshets. All men of experience pronounce it the best work of the kind ever constructed in this section.

THE NEW YORK MEDICAL COLLEGE FOR WOMEN will begin their Sixth Annual Term of twenty weeks, at their new College in Twelfth Street, corner of Second Avenue, the first Monday in November. For announcements, giving full particulars, address, with stamps, the Dean, Mrs. C. S. LOZIER, M. D., or the Secretary, Mrs. C. F. WELLS, Box 730, N. Y.

People like to visit Kendall's Mills, judging from the ease with which the masses are gathered there. The Lewiston Journal estimates the republican meeting on Tuesday evening, to hear Mr. Blaine, at five thousand. A flag was raised, and misled democrats converted—no doubt.

The Fairfield Republican Caucus to nominate a Candidate for Representative to the Legislature will be held at the Town House, Sept. 5th, at 5 1-2 o'clock P. M.

"WORSE FOR WEAR!" Oh, how could you, brother Elwell, "twit," men of growing old in that unfeeling way?

BROTHER ELWELL, of the Portland Transcript, has been tramping through this section, and making some notes for his paper. Of

Waterville he says:— It is a pleasant village. Unlike the Kennebec cities below it does not lie on the steep river bank, but spreads itself leisurely over a comparatively level plateau, covering more ground than some of the before mentioned cities, but not so compactly built. The streets are wide, shaded with beautiful elms, and lined with comfortable mansions, surrounded with luxuriant gardens. The business portion of the village looks a little rusty. The buildings are not of the modern style of architecture, and there is an air of decay gently stealing over them. In fact Waterville is not a lively village in a business point of view. There seems to be no lack of wealth in the place, but it is not so largely employed as it might be in building up the prosperity of the town.

Waterville needs several things to give it new life and activity, and not the least of them is a good hotel. The Williams House, though very well kept, is an ancient edifice, of the old-fashioned tavern style, and not large enough to meet the demands of travel. For Waterville seems to attract a considerable number of summer visitors, and undoubtedly more would make a tarry if the accommodations were better.

But the great need of Waterville is manufacturing industry. Nature seems to have designed the place as a great centre of manufactures. The water power on the Kennebec, the Sebasticook and Messalonskee stream, is simply prodigious. Probably no similar circle of ten miles diameter in New England comprehends so large and convenient water power. Yet very little of it is occupied. In fact the number of saw-mills and similar establishments in Waterville has diminished instead of increased within some years past, until now but one saw-mill remains. "Of late, however, a movement has been made looking to the improvement of the water power at the lower end of the village, where the Kennebec has a descent of eighteen feet, known as the Ticonic Falls. The land on both sides of the falls has been brought under one control, and is in the hands of a company, mostly composed of citizens of the place. Waterville has not sold out to the Spragues, but neither has she put her own shoulder to the wheel. However, the company are now replacing the old dam with a new and substantial one of timber, weighted with stones, which will increase the water power four-fold, and command the whole river at a low stage of water. A short distance above, at the College Rips, there is opportunity for another dam, a fall of eighteen or twenty feet. If the citizens will invest the capital here they may make a beginning which may result in making Waterville a large manufacturing city."

Madeira wine has a very curious property of expansion. For many years past only one thousand casks have been made annually, and yet more than two hundred thousand casks are sold in the same time. Something similar has been observed of all foreign wines, we believe.

JEFFERSON DAVIS is not making a great sensation in England, but finds himself of no great account. The magnanimity of our government, however, throws even *Punch* into ecstasies, and he runs on after this style:—

We have always had a high opinion of the generosity of the Americans; but their liberality in their treatment of political offenders is more than regal. Dionysius sent away Plutias (no, sir, not Pythias) but he kept Damon. But Mr. Jefferson Davis, who is to be tried for high treason later in the Greek Kalends, is comfortably settled at Liverpool, leaving nobody as hostage except Horace Greeley and a few friends, whose names are to a bond which will never be enforced. American talk sometimes riles us a few; but, by the Capitoline Jove! (we mean Mr. Sumner) the Americans are gentlemen.

A correspondent of the Commercial Bulletin complains of the unserviceable and unsafe condition of the Portland District of the Grand Trunk Railway, and calls upon the Railroad Commissioners of our State to do their duty. It is a notorious fact that nineteen times out of twenty, when the cars on the back route are behind time, the delay is occasioned by some breakage on the Grand Trunk road.

Nellie Sturgis, a girl at work at the Saco House, committed suicide by taking arsenic on Monday last. Disappointed love is assigned as the cause. Her friends reside in Vassalboro'.

A HORSE FAIR will be held at Augusta on the 16th, 17th and 18th of September. It will be under the management of G. M. Delany, and its only claim to the appellation of *State Fair*, which is applied to it, is the fact of its being held at the Capital. It will be, simply, a big horse trot, with every facility for betting on the results.

COLBY UNIVERSITY.—It may not be generally known that hereafter a certain portion of the studies in this institution are to be elective, enabling those who desire it, to pursue Civil Engineering, and also a more extended course in Chemistry and the Modern Languages. The Fall Term begins Sept. 9th.

"CANDID AND CALM."—Mr. B. H. Hill, a disappointed and anxious democrat of Georgia, in a speech at Augusta the other day, counselled moderation and calmness, and thereupon proceeded to call the Republican leaders liars and vipers, "to be crushed and hated."

He also thought the white men should treat the blacks kindly, and that by "candor and calmness" the negro vote could be gained by the democrats. All right—only what is the meaning of "candor and calmness?" Is Wade Hampton, for instance, calm and candid when he urges his hearers to refuse employment hereafter to all laborers who will not vote as their employers command them?

Certainly, when Hampton tells a poor mechanic or laborer, with a wife and small children, "Vote as I order you or starve," he makes a candid statement; and if his excellency's dinner has not disagreed with his manner may be calm. But how do the workmen of the North like this new "candor and candid" democratic doctrine?—[Evening Post.]

The Bath Times says the Bath Firemen have in contemplation a Grand Master of the Firemen of the State, similar to that which was carried through so successfully in that city last year.

