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Maxham & Wing

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## MY HEROINE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Her presence leads to warmth and health  
To all who come before it.  
If woman lost us Eden, such  
As she alone restore it.

For larger life and wiser aims  
The farmer is her debtor;  
Who holds to his another's heart  
Must needs be worse or better.

Through her his civic service shows  
A purer toned ambition;  
No double consciousness divides  
The man and politician.

In party's doleful fall he trusts  
Her instincts to determine  
At the loud polls the thought of her  
Recalls Christ's Mountain Sermon.

And if the husband or the wife  
In home's strong light discovers  
Such slight defaults as failed to meet  
The blinded eyes of lovers.

Why need we care to ask if who dreams  
Without their thorns of roses,  
Or wonders that the truest saint  
The readiest spark discloses?

For still to mutual sufficiency lies  
The secret of true living;  
Love scarce is love that never knows  
The sweetness of forgiving.

## NODDY'S SITUATION.

"I give my daughter Julia three years. You understand? If she makes a good match within that period, well; if not, I have done with her; I wash my hands of her completely." Mrs. Mucller gently chafed her left hand with her right, arranged her rings, and replaced her fingers upon the lace handkerchief in her lap, as though the operation were completed.

"Amplly sufficient, my dear Mrs. Mucller, for a young lady who doubtless inherits her mother's tact for improving a favorable opportunity," and Mrs. Sharing took a comprehensive glance at the drawing-room of Braithfield Villa. The room was handsome and tasteful, as even a neighbor would allow. A cool green light shimmered in through the jasmine-covered veranda, and played in wavering little pools of subdued sunshine upon the carpet. A soft green fernery had taken the place of the winter fire-grate, its beauty reproduced in a plate-glass background. The furniture, modern, and doubtless elegant, but swathed up in holland coverings, as though it were dead furniture, shrouded and hid out, waiting to be buried. A tiny fragile stem of frosted silver depended from the ceiling to carry the Greek lamp branches, hung with silver chains, and the perfect globes of eggshell glass. The piano was Broadwood's grand; and displayed on dainty little tables, was the correct quantity of drawing-room stories.

As Mrs. Sharing mentally appraised the effects in her friend's room, she was not unimpressed of the favorable opportunity that had been improved. It was not so many years since a Mrs. Cray, a widow with one daughter, had been a fashionable teacher of music and painting, and had found Mrs. Sharing one of the most useful of patrons. It was at Mrs. Sharing's house she had first met Mr. Mucller, a successful speculator, who experienced little difficulty in tracing back his genealogy an extra generation for every ten thousand he netted. Mr. Mucller was a rich man when he married Mrs. Cray; but he went on speculating, as people will, and the crash came, and he was nearly ruined in fortune, and quite in health; for he took it to heart, and died, leaving Mrs. Mucller a widow for the second time, with a handsome house and a very slender income. Still, it had been a favorable opportunity for Mrs. Mucller, late Cray, all things considered.

"At least," Mrs. Mucller said, in reply to Mrs. Sharing's remark, "I can rely on Julia's discretion. She is not likely to be betrayed into an undesirable match. My daughter is not flighty, like some girls."

When Mrs. Sharing had taken her leave Mrs. Mucller thought a few minutes, and then touched the bell.

"Send Miss Noddy to me," she said to the servant.

Norah Cray, for that was Miss Noddy, can hardly be described as a relation of Mrs. Mucller, being nothing more than a kind of connection,—"in fact," a step-daughter, the child of her first husband, to be precise. She was a little thing for her age, which was quite two-and-twenty. She had smooth brown hair, neatly dressed, but rather odd-looking, as it actually showed the shape of the back of the little head, without any chignon, at all to improve it. She had bright brown eyes too; but you could not say that she was pretty. Hers was a plain face, but good-natured and pleasant to look upon. She came into the drawing-room, in answer to Mrs. Mucller's summons, in a print dress, not fashion-ble nor new, though neat and becoming, and her hands white with flour.

"Noddy, what are you doing, to come into the drawing-room in that state?"

"Pies," said Noddy, innocently and smiling.

"You might have waited till you had finished your work," said Mrs. Mucller, "as I wish to speak to you on something of importance."

"They said you wanted me directly, so I came," Noddy explained.

"Very well; as you are here, you may remain; but please don't sit down, or you will be sure to soil the chairs with your floury hands. I need not remind you, Noddy, that Mr. Mucller said with a smooth and rather pretty lip, "that I have sought to discharge the onerous and distasteful office of step-mother to you in two families to the best of my ability. You have too much good sense to feel hurt at not having been placed on a precise equality here with my daughter Julia. You well know that, had your poor father, Mr. Cray, still lived, you would in all probability have been required to take at least as active a share in household duties as you have done with me. You have, therefore, no reason nor, I feel sure, any desire for complaint on that score. But it is needless to inform you that the time has arrived for a change in our mutual relations. You are aware Julia returns to-morrow from finishing her education. It is my intention to make great personal and pecuniary sacrifices, with a view to her advancement in life. It is probable we may entertain more company than we have been in the habit of doing, and consequently, we may require more domestic assistance. But this and other expenses will involve pinching. I must pinch you, must pinch, we all must pinch, in fact. Under these circumstances, I am not disposed to continue to employ you in a subordinate capacity in the household for people to make remarks about, and I cannot afford to retain you in any other. You will therefore see it to be your duty to at once look for a situation as governess in some respectable family. I will not hurry you to a few weeks, and I shall do my best in the meantime to help you find such a situation; but I name three months as the time at which our present connection should cease."

"Oh dear!" said Noddy, her usually cheerful face becoming quite blank. "I'm sure I'm not fit for a governess. I don't know nearly enough to teach. No one does. What

that? You are quite as competent as many young ladies I know who go out. No girl is expected to be competent in her first place. You learn at your first situation what you want to teach at the second. It is the same in all businesses. Now, let us see what we can say in the advertisement,—French, German, Italian, and the usual accomplishments, I suppose; that is the customary thing."

"But I scarcely know a word of French, not a syllable of German, and can't even understand an Italian song," objected Noddy; "and as to accomplishments, I can only play hymn tunes, as you call them, on the piano."

"Very well, Miss; and pray, what of that? Nobody will ask you for more; will they? You will go with young children first; you can teach them English, and spelling, and all that, what little French you do know, and their notes on the piano; and if their parents wish for more, you can tell them it is not advisable to overfill little heads too soon; can't you?"

"But I should be so ashamed," pleaded Noddy; "please don't say all that, for indeed I couldn't teach at all when it was found out how ignorant I was of all I had professed; and people would despise me when they found me out."

"Nonsense; nobody will find you out. Why, how do you think I began as a drawing mistress? The same as other people do. I bought my specimens of a lady artist, and always took care to bring my pupils' drawings home to be corrected by the same lady. My drawings were admired, so were those of my pupils, and I obtained a connection. I forget what became of the artist; but you may be sure she never came to any good. You see she had a certain order of talent for production, whilst I possessed the superior ability to render her commodity marketable. As to advertising anything short of what I have told you, it would be useless; every governess does the same, for the reason that every other governess does so too. It is people believe it, that is their affair; mine just now is to get you a situation; and when I have done so I shall consider myself relieved from further responsibility."

Noddy went back to her pies; but a heavy heart won't make light pastry, and Noddy's wouldn't rise.

The next day, Julia returned,—a tall, showy blonde of eighteen, with the languid air of completion which a finishing school so successfully imparts. Julia Mucller was an accomplished girl; she had learned all the last new tricks of musical execution, and showed peculiar facility in the performance of pieces of the Bubblings at morn and Dribblings at Eve order. These she could rattle through with an air of easy superiority to the instrument, to the music, and even to her audience, as though such trifling feats of sleight-of-hand were the most easy of accomplishment in the world, as perhaps they are when once you know the trick. She was on singing terms with the most of the gushing songs of flimsy sentiment of the day. She "knew an eye," belonging to it, ap, eared, to some party who had had the other one made into a star, or had lost it in some other way to provoke admiration not quite so clear. She "saw two leaflets" floating down a stream, and expressed regret at one having to "float onwards all alone" after its fellow had stuck in the bank. She aspired to be a bird,—she "breathed for wings"—she sighed for "a fairy's life in an elfin grove;" but of the passion and suffering of humanity, and its loves and tears, in a world that is in earnest, Julia did not sing. She could paint groups of impossible flowers, chatter boarding-school French, embroider in beads and wool, dance and read novels on the sofa. In a word, Julia was finished.

Poor Noddy's little heart quite sank when admitted to evenings to the drawing-room (when there was no company) to hear the rehearsal of Mrs. Mucller's accomplishments, for it made her despair more than ever of being able to lay even the groundwork for such a display. But the advertisement was already sent to a weekly paper, spite of all Noddy's entreaties, detailing her proficiency; and so she could see nothing to be done but to borrow some of Julia's early school-books, and try in spare moments to gain a little knowledge of what she was expected to teach. It was with some difficulty that she could do this, for Mrs. Mucller did not like to see her reading, observing that her duty was to devote her mind exclusively to the household affairs, and there would be plenty of time for study when she went to her first situation. "You have only to keep yourself one lesson in advance of your pupils," Mrs. Mucller said, "and you are safe. It is very strange if a person of average ability cannot manage to compete with children to that extent." So Noddy would get up early, and get all her dusting done, and manage to make an hour at least for study before breakfast.

Within a week of Julia's return from school, Mrs. Mucller received this letter by afternoon post:

"London, June 27, 18—

"DEAR MRS. MUCLLER:—You will be surprised to hear I'm just home from Bombay—more so, perhaps, to learn I'm tired of India, and mean to settle in England. I shall run down and pay you a visit in a day or two, and shall probably stay till you turn me out, as your cool country scenery will be a relief to eyes that still have the glare of the Indian sun in them. Don't put yourself out of the way. You need not reply, as I shall not be in London after to-morrow."

"Yours, A. GEORGE."

"FRANK GEORGIAN."

"Well, that's cool," said Julia. "It certainly is," replied Mrs. Mucller; "but he must come. In the first place, he is a nephew of the late Mr. Mucller, and Leuposse fancies he has some right to his uncle's house. In the next place, I am not disposed to dispute the point, for he has been making a deal of money in India in connection with a Reclamation of Land Company. He must have turned a pretty penny, or he would not think of settling down yet. Those Georgians are a money-making family, and always were, and not satisfied with a little. I should have invited him myself, had I known him to be in England. I consider his visit highly desirable. You must look your best, Julia, when he comes."

Julia languidly smiled obedience. "But he does not say when he is coming, mamma?"

"No; just like the Georgians—always thoughtless. However, we need not trouble about that to-day, as it is time for you to dress for Mrs. Sharing's croquet party."

So Julia rang the bell for Noddy to come and do her hair.

The 28th of June being the anniversary of Coronation Day, is kept holiday at most country places. Both Mrs. Mucller's servants had hurried to get their work done early; and as "their people," to wit, Mrs. Mucller and her daughter (for Noddy didn't count) were going out, they were given the afternoon as a holiday.

It was a real treat to Noddy to get a spare afternoon all to herself, with no work to do, and no one to find fault with her. Noddy made up her mind that she would spend the time in trying to learn how to teach music. So she went in to the piano in the drawing-room. I don't like digressions, but pardon me for a moment. I would not have you think Norah Cray an ignorant girl simply because she owned herself consciously unfit for a governess; she was not that. Her opportunities had been scanty enough. She left school at thirteen to "make herself useful." But Noddy had read a great deal, and possessed besides much intuitive knowledge of the right and wrong of things, though without being at all times able to reduce it to such a rule and science as would properly qualify her for a teacher. She at least had this wisdom, that when she did not know anything, she would make no secret of her ignorance about it; and if all of us did the same, we might none of us seem quite so wise as we do. Noddy had picked up a fair knowledge of music, though not of a showy sort. Fireworks on the piano completely baffled her; but she could play some of Mozart's quieter sonatas with taste and real feeling, and they delighted her heart, though they were utterly unsuited for display. But what Noddy was now anxious to learn was how to teach. So she began at the beginning of her Piano-forte Tutor, and went slowly on till she came to the scales, which she commenced practising.

It being very hot, all the doors and windows of the house were thrown open to get the breeze, and the fragrant breath swept in through the hall-door, and along the passage, and to the drawing-room bearing the scent of roses and jasmine to Noddy, as she sat there practising scales. It is rather monotonous work, but Noddy's whole mind was in it. She was indeed so absorbed in her occupation, that if a person had come up the gravel-path, and across the lawn, and straight into the room where she was, it is doubtful if she would have noticed it. Of course, it would be unlikely; but I say if a person had done so, (the piano was at the farthest end, in the shadow of the long room), Noddy was so pre-occupied that it is not probable she would have observed the intrusion. She had been grinding away at the F minor scale, up and down, and up—*one and two and three and four, and one and two and—*

"O bother!" said Noddy, flinging her hands on her lap; "what an awful little goose you are! You haven't a bit of gumption, not a mite of common sense. As to being a governess, and can't play scales, you must be a noodle to think of it,—a dreadful noodle!"

"You're about right there!" said an unmistakable masculine voice from somewhere by the door. Noddy started as if she had been shot; then she came over red and hot at being surprised. But the owner of the voice walked boldly into the room. Noddy, being left in sole charge of Braithfield Villa, and seeing an entire stranger march in like this, did not like the look of it. *His* looks were nothing to provoke dislike, he said, a tall, fine-boned man of thirty, with a tawny moustache and handsome sunburned features. She resolved to challenge him.

"What do you want?" she said brusquely.

"You," said he;—"you are Miss Mucller I imagine?"

"No; I am Noddy,—Norah Cray, that is," she stammered, correcting herself. "Please, what is it?"

"Cray?" the stranger said,—"Cray? any relation to Miss Mucller?"

"Yes."

"O, I think I know, then. So you are Miss Cray, eh? You will see who I am from this card; and as you have not offered me a seat, I'll take one, after shaking hands with you." He held out his hand frankly, and Norah could not refuse it.

"I don't know who you are," said Noddy. The stranger had lounged himself on the sofa.

"Then, perhaps, you'll look and see."

"Mr. Frank Ge-Ge-Geogagan?" asked Norah, puzzled.

"Ge-gan, if you don't mind. It's spelt heathenish, but it reads easy. You've heard of your cousin, Frank Geogagan, in India, surely? That is, he might have been your cousin, if Mrs. Mucller's marriages had not mixed the relationships so confoundingly."

"No," said Norah.

He whistled. "Didn't Mrs. Mucller tell you I was coming?"

Norah did not wish to expose the precise state of things between herself and her step-mother, and did not choose to tell an untruth; so she replied: "Mrs. Mucller received a letter just before she went out this afternoon, but she was hurried, and I did not know the contents. So you are expected then?"

"I said I was coming, but not exactly when."

"That's awkward," said Noddy.

"Why?"

"Because we are not prepared to receive you. Mrs. Mucller would have been home, and Julia, had they expected you to arrive to-day."

"You are very plain."

"You are not complimentary," retorted Noddy.

"I didn't refer to your looks; but I wonder if you would insist on my saying they were anything different?"

"You can say what you please," said Noddy.

"It's a guest's privilege."

"Whew!" Mr. Geogagan whistled softly.

"Nettled, eh?"

"No; I justify your remark; that is all. You called me plain."

"So you are going out as governess, I heard you say. Pray, are you competent to teach?"

"I don't think so."

"Then why do you go?"

"I think you have no right to inquire."

"Gracious! Why, you forget I'm your

cousin, and take a family interest in you already."

"If you do, you won't ask," said Noddy.

"But I do, and still ask."

"Then I can't tell you."

"Well, you are the coolest little baggage of a cousin to welcome any one home from abroad one could well expect to find. Are you not glad to see me?"

"Well, not particularly," said Noddy.

"How should I be, never having seen you or heard of you before? Besides, you come at an awkward time, when nobody is at home. And for aught I know, you may be an impostor, and have watched your opportunity to enter the house when it is unprotected. I don't think you are that, though,—you are not polite enough. But one never knows."

"Upon my word, you are not flitting. Still, at any rate, I think you might have offered me some refreshment, as I have just come off a journey."

"I am very sorry," said Noddy; "but Mrs. Mucller has taken the keys with her. I can only offer you a cup of tea or coffee, and some bread and butter. Everything else is locked up."

As Mr. Frank seemed to think that would do very well indeed, Noddy went out to prepare it, and presently returned with a tray of tea and coffee and a single cup.

"Two cups, please," said Mr. Frank. Norah was not generally accustomed to taking her meals in the family. She was certain Mrs. Mucller would not like this arrangement, but divining a refusal might prove embarrassing, she brought a second cup, and joined Mr. Geogagan at tea. When they had finished, Mr. Geogagan said he should walk up to the station to arrange about his baggage being sent, and on his return he should insist on Noddy giving him some music. No sooner was he fairly out of the house than Norah hastened to Mrs. Sharing's, to let Mrs. Mucller know of the arrival of a visitor.

"However, Julia was in the middle of an exciting game at croquet, and learning that Mr. Geogagan was gone out again, she prevailed on her mother to remain till it was finished. Meantime, Noddy returned to Braithfield Villa. In five minutes, he walked Mr. Frank again, clamorous for his music. Now, Noddy was never in the habit of playing for anybody's amusement but her own, and was quite certain if Mrs. Mucller heard of her taking the liberty of playing to please a visitor, it would be considered a deadly offence. Moreover, she expected Mrs. Mucller to arrive every minute.

But Mr. Frank insisted with such vehemence that a refusal seemed like palpable affectation; so Noddy risked the consequences, and began to play Mozart's *Ah! Perdona!* She had only got half way through it, when Mrs. Mucller and Julia appeared at the window. Noddy shut up the piano, threw down her music and fled.

"What impertinence!" ejaculated the widow. She was so fairly astonished at Noddy's barefaced impudences, as to be betrayed into making this remark aloud,—and Frank Geogagan heard it. She had the tact, however, at once to divine it, and to correct her mistake.

"What impertinence, Mr. Frank, of you, to be sure, to come and take us by surprise without a word of warning! However, we must try and overlook it, as it is your first offence. I'm sure I hope it will not be the last. We are delighted to receive you, although, had you told us when to expect you, we might have given you a better reception."

"Well, said Mr. Frank (but he detected the artifice). "I thought I told you pretty exactly I said in a day or two; if I remember rightly, and I came in a day, instead of two, to show my anxiety to pay my earliest respects to my aunt and her daughter—for I presume this is Julia?" Julia made a most finished reverence, and offered her hand in the most approved style. Julia was well and carefully dressed for the croquet party. "That is fortunate, at any rate," Mrs. Mucller thought. "We might have been surprised at greater disadvantage. So much depends upon first impressions."

A few interchanges of courtesies from the ladies, with commonplace from Mr. Frank and Mrs. Mucller and her daughter retired to remove their bonnets—if the little bits of flowers and lace adorning their hair might be so designated. Mrs. Mucller took this opportunity of administering a severe rebuke to Noddy upon her boldness, forwardness, and presumption in attempting to entertain their visitor in a manner so unbecoming. It was not couched in gentle terms, but in words that stung the more from having truth in them. She reminded Noddy of her dependence, of her prospects as a governess, of her own father's position (he was Mrs. Mucller's first husband, he it remembered), and contrasted these with her behavior not to her guest, but to Mrs. Mucller's. If the sting of a rebuke be any criterion of its deservement, Mrs. Mucller's was richly merited, for poor Noddy went away to cry where there were no eyes to triumph over her distress.

But Mrs. Mucller was a student of expediency. She felt it would be undesirable (a favorite word of hers) that Noddy should continue to take her meals apart from the family, with a visitor in the house. The continuance of such a course would convey an impression, not so much false, as undesirable. She therefore "desired" Miss Norah's presence at supper, and made known her wishes for the future. But Noddy pleaded headache as excuse for that evening, and remained in her room, hearing the sounds of music come faintly up from the drawing-room when the door was opened, till bedtime.

Running up stairs is ruinous to one's health. An eminent physician once said to us that he wouldn't go up stairs faster than a walk if the house was on fire and he had valuable property to move; and we believe he wouldn't. Much walking up stairs is especially injurious to women, and frequent running up is a sure ticket to heart disease.

The Congregationalist gives as a new example of the power of faith in prayer, the case of an old man in Kessab, Central Turkey, who was urged to send his daughter to the mission boarding school. As he was a professional Christian man, he was to pray over it; but declined, on the ground that if he did he would have to send her, and he did not want to.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for October is a good number, of which we find the following notice made to our hand:—

The "City of Brass," by J. W. De Forest and Hale's "Brick Moon" will suit the popular taste. Henry Giles' "Eggs in Life" is also an entertaining production. "Purloined Singing," "Hunting in the British Islands," "Earthquakes of the American Continent," by N. S. Shaler, and "The Increase of Human Life," by Edward Jarvis, M. D., will be found respectively, after their kind, quite full of scientific and hints of practical value. "Pennsylvania Dutch" is a pleasant survey of a region and communities still original and queer in speech, costume and customs. "Welt-stein," by George E. Waring, is an army sketch. Mrs. E. C. Agassiz carries the reader on "A Dredging Expedition in the Gulf Steam," and shows how much of excitement and novelty may be found in connection with scientific work when the right pen is present to record them. The poetry comprises "An August Pastoral," by Bayard Taylor, "At Ryndal," and "Garibaldi" by Whittier.

Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$4 a year.

THE GALAXY for October, has the following table of contents: Susan Fielding, by Mrs. Edwards, chapters xxxi., xxx., xxxi., and xxxii., with an illustration. The Real Louis Napoleon, by Justin McCarthy; A Journey in Northern China, by Raphael Pumpelly; Little Boopie, Part II., by Anne M. Crane; Put yourself in His Place, by Charles Reade, chapters xlii., xli., xvi., xvii., xviii., and xix., with an illustration; Renaissance, by T. M. O'Connell; Why Thieves Prosper, by Edward Grapney; Ten Years in a Public Library, by Frank H. Norton; A Box, by Samuel Butler; Shakespearean Mares-Nests, by Richard Grant White; The Galaxy Miscellany; Drift-Wood, by Philip Quilbiter; Literature and Art.

Published by Sheldon & Co., New York, at \$4 a year.

NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED.—D. Appleton & Co., New York, have just published a superb book, which possesses an interest to every one who has or has not seen the city of New York. It contains 48 views of Public Buildings, Hotels, Harbor views, floating palaces on the North River, views of Central Park, Jerome Park, picturesque views of streets, all accompanied by a map. The description is not dull and tedious, but lively and sparkling.

How the Appletons can sell so beautifully a printed book for fifty cents is more than we can imagine. They, moreover, send it by mail, free, on receipt of the price.

THE October number of the "RIVERBIDE" brings its readers back to the city. In the September number we had Lambdin's picture of "Town and Country."

"Now we have Nast's amusing frontispiece, illustrating 'Street Music,'—a band of German musicians, with various capacities of wind and string instruments. The author's account of book-making is carried through the process of printing; the article is supplemented by one on 'A Papermill.' Hans Andersen responds with a story, 'What happened to the Thistle,' the Hunting Sketches from South Africa are continued, and there is, besides, an account of 'Grouse Shooting in Washington Territory.' The famous Little Artists at housekeeping, and their experience is told by Anne Silverman, while they themselves give us pictures of their housekeeping exploits. The number, which has eighteen separate articles, ends with enigmas, charades, and a page of 'Mother Goose' music.

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

## OUR TABLE.

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How the Appletons can sell so beautifully a printed book for fifty cents is more than we can imagine. They, moreover, send it by mail, free, on receipt of the price.

THE October number of the "RIVERBIDE" brings its readers back to the city. In the September number we had Lambdin's picture of "Town and Country."

"Now we have Nast's amusing frontispiece, illustrating 'Street Music,'—a band of German musicians, with various capacities of wind and string instruments. The author's account of book-making is carried through the process of printing; the article is supplemented by one on 'A Papermill.' Hans Andersen responds with a story, 'What happened to the Thistle,' the Hunting Sketches from South Africa are continued, and there is, besides, an account of 'Grouse Shooting in Washington Territory.' The famous Little Artists at housekeeping, and their experience is told by Anne Silverman, while they themselves give us pictures of their housekeeping exploits. The number, which has eighteen separate articles, ends with enigmas, charades, and a page of 'Mother Goose' music.

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

A RAILROAD INCIDENT.—We happened once to be witnesses to a little scene in a railroad car, which was quite as amusing as the Yorkshire story, and had, by the way, a better ending. Ursus met his match. A gentleman—he thought himself on at any rate—entered the car, supplied with all the appliances which seemed to indicate that he was not to be approached. He took two seats, filling out with his wraps and baggage, and looking so defiantly as he did so, that even the conductor forbore to disturb his possession. He produced a hat box, and hung up his castor. He drew from his pocket a cap, and settled it over his eyebrows. He produced a cup from some respectable abode of his person, and slaked his thirst. Then he settled himself on his two places, as if he had taken a lease of them for the term of his natural life.

A harmless traveller who occupied the seat behind him, awed into respect, but not into absolute terror, ventured some remark to him after the train started. Now everybody knows that the starting of a train invariably prompts the moving of tongues. Ursus looked round with an air of profound amazement and wounded dignity; like the repellent individual in the comedy of "London Assurance." He had no valet with him, or he would have asked his flunky, "Cool, is that conversation addressed toward me?" Having no servant he said nothing, but looked unutterable things. "Silence like a potted cucumber," as Dr. Holmes expresses it, "to hold the blows of sound." The icy presence of the great consequential froze everybody into deferential silence.

The train reached Havre-de-Grace. It was in the days when passengers were obliged to leave the cars and walk on board the ferry boat. Ursus gathered up his "impediments," all except his hat, and vouchsafing no word or look to his fellow-passengers, had reached the door of the car, in solemn, silent, unapproachable dignity, albeit somewhat compromised by "toting" his own baggage. The innocent passenger called out to him, "Sir! He barely glanced round, as if to say, 'who dares address me!' All eyes were now upon the situation. The passenger continued, "I know 't is an intrusion upon your serene highness; but there is no one here to present or to introduce me, and I hope you will pardon me for the suggestion; but I think you have forgotten your hat!"

Such a shout of laughter rose as brought the railroad conductors and brakemen back to see what had happened. The noise reached the ferry boat, and the restaurant, in pure absence of mind and astonishment, actually placed on the bar refreshments less than a week old. Ursus was completely subdued. He tried to be equal to the occasion. "Thank you, sir," he said, and again "Thank you, sir." On the boat he thanked him again. And when the train reached Washington, in the gray dawn, he sought out his hat retriever, and politely repeated his thanks and bade him "Good morning!" But it was an uncomfortable cost of humiliation, in the smallest of small matters, which might all have been saved by not so much courtesy as simple good nature.—[Philadelphia Ledger.]

MUCILAGE FOR LABELS.—Macerate five parts of goat glue in eighteen to twenty parts of water for a day, and to the liquid add five parts of rock candy and three parts of gum arabic. The mixture can be brushed upon paper while lukewarm; it keeps well, does not stick together, and when moistened adheres firmly to bottles.

For the labels of soda or seltzer water bottles it is well to prepare a paste of goat rye flour and glue to which linseed oil varnish and turpentine have been added in the proportion of half an ounce of each to the pound. Labels prepared in the latter way do not fall off in damp cellars.

"OUR CHILDREN."—As a general rule we are not half courteous enough in our manners toward our children. We are too apt to content ourselves with a general consciousness of being right in the main, with theoretically intending that they shall grow up to be good Christian citizens and an honor to ourselves. We make big sacrifices in their behalf, revolve fine schemes, and bring out the heavy artillery of our nature on very slight occasions. But our graces, our courtesies, our delicate acts of appreciation and lofty consideration are not for them. These are reserved for adult friends and select acquaintances—as if to any one living were due more of the best, and sweetest that is in us, than to those whom we have brought into the world to to meet its jars, temptations and cruelties!

Think of the really coarse way in which the fondest of us sometimes wound our children's sensibilities. How we parade their special traits and accomplishments, and ignore their individuality; how recklessly we break in upon their little plans and pleasures; how carelessly we comment upon their defects; how we laugh at their childish distresses, because the grieved look or the tragic little scowl is "so cunning;" how we visit our vexation of spirit upon their innocent heads; how we resent their inexperience; how heartlessly or sharply we deny their little petitions, and how we ignore

"Thank you



# Waterville Mail.

OFFICE: MAXHAM, DAN'L R. WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... SEPT. 24, 1869



## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 11 State street, Boston, and 27 Park Row, New York; R. R. Niles, Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. P. Russell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 40 Park Row, New York; and T. O. Evans, Advertising Agent, 120 Washington Street, Boston, are agents for the WAT. MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by us.

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

**THOSE DUTCH CATTLE.**—Among the many things that attracted special attention at the late N. England Fair were the Dutch Cattle exhibited by Mr. Cheney, of Belmont, Mass. These particularly interested us, and those who remember the exhibition of this stock by Mr. Lang, at the North Kennebec Fair a few years ago. It claimed peculiar advantages for beef, on account of size. Mr. Lang evidently believed this stock would secure favor with Kennebec cattle breeders; and it was with great reluctance after much effort, that he relinquished his idea and sold his splendid herd back into Massachusetts. He even found it profitable to buy in all the good and well bred animals he had distributed here, and sell them to Mr. Cheney and his associates. These purchasers have since held them closely and bred carefully, so that they now are able to make an exhibition that astonishes all New England—North Kennebec included. It may be said that we had something better; and this is doubtless true if there is anything better—for we confess that after looking through the miles of stalls, we felt proud of the North Kennebec Shorthorns and Herefords, in the line of beef, and of the Jerseys in their peculiar department. The decisions of the various committees confirm our conviction that the world can hardly beat them. And yet we should like to see the man who can convince Mr. Lang, or anybody else, that his judgment of this breed of stock was not the true one, and that they should not have been retained in a section that aims largely at profit in big oxen and early and good beef. We are told that they are held exclusively by two or three wealthy breeders, and at such prices as put them almost beyond the reach of the common farmer. But if ever Burleigh and Shores, or Dow, or Percival, or Blake, or Howard and Ellis, or any other of the noted "Cattle-kings" of North Kennebec can show us anything that looks more "beefy" than the Black Dutch, we hope to see it at the coming North Kennebec Fair.

The Portland Press evidently feeling sheepish in view of its rampant rejoicing over the recent election, tries to woo its readers by remembering the "proud bird" alone, and ignoring two-thirds of its extravagant pictorial display. And then it irreverently butts the senior of the Mail for presuming to take a premium at the State fair, and misrepresents the position of our paper in the recent election, "Highborn or nothing?" is a dilemma of your own making, not ours; and as the temperance candidate was not elected, you may impale yourself on the other horn, with your estimate of the prohibition plank in the republican platform, but we won't.

**THE OTHER VIEW.**—The N. Y. Times, which rather leans to the Spanish side of the Cuban question, has the following:

"Admiral Hoff confirms the reports which have hitherto been published about the non-existence of anything like an organized government in Cuba, so far as the revolutionists are concerned. The accounts of battles and engagements are always conflicting and contradictory, and even on the station it was an impossibility to get at the actual condition of affairs. The insurrection broke out, were to observe the strictest neutrality.

"During the last few months he has been again and again accused of throwing all his sympathy and support with the Spanish authorities. There does not appear to have been any foundation whatever for these reports, and the large number of letters which the Admiral is in possession of from Cuban patriots, give the strongest denial of these rumors. He is in favor of the annexation of Cuba, and considers that its purchase at \$200,000,000 would be cheap. The country, he says, is rich in copper and gold, and under a proper agricultural system, its productivity would be increased threefold. He is of opinion that the Spaniards will finally agree to relinquish their claims to the island, but does not believe that they can be very easily forced into its surrender. The Spanish fleet in Cuba is strong, and all their war ships compare favorably with our own. A strict watch is kept all around the coast, and the entire coast line is in their possession."

We learn from that sprightly paper, the Bath Times, that to guard against disaster by fire, it is in contemplation to take down the steeple of the Episcopal church in Bath, and replace it by a neat tower. And we notice that one who lives near the Catholic Cathedral in Portland makes a strong protest against the

rebuilding of the steeple to that structure, which he says is to go higher than before it was toppled down upon an adjoining house during the late severe gale. He denies the right of any one to build so as to endanger the property and life of his neighbor, as all do who raise lofty spires in crowded localities. And then think of the needless expense of these monuments of foolish pride—enough to provide many destitute places with neat and commodious houses of worship.

It is stated that Mr. Boutwell has recently been making careful inquiries into the pecuniary circumstances of the poorer citizens in the vicinity of his home in Massachusetts; and he finds that the people of rural communities generally live better than they did before the war, have fewer mortgages and more money in the savings banks. This substantial prosperity renders powerless all the frantic denunciations of "blasted bondholders," and all the agrarian appeals of democratic politicians.

Our government must be acting impartially in Cuban affairs, for it gets the ill will of both parties. While the agents of the revolutionists have left Washington, hopeless of moving the administration to recognize them as belligerents, the Spanish people are discussing the propriety of declaring war against us.

It is stated that so many wealthy Russians are to the German gambling watering places, and are ruined there, that the matter has been made the subject of diplomatic notes to the governments by which the banks are authorized, asking to do away with the system altogether, in the interest of morality and humanity. Otherwise the Russian government will be compelled to throw more difficulties in the way of allowing its subjects to travel, and will prohibit altogether the residence of Russians in States where gambling is authorized.

An American clergyman who has recently returned from Europe utters an indignant protest against the further continuance of this authorized villainy; and he says that it is time the civilized governments of the world intervened, and that those who now fatten on this fraud should either be shamed or driven to abandon their wicked work.

In all but the severe drought, this New England October has been a month of rare beauty,—one to make men loathe shops and offices, and hanker for the sweet air and rich sunshine for which human nature everywhere cries out. Think of the farmers and their ruddy boys, out picking the nice apples, husking the yellow corn, and gathering in all the rich harvest that promises a happy winter. O, if some of these withering shop boys and pining counter-clerks, to whom the cattle upon a thousand hills are of no value beside a roll of red ribbon, would but look upon the matter as we do, they would turn at once toward becoming men of the world needs, instead of those of which she has already too many. Now England neglects her fields and buys her bread of the west, while she "uses" her sons and daughters as a "dressing" of human life to nourish her factories and shops. But it does no good to talk against the current. The main trouble is with the farmers' boys, who like all other boys, think any place better than the one they are in. They see their mistake after they have made it, and have any desirable amount of repentance.

No frost yet—Oct. 24—and all there is of the corn crop is safe, though but little. The fodder will be the better for being light, and the labor of earthing less, and the raiser—is welcome to these two crumbs of consolation.

## For the Mail.

### EDUCATIONAL ERRORS.

MESSENGERS. EDITORS:—Will you give me the opportunity to say a few words on a subject of reform, which needs to be agitated as much as any of the popular reforms of the day. I want to write plainly and so as to be understood. I refer to wrongs practiced upon our children in our public schools; wrongs that are perhaps on the teachers' part, unintentional, but nevertheless health destroying, and conscience hardening.

I mention particularly the practice of depriving a child of a recess for some little neglect, perhaps because a word is missed in a lesson that not one in ten of grown people can get perfectly. The idea prevalent is, stuffing and cramming and getting ahead faster than some other school, no matter at what cost of natural laws violated. I don't believe in any such system. I do not blame our committee as they cordially agree with me, and one of them told me he knew of cases where children had been injured for life by too close confinement in school. Our committee tell me their orders to teachers are on no account to deprive a scholar of recess. Yet this thing is done daily. Children's complaints are sometimes to be listened to, and I consider this eminently a case to be righted. Whether my children are capable of getting a perfect lesson or not, yet I insist that they be allowed their usual recess. I know I am not alone in this matter. Health is better than overtaxed intellect and diseased body. We send our children to school, and slight their appeals for justice. Some, not desiring the name of parents, make their boast, that if their children get punished at school they also punish them at home. Such are inhuman monsters. Parents should look into these things, and if wrongs exist have them righted. Teachers are far from being perfect and when well meaning frequently err sadly in judgment.

Another wrong is, to tell small children that if they stay at home six times during one term they will be arrested and sent to the reform school. This is utterly wrong, being based on false. Still another wrong, practiced here formerly, but now I think obsolete, was that of asking each scholar at night how many violations he had been guilty of. If the scholar was truthful and said he did not know, he was punished; but if he lied and said "once or twice," it was all right; thus offering a premium for falsehood.

One particular instance of injustice I wish to mention. Not long since I took my boy with me to ride half a day. The next morning I sent a written excuse to the teacher; but not satisfied with this, she must inquire where he

went, and because she called it a pleasure excursion, he was deprived of his recess. I contend that he exceeded her province—that whether he dug potatoes or rode, with my consent it was nothing to her, after the excuse was given her.

Teachers have hard times, I know, and so do parents, when children so often complain of the severe discipline they are subject to—not but that discipline is necessary, but so also is good judgment. There is too much hurry to push scholars ahead, and too much time spent in school—or has been. One good move has been made in reducing the number of weeks schooling in each year, from forty to thirty-three. This is ample—only don't crowd too much into each day; and give scholars, especially smaller ones, a chance to refresh themselves with a good long recess each half day.

I write this with feelings a little heated perhaps, but for the good of the children.

In confirmation of some of my views please insert the following:—

"At the recent meeting of the Wisconsin State Medical Society a paper was read by Dr. Waterhouse, of Portage City, on the subject of Debility in Children, especially with reference to the evils of overtaxing children in our schools, the facts and suggestions of which were deemed so valuable that a resolution was adopted, requesting its general publication by the press, for which purpose it has been revised by the author. We copy a few passages:—

"In our common schools of the present day—everywhere, but more especially in cities and the larger villages, where the best teachers are sought and generally obtained—every inducement, every incentive that can be devised and brought to bear to stimulate and encourage study is faithfully and persistently applied. The consequence is that many of our brightest and best children, of from six to ten years of age, are performing more study, more mental labor, than most of the business men, or more than their teachers. I am aware that many children are sluggish in temperament, and will bear and seem to require urging to get them to learn; yet, with many of this class, it is their rapid growth that takes away their energy, and even ability to study; and, consequently, you must help to get them to learn much until they cease to grow so rapidly; or, if you succeed in getting study out of them, you induce amnesia. What else can you expect? You cannot get more from the blood than there is in it; and since the blood must supply nourishment to the brain and the body and all its organs, for their growth, besides repairing the waste of all their exertions, it follows that, whenever you tax that fluid beyond its income, disease is the result."

Yours for justice,  
C. H. REDINGTON.

Will somebody who has made a fair trial of the eating qualities of the Early Rose potatoes inform us how they prove in this respect. If they are right in this respect they promise to "take the field" against all other kinds; but if not, the sooner the truth is known the better. Nobody wants another siege of Rohans and Californians.

It is amusing—or something else—to see that wonderfully high toned temperance paper, the Sunday Advertiser—the paper that drove the Palmouth Hotel to clean itself of everything stronger than coffee, and would have ruined all the hotels in Portland if they had not turned totalitarians and put half their guests on a diet of cold water—to see such a champion of temperance crying out for a law licensing everybody and anybody to sell rum who can pay for the right. He says prohibition is a failure; temperance leaders all corrupt, the constabulary law a farce—in short, is profoundly eloquent to show that rum sellers are the only respectable men in community, and that the world is suffering terribly for want of more of them. What a powerful engine such a paper must be for the promotion of temperance! No wonder the groghops have all disappeared in Portland, and that the city is proud of such a successor to Neal Dow.

**A LESSON IN GARDENING.**—In a village lying between the little town of Sidney and the north pole, there is a young lawyer who took lessons and degrees on the old home farm till he became satisfied there was an easier way to get the daily bread of this life, and then went or rather came, to college. "Old Waterville" gave no lessons in field culture, and our young squire has always exhibited his approval of her leniency by the general aspect of his garden—the tares in which, as in days of old, get the better of the wheat. One morning this summer, a little earlier than he usually put on his slippers, there was a ring at the door, and Bridget ran to answer it—the squire at the same moment jumping into pants and dressing gown, in expectation of an early client. Bridget returns with a grin:—

"Who is it, Biddy?"  
"An' he didn't tell me a bit!"—and Biddy grinned wider still.  
"But what did he want?"  
"I don't b'lieve he wanted nothin' at all sir,"—and Biddy snickered in full Irish.  
"Did he say anything?"—in a jerk that led the pious Biddy to fear a wicked word or two to follow, and she hurried to say in the greenest Emerald—  
"He did sure,—he did—he said if the square want his seeds to do the best they can, he better pull them nibbins o' corn out o' the way!"  
The squire's corn never recovered from the shock.

**THE DAM OF TICONDEROGA WATER POWER COMPANY** now stretches across to the Winslow shore and commands all the water in the Kennebec at this point. There is no better dam in the country, and through its whole length it is founded on the rock, and abuts against the solid ledge at each shore. The power, too, is rarely equalled, and is unfailing, able to drive an immense amount of machinery, furnishing profitable employment in ordinary times to a large number of persons. It is located in the center of the garden of Maine, with ample space for the accommodation of a large population, where there will be found a healthful location and unusual educational advantages. Why cannot this water power be improved?

## OUR TABLE.

### STRUGGLES AND TRIUMPHS, or Forty Years' Recollections of P. T. Barnum, written by himself.

This is the title of a book soon to be published by J. B. Burr & Co., of Hartford, Conn., which will no doubt, meet with a ready sale. It is the matured and leisurely review of almost half a century of work and struggle, and final success, in spite of fraud and fire—the story of which is blended with amusing anecdotes, funny passages, felicitous jokes, captivating narratives, novel experiences, and remarkable interviews—the sunny and sombre so intermingled as not only to entertain, but to convey useful lessons for all classes of readers. In his busy life, with alternatives of success and defeat, and extensive travels in his own and foreign lands, the great showman has had rare opportunities for gathering an ample storehouse of incident and anecdote which cannot be without interest to his fellow-countrymen. In addition to the life narrative, full of lessons of wisdom, there is included in the book his celebrated lecture on the Art of Money-Getting. Altogether it makes a volume of nearly 800 octavo pages and contains numerous illustrations. It is sold only by subscription, and agents would do well to secure territory at once. Address J. B. Burr & Co., 18 Asylum St., Hartford, Conn.

**HARPER'S MAGAZINE.**—The illustrated articles in the October number are—A Health Trip to Brazil; The Woodcock; Border Reminiscences, and The Helderbergs. Justin McCarthy's story, "My Enemy's Daughter," is continued, and so is "A Brave Lady," by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," and "The New Timothy." There are other stories, very good; interesting articles on "Loyola and the Jesuits," "Public Schools," &c., and a seasonable biographical sketch of Ismail Pasha of Egypt, with some good poetry, and the usual editorial departments, excellently filled,—the whole making a rich intellectual feast.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York, at \$4 a year.

**HOURS AT HOME.**—Among the notable articles in the October number of this excellent monthly is one setting forth the discovery of two lost pamphlets by John Milton; "Compton Friars," by the author of "Mary Powell," and "Christopher Kroy," by Miss Fitchard, two fine stories, are continued; Marion Harland contributes No. 5 of the "Sunnybank Papers" and Prof. Porter No. 7 of "Books and Reading." There is much other good reading.

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

**OUR YOUNG FOLKS** for October is very prettily illustrated, and its contents are unusually well chosen. The story of a Bad Boy is continued; Mrs. Agassiz contributes a chapter on Ancient and Modern Coral Reefs; there is another packet of the charming William Henry Letters; Edward E. Hale lectures on How to Read; and stories, poetry, &c., more than we can enumerate, make up the number.

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

**EVERY SATURDAY** for this week has the following contents:—Mrs. Merriwell's Fortune; Children's Literature; Life and Death at St. Brunes; My Brother Leonard, by Julia Kavanagh; British Pearls; Charles Dickens's Use of the Bible; Foreign Notes. Every Saturday is a journal of choice reading selected from foreign current literature, and is published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$5 a year.

**THE LITTLE CORPORA** the brilliant Western Juvenile, (which claims to have a larger circulation than any other juvenile magazine in the world, and to be better worth the money than any other magazine,) announces that it will come free for Oct., Nov., and Dec. of this year to all new subscribers for the new year whose names and money are sent to the publishers before the last of October. Beautiful premiums are offered for clubs. Now is a good time to begin. Price, one dollar a year, sample copy, 12 cents. Address Alfred L. Sewell & Co., Publishers, Chicago, Illinois.

**THE SCHOOLMATE** for October is full of good things, and promises for next year a capital story by that famous writer, Horatio Alger, Jr., with other attractions, including dialogues and speeches with charts, a feature which originated with this magazine, now in its twenty-fourth volume. Not satisfied with this, the publisher offers a beautiful photograph of Horatio Alger, Jr., which all readers of Ragged Dick will want. He also offers to send the last three numbers of the present year free to all who send him \$1.50, making a fine picture and seven hundred pages of excellent and entertaining reading, well illustrated, for this small sum. We predict large additions to his already extended circulation.

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

**OUR SCHOOLDAY VISITOR.**—In the October number of this popular juvenile the publishers announce that every subscriber for 1870, who subscribes before Nov. 1st, will receive the first three numbers of this year free, and also a premium engraving, entitled "Help Me Up," by paying 25 cents extra. This charming picture, which is said to be alone worth more than the subscription price of the magazine, is from the pen of Mr. E. B. Russell, and engraved by Sartain. The Visitor is a juvenile magazine, containing, each month, 32 pages of well-written, original articles, from the very best writers, good illustrations, a school dialogue, stories, travels, puzzles, problems, music, &c. Agents wanted in every town in the country.

Published by Daughaday & Becker, 424 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, at \$1.25 a year, or to clubs for \$1.

**PETERSON'S MAGAZINE** for October has a steel engraving, "The Little Angels," a full page wood engraving, "The Blind Ragseller," a double fashion plate, and a host of patterns and designs, a piece of music, and more good stories than we can enumerate. Peterson is an old favorite, and a never more popular than to-day.

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

**ONWARD,** Mayne Reid's magazine, appears for October, with its usual supply of attractive reading for the young manhood of America. It abounds in highly seasoned narratives and highly wrought sketches, with numerous sharp editorial pen thrusts right and left.

Published by Capt. Mayne Reid, New York, at \$3 a year.

**FOLIO** is the name of a journal of Music, Art and Literature, a quarto monthly just started in Boston by White, Smith & Perry, 200 Washington Street. In addition to miscellaneous reading, the initial number contains two pieces of music. The price is \$1 a year.

**NORTH KENNEBEC AGRICULTURAL SHOW AND FAIR** is the next important event to occur in this section, and preparations are going forward to make it a success. Contrary to previous usage, the exhibition of horses will be reserved for the last day at the grounds. To correct a wrong construction of the terms of the premium list, we will say that separate premiums are offered for holders of each distinct breed, and animals will compete with others of their own class only. In accordance with a vote passed at the last annual meeting, extra precautions will be taken for the protection of articles at the Hall, and the Society will hold itself responsible for the safe keeping of such articles and make good all damage.

**THE ATLANTIC ALMANAC FOR 1870** will soon be issued by Fields, Osgood & Co., of Boston. It will be of the same general character of the previous issues, which have proved so acceptable to the public, with such improvements as the progress of art and the broader

experience of the publishers will enable them to make. In the high character and large variety of its literary contents, in the number and excellence of its illustrations, and in the fullness and value of its statistical and astronomical matter, it will no doubt meet the highest expectations of the public.

W. Waterville, Sept. 20th, 1869.

At a special communication of Messalonskee Lodge, No. 113 F. & A. M., on the evening of the 11th inst., the following officers elect were installed in the presence of the lady friends of the brethren, by D. D. G. M., Bro. William Macartney, of W. Waterville:

George W. Gilman, W. M.; Warren A. Farr, S. W.; Marcus M. Bartlett, J. W.; George W. Hubbard, Treas.; J. Wesley Gilman, Sec.; George T. Benson, S. D.; Horace F. Gage, J. D.; A. Judson Parker, S. S.; Bradford H. Mitchell, J. S.; Jaiurus P. Phillips, Tyler; Chas. F. Stevens, Marshall.

After the ceremonies of installation, and an hour given to chat and refreshment, the brethren with their friends dispersed, having passed a pleasant evening.

Per order,  
J. W. GILMAN, Sec.

The Southern States are all reaching out after emigrants, who will bring them capital and enterprise and intelligent labor. We have just received from Capt. R. W. Mullen, formerly of the 14th Maine regiment, now Collector of Customs at Franklin, La., a large circular issued by the State Board of Commissioners of Emigration of Louisiana, setting forth the agricultural and commercial advantages of that State. Instances are given where men in a single year have made more money in running a plantation than they would at the north in a lifetime.

The extension of Main Street through to Water Street, on the West side of the Continental House, is completed ready for travel, and workmen are engaged in moving the stable and outbuildings of the hotel. The removal of these buildings, by the way, opens a beautiful view of the bay, with its islands and the village of Winslow beyond. Raise your eyes, oh, man of the muck rake, and look upon the lovely vision, one of these beautiful autumn days; it may do your heart good.

MR. D. L. SMITH, has our thanks for a full report of the doings of the Kennebec County Convention of School Committees, which met here on the 3d inst., in connection with the Teachers' Institute. But as the Convention had already been fully reported for the Kennebec Journal, and our space is limited, we thought it not best to publish the communication. Our correspondent is preceptor of Litchfield Acad.emy, which we are pleased to learn commenced its Fall term under very favorable circumstances with one hundred students.

THE SOMERSET MUSICAL ASSOCIATION will hold its seventh annual Convention at Cornhill Hall, Skowhegan, commencing Sept. 28, and continuing four days. It will be under the direction of Prof. L. O. Emerson, and the music will be selected with special reference to Church Choir practice. An Orchestra of 10 pieces will aid the Convention. Tickets for the course, \$1.25. Concerts on Thursday and Friday evenings.

Free return tickets on the railroad will be provided for those who attend.

Gen. Smith's new mill is an immense structure, and though there is a large force employed it progresses slowly. The roof is on, however, and they will soon have the wheels in motion.

REV. MR. HAYDEN, of Farmington, will preach in the Unitarian Meeting-house next Sabbath, forenoon and evening.

LIEUT. FRANK E. NYE, son of Joshua Nye, Esq., and a recent graduate at West Point, has been ordered to service at Omaha.

Free return tickets are offered on the railroad to all who attend the centennial celebration at Bangor, on the 30th inst.

In late fashion notes we have the very important and highly gratifying announcement that bonnets are to be larger.

Speaking of *paw paws*, a wild fruit of Ohio, the Bath Times says they resemble a pear in shape and size. How much more definite is that than "as big as a piece of chalk?"

Dr. J. C. Ayer, the great medicine man of Lowell, is talked of as the successor of Mr. Boutwell in Congress.

REV. CHARLES C. EVERETT, the able and eloquent Unitarian clergyman of Bangor, has accepted his election to the Bussey Professorship in Harvard Divinity School.

Governor Chamberlain has appointed for Chief Justice, John Appleton; Associate Justice, Jonathan G. Dickerson.

The democratic party shows signs of distress. A negro in Bath voted for General Smith for Governor. Who proselytized that colored Brother? that's the question before the meeting.

State Superintendent Johnson reports the teachers' institutes recently held in Aroostook as very encouraging in their results.

BANGOR will celebrate her centennial anniversary next Thursday, for which great preparations are in progress.

The "paper credit" business is becoming the theme of discussion again, and the Lewiston Journal says there is quite a commotion caused in some circles by suits which some towns have brought to recover money which they paid out for paper credits during the war and that there is every probability that some of the alleged devils, connected with these operations may be unearthed.

Miss Anna Dickinson is giving the people of San Francisco her impressions of Mormonism. The Chronicle newspaper of that city, dated on the 7th inst., gives a full report of her lecture delivered on the Sunday evening previous, from which it appears that Miss Dickinson likes Salt Lake City, which she calls the Sodom of the Plains, quite as heartily as she detests its inhabitants. The streets are wide and clean, the buildings are beautiful and the scenery around it is picturesque, but the men and women that inhabit it bear on their faces the stamp of brutality and debasement, and even the little children that play in the streets are wretched and unhealthy looking, with countenances that reflect the most brutal passions of men. Miss Dickinson visited several Mormon families, and conversed freely with the women concerning their condition. None of them, she says, are happy. They wear a "debarred servile air," and look more like tolerated slaves than beloved companions. Many of them are worn and faded and sickly—made so by excessive child bearing, nearly all the middle-aged women having borne from ten to fifteen children. Some did defend polygamy at first, but closer questioning revealed a sad unrest and discontent. One woman was especially earnest in her assertion that she lived happily and would not change her condition if she could; but when Miss Dickinson questioned her about her early English life, and painted the picture of the little cottage at home and the courtship, and at last the marriage to one who seemed honest, kind, and how they would live together, and how she would wait at the door of their home and watch for his coming in the evening; and when she asked her if she could not be happy in such a home, the Mormon wife "put her handsome hand to her face and bowed her head and cried, 'O, my God! couldn't I!' And then it was plain, it was easy to see, how that woman really thought and felt."—Boston Adv.

**AHEAD OF THE YANKERS.**—Wild beasts are counterfeited in India in order to get the bounty paid by the government for their destruction. Tigers, bears and leopards are made to go as far as they can. First, the skin is sent in, with a skull of wood fitted into the head; secondly the real skull is brought forward; and sometimes, as a third resource, the real tiger or bear is dispensed with and the skull of a hog or a jackal is tendered, provided with false teeth and covered with pigskin, moulded on a real tiger's head. Some of the monsters were beasts of straw. The skulls are now ordered to be smashed and the skins to be sold.

The Arabs illustrate their estimate of the different colors of horses by the following story: "A chief of a tribe was once pursued by his enemies. He said to his son, 'My son, drop to the rear, and tell me the color of the horses of our foe and may Allah burn his grandfather!' 'White,' was the answer. 'Then we will go south,' said the chief, 'for in the vast plains of the desert the wind of a white horse will not stand in a protracted chase.' Again the chief said: 'My son, what colored horses pursue us?' 'Black,' O my father!' 'Then we will go among the stones and on rocky ground, for the feet of black horses are not strong.' A third time the young Arab was sent to the rear, and reported chestnut horses. 'Then,' said the chief, 'we are lost. Who but Allah can deliver us from the chestnut horse?' 'Dun or cream colored horses, the Arabs consider worthless and fit only for Jews to ride.'

MR. H. FROTHINGHAM, a New York merchant, was released from the Bloomingdale Insane Asylum a few days ago on a writ of *habeas corpus*. He had been an inmate of the institution for more than three months, during the whole of which time he alleges that he was of perfectly sound mind.

The attractiveness of many sermons, would be increased if their authors would omit those superfluous comments and trite moral reflections which every intelligent reader is capable of making for himself. "A suit may it please your honor, is an action," said a youthful lawyer in an argument before John Marshall. "Pardon me," interrupted the great judge, "but there are some things which the Chief Justice of the United States is presumed to know."

Drinkers of champagne who would like to know all about "the nectar," will be pleased to learn that in a recent seizure of a champagne manufactory in New Jersey—a state from which we derive a large portion of this precious beverage—the articles found on hand were four barrels of common white wine, one barrel of molasses, and one barrel of vitriol.

The frauds in the Methodist Book Concern in New York have been investigated, and found to consist of a series of commissions and profits on purchases, not exactly fraudulent, but partaking strongly of the nature of "casual advantages."

Chief Justice Parley, at a recent session of the Supreme Judicial Court of New Hampshire ruled that where property is transported over a railroad line composed of several distinct roads, the original company which received it is liable for the loss or injury, should any occur, whether the damage be on its own road or any other.

A very singular fact connected with the whole settlement known as Pemaquid, and from which many relics have been obtained, is that while people can tell of its ruins, not one knows or has heard of the settlement itself. This fact and the depth of soil (an average of one foot) under which these ruins are buried, suggest to some antiquaries that the settlement at Pemaquid precedes the English settlements of the early part of the 17th century.

COMMISSIONERS OF THE STATE VALUATION.—Cornelius Sweetser of Saco; Seth Scammon of Scarborough; E. K. Harding of Bath; Joseph A. Sanborn of Randolph; George Weeks of Jefferson; Reuben S. Prescott of Bangor; Nathaniel A. Joy of Ellsworth. It is made the duty of the commissioners to make a valuation of the State with an enumeration of all the polls subject to be taxed as a basis for State purposes for the ensuing decade, beginning with 1870.

Somebody compares Newport to a toad, that sleeps all winter and gives hope in the summer.

Quilp, who has heretofore been a Universalist, now believes that there are two things, to be eternally lost—his umbrella and the man who stole it.

There are three degrees of critical expression: Criticism—hyper-criticism—and vyper-criticism. A western politician, in speaking of a rival, said, "Smith is of great use to observing men. Straws show which way the wind blows, and, as a straw, Smith has no equal in the country."







# MISCELLANY.

## HAVE COURAGE TO SAY NO.

You're starting to-day on life's journey, Along the highway of life; You'll meet with a thousand temptations, Each city with its allurements. This world is a stage of excitement; There's danger wherever you go; But if you are tempted in weakness, Have courage, my boy, to say no.

The siren's sweet song may allure you; Beware of her cunning art; Whenever you see her approaching, Be guarded, and haste to depart. The billiard saloons are inviting, Decked out in their tinsel and show, You may be lured to excess; Have courage, my boy, to say no.

The bright ruby wine may be offered— No matter how tempting it be— From poisons that sting like an adder, My boy, have the courage to flee. The gay gambling halls are before you; Their lights, how they dazzle and glow! If you should be tempted to enter, Think twice, even thrice, ere you go.

In courage alone lies your safety, When you the long journey begin, And a trust in a Heavenly Father Will keep you unspotted from sin. Temptation will come on you, as it comes on all, As streams from a rivulet flow, But if you are true to your manhood, Have the courage, my boy, to say no.

**THE RIGHT KIND OF RELIGION.**—Rev. Alexander Clark, in his "Gospel Trees," says: "Unless your religion changes you from a mummy to a man, makes you honest in business, pious behind counters, temperate at dinner tables, loyal to your country, affectionate to your family, neighborly at the ballot box, patient in affliction, humble, cheerful and hopeful everywhere and always; unless it links you in brotherhood to the poorest of God's children; unless it leads you on errands of mercy to hovels and hospitals and prisons, as well as to the cushioned pews and sacramental boards; unless you live Christ on week days as well as on Sabbath days,—then your religion is spurious, hypocritical, and abhorrent—a refuge of lies! Its sounding brass and tinkling cymbal entice but the giddy-hearted, and warn the wise to beware."

**WHAT CONSTITUTES AN ACRE.**—We find the following excellent table in the Ottawa (Illinois) Statesman, which farmers will do well to paste in a scrap book for future reference: 5 yards wide by 968 yards long contains one acre; 10 yards wide by 464 yards long contains one acre; 20 yards wide by 242 yards long contains one acre; 40 yards wide by 121 yards long contains one acre; 60 yards wide by 96 yards long contains one acre; 80 yards wide by 72 yards long contains one acre; 100 yards wide by 56 yards long contains one acre; 120 yards wide by 46 yards long contains one acre; 140 yards wide by 38 yards long contains one acre; 160 yards wide by 32 yards long contains one acre; 180 yards wide by 28 yards long contains one acre; 200 yards wide by 24 yards long contains one acre; 220 yards wide by 22 yards long contains one acre; 240 yards wide by 20 yards long contains one acre; 260 yards wide by 18 yards long contains one acre; 280 yards wide by 16 yards long contains one acre; 300 yards wide by 14 yards long contains one acre; 320 yards wide by 12 yards long contains one acre; 340 yards wide by 11 yards long contains one acre.

## Partnership.

The undersigned having formed a Co-partnership under the name of **REDINGTON & LEWIS,** And having bought the stock in trade of the late W. A. Coffey, propose to continue the business at **THE OLD STAND.** We shall have at all times a full assortment of **FURNITURE,** Lounges, Mirrors, Feathers, &c. And all Goods usually kept in this line of business. In addition to the above Goods, we have a new and carefully selected stock of **CROCKERY, GLASS WARE, and CARPETINGS.** We shall keep a full stock at all times, and shall sell as low for Cash as any one.

**BURIAL CASKETS & COFFINS** ALWAYS ON HAND.

**C. H. REDINGTON, R. I. LEWIS,** Waterville, Sept. 2, 1869. 10

**MISS FISHER** IS NOW PREPARED TO SHOW TO CUSTOMERS **NEW AND PRETTY STYLES IN** Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons and Flowers. At the old stand, corner Main and Silver Sts.

**DR. E. F. WHITMAN, Oculist and Aurist.** Artificial Eyes Inserted without Pain. Treatment for Catarh. No charge for consultation. No. 110 COURT STREET, BOSTON.

## Foundry Notice.

The subscriber having purchased the whole of the Rail Road Foundry, near the Main Central Railroad Depot, and fitted up, is prepared to furnish all kinds of CASTINGS, and do any kind of JOB WORK that may order, at short notice. Persons wishing to place orders, will please give the name of the subscriber, and the name of the work to be done. J. B. FERRIS, 62 if

## Agents. Agents.

**THE PACIFIC RAILROAD OPENED!**

And now a new interest is felt in the Great West by every body. We have heard a new edition of our popular work, "THE PACIFIC RAILROAD," by Albert D. Richardson, written up by the author to the condition of 1869. Nothing does so well as this book, and it is the best of its kind. It contains a full, complete, and up-to-date history of the whole West from 1807 to the present time. We shall pay large commissions on this work, and agents can get circulars with terms by applying to the publisher.

**AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO., HARTFORD, CONN.**

## Agents can now get Territory for

**MARK TWAIN'S** NEW BOOK, WITH 224 ENGRAVINGS.

Who has not heard of the author? Who has not laughed over his quaint and witty stories, and his lively and humorous descriptions, acknowledged the keenness of his satire, and admired the frank and daring openness of his views? This is the only book that can be read with pleasure by all classes of readers. It is the only book that can be read with pleasure by all classes of readers. It is the only book that can be read with pleasure by all classes of readers.

**THE INNOCENTS ABROAD,** Or the New Pilgrims' Progress.

In the quietness of himself, the condemnation and concentration of all his powers, no student can withdraw its reality and humor. It is the most readable, enjoyable, laughable and popular book printed for years.

Agents can get good chances for money making, at this book will sell well.

20,000 Volumes printed in advance and now ready for Agents. Circulars giving full information sent free. Address: AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

**WANTED—Agents for** Our Family Physician.

JUST THE BOOK NEEDED IN EVERY FAMILY, and so cheap that all can afford it. It is a handsome octavo of 644 colored plates, containing the matter of a \$5.00 volume, and is sold at \$2.50. It differs from all similar works, in giving the different modes of treatment—the Allopathic, Homoeopathic, Hydropathic, Eclectic, and Herbal, thus rendering it available wherever books are sold. It has already been sold in the city of Chicago, where it was sold by the late Dr. J. C. Watson, and is now being sold by the late Dr. J. C. Watson, and is now being sold by the late Dr. J. C. Watson.

# DRY GOODS!

## A NICE ASSORTMENT,

AT **C. R. McFadden's,** At the old stand of Meador & Phillips, Waterville, Maine.

## DRESS GOODS.

Silks and Light Cloths for Ladies' Outside Garments and Shawls.

## A nice line of White Goods,

CONSISTING OF **Piques, Cambrics in plain, check and stripes; Plain Linen Table Damask, Napkins and Towels, Plain Muslins, and White Flannels.**

## A Good Assortment of Cloths

For Men and Boys' Wear.

Broadcloths, Tricots, Plain and Fancy Cassimeres, &c.

## A Good Line of Hosiery & Gloves.—

A Very Nice Assortment of Kids.

## ONE OF THE BEST

**Stocks of Domestic**

Good style Prints for 10 cts. Sheetings for 10 cts and upwards.

Variety of Hoop Skirts, from 50 cts. up.

All will be sold **VERY LOW FOR CASH.** C. R. McFADDEN.

Waterville, May 22, 1869. 48

## BOOTHBY'S

**Insurance Agency!**

Office at Express Office, Main-St., Waterville.

**HOME INSURANCE COMPANY.** Cash Capital and Surplus \$4,243,334.53

**SECURITY INSURANCE COMPANY.** Cash Capital and Surplus \$1,600,000.53

**PHOENIX INSURANCE COMPANY.** Cash Capital and Surplus \$1,573,007.68

**FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE CO.** Cash Capital and Surplus \$901,057.00

**NORTH AMERICAN FIRE INS. CO.** Cash Capital and Surplus \$400,457.54

I will write Policies against Accidents of all kinds. It is safe to be insured.

**L. T. BOOTHBY, Agent.** Waterville, June 1, 1869. 4911

## Rubbers, Rubbers!

**MEN'S, BOYS', & YOUTHS' RUBBER BOOTS.**

Women's & Misses' RUBBER BOOTS.

Just what every one ought to wear in a Wet and Slipshy Time.

Also Men's, Women's, and Children's Rubber Overs, as low as can be afforded for cash.

**For Sale at MAXWELL'S.**

Keep your head cool and your feet warm, and you are all right. What is the use of going with cold, damp feet, when you can get such nice Overshoes at MAXWELL'S, to keep them dry and warm.

If you don't want Overshoes, just call and see the

**VARIETY OF**

**BOOTS & SHOES,**

FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

high you can have at a very small profit for cash, as that is what tells in trade.

Don't mistake the old place—

At MAXWELL'S.

U. S. N. B.—Those having accounts with W. L. MAXWELL, will oblige him by calling and settling.

**L. P. MAYO,** Teacher of Piano-forte and Organ.

Residence on Chapin St., opposite Foundry.

## MARBLE WORKS.

The subscribers will furnish all kinds of

**MANHOLE & GRANITE MONUMENTS,**

**GRAVE STONES,** &c.

made of the best marble.

They have on hand a large assortment of the above articles.

Persons wishing to purchase a monument or other article, will please give the name of the subscriber, and the name of the work to be done. W. A. F. STEVENS & SONS, 10

**ATWOOD CROSBY, M.D.**

WITH **DR. ROUELLE,**

**WATERVILLE, ME.**

OFFICE over Thayer & Marston's Store, Boutelle Block.

**DR. G. S. PALMER,**

**DENTAL OFFICE,**

over **ALDEN'S JEWELRY STORE,**

op. People's Nat'l Bank

**WATERVILLE, ME.**

Chloroform, Ether or Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when desired. 50

## Flour, Corn & Feed

AT WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

Having leased the Store **Next South of the Williams House,**

I shall keep constantly for sale **A Choice Stock of Flour,** Corn, Oats, Meal, Cracked Corn, &c. &c. which I will sell **LOW FOR CASH.** C. F. DARRELL.

Waterville, July 6, 1869. 2

**WANTED—AGENTS** to sell a thoroughly good domestic article, wanted in every family. It is a handsome octavo of 644 colored plates, containing the matter of a \$5.00 volume, and is sold at \$2.50. It differs from all similar works, in giving the different modes of treatment—the Allopathic, Homoeopathic, Hydropathic, Eclectic, and Herbal, thus rendering it available wherever books are sold. It has already been sold in the city of Chicago, where it was sold by the late Dr. J. C. Watson, and is now being sold by the late Dr. J. C. Watson.

# Kendall's Mills Colum

## J. H. GILBRETH,

**KENDALL'S MILLS,** Has a splendid assortment of **HARDWARE, BUILDING MATERIAL, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Farmers' and Mechanics' Tools, Tin Ware, &c. &c.** All at sale as low as can be bought on the river. May, 1867.

## REMOVAL.

**DR. A. PINKHAM.**

**SURGEON DENTIST,**

**KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.**

Has removed to his new office, **NO. 17 NEWHALL ST.,** First door north of Brick Hotel, where he continues to execute all orders for those in need of dental services.

**F. KENRICK, JR.,** Manufacturer and Dealer in **CARRIAGES AND SLEIGHS.** KENDALL'S MILLS, ME. 11

**Buy your Hardware** at **GILBRETH'S, Kendall's Mills,** and get First Class Goods at the lowest market price

**HOUSE, SIGN AND CARRIAGE PAINTING.**

Having taken the Shop at the **Old Silson Stand on Temple Street,** formerly occupied by Mr. S. D. Savage, I shall be pleased to receive orders for House, Sign and Carriage PAINTING, GRADING, PAPER HANGING, GLAZING, &c. CARRIAGE REPAIRING will also be promptly and faithfully done. All work entrusted to me will be warranted to give satisfaction, and prices will be reasonable. A. W. NYE. Waterville, Sept. 1, 1869. 10

**Agents Wanted for** **CHAMBERLAIN'S**

**LAW BOOK**

**For the People!**

CONTAINING Full Instructions and Practical Forms, adapted to Every Kind of Business, and to all the States of the Union. BY **FRANKLIN CHAMBERLAIN,** Of the United States Bar. "There is no book of the kind which will rank with it for its authenticity, intelligence and completeness." (Springfield Republican.) This is the ONLY NEW BOOK of the kind published for many years. It is prepared by an able PRACTICAL LAWYER, of 25 years experience, and is just what every body needs for reference. It is highly recommended by many eminent judges, including the Chief Justice and other Judges of Massachusetts, and the Chief Justice and other Judges of Connecticut. Sold only by Subscription. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. Send for Circulars. O. D. CASE & CO., Publishers, Hartford, Conn.; No. 1 Spruce St., New York; Cincinnati, O.; and Chicago, Ill. U. S. A. 10

An old and well known publication many years ago, but has been recently re-edited as a new book, without even a suitable revision of its obsolete statements. Do not confound that work with CHAMBERLAIN'S LAW-BOOK FOR THE PEOPLE.

## Carriage Repository

THE subscriber has on hand, for sale, at his Repository **Cor. Main & Temple Sts., Waterville,** A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF **CARRIAGES,** OF THE MOST ATTRACTIVE STYLES, And of all descriptions. Top and Open, one Seat or two. Persons in want of a good Carriage, Open or Top Buggy, Sashade, Brownell or Wagon, Will find it for their interest to call on him, and know personally that

**Extra Good Bargains are given.**

**SECOND-HAND CARRIAGES** for sale, and new ones exchanged for Second-hand.

Orders and inquiries solicited.

**FRANCIS KENRICK.** Waterville, May, 1868. 4611

## Novelty Wringers.

WE have just received six cases of the celebrated **NOVELTY WRINGERS** that we can offer at good bargains to the trade.

**ARNOLD & READER.**

## BOSTON ORNAMENTAL IRON WORKS

**WROUGHT & CAST IRON RAILINGS** For Houses and Cemetery Fences, Public Buildings, Public Squares, &c. &c. Wire Office, Desk, Bank, and Counter Stands, and other articles. Hot and Umbrella Stands, Vases, Bouquet Holders, Grave Markers, Flower Stands, Tricots, Horse Posts, Stable Furniture, Iron Columns, and all kinds of Ornamental Iron Work. Low Prices, and Work Warranted.

**J. L. ROBERTS & Co.** 63 Merrimack Street, Boston. NEAR HAYMARKET SQUARE.

## RAGS! RAGS!

CASH and the highest price paid for any rag given in paper to be made at the **MAIL OFFICE.**

**BROADCLOTHS, TRICOTS, and DOESKINS.** WE have good lots of these goods on hand as can be found in the State. **GARDNER & WATSON.** 11

**Feathers,** E. & S. FISHER.

**WANTED! AGENTS**—Ladies or Gentlemen, to sell the Great American Household Book, Abbott's Lives of the Presidents of the United States, complete in one volume, and splendidly illustrated with over forty engravings. This is, without doubt, the best book for canvassers ever published in this country. Exclusive territory and liberal commissions to agents. **JOHN BARNES.** 30 11

**Black Silks,** C. F. McFADDEN.

**Summer Dress Goods,** C. F. McFADDEN.

**Wanted! AGENTS**—Ladies or Gentlemen, to sell the Great American Household Book, Abbott's Lives of the Presidents of the United States, complete in one volume, and splendidly illustrated with over forty engravings. This is, without doubt, the best book for canvassers ever published in this country. Exclusive territory and liberal commissions to agents. **JOHN BARNES.** 30 11

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**Black Silks,** C. F. McFADDEN.

**Summer Dress Goods,** C. F. McFADDEN.

# BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

## Old Stand opposite the P. O.

I have this day bought the interest of **F. W. HASKELL** in the business recently carried on by us, and shall continue the Manufacture & Sale of **Boots and Shoes,** at the old store directly opposite the Post Office. All accounts due the late firm of Haskell & Mayo belonging to the above sale, I would request an early payment. I shall keep constantly in store a full assortment of goods for **LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S WEAR** at the same manufacture. Particular attention will be paid to the Custom Work, or Gentlemen. REPAIRING of all kinds neatly done. O. F. MAYO. Waterville, Jan'y 22nd, 1867. 30

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

**FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.**

The reputation this excellent medicine enjoys, is derived from its cures, many of which are truly marvelous. It cures Scrofula, or "Blood Poison," where the system is saturated with impurities, and the blood is impure and cures by it. Scrofulous affections and diseases, such as Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Ulcers, &c., are cured by it. It cures the skin, and the system is purified and cured by it. Scrofulous affections and diseases, such as Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Ulcers, &c., are cured by it. It cures the skin, and the system is purified and cured by it.