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Maxham & Wing

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THE ALPINE SHEPHERD.

When on my ear your loss was knelled,
And tender sympathy upbraid,
A little rill from memory welled,
Which once had quenched my bitter thirst;
And I was fain to bear to you
A portion of its mild relief,
That it might be as cooling dew
To steal some fever from your grief.
After our child's untimely breath
Up to the Father took its way,
And on our home the shade of death
Like a long twilight haunting lay—
And friends came round with us to weep
The little spirit's swift remove,
The story of the Alpine sheep
Was told to us by one we love.
They in the valley's sheltering care,
Soon crop the meadow's tender prime,
And when the sod grows brown and bare
The shepherd strives to make them climb—
To any shelves of pasture green
That hang along the mountain side,
Where grass and flowers together lean,
And down through mist the sunbeams glide.
But nought can lure the timid thing,
That steep and rugged path to try—
Though sweet the shepherd call and sing,
And seared below the pastures lie—
Till in his arms the lambs he takes,
Along the dizzy verge to go,
When, heedless of the rift and breaks,
They follow on our rock and snow.
And in those pastures lifted fair
They dewy soft and lowly mead,
The shepherd drops his tender care,
And sheep and lambs together feed.
This parable, by nature breathed,
Blew on me as the south wind free
O'er frozen brooks that float unheeded
From icy thresholds to the sea.
A blissful vision through the night
Would all my happy senses sway,
Of the good shepherd on the height,
Or climbing up the starry way—
Holding our little lamb asleep;
And like the burden of the sea
Sounded that voice along the deep,
Saying, "Arise and follow me!"

A WOMAN'S STRATAGEM.

"Mary, your corn-bread is never done! I wonder what is the reason everybody else has things right and we always have things wrong!" "Why, Joe, I'm sure the corn-bread has never been in this state before! You see, the fire had a fit, and couldn't be made to burn this morning."

"Oh, yes! you are always ready with an excuse. Now, there is Mrs. Smith; her stove never has fits. And she always has the lightest, sweetest bread, and the nicest cakes and preserves I ever ate. I wish you'd take 'pat-tern by her.'"

"Well, I am sure, Joe, I do my best, and I think I succeed oftener than I fail. I wish I could suit you always; but that, I suppose, could hardly be expected;" and Mary gave a weary sigh.

Mary Starr had been married about a year, during which time, she had found housekeeping rather up-hill work. She was a neat little body, and conscientiously did her very best to please her husband; but he, whatever might be the reason, was very hard to please,—in fact, seemed determined not to be pleased with anything she did. Perhaps like the old soldier in one of Dickens's stories, he had a vital and constant sense that "discipline must be maintained." At any rate, he never allowed Mary to be pleased with herself on any occasion if he could help it.

Mary was an amiable wife, fortunately, and not easily irritated, though to tell the truth, there were times when her forbearance was sadly tried. For instance, whenever she and Joe took tea out, or went to a party, or even to church, he seldom allowed the opportunity to pass unembraced to animadvert on some deficiency in cookery, manners, or dress on the part of his wife; and that *pro bono publico*. For instance, it would be:

"Mrs. Jones, what splendid sponge cake you make! Mary take notice how light this cake is! I wonder you can never have it so puffy!" Or, "Mrs. Brown, you certainly are an adept in entertaining company. I wish, Mary, that you would try to steal Mrs. Brown's art." Or, "Mrs. Green, your dress is always most becoming. Your taste is exquisite. I don't see why it is, Mary, that with all I spend for you, you never can reach the *je ne sais quoi*," of Mrs. Green."

On these occasions Mary would blush and bite her lip, and be inwardly annoyed, but she was a woman of too much pride and good sense to make a display of her mortification or chagrin; and she really was too good natured and Christian a person to let it change her feeling toward Joe, whom she knew to be, after all, very fond of her, and a very just man at heart. After a while, seeing that the fault was probably curable, she bethought herself how she should proceed in order to break him of the disagreeable habit.

Fortune favored her. One day a lady, one of her most valued friends and best neighbors, called to invite Joe and Mary to a tea party at her house.

"It will be a small affair," said she, "but very pleasant, I think. You only are wanted to make the circle of harmony complete."

"Well," said Mary, "I will come, Mrs. Vane, on one condition."

"Condition! Is it come to this, that you must make conditions? Well, my dear, make your demand."

"The condition is," said Mary, "that you will allow me to furnish all the refreshments."

"Well, that is an odd idea! Mary, my dear, I hope you don't mean to insinuate that I am getting poor?"

"No, Hattie; thank fortune, she has showered her favors on you quite liberally. But I have a notion for this, which, if you please, I will not divulge; only let me have my own way this once, just for the oddity of the thing."

"If anybody but you, Mary, had made such a request of me, I certainly should have taken offense. But I never could be angry with you; so if it will be any satisfaction to you—though for the life of me I can't imagine what your drift is—I will comply with your condition. When may I expect my supplies?"

"Let me see—to-morrow is my baking day, and your tea party is not to be before Thursday. Well, on Wednesday afternoon, you shall be supplied with bread, biscuit, cake, and all the other accessories; and mind the only thing I allow you to furnish is butter which I do not make."

"Very well. It's all settled, then, and I will leave you. On the whole, this arrangement suits me; it relieves me of a great responsibility, for your cookery is well known to be particularly nice. So good-bye till Thursday."

"Mind you, say nothing about this, Hattie, to any one; it is a secret of mine."

"Very well, as you say, I'll keep mum. Good-bye again, for you will have your hands full, and I will not interrupt you."

So off Mrs. Vane went, inwardly wondering what croquet demure little Mary had got into her steady little head.

Every thing came off on that baking day precisely as Mary could have wished it. Her bread was light and sweet, and white as a snow-flake with just a golden brown line of crust surrounding it; her cakes were perfection, her crullers crisp and delicious. Then she

knew her preserved fruits were nice, and if there was sponge cake more like solidified froth she would like to see it. Everything was sent into Mrs. Vane on Wednesday afternoon, and she had all Thursday to devote to her dress.

Mary looked very pretty that night at the tea party, for her eyes shone with a purpose, and she had just excitement enough about it to redden her cheeks in a very becoming manner. Add to this that she was dressed with neatness and taste and you will not be unwilling to believe me when I say that she was quite the belle of the occasion. Joe evidently thought so himself; for strange to say, he made no remarks on her appearance that night calculated to lower her self-esteem, but contrariwise gazed at her, from time to time with most profound satisfaction.

"But, 'Murder will out.' 'It came on this occasion, when they sat down to supper. Everybody was delighted; there had not been such an unexceptional 'tea' in that neighborhood for a long time. Country people are very fond of their 'teas,' they compare one with another with admirable composure. This one was a triumph."

"Mrs. Vane, you are the perfection of bread-makers. Your biscuits are quite beautiful. Were ever such crullers made! How do you manage it, Mrs. Vane? What lovely sponge cake!"

Mrs. Vane and Mary occasionally changed glances and smiled, but nobody noticed it. Joe had been behaving so beautifully all the evening, that Mary began to be afraid her plan had failed. He came out now, however, greatly to Mary's satisfaction.

"That is a feast, indeed," he said. "A fellow is fortunate who has a wife that can make such bread as this, to say nothing of the sponge cake. I can't see why it is, Mary—you improve it, it is true, I give you credit for that; but I don't see why it is that all women cannot have the knack that Mrs. Vane has, at cooking to perfection. If you could make such bread as this, Mary, your husband would be a happy man."

Mrs. Vane looked at Mary, and Mary looked at Mrs. Vane. Light was breaking upon the mind of the latter. It broke like a flash of lightning, and then there was an explosion—not of thunder, but of laughter. Joe looked up amazed.

He was a man who petted his dignity enormously. What did these women mean, to laugh so at a sober, sensible remark of his? Particularly, what could Mary mean, to so trifling with the respect she owed her husband.

He began to grow very red, indeed. Mrs. Vane said presently, and came to his and Mary's relief; for poor Mary had already begun to be a little frightened at the success of her own scheme. She did not like Joe to be angry at any rate.

"Mr. Starr," said Mrs. Vane, "I am truly glad you like this very excellent cookery, for it is all your wife's. By your own showing, you ought to be a happy man."

Here the whole company caught the infection, and joined in the laugh against Joe. It was of no use getting angry with so many people; so, before long, Joe joined in the chorus himself.

And so the tea party broke up with the greatest good nature all around, and Joe went home with a less-on he never forgot for it was the last time that Mary ever heard any complaints from him. He is now the most easily pleased of any husband for ten miles around.

Many incidents, thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes are related in connection with the fearful ravages of the fire-flood in Canada. Chelsea village had a narrow escape from destruction. A correspondent saw the flames as they first commenced to advance across the stubble fields and along the fences. Racing along at a speed not less than a mile in four or five minutes, the fire bore down on the little place. Women with their little ones clinging to them, screamed in wild affright; hardly men who, perhaps, never before knew what terror meant, stood aghast with blanched cheeks and trembling limbs. Suddenly, the cry arose, "To the river!" Immediately the inhabitants were hurrying along seeking only to preserve their lives, and in a few minutes they found themselves huddled together near the river's side with all their worldly possessions suddenly snatched from them, some of them with scarcely any clothing on, so brief had been the time allowed them to prepare their flight. Just above their heads the flames roared in wild, tremendous riot, casting a lurid reflection upon the river as it rippled along, and illuminating the valley with a bright, glowing light. Upon rafts hastily put together, the poor homeless wanderers embarked, and with the ruins of their late homes blazing above them, they set forth upon their venturesome way. After a voyage attended with many perils and hair-breadth escapes, they at length made Oranout Point, where they remained for the night, and have since obtained shelter.

A correspondent says "petroleum" has become a most excellent medicament for external application relieving pains, bruises, rheumatisms, cutaneous diseases, bidding fair in this respect to drive out all the quack liniments which have so long been so extensively used. It is equally efficacious for man and beast, and has no superior in treating rheumatism, lumbago, all pains of the back or limbs, frost bites, chilblains, burns or scalds, no matter how severe, or fresh cuts or wounds. During the war of the rebellion thousands of hospital patients of both sides perished from a gangrenous disease, called erysipelas, for which petroleum is said to be a most perfect specific as well as preventive. Certain it is that in all flesh wounds, a dressing of refined petroleum out of the lamp can, is the best application that can be made. For itch, ring worm, barber's itch, salt rheum, and all other like affections, petroleum is equally efficacious, either in the crude or refined state.

A lieutenant under General Butler during the war got all his certificates of disability and sent in his resignation. The general read the papers and remarked: "It seems from these papers that you have got to die any way before long." Yes, sir, the officer eagerly assented. "Then the resignation can't be accepted. If you're going to die right off, you'd better die here, where you're useful, than in Massachusetts, where you're not."

THE number of things to which the principle involved in the Frenchman's recipe for "cotelettes a la Metternich," can be applied is incalculable. "You have only to broil them like ordinary cutlets, and call them 'cotelettes a la Metternich' when you serve them."

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Waterville Mail.

VOL. XXIV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1870.

NO. 10.

ABOUT PRONOUNS.—A cranky person, who seems to think that a new pronoun is needed to represent either the masculine or the feminine gender in the third person, is thus very effectually answered by Richard Grant White, in the Galaxy:

My other correspondent insists that a new pronoun is "universally needed;" and as an example of the inconvenience caused by the want, he gives the following sentence: "If a person wishes to sleep, they mustn't eat cheese for supper." "Of course," he goes on to say, "that is incorrect; yet almost every one would say they. [This I venture to doubt.] Few would say, in common conversation, 'If a person wishes to sleep, he or she mustn't eat cheese for supper.' It is too much trouble. We must have a word to take the place of he or she, his or hers, him or her, etc. As the French make the little word *en* answer a great many purposes, suppose we take the same word, give it an English pronunciation, (or any other word) and make it answer for any and every case of that kind, and thus tend to simplify the language."

This is the essential part of my correspondent's letter, to which there are two sufficient replies. First, the thing can't be done; last, it is not at all necessary or desirable that it should be done. And to consider the last point first. There is no such dilemma as the one in question. A speaker of good common sense and of fair mastery of the mother tongue would say, "If a man wishes to sleep, he must not eat cheese for supper," where *man*, as in the word *man-kind*, is used in a general sense for the species. Any objection to this use of *man*, and of the relative pronoun, is for the consideration of the next woman's rights convention, at which I hope it may be discussed with all gravity becoming its momentous significance. But, as a slight contribution to the amenities of the occasion, I venture to suggest that, to free the language of the oppression of the sex and the outrage to its dignity which have for centuries lurked in this use of *man*, it is not necessary to say, "If a person wishes to sleep, *en* mustn't eat cheese for supper," but merely, as the speakers of the best English now say and have said for generations, "If one wishes to sleep, one mustn't," etc. One, thus used is a good pronoun, of healthy, well-rooted growth. And we have in another word which supplies all our need in this respect without going to the French for their overworked *en*; *e. g. Voici des bonnes fraises. Voulez vous en avoir?* These are fine strawberries. Will you have some? Thus used, *some* is to all intents and purposes a pronoun which leaves nothing to be desired. With *he, she, it, and we, and one, and some*, we have no need of *en* or any other pronoun.

THE WASTE OF WAR.—Just walk through one of Bellona's museums; look at that beautiful steel gun; what an exquisitely finished work of art! It is a breach-loader, open at both ends, to let us see the delicate rifling. Does it not seem a thousand pities to soil it with use? But it must be loaded with one of those neat bags of powder, which you might take for a lady's toilet pin-cushion without its lace cover, and would certainly be a sort of bon-bon for such a delicate throat—and one of those bijoux of shells, which it really seems a sin to fire away. Look at this longitudinal section of one of them, and just consider the amount of ingenuity and labor expended on their manufacture. This delicate apparatus is to explode the shell directly it touches any object; this is the bursting charge; these layers of polished steel domes which line the interior will become detached and will carry death through a considerable space upon the explosion, if any one can have the heart to explode what ought to remain under a glass case in a drawing room. Then the cost of these petty toys; the hard cash as well as the time spent upon them! A man can live in comfort who earns per week what every shell fired by some of these guns cost. And they fire them as fast as they can; and the majority are wasted out and out, for they hit no one; and when they do—well, that is another consideration.

What a fuss is made about the new-born baby; how proud his mother is; how vain his father. Think of the pains taken to keep his limbs straight; the hopes, the fears, the watchings during his infantile maladies; of the trouble of teaching him to read; of the anxious thoughts and care in selecting a school for him; of the pains taken again by the Latin master, Greek master, mathematical master, French master, German master, to store his mind; and of the constant training and practice he voluntarily goes through. He shows signs of considerable ability, and his relatives go wild with delight, esteeming him a prodigy. Then come anxious consultations upon the choice of a profession; and the army is finally selected. His commission is purchased, and a new training commenced. Slowly, day by day, he becomes initiated in the mysteries of drill, and the more difficult matters of regimental discipline and interior economy. At last he is even dismissed from the riding school. Even then his education is not completed, for he wishes to rise in his profession, and gets sent to the staff college. Here he masters the higher branches of mathematics, reads law, and becomes a proficient in a variety of arts and sciences. Having passed a terrible examination, this highly finished piece of human machinery, which it has taken thirty years, thousands of pounds, and an immense amount of labor to perfect, is sent into the field and mown down like a thistle by one of those shells which is not wasted. But man is mortal and death will blot out the cultivated mind and athletic frame, sooner or later under any circumstances. True; and it is also true that time will destroy the choicest work of art. But we do not set our Turners up for targets. A delicate piece of China is safe to be broken eventually; but what would you say of a boy who made a cockshy of it?—[Once a Week.]

CHURCH FESTIVALS AN EVIL.—A correspondent, who thinks that not only are the raffish features sometimes found in church festivals wrong, but that the festivals themselves, as usually conducted, are an evil, writes:

Ice-cream and rich cake are not conducive to health. Every one who attends the festival, will be the worse the next morning for having eaten them. Then, that part of the wealth of the community which is converted into these articles is worse than lost. Nor is the festival any gain to the church. There will always be some of this rich, costly provision left, which will be either given to the poor, or consumed by the families that provided the festival; but in either case this is a dead loss. For such luxuries do the poor no good. And the families providing the festival cannot afford such, else they are able to give to the church as much money as they will realize from the festival.

Now unless you can realize more money from the festival than the total cost, including the material, the labor, etc., used, not only in those which are sold, but also in those which are left, and given away, there is nothing made by the festival. But in order that they may realize more than this, they must charge more for their articles than they are worth. Nothing can make an article worth more than the whole cost of production, except the law of demand and supply. But this law cannot operate here. If they charge more for their articles than they are worth, that is not honest. No man will willingly pay more for an article than it is worth. And if he be swindled out of his money by the smiles and smooth words of a woman, morally speaking how much better is it than if he were swindled by the smiles and smooth words of a city confidence man? He was not willing to give more than the article is worth because it is going to the church, else there was no need of the festival—he would have given without.

But is not the social entertainment worth something? Nobody keeps social enjoyment for sale. They may furnish means necessary for such enjoyment—a house to meet in, etc. But these are part of the whole cost of the festival. If any man rents his house for a festival occasion, he has no right to charge more than the use of it, for the evening, is worth.

If, then, there is anything made by a festival, it is dishonestly made. Now, from whom does the money received come? Not from the wealthy. Not from those who are settled in life, and have a competence. But chiefly from young men. Rather than appear close and stingy, at such a place, a young man will spend his last dollar. Before he will ask for "one dish of ice-cream with two spoons in it," he will give his whole living and some capital. Thus the church encourages her young men in prodigal waste of their earnings.

And, then, eating such rich diet, at so late an hour, is as destructive to health as any other species of intemperance. The success of the festival depends upon the amount of intemperance indulged. Will you take the price of intemperance to build a house for the soul—to preach temperance in? Whoever would give unto the Lord must do it cheerfully; for the Lord loveth a cheerful giver. But giving to the Lord is the last thought that enters anybody's mind on such an occasion.

DOMESTIC WINES.—Here is quite a file of letters asking how to make wine of blackberries, elderberries, strawberries, and—of all things in the world, tomatoes. We think that, taken as a whole, these compounds are more productive of evil than of good. All fruit juices, some with and some without the addition of sugar, will make alcoholic liquids, which are by some used "medicinally," and by others in the exercise of hospitality. Many readers can recollect having swallowed vile compounds of this kind rather than offend the kind hostess who presented it saying, "It is only some blackberry wine that I made myself."—Of the medicinal value of these "wines" we have strong doubts. If alcohol is needed as a remedy, which it sometimes is, but less frequently than many suppose, a physician will prescribe pure whiskey in preference to any of these domestic productions. Alcohol is the same thing, no matter how produced, and whiskey contains a nearly constant proportion of this, while the homemade "wines" may be stronger or weaker, and be more or less qualified by a greater or less amount of sugar, and aromatic or other principles contained in the fruit from which it is made. There is a great deal of nonsense about the medicinal effects of blackberry, elderberry, and other "wines." We have noticed that when these things were known to be in the house, the complaints which they are supposed to cure were of more than ordinary occurrence. That blackberry cordial, for we do not consider it a wine, may be sometimes useful we do not doubt; but put the blackberries in a jug, and cover them with whiskey and call it "tincture of blackberry," and keep it as a medicine; the sole virtue of which over and above the stimulating quality of the whiskey is due to a little astringency derived from the berries, and in this particular a handful of the blackberry root is worth a bushel of berries. So much for the medical view. As to the question of hospitality—when the present time it is the exception where wines are offered to visitors. We believe, with our present knowledge, that it is better not to offer them at all. We know that there are many who think differently. There is scarcely an Agricultural Fair but that offers presents of Currant, Strawberry, Blackberry, Rhubarb, and other "wines." We never tasted one of these compounds that was not an abomination, and a desecration of the fruit from which it was made. If the managers of our fairs would exclude all these things they would do well. They should not be made, encouraged, nor offered to one's friends. We think that hospitality can be manifested without presenting wines or liquors to one's guests. Did we hold the opposite view, we should say that the only presentable things were pure whiskey, pure grape wine, and pure cider. Not that we advocate them, but one offered these, knows exactly what he is taking.—[American Agriculturist.]

A scientific journal says: "It is well known that when the color on a fabric has been destroyed by acid, ammonia is applied to neutralize the same. But it is not so well known that after the application of ammonia, chloroform, will, in almost all cases, restore the original color. Chloroform will also remove paint when almost everything else fails."

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW for July has the following table of contents:—

Unpublished Letters written by Samuel Taylor Coleridge: Indian Taxation—Lord Cornwallis's Land Settlement—The Nationality Question in Austria; The Future of the British Empire; Shelley; Colonial and American Superstition; Roman Catholicism—Present and Future; with thirty-two pages devoted to Contemporary Literature.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE for August has the following table of contents:—

Who painted the Great Marillo de la Merced? New Books; part 10 of Earle's Den; About what the Old Egyptians Knew; The Wishes of a Dumb Waiter; Lady Fair; The Greek Massacre.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 27 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; and the four Reviews, \$15—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works are sold by periodical dealers.

New volumes of Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works is but 60 cents a year.

OVER-DRESSING IN SCHOOL CHILDREN.—Over-dressing in women or men is an evidence of bad taste of its parents, excites emotions of pity in behalf of the child. Not only is the simple beauty of childhood overlaid and destroyed by the finery which is put upon her, but the sad reflection is forced on the beholder that the child is on the high road to ruin; for nothing has been the rain of more youth—especially girls—than a love of dress and finery, early and freely indulged.

But if there were no higher motive, economy and the wish to set a good example should influence parents to dress their children simply. Those who can afford liberal expenditures, should remember that multitudes of parents; whose children associate in public schools, cannot afford such expenditures; and yet they feel compelled, by the example of their richer neighbors, to dress their children so that no invidious comparison shall be made. Every consideration of good taste, good morals, good example and economy, should therefore influence parents generally, to regard the advice and not over-dress their children.—[Boston Traveler.]

WHAT did the master mean when he saw the taxgatherer, and said, "Come, follow me;" and when the other said, "Let me go and bury my father?" "Come, follow me." It didn't matter, the necessity nor the exactness of the demand, it was, "Come, follow me." Running through the studio and study, through office and mart, through legislative hall and the streets, is still that cry, "Come, follow me." I want not your 'amen,' I want not your substitute, I don't want your ten per cent, I want you.—[Wendell Phillips.]

A Vermont husband got wind of the proposed elopement of his wife and frustrated it by keeping guard over her silk dress. She wouldn't run away in a calico gown and he knew it.

The United States Supreme Court has been described as the one that has the last guess at a case.

OUR TABLE.

THE WESTERN MONTHLY opens with a portrait and sketch of Jerome I. Case, the leading manufacturer of Racine. Eugene Fawcett writes in a forcible way of the Spanish American republics. W. A. Croftall inquires Is War Necessary?—taking as a text the pendulum struggle in Europe. By the two Great Powers of the Future, W. P. Morris means Russia and the United States, and in an article of some ability he tries to show that those nations are to be the two great States of the world, the one of the eastern, the other of the western hemisphere. The "Clit Chat" fastens the responsibility of the European war upon the Emperor.

The publishers announce that with the October number this magazine will be enlarged and the price raised to \$4 a year.

Published by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.

THE SCHOOLMATE, an illustrated monthly for Boys and Girls, has a September number full of good things for its young readers, including two more chapters of Mr. Alger's story of "Rufus and Rose," in which the young hero is brought into a pretty tight place; a piece for declamation; an amusing dialogue; many entertaining and instructive short stories and other articles, with illustrations, &c.

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

GOOD HEALTH for September has articles on Preventive Diseases; Household Education for women; How to Eat; Sir J. Y. Simpson and Chloroform; Infant Mortality in France; On Poisons; How to ventilate a Sick Room; Sugar; How to Bring up Babies; Water; Instinct and Reason; Charles Dickens, &c. This is a very useful publication.

Published by Alexander Moore, Boston, at \$2 a year.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND PACKARD'S MONTHLY—two good magazines rolled into one—presents an interesting number for September. There is a portrait of John Sartain the celebrated engraver, with a biographical sketch; portraits of the Great German Philosophers, and illustrations of an article entitled "Objections to Phrenology Considered." The number is full of live and interesting reading matter.

Published by Samuel R. Wells, New York, at \$2 a year.

THE TECHNOLOGIST for September has the design of a pretty Country Cottage, an engraving of Faintine's Domestic Steam Engine; and a New Method of Steam Propulsion for Canal Boats. The number is full of valuable scientific reading of great practical value. Published by the Industrial Publication Co., New York, at \$2 a year.

MERRY'S MAGAZINE is THE OLDEST JUVENILE Magazine in America. It is hardly natural for one to grow handsomer as he grows older, but with "Merry," every successive year seems to add new freshness and beauty to his good looking person every way, and better still he never seems weary in well doing. For \$1.50 a year you can make his acquaintance by writing to his Publisher, Horace B. Fuller, Boston.

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE, published by S. S. Wood, Newburgh, N. Y., \$1.00 per annum, single copies 10 cts., is high-toned, interesting and thoroughly household in character. Every number of Vols. VII and VIII will contain a \$100 prize story complete. Besides furnishing \$1,200 worth of prize stories, during the year, Mr. Wood proposes to publish all the best stories, entered in competition for the \$100 prizes. Also each number will contain about twenty-five pages of other matter designed to entertain and instruct all classes.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW for July has the following table of contents:—

Unpublished Letters written by Samuel Taylor Coleridge: Indian Taxation—Lord Cornwallis's Land Settlement—The Nationality Question in Austria; The Future of the British Empire; Shelley; Colonial and American Superstition; Roman Catholicism—Present and Future; with thirty-two pages devoted to Contemporary Literature.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE for August has the following table of contents:—

Who painted the Great Marillo de la Merced? New Books; part 10 of Earle's Den; About what the Old Egyptians Knew; The Wishes of a Dumb Waiter; Lady Fair; The Greek Massacre.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 27 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; and the four Reviews, \$15—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works are sold by periodical dealers.

New volumes of Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works is but 60 cents a year.

OVER-DRESSING IN SCHOOL CHILDREN.—Over-dressing in women or men is an evidence of bad taste of its parents, excites emotions of pity in behalf of the child. Not only is the simple beauty of childhood overlaid and destroyed by the finery which is put upon her, but the sad reflection is forced on the beholder that the child is on the high road to ruin; for nothing has been the rain of more youth—especially girls—than a love of dress and finery, early and freely indulged.

But if there were no higher motive, economy and the wish to set a good example should influence parents to dress their children simply. Those who can afford liberal expenditures, should remember that multitudes of parents; whose children associate in public schools, cannot afford such expenditures; and yet they feel compelled, by the example of their richer neighbors, to dress their children so that no invidious comparison shall be made. Every consideration of good taste, good morals, good example and economy, should therefore influence parents generally, to regard the advice and not over-dress their children.—[Boston Traveler.]

WHAT did the master mean when he saw the taxgatherer, and said, "Come, follow me;" and when the other said, "Let me go and bury my father?" "Come, follow me." It didn't matter, the necessity nor the exactness of the demand, it was, "Come, follow me." Running through the studio and study, through office and mart, through legislative hall and the streets, is still that cry, "Come, follow me." I want not your 'amen,' I want not your substitute, I don't want your ten per cent, I want you.—[Wendell Phillips.]

A

Waterville Mail.

E. H. MAXAM, DAN'L R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... SEPT. 2, 1870.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York; S. R. Niles Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. F. Rowell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 40 Park Row, New York; and T. O. Evans, Advertising Agent, 129 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the WATERVILLE MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisements are referred to the A. G. name above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS

relating to the business or editorial departments of the paper should be addressed to "MAXAM & WING, or WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE."

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR GOVERNOR,
SIDNEY PERHAM
OF PARIS.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE TO CONGRESS,

JAMES G. BLAINE.

Kennebec County Nominations.

For Senators—JOSHUA GRAY,
GEORGE L. MINOT,
REUBEN FOSTER.
Sheriff—ASHER H. BARTON.
Co. Attorney—WM. P. WHITEHOUSE.
Co. Commissioner—NATHANIEL GRAVES.
Co. Treasurer—ALANSON STARKES.

Somerset County Nominations.

For Senators—FRANKLIN R. WEBBER,
MOSES FRENCH.
Sheriff—S. J. WALTON.
Co. Comm'r—JOHN RUSSELL.
Co. Treasurer—JOHN M. WOOD.

A very good and enjoyable (we know)

public temperance meeting was held in the Universalist chapel at West Waterville, on Thursday evening. It closed a session of the Templars. Half a dozen fluent and pungent speeches, aimed at different points, kept the audience well entertained up to the time of an early adjournment. By call from the chair, Joshua Nye, Esq., always a favorite speaker in an earnest temperance audience, led in a varied talk, in which the progress of the cause, with its present political bearings and suggestions, was presented with his usual frankness.

Rev. Mr. Smith, a resident clergyman, urged the necessity of work—direct, tangible labor, by argument, importunity and action—to bring all classes under the influence of temperance principles. If he works as easily as he talks, his days-works in the cause ought to be many.

J. H. Greely, Esq., of Augusta, spoke of the progress of the cause, pointing out some of the many evidences of its advancement.

Rev. Theodore Hill, as usual, made some very marked good hits. In response to the remark of Mr. Smith, that temperance work should be aimed at the root of the evil, he said the main root of this evil, like the main root of the tree, was the TAP-ROCK, "and this is the root we are after!" In speaking of stopping the traffic, he said, "If you would dry up the sow, kill off her pigs."

Rev. Mr. Bragdon said he was engaged in organizing the children on the "triple pledge" of abstinence from rum, profanity and tobacco. He found no opposition, but needed more hearty co-operation on the part of parents and friends of the work.

Capt. J. U. Hubbard gave to visitors a warm greeting in behalf of the village, which he seemed proud to represent as destitute of a single person or shop engaged in the traffic in contraband drinks. He said that "though a democrat he should stand by his principles this year"—a remark rather equivocal to his democratic brethren, but plain enough to all others. He gave an amusing account of the arrest of "the last rum-seller" who had vexed the place. "He was bold as a lion with his threats, but covered like a whipped dog when he looked at a temperance man, and went to jail as submissively as a lamb to the slaughter."

The Kennebec Journal devotes less than half a column to the solemn fact that a reverend divine of that city, while enjoying a clam-bake somewhere, slipped down in the mud and soiled his pants. Poor dear man! but what if he did? At a late "university" commencement somewhere, they caught a lawyer and dubbed him all over with "L.L.D." and other slime, that he can never wash off. He says he can stand it as long as the clergy can! How lawyers will talk!

The "Lightfoot" club of West Waterville have challenged the "Katabdin" club of Dexter to play a game of base ball on the grounds of "Ticnic" club, in this village, on Saturday, Sept. 10. The challenge will probably be accepted, as it was given after these clubs had played two games, in both which the Katabdins were beaten, but complained of the decision of the umpire in the second. The Lightfoot club allow them to try it again.

OUR TABLE.

THE LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS.—By Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie. Literary Editor of the "Philadelphia Daily Press." With personal Recollections and Anecdotes.—Letters by "Boz," never before published.—His Last Will in Full.—T. B. Peterson & Brothers Philadelphia.

The volume contains besides a full history of Dickens's Life, his Uncollected Pieces, in Prose and Verse; Personal Recollections and Anecdotes; his last Will and Testament in full; as well as Letters from Mr. Dickens to various persons, never before published; and traces the entire career of the great Novelist from the time of his birth and first connection with journalism as a reporter, to its unexpected and lamented termination on the 9th of June, 1870. With a full account of the Funeral Services, and Dean Stanley's Funeral Sermon, preached in Westminster Abbey, on the Sunday following the funeral. It also contains a new likeness of Charles Dickens, taken from a photograph for which he was a few days prior to his death, as well as his Autograph. The whole is issued in a large duodecimo volume, bound in Green, Red, or Blue Morocco Cloth, gilt side and back. Price Two Dollars a Copy. Agents and Canvasers are wanted, Male and Female, in every town, village, and county in the United States, to engage in selling and getting subscribers to the above work, which is a good selling book. Copies of the work will be sent to any one, per first mail, post-paid, on receipt of Two Dollars by the publishers.

THE PRINCES OF ART: Painters, Sculptors and Engravers. Translated from the French by Mrs. Urbino. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Following a brief introductory essay on the Fine Arts we have short biographies of the old masters in the several departments, thirty-three in all. The volume, which is illustrated with a few portraits, is full of lively anecdotes and incidents, and makes very agreeable reading. For sale at C. K. Mathews's in Waterville.

HOURS AT HOME for September has its usual provision of excellent reading, including another installment of "Unpublished Letters of Charlotte Brontë." Somebody writes of William, Wilberforce, the philanthropist, and C. Lempiere introduces another Wilberforce—the present Bishop of Winchester—in a highly eulogistic article. Perhaps the best feature of this number is "The New Education," an address delivered at the Sheffield Scientific School, by Dr. Horace Bushnell.

The publishers announce that the publication of the Hours at Home magazine will cease with the October issue, and that it will be merged into an entirely new enterprise—the new publication to be called Scribner's monthly, an illustrated Magazine for the people. It will be conducted by Dr. J. G. Holland, and will be profusely illustrated. It will have a large, wide page, differing in this particular from any magazine in this country, and will command the best writers who can be procured here and in England. It is the design of the publishers to popularize the publication, while at the same time preserving all the better features and the price of Hours at Home. An efficient corps of writer and artists are already engaged in the preparation of articles for the first number.

The subscription price will be \$3 a year, and canvassers are wanted for the work in every town. As no club rates and no premiums are offered, agents will have the entire field. Specimen pages sent free to canvassers on application. Address Scribner & Co., 654 Broadway, New York.

EVERY SATURDAY for September 10 is one of the handsomest illustrated Papers ever issued. It contains European War Pictures, the Baden Prisoners taken at Niederbrunn; French Soldiers bathing at Nancy; A Prussian Outpost; Saarbrück; and Some Recruits for the South German Army. It has, besides, fine portraits of Mademoiselle Sessi and Geo. W. Childs of the Philadelphia Ledger; a beautiful art picture, Morning in the Desert; and three admirable summer pictures, A Picnic in the Woods, by A. Hoppin; Summer Days, by W. J. Hennessy; and On the Beach at Long Branch, by C. G. Bush.

Its Literary contents comprise able and very interesting Editorials on The Balance of Power, An Empire's Bull Run, On the Uncertainty of Things, A Desirable Caninity, etc. It has a full summary of Home and Foreign News, two additional chapters of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," a sketch of Geo. W. Childs by James Parton, and other fresh and readable articles. Altogether, it is a remarkable number of this first-class family illustrated Weekly.

Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$5 a year.

OLD AND NEW.—The September number continues the serial "John Whopper, the Newsboy." "She Writes," and "Pink and White Tyranny" (by Mrs. Stowe.) William Brigham commences in this number a series of papers on the "Church of the Latter Day Saints." There are many other papers of general interest.

Roberts Brothers, Publishers, Boston, at \$4 a year.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S HELPER is taking a front rank among the young folks' monthlies. Lively and sparkling, with its 16 pages full of just such matter as will please "young people" and "help" them to be good and happy boys and girls, it deserves a place in every family. Only 50 cts. a year. Z. Pope Vose, publisher, Rockland, Me.

The September number of "THE LITTLE COMPANION," has come to hand filled to overflowing with such a wealth of treasure for the little people that even the older ones will find it hard to resist its fascinations.

Mrs. Miller's story "Fighting the Enemy" steadily increases in interest, while "The Cricket's Golden Wedding," by Lucy Chase Bell is perfectly charming. Published by Sewell & Miller, Chicago, Ill.

Instead of resorting to any ingenious euphemism, we did indeed bluntly charge the Portland Advertiser with having lied—using, too, in the connection, certain adverbial intensifiers and aggravators; but it seems that the high opinion of our neighbor's perspicacity which we held, was not well founded; for considering the gravity of the matter under consideration, we supposed that the words we used would not be taken in their ordinary coarse signification, but as we intended them, in a purely Piewickian sense. We went on in that direction again. We are not envious of our city neighbor's superior industry and enterprise in collecting news in our locality, especially of the *jute* kind. We are willing that the metropolitan press should enjoy a monopoly of that sort of intelligence, although it enjoins upon us the task of correcting many false reports. By the way, would it not be well for the Advertiser to un-kill that poor girl whose brains were eaten out by those awful animals found in her switch; at least to the extent of admitting that the story lacks confirmation.

THE BRIDGE is making steady progress in its way across the Kennebec. The first pier and the second span are advancing together, and to those who know something about the matter the enterprise looks well.

CATTLE MARKETS.—A great many poor cattle were reported at Cambridge and Brighton this week, with prices low. No less than 1200 cattle are reported from Maine. Some light two-year-olds sold as low as \$20 per head. The price of sheep and lambs dropped about a half a dollar a head. The New England Farmer reporter says:—

We asked a drover from Northern New

York, who usually sells out at Cambridge, how he was treated by the Brighton people. He said I have no cause to complain. Nobody disturbs me or my stock. I have it all my own way. Scarcely an individual has presumed to meddle with my business, so far as to ask if my cattle are for sale, much less to manifest any inquisitiveness as to my estimate of their value. I am here in the shade, and let alone entirely. I am treated like a gentleman! Others, who had been equally undisturbed, were not so well satisfied.

One said, that with the exception of a single week, it was the meanest market he ever saw. The sole trouble is with slim cattle. Good beef is in good demand at good prices. Slim cattle are lower, 1-4 to 3-4 c per lb, according to luck or skill in the trading, with the prospect of still further concession or withdrawal of stock.

Good attendance is reported at the Kennebec Valley Camp Meeting at Richmond. It will continue over the Sabbath.

John Taylor, of Vassalboro', or B. C. Paine, of Winslow, can give what is thought to be reliable information respecting the death of A. J. Coby, who was killed in the late war. Maine papers will confer a favor on the widow, if living, by copying this.

THE SEBASTOPOOL MUSICAL CONVENTION will commence at HUNTER'S MILLS, CLINTON, on Tuesday, Sept. 27, at 1-2 o'clock P. M., and close with a concert on Friday evening, Sept. 30, under the direction of Prof. F. S. Davenport, of Bangor.

Major-General B. F. Butler, commanding the volunteer militia of the State of Massachusetts; has ordered a general muster at Concord the 6th of September, and in his order we are glad to find the following, which example we heartily commend to all "in authority":—

"Let us show, therefore, that the war has disciplined and not demoralized us; that disorders and irregularities of the camp will not be subjects of carping criticism to our enemies. To that end, let us banish from our tents the most frightful source of all wrong and disparagement, intoxicating liquors. They will not be tolerated at division headquarters. Upon consultation, the general commanding is assured that none will be found at the headquarters of either brigade, and he most fully hopes and advises that none will be used or permitted upon the field, save with the other poisons in the medicine-chest of the several surgeons."

Meeting of the Y. M. C. A. on Town Hall Common, Sunday evening at 6 o'clock. Seats will be provided.

COLBY UNIVERSITY.—The fall term commenced on Wednesday, with a class of fifteen Freshmen. The repairs on the Old Chapel are progressing.

Some of our enterprising stock raisers have gone to the New England Fair, taking some choice stock with them—Barleigh, Shores, Blake, and others. They will be heard from in the prize lists, without doubt.

A PICTURE-MAD MILLIONAIRE.—The Marquis of Hertford was the opulent Englishman who paid such enormous price for two or three pictures of Greuze, at the recent San Donato sale in Paris. His lordship purchased four lots in the catalogue, for the sum of three hundred and twenty thousand dollars. The Greuze paintings were very small, and the money they brought would have covered every square inch of the canvas many times over with sovereigns. The story is told of Lord Hertford that years ago he was in quest of a painting by some old master, which he had reason to believe was in the market. Several picture dealers were commissioned to hunt it up in the picture shops of Europe. At the end of six months a Paris dealer came to the Marquis with the news that he had at last discovered the hiding-place of the painting, but added that he had reason to believe that the owner would not part with it upon any terms. "What if you should offer him £50,000 for it?" asked the Marquis. "He would probably show me the door," replied the dealer. "Where is it?" continued the Marquis. "In the front room of the second story of your lordship's house in Manchester square," answered the dealer, "where it has been these ten years, with its face turned to the wall."

PRINCE SALM-SALM.—Prince Felix Salm-Salm, who fell at the battle of Gravelotte, belonged to the Austrian house of Salm-Salm. He married in New York the daughter of Col. LeClerq, on the 30th of Aug., 1862, an alliance which proved distasteful to his family and caused his exclusion from the Austrian Court. Soon after the outbreak of the civil war in this country he came to the United States and entered the Union army as an official, and distinguishing himself on the battle field was promoted to the rank of brigadier general. On the close of the war he went to Mexico, where he was commissioned a brigadier general and made first Aid de Camp in Chief to the Emperor Maximilian. Captured with that unhappy monarch he very nearly shared the fate of his chief, but was pardoned and sent out of the country. His devotion to and efforts to save the life of Maximilian are well known. Since the downfall of the Empire, the Prince and his wife had been residing in Germany.

The question of the authorship of Sprague's speeches has sometimes been raised and is now settled. A printer in Washington has sued the Senator and a Professor Graux to recover pay for printing a series of essays on the labor question, the currency and similar topics, and has recovered judgment against them. It seems Graux wrote the articles which were printed as Sprague's production.

A CERTAIN produce merchant in Bangor says that for the past seventeen years he has never known eggs to be as plenty at this season of year as they are now. He explains it by saying that the poultry get the whole benefit of all the green crops. The grasshoppers eat the crops, and the fowls eat the grasshoppers, crops and all.

It is a curious fact that, three weeks before the battle of Saarbrück, the Peace Society of Paris sent their deputies to Saarbrück to celebrate an international feast held there by the corresponding society in Prussia. It was held at the station, one of the first places in flames.

The Kennebec Baptist Association will meet with the Church at West Waterville, Thursday, Sept. 6th, to commence at two o'clock.

JOHN BROWN'S HOUSE AND GRAVE.—The house is unpainted and plain, though equal to the ordinary farm-houses of the region. It stands well up the hills, separated from the wilderness by a few cleared fields, commanding a majestic view of the mountain world. A few rods in front, a huge boulder, surrounded by a plain board-fence, is the fit monument of the fierce old apostle of liberty. At its foot is the grave. The headstone was brought from an old graveyard in New England, where it stood over the grave of his father, Capt. John Brown, who died in New York in 1776. The whole stone is covered with the family inscriptions: John Brown, executed at Charleston, Va., Dec. 2, 1859; Oliver and Watson, his sons, both killed at Harper's Ferry the same year; and his son Frederick, murdered in Kansas, by border ruffians in 1856. Above the little grassy enclosure towers the mighty rock, almost as high as the house, and on its summit is cut in massive granite characters the inscription: "John Brown, 1859." Standing on the top of this monumental rock, for the first time I felt that I comprehended the character of the man whose name it commemorates. I could well understand how such a man, formed in the mould of the old Scotch Covenanters and English Puritans, brooding over the horrors of slavery, foreseeing the impending struggle for liberty, maddened by the murder of his son and friends in Kansas, with the mighty northern hills looking down upon him, the rush of strong rivers, and the songs of resounding tempests, and the mystery of the illimitable wilderness all about him, should easily come to think himself inspired to descend like a mountain-torrent, and sweep the black curse from out the land. I reverently raised my hat, and sang, "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave: his soul is marching on."

My singing brought out two men, who seemed exploring the uninhabited place. They took me in their backboard; and we jolted down to the valley. They told me the estate was nearly all sold, and the family removed to California; that the man who owns the house would sell it, with a hundred and sixty acres of land, for fifteen hundred dollars, wishing to move to Kansas. Gerritt Smith's negroes have all left town; and he is still the possessor of miles of this wilderness. Last autumn the homestead was purchased by an association of gentlemen in New York, and will doubtless be preserved,—perhaps to become a famous place of pilgrimage for our children. My blacksmith friend, with whom I rode, said, "everybody in North Elba wanted to sell out and go away. For his part he didn't see why people come up there to climb them thunderin' mountains." There are probably less than four hundred people now living in this large township of eighty thousand acres.—[From "Adirondacks in August," in the September Number of "Old and New."

NEWBURY, Aug. 30.—John L. Seaverns, aged about sixty years, proprietor of the paper-making Machinery Works in this city, was murdered in a most horrible manner this evening, at about seven o'clock. The family, consisting of Mr. Seaverns, his wife and his sister, were seated at the supper table, when a pistol shot was heard, and the startled family discovered that Mr. Seaverns had been instantly killed. He was eating a cracker, a portion of which was in his mouth, the other he was in the act of spreading, the knife and cracker being retained in his grasp after death. His head fell forward until the body leaned against the table. Not a sound or groan escaped his lips, the upturned eyes alone indicating that he had expired. The weapon used was a four-barreled pistol, but only a single shot was fired, that entered the base of the brain behind the ear, and passed downward diagonally across the chest. So near was the weapon to the victim's neck that the flesh was badly discolored with the powder. The assassin crept so stealthily behind him from the back door that none of the family noticed his presence until the deed was done. His name is supposed to be Buffon. About ten days since he, together with one of his victim's sons, was discharged as cured from the Worcester, Mass., Insane Asylum, where they had been confined as regular inmates together. For some days they have been indulging in liquor. Yesterday their condition attracted Mr. Seaverns' notice, and he severely reprimanded them, and gave Buffon, who was without money, \$6, and ordered him away from the house. Buffon was in a great rage, and an angry war of words ensued. This morning the murderer displayed his pistol while in a barber's shop, and remarked that it was heavy enough for his purpose. As he was unknown, no notice was taken of his words. The pistol is new, was bought today, and probably paid for with the money received from Mr. Seaverns. The news of the tragedy spread like wildfire all over the city, and an immense and excited crowd gathered in the streets around the house. As Sheriff Tuttle and Chief of Police Goodrich entered the house, Buffon retreated up the stairs and attempted to fire upon them, but was immediately secured and taken to the county jail with young Seaverns. Both are pronounced insane. This alone, with the exertions of the police, restrained the crowd from a Lynch execution on the spot. The sheriff has a large posse on duty, and the police force is doubled. The streets are still crowded at nearly midnight, and the entire city is wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement. Mr. Seaverns was of a most quiet, mild and inoffensive disposition, a wealthy and esteemed citizen, and his establishment is the largest of its kind in the country. The inquest is adjourned until Wednesday.—[Special despatch to the New York Times.

The report that a young man at Alleghany, Pa., lost his speech by the explosion of a fire-cracker on the Fourth of July, bothered the doctors for a long time, when they found out that it was a written speech that he lost which was in his pocket, and took fire from the cracker, they dismissed the subject in disgust.

The Bangor Whig contains a call for a public meeting of the Republicans of that city, to be held at Norumbega Hall, next Saturday evening to take measures to promote the election of Gen. Chamberlain to the United States Senate. The call is signed by 572 Republican voters and among the names we notice those of half a dozen ex-Mayors, Hon. G. W. Pickering, Hon. Charles Stetson, Hon. S. P. Strickland, and others of the heavy tax-payers, Hon. S. H. Blake and Hon. Albert W. Paine, Gens. H. M. Plaisted, George Varney and Daniel White, and a large number of the leading merchants, mechanics and professional men of Bangor.—[Port. Adv.

The Maine Farmer says that D. C. Pottle, of Alna, has two apple trees that had never borne any fruit nor even blossomed, till they were thirty years old, they were in good health, and one had been grafted 16 years. He spread a few quarts of salt under them, and had crops from them the next year, and ever since. This was six years ago and the application of salt was not repeated.

PAPAL INFALLIBILITY.—The news of the "Definition" of the infallibility dogma, as the ceremony of the 18th of July is called at Rome, was carried to you by the cable wires, and you probably heard also of the remarkable storm which occurred on that morning. At the very moment the result of the votes was announced and the Pope rose to make his little speech, there came a tremendous thunderbolt; it struck the dome of the north transept of St. Peter's, in which is the Council Hall, and tore off some glasses on the outside of the Abiss directly behind the Pope's chair. The Council Hall was as sombre as a cavern, and St. Peter's, usually so flooded with light, even on a rainy day, was dark and gloomy. All the morning the thunder rumbled and the lightning played in at the clerestory windows of the hall most alarmingly. There was really no danger for St. Peter's was well preserved by zinc, but I own up to having felt at the time what is called "superstitions." The strange events mentioned by Gibbon and other historians which occurred in the reign of Justinian and the early ages of the church when this peninsula was shaken into barbarism by earthquakes, and the rare culture and civilization of Paganism were destroyed by tumultuous nature, come back most disagreeably to my memory.

There has been no "Promulgation Day," no firing of cannon from the Castle of St. Angelo with rejoicing, responding batteries from the Janiculum and Aventine, no fireworks nor illuminations. The famous old acacia wood ivory and gold chair from which St. Peter is believed to have consecrated the first Pontiff, ordained the first priests in the Catacombs of the Vatican, preached and administered the sacraments to neophytes whose white baptismal robes were many times stained in a few hours with the blood of martyrdom,—this curious old chair, which was to have been uncovered in honor of the Definition still remains hidden under the superb bronze case, high up in the tribune of St. Peter's.

The great and solemn act which many think was the sentence of death to papal temporal power, was made as hurriedly and quietly as possible. There was no parade of show or ceremony. The council hall was only half full of fathers. Five hundred and thirty-five are said to have been present, and five hundred and three votes are given as the amount of affirmatives.

The night of the 17th seven leading fathers of the minority waited on the Pope and besought him to at least defer the public session he had announced for the following day. Their entreaties were of so little value, that after they left it was said, His Holiness ordered the words *abque consensu ecclesie* to be added to the definition, thus amplifying instead of restricting the dogma.—[Anne Brewster in Boston Advertiser.

A PORTLAND (Oregon) paper relates a little incident which recently occurred in that vicinity, and is a fair practical illustration of the question of cheap Chinese labor, worth a dozen chapters of abstract political economy. A certain Judge, an ardent Democratic politician, of Portland, had dumped at his door a load of wood, when immediately a Chinese woodsawyer asked for the job of sawing it up.

"How much?" asked the Judge.

"Hap dollar," replied John, and a bargain was about to be struck, when an Irish-American citizen, of the blue blood, demanded the job.

"How much?" again asked the Judge.

"A dollar, and a half," replied American citizen. The Judge demurred, replying that the Chinaman had just offered to do the same work for a half-dollar.

"However," he said, "as I prefer to encourage white American labor, I will pay you a dollar and a half," whereupon the white constituent prepared for the work, and John returned away disappointed. But the Judge returned some hours afterwards, and to his surprise, found the Chinaman and not the white man at work upon his woodpile.

"How's this, how's this?" said his Honor "who told you to saw my wood?"

"Melican man," said John.

"How much he pay?" queried the Judge.

"Hap dollar," said John.

The Judge accepted this lesson on cheap Asiatic labor, and understands now that his fellow democrat was wiser than he in giving up labor with his own hands, and in rising at once to the dignity of an employer by buying labor at fifty cents, and selling it again at 200 per cent. advance.

ABOUT eight years ago, George E. Crockett of Parkman, caught four or five speckled trout and placed them in a pond adjoining his farm and he now enjoys an abundance of this delicate fish which usually weigh from two to four pounds each,—thus demonstrating that trout is an easy crop to raise, but they need water, and will not thrive without it. Mr. Crockett finds his fish pond to be a source of considerable income.

"The Best the Cheapest"

Clippers Mowers and Reapers.

Having had over twenty years experience in the Hardware, Store, Tin Ware and Agricultural Tool business, I take pleasure in saying to those wanting to purchase a Mowing machine, that I believe the OLIVER REAPER has more points of excellence than any other mower yet put into the market.—Such as

Light Draft, Ease of Management, Safety to Driver and Team, Center Lifting Draught, Running directly to the Center Bar which, when it meets an obstruction often lifts and passes over it, instead of obtruding harder downward against it, as many in the market think. The team was in, and the wheels follow in the tracks made by the track board.

It does not get the team by shaking the harness or bearing on the wheels.

The Clipper was awarded the preference at field trials at Lewiston, Waterville and Bangor. In some of these trials were after the following machines—J. Smith, Union, American Advance, and others. On the one horse trial at Lewiston, a horse weighing only 700 pounds was used; and at Bangor, one weighing only 725 pounds, and neither had ever pulled a mower before.

I know these machines are durable, as I have had for the past three years a large stock of Repair parts, and nearly all there is in Maine, a very few of which have been sold. I have an assortment of the best quality of Wheel Hakes, Serpents, Forks, &c. Oil for Mowing Machines, &c., &c.

J. H. GILBERT, KENDALL'S MILLS.

Wilson Low, Esq., of Fairfield, owning one of the best farms in that town, wanting a new mower, took a "Sprague" and "Clipper" on trial at one time, and PURCHASED the Clipper. He used the Clipper for six years, and it is now in the hands of a new owner.

MISCELLANY.

THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

Oh, memories of green and pleasant places,
Where happy little birds their notes twittered low!
Oh, days that in the dear familiar faces
We beamed long ago!

From barren heights their sweetness we remember,
And backward gaze with wistful, yearning eyes,
As hearts regret, mid snowdrifts of December,
The summer's sunny skies.

Glad hours that seemed their rainbow tints to borrow
From some illumined page of fairy lore;
Bright days that never lacked a bright to-morrow,
Days that return no more.

Fair gardens, with their many-blossomed alleys,
And red roses breathing out perfume;
Deep violet nooks in green, sequestered valleys,
Embraced o'er with bloom.

Sunset that lighted up the brown-leaved beeches,
Turning their dark glooms to glowing gold;
Moonlight that on the river's fern-fringed reaches
Streamed white-rayed, silvery cold.

O'er meadows black we wander weary-hearted,
Through many a tangled wild, and thorny maze,
Remembering as in dreams the days departed,
The by-gone happy days.

FLIES.—We have often seen a fly walking upon the ceiling or upon any inverted surface, or running up a smooth pane of glass, and we may have wondered how it managed not only to hold on, but to run about so nimbly. An examination of that wonderful machine, a fly's foot, by a powerful microscope, will explain the whole of the very simple contrivance by which it seems to set the laws of gravitation at defiance. There have been several very clever guesses. Some have fancied that the hairs on its foot could take advantage of the slightest irregularity of surface; others that the foot was furnished with a natural air-pump, by which the air in its hollow was exhausted, and that it thus clung like a cupping-glass when applied to flesh, by the pressure of the atmosphere outside. Now, if we examine the foot, we shall find it to be composed of a pair of pads with a pair of hooks above them, and the pads clothed with a number of very fine, short hairs. Each pad is hollow, with a little nipple projecting into it. Behind the nipple is a bag connected with it, filled with a very clear transparent gum. This gum, which is a white liquid, exudes from the nipple by the pressure of the insect in walking, and fills the hollow. The hairs are also hollow, with trumpet-shaped mouths; and these are also filled with the gum. The gum becomes hard the moment it is exposed to the air, and will not dissolve in water. Thus at every step, the fly glues itself to the surface; and so tenacious is the gum that one foot is quite sufficient to bear the weight of the whole suspended body. If we examine the footprints of a fly on a window-pane by a powerful magnifier, we shall find that each foot-mark consists of rows of dots corresponding to the hairs on the foot-pads; in fact, the foot-print is merely the traces of the gum that has been left behind. But how is it that the fly is not glued for life to the spot, at the very first step it takes? It might be so, if it tried to lift up its foot directly in a perpendicular direction; but it draws it up gently in a slanting direction, detaching the hairs in single rows, just as we might remove a moist postage-stamp by beginning at one corner and gently drawing it back. When, however, the insect is deceased, the gum is very apt to harden, and at its death it at once becomes solid. Then we may often see a dead fly firmly attached to the wall, or to a window pane, with a dull colored mark on the glass. This is caused by the fluid having glued the weak or sickly insect to its last resting place, and having then hardened, the fly is cemented to the spot till it decays away, leaving the legs behind. So very small are these trumpet-shaped hairs that there are more than 1,000 on each footpad. We may add that moths, beetles, and all other insects, have the same kind of gum secreted under their footpads. Not less wonderful is the brain, or rather that which stands for it, in the fly. But it must not be thought that insects have brains like the higher animals. In all these there is a large mass of brain protected by the skull, from which the spinal cord or marrow, which is a sort of continuation of the brain, extends to the extremity of the backbone. Insects have nothing like this, though they have what answers the same purpose in their organization. They have what are called ganglions, or large clusters of nerves, from which fine threads run in different directions. But instead of their being collected into one centre, there are different groups of them in different parts of the body; those of the head supplying the different organs of sense, the mouth, the eyes, and the antennae by which they smell, those of the thorax or middle section of the insect supplying the place of the heart, and being the nerve centre of animal life, while another set supply the stomach or abdomen. From this separation it happens that the life of the insect chiefly depends on the thorax or middle part. If this is crushed the fly is instantly killed, and there is not the slightest motion afterwards. But if the head be cut off, while this ceases to move or to show any sensibility, the body will move for hours. It breathed upon or touched with a needle, there will be an attempt to run or fly; if dust or water be dropped either on the legs or abdomen, the feet will at once begin to rub it off. This seems to prove that these movements of the insect are at all times not the result of intelligence, but simply involuntary natural action.

[Good Words for the Young.]

LOST WOMEN.—My friends, has it ever occurred to you what a commentary upon our civilization are these lost women and the attitude of society toward them? A little child strays from the home inclosure, and the whole community is on the alert to find the wanderer and to restore it to its mother's arms. What rejoicings when it is found, what tearful sympathy, what heartiness of congratulations! There are no harsh comments upon the poor, tired feet, be they ever so dirty, no reprimand for the soiled and torn garments, no lack of kisses for the tear-stained face. But let the child be grown to womanhood, let her be led from the inclosure of morality by the voice of affection, or driven from it by the scourge of want—what happens then? Do Christian men and women go in quest of her? Do they provide all possible help for her return, or if she returns of her own motion, do they receive her with such kindness as to secure her from wandering again? Far from it. At the first false step she is denounced as lost—lost, echo friends and relatives—we disown you; not only come near us to disgrace us. Lost, says society indifferently. How bad these girls are! and lost, irretrievably lost—is the prompt verdict of conventional morality, while one and all unite in bolting every door between her and respectability. Ah, will not those lost ones be required at our hands in the great hereafter?—Mrs. Burleigh.

Housekeepers know how quickly lemons lose their flavor and rot. An exchange says that by putting them in a jar of water, which is changed every day or two, they may be kept fresh for several weeks.

New Firm.

WE have this day entered into a partnership, under the name of **MAYO BROTHERS**, to carry on the

BOOT & SHOE BUSINESS.

And will continue to occupy

The Old Stand opposite the Post Office.

Where will be found a full assortment of

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS.

For Ladies', Gentlemen's & Children's Wear.

We propose to enlarge our stock, and shall keep the largest assortment of Ladies', Misses and Children's Boots, Shoes and Rubbers to be found in Waterville.

We shall manufacture to measure

GENTLEMEN'S CALF BOOTS,

BOTH PEGGED AND SEWED.

REPAIRING of all kinds neatly and promptly done.

Altering to suit a new business hereafter, we shall of course be able to give our customers even better terms than heretofore, and we trust by prompt attention to business and fair dealing to deserve and receive a liberal share of public patronage.

O. F. MAYO
A. L. MAYO.

Waterville, March 1, 1870.

THE above change of business, makes it necessary to settle all the old accounts of O. F. Mayo, and all indebted to the subscriber are requested to call and pay their bills immediately.

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THE OLD STAND

RE-OPENED.

Having bought the Stock in trade of the late W. A. Caffrey, I propose to continue the business at the old stand. I shall have at all times a full assortment of

FURNITURE,

Lozenges, Mirrors, Feather, &c.

And all goods usually kept in this line of business.

In addition to the above goods, I have the largest and best stock of

CROCKERY & GLASS WARE

Ever opened in Waterville. Also

Tapestry, Three-ply, Ingrain, Hemp, Straw, and Oil Cloth Carpets.

Burial Caskets and Coffins always on hand, at satisfactory prices.

I shall keep a full assortment of CHAMBER SETS, Walnut, Chestnut, Ash and Pine. The Pine sets have been by us good workmen as can be found on the river. They are worth very much more than those thrown together, as most of them are.

I shall keep a large variety of LAMPS, BRACKETS, GLOBES, &c.

MIRROR PLATES fitted to Frames of all sizes.

REPAIRING and PAINTING Furniture done at all times.

All of the above goods I sell as low as any one in Waterville will sell them, and all are pleased to price them, and judge for themselves before purchasing.

C. H. REDINGTON.

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