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By J. H. Yale.

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MANNING'S COLUMN.

E. T. MANNING & CO.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
DOMESTIC & FOREIGN
Dry Goods, Carpets, Oil Cloths, &c.,
59 Franklin Square, Utica, N. Y.
ONE PRICE ONLY.

IF YOU WANT TO SAVE 15 per cent. on
CARPETS, FLOOR OIL CLOTHS,
CORNICES,
French & Nottingham Lace Curtains,
MATTING, RUGS, &c., call at once on
E. T. MANNING & CO.,
59 Franklin Square, Utica, N. Y.
THEY ONLY ASK ONE PRICE.

AS THE VALUE OF GOLD INCREASES
A SILK GOODS go up in proportion, and
timid merchants, fearful of the result, will
not buy. Not so with **E. T. MANNING & CO.,**
they have on exhibition a full stock of
PLAIN BLACK SILKS,
PLAIN AND COLORED PRO DE SWA'S
ARMEURS, in BLACK AND COLORS,
a large assortment of FANCY SILKS,
including a full line of BLACK
and WHITE CHECKS, &c.
E. T. MANNING & CO.,
59 Franklin Square, Utica, N. Y.
STRICTLY ONE PRICE.

IT WILL BE NECESSARY to examine
our stock of
Spring and Summer Dress Goods,
to get a full idea of its extent. All the new
designs in French, English and American
patterns will be found, and the fabrics will
consist of Poplins, Armeurs, Hungarian,
Striped, Figured and Plain Tissues,
Crape, Serges, Alpaca, Mohair, &c. You
can
BUY AT ONE PRICE,
at **E. T. MANNING & CO.'S,**
59 Franklin Square, Utica, N. Y.

For Dry Goods and Carpets,
GO TO THE BEST SUPPLIED ESTABLISH-
MENT IN CENTRAL NEW YORK,
where they have
BUT ONE PRICE.
E. T. MANNING & CO.,
59 Franklin Square, Utica.

WE have on hand, of our last Summer's
Importation, \$7000 worth of
Linen Damask Table Cloths, Linen De-
mask Napkins, 8-4 Linen Dam-
ask Table Cloths, Pillow Case Lin-
en, Linen Sheetings, Fine
Irish Fronting Linen,
Diaper and
HUCKABUCK TOWELS,
call on **E. T. MANNING & CO.,** 59 Franklin
Square, Utica, N. Y., and save 50 per cent. on
Linen Goods.
ONE PRICE ONLY.

COTTON HOSIERY!
FROM the exorbitant rate of Exchange, is
now double the original price, but as
our stock of
FOREIGN HOISERY
was purchased last fall, we can sell them 50
per cent. less than present imported prices.
E. T. MANNING & CO.,
59 Franklin Square, Utica,
NO SECOND PRICE.

THE only inducement we can hold out to
our Customers on
DOMESTIC GOODS,
such as Prints, Ginghams, Sheetings, Shirt-
ings, Flannels, Denims, Ticks, &c., is to offer
them from
10 to 15 per cent. less than Factory prices.
E. T. MANNING & CO.,
59 Franklin Square, Utica, N. Y.
WE ASK BUT ONE PRICE.

WE WOULD CALL SPECIAL NOTICE
to our
Cloak and Shawl Room.
We offer 300 SIK SAKQUES and MANTIL-
LAS at LAST YEAR'S PRICES. These
garments are worth 50 per cent. more, but
our customers must have the benefit. Our
assortment of Shawls is complete, and in the
same room will be found a full assortment of
Millinery Goods, Hoop Skirts, &c.
E. T. MANNING & CO.,
59 Franklin Square, Utica, N. Y.
ONE PRICE STORE.

THE MAN WITH THE

A MYSTERY.

It was during a whim-prompted love
of locomotion, that I one morning mount-
ed the Dover coach, and, having se-
cured a comfortable seat on the roof, I
indulged myself with a pinch of Skin-
ners "19," and offered the box to a
person who sat opposite—such being my
usual method of introducing myself to
strangers.

"Not I, sir," said he; "I never snuff.
Thank Heaven! I've no small vices; I
can find other ways to cheat Time's
wings of their lead."

The speaker was a singular looking
being, possessed of sharp, animated fea-
tures, and a quick, dark eye. His at-
tire was strangely fashioned, and con-
sisted of a suit of prepared canvass, a
hat covered with the same, gloves of
ditto, and a pair of brown shoes, armed
with double soles. Somewhat discon-
certed, I sought for something else to
occupy my mind; and soon found it in
contemplating the objects around. My
companions were, as I afterwards found,
a half-pay officer, a Methodist parson,
whom we called the "gentleman in
black," and my friend of the canvass
coat. Our conversation was at first
confined to the localities through which
we passed. The Park, the noble Hospi-
tal of Greenwich, and the majestic,
silver-bosomed Thames, which sweeps
in front, form as varied a series of views
as the lovers of the picturesque could
well desire; not to mention the emo-
tions excited by a bird's-eye peep at the
glorious edifice—the retreat of heroes—
bringing to mind a thousand glorious
deeds of old, with a thousand tales of
peaceful security in recompense. The
gentleman with canvass clothes gave
utterance to his thoughts on the subject
in language which astonished me. It
was really eloquent.

"Cheat Time's wings of their lead!"
you would rob his glass of half its sand,"
exclaimed the officer, who was evidently
an enthusiast, and had been considera-
bly amused by the traveller, previous to
my accession to the party.

"Nay, I would rather add to the
quantity; but then it should be dust of
gold, to glitter as it went!" said he of
the canvass. The superiority of his ad-
dress and conversation over his appear-
ance induced me to form a higher opin-
ion of him than his garb warranted.
My conventional scruples were at once
ended, for I saw he was a man of mind;
and, inhaling one more pinch of pun-
gent Portugal, I determined in my own
mind that he should be my companion for
the journey. At this moment the
coach stopped for the purpose of per-
mitting an inside passenger, who had
arrived at his destination, to alight; and,
during the temporary delay so occa-
sioned, two mendicants approached,
whose appearance alone might have
warmed with charity the coldest heart.
One was an old man, whose silver hair
and beard spoke silently in his fa-
vor; his clothes were tattered and his
cheeks sadly furrowed, and he was to-
tally blind. The other was a girl not
more than sixteen, with such a pensive
countenance, and such an appealing blue
eye, that I involuntarily threw her a
piece of silver. The captain's feelings
were similarly acted upon; but the
gentleman in black buttoned up his
coat, and sub-acidly exclaimed, "Young
woman, young woman, you ought to
know that we are commanded not to eat
the bread of idleness—fie! depart to la-
bor—I encourage not sloth."

Never was rebuke more harshly
made, nor more meekly taken. The girl
curtsied, and placed the old man's pow-

erless hand upon her shoulder, as if to
intimate that a continual burden like
that could be no idle lot. I am sure
that such was her meaning, for, though
she had been amply relieved, I heard
her sob, and saw the big tear swelling
in her eye as she turned to lead her tot-
tering parent. God knows my heart
ached for her. I believe that the man
in canvass entertained similar senti-
ments; for, in a very subdued tone, he
exclaimed, "Poor, unfortunate girl!—
poor, feeble fellow! Egad, I ought to
give them something. Here, coachey!
lend me a couple of shillings till I have
an opportunity of getting change, will
you?"

"Who's that as wants two shillings?"
inquired Jarvey, as he was putting on
his gloves, and adjusting his reins; pre-
vious to mounting.

"I'll learn," said the guard, coming
round to the side whence the voice pro-
ceeded. "Any gentleman asking for
two shillings?" he bawled.

"Yes I did," returned my opposite
neighbor.

"O!" said the other, "it's 'the man
with the'—"

"Ah! then it's all right," inter-
rupted the coachman; "hand him over
the blunt."

"The man with the—what?" won-
dered I.

"Thankee, thankee," said the bor-
rower; then, casting a furtive glance at
him of the sables, he called back the
young woman, and gently dropping the
money into her hand, added, in a tone
of benevolence, "Here, sweeting, here's
for food; and when you raise it to your
lips, do so with the conscious assurance
that it is more worthily earned than the
bread which cost daily wrings from
poverty."

Again the girl curtsied; but this
time a smile accompanied the action,
which added wonderfully to her grace-
ful beauty.

"Come, I think I have managed that
very nicely," said the last speaker.
"I've relieved that girl without dipping
into the odd change which I have re-
served for the necessary expenses on
the road, and it is more than probable
that coachey may forget to ask for re-
payment—so that I shall be nothing out
of pocket;" and he chuckled at the
thought.

This piece of meanness quite took the
poetry out of the man; and, when hap-
pening to look back, I saw the female
on whom he had bestowed his alms,
gazing with glistening eye upon a piece
of gold which she held between the
shillings in her hand, and heard her ex-
claim, "O, father! I have again seen
the good gentleman with the —,"
I lost the last words, for crack went the
whip, and off we all started like light-
ning.

"With the—what?" My curiosity
was raised.

Not long after this the atmosphere
darkened, and in a few minutes a copious
shower of rain unmercifully de-
scended upon our heads, and as there
was not an umbrella amongst us, we
were speedily soaked, with the excep-
tion of the man in canvass, who sat
laughing at the rain, as in defiance.

"This may be sport to you, but it is
death to us, as the frog says in the fa-
ble," observed the half-pay officer, much
annoyed at his ill timed mirth.

"I really ask your pardon," returned
he, "but it is enough to tickle the dia-
phragm of an orang-outang to see
yourself, my friend with the snuff-box,
and the gentleman in black, there, all
dripping with wet, when a little common
prudence would enable you to walk dry
beneath the Falls of Niagara. See
here—the water runs off me like a duck;

on account of the materials I use for
clothing. But it's all my own inven-
tion—made of number one canvass,
lined with flannel. Capital stuff! get
some and try, but be sure not to ask for
number two; if you wish to take care of
number one—ha, ha, ha!" and he
laughed every now and then at this joke
until we changed horses.

"Save its appearance, I do not deny
the utility of such clothing; but where-
in consists the secret of rendering it so
impervious to wet?" I inquired.

"In oil of tar," he replied; "steep
number one canvass in that, and you
are water-proof for life, but have a care:
all other oils, after a time, evaporate,
and leave the canvass stiff and harsh—
oil of tar always keeps things pliable.
Then for shoes, you should never think
of buying that crackity-crackity trash
which, for the sake of look, is generally
worn. No, no; purchase your own
leather, same as I do; not blacked, but
tanned—the black they use rots the
leather—prepare it with oil of tar, and
when you want it made up, have it done
under your own nose, or the thief of a
cobbler will humbug you most barba-
rously. Make him put on two solid
soles, and not cram any infernal rab-
bish in to bulge them out and soak up
the water. Here, look at these; I had
them made on purpose for hard weather
—they'll never wear out; I can't live
long enough to wear them out; had
Adam worn these, and existed till now,
he couldn't have worn them out!"

A short time after this dissertation on
leather, the sun once more peeped upon
us, and drove away the angry clouds
with their liquid burdens. The weather
is an inexhaustible topic, and we each
had something to say on the change.

"Behold!" exclaimed the canvass
man, "behold how delicately the light
shines upon the tearful face of nature,
as if to impart a portion of its own glad-
ness to her. Ah! now she is gay again,
and every hill is sheen, and every tree
bears a myriad of illuminated drops.
O, I would not be an atheist for all the
world, to be deprived of the rapturous
enjoyment of sending up my heart to
the Almighty on these occasions!"

This touch of enthusiasm at the tail
of oil of tar, number one canvass, and
tanned leather, came forth so singularly
that I hardly knew whether to laugh or
to admire. I resolved, however, to
fathom my friend's eccentricities; but
became more soiled and puzzled every
minute at the broad humor, poetical
ideas, vulgarity and refinement, which
alternately characterized him; and, dur-
ing our converse, he took a cigar from
his pocket, and having lighted it by
means of a tinder-box, he applied his
lips to it and puffed away with symp-
toms of strong satisfaction.

"I beg you will not blow your smoke
so much this way; it both blinds and
chokes me, sir," said the gentleman in
black, rather surlily; for he seemed to
look upon the other as a very graceless
sort of being.

"Sir, I will reply to you by asking
you to solve me a riddle," said the smok-
er—"why is the north-east wind like
a recruit in the 47th foot?"

"I cannot tell, sir, indeed," said he
in black, excessively piqued.

"Because, sir, it goeth where it list-
eth," returned the man of canvass.

The gentleman in black was still
more annoyed by the mirth which this
sally occasioned.

"A filthy practice," said he; "one
neither beneficial to yourself nor useful
to others."

"Aha! say you so, my man of sa-
ble?" returned he of canvass; "doth it
not teach a moral? While watching
he fickle vapor as it struggles with the

Breeze, are we not forcibly reminded of
life and its changes—call the humid
matter man; and we see him now de-
pressed, then elevated; sometimes
strong, sometimes weak; and when at
last he gains something like an altitude,
fate—a puff of wind—shows us how
transient a nature he is. Look at the
remains of this cigar; it is now worn
torn, useless, and near its end—like the
thankless world we drop it from our
lips, and then, what is it less than the
noblest frame that ever trod the earth,
when laid low? a little heap of ashes!"

There was something beautiful in the
solemnity of the speaker's tone. He
was fighting a battle with his small
weapons, but he silenced the parson.
The gentleman in sable looked as black
as his own coat upon the matter, not
having a single sentence to reply. We
now stopped to change horses, and
gladly embraced the opportunity of de-
scending to warm our chilled insides
with a toothful of brandy. Suffering
the others to precede me, I went up to
the coachman in order to learn, if pos-
sible, who the odd personage was that
had so excited my curiosity.

"Ha! ha! he's a run un; air, en't
he?" said the handler of whips, by way
of answer to my inquiry.

"Yes, yes; but who is he?" said I,
impatiently.

"Who is he?" reiterated the coach-
man; "blow me tight if I know. Why
Lord bless you, sir, we none of us
knows nothing about him, though he
comes this road very often—so we call
him the man with the —."

"Here, coachman," interrupted a
fellow, puffing and blowing, "deliver
this parcel the moment you reach Do-
ver," thrusting a large package into his
hand.

"Yes, sir," said Jehu, touching his
hat, and immediately afterwards three
or four came on the same errand, and
effectually cut short my inquiries.
Positive that it would prove of no avail
to seek further information just then, I
entered the inn, and pursued my way
into the parlor, where I found all the
passengers assembled, except the man
in canvass, and on inquiring for him,
was told that he had preferred taking
his glass in the tap-room, as it would
cost him a penny less there than in the
parlor. I thereupon left the room to
join him, and in the passage met a
waiter with some liquor in his hand, and
thinking this to be what I had ordered
when I went in, I offered to take it my-
self.

"This en't yours, sir; it's for the gen-
tleman in the tap," said he; "I must
serve him before any one else."

"Indeed! is he a man of such impor-
tance then?" I inquired.

"Isn't he, by jingo? was the laconic
and comprehensive reply.

"Then who may he be?"

"Why, d'ye see, everybody knows
him, and yet nobody don't know him, if
you can make that out; but from the
circumstance of—"

"Ag, that's what I want to know—
the circumstance of—"

"John, make haste with that brandy
and water; what are you waiting there
for?" interrupted the landlady, in a
treble squeak.

"Directly, ma'am—and so you see,
sir, on that account, we calls him the in-
dividual with the —"

Tingle, tingle, tingle, chimed the ac-
cursed bell.

"Coming, coming," responded the
waiter, starting off, and leaving me in
agony. However, I made all speed to
the tap, and found my oil of tar friend
drinking a glass of ale, and gravely re-
buking the waiter for detaining it so
long. "You are of the right kidney."