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Daniel Ripley Wing

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The next day the whole castle appeared to Lady Matilda (though she was in some degree reduced from it) all tumult and bustle, as was usually the case while Lord Elmwood was there. She saw from her windows the servants' footmen, and carriages driving with fury; all the signs of a nobleman; and it sometimes elated, at other times depressed.

These impressions, however, and others of fear and anxiety, which her father's arrival had excited, by degrees wore off; and after some little time, she was in the same tranquil state that she enjoyed before he came.

His visits, which passed a week or two with him; he paid visits himself for several days; and thus the time stole away, till it was about four weeks from the time that he had arrived; in which long period, Sandford, with all his penetration, could never clearly discover whether he had once called to mind that his daughter was living in the same house. He had not once named her (that was not extraordinary) consequently no one dared name her to him; but he had not even mentioned Miss Woodley, of whom he had so lately spoken in the kindest terms, and had said, 'he should take pleasure in seeing her again.' From these contradictions in Lord Elmwood's behavior in respect to her, it was Miss Woodley's plan neither to throw herself in his way, nor avoid him. She therefore, frequently walked about the house while he was in it, not entirely without restraint, but at least with the show of liberty. This freedom, indulged for some time without peril, became at last less cautious; and as no ill consequences had arisen from its practice, her scruples gradually ceased.

One morning, however, as she was crossing the large hall, thoughless of danger, a footstep at a distance alarmed her almost without knowing why. She stopped for a moment, thinking to herself, 'the steps approached quicker, and before she could retreat, she beheld Lord Elmwood at the other end of the hall, and perceived that he saw her.' It was too late to retreat; what was to be done; she could not go back, and had not courage to go on; so she therefore stood still. Disconcerted, and much affected at his sight, (her former intimacy coming to her mind with the many years, and many occurrences passed since the last saw him,) all her intentions, all her meditative schemes for to conduct herself on such an occasion, gave way to a sudden shock—and to make the meeting yet more distressing, her very fright, she knew, would serve to recall more powerfully to his mind the subject she most wished him to forget. The steward was with him, and as they came up close by her side, Giffard, observing him look at her earnestly, said softly, but so as she heard him, 'My Lord, it is Miss Woodley.'

Lord Elmwood took off his hat instantly—and, with an apparent friendly warmth, laying hold of her hand, he said, 'Indeed, Miss Woodley, I did not know you—I am very glad to see you.' And, while he spoke, shook her hand with a cordiality which her tender heart could not bear, and never did she feel so hard a struggle as to restrain her tears. But the thought of Matilda's fate, the idea of awakening in his mind a sentiment that might irritate him against his child, wrought more forcibly than every effort; and though she could not reply distinctly, she replied without weeping. Whether he saw her embarrassment, and wished to release her from it, or was in haste to conceal his own, he left her almost instantly; but not till he had entreated she would dine that very day with him and Mr. Sandford, who were to dine with another company. She hurriedly assented, and flew to tell Matilda what had occurred. After listening with anxiety and with joy to all she told, Matilda laid hold of that hand which she had Lord Elmwood had held, and pressed it to her lips with love and reverence.

When Miss Woodley made her appearance at dinner, Sandford (who had not seen her since the invitation, and did not know of it) looked amazed on which Lord Elmwood said, 'Do you know, Sandford, I met Miss Woodley this morning, and had it not been for Giffard, I should have passed her without knowing her—but, Miss Woodley, if I am not so much altered but that you knew me, I take it upkind that you did not speak first.' She was unable to speak even now—he saw it, and changed the conversation; when Sandford eagerly joined in discourse, which relieved him from the pain of the former.

As they advanced in their dinner, the embarrassment of Miss Woodley and of Mr. Sandford diminished; Lord Elmwood in his turn became, not embarrassed, but absent and melancholy. He now and then sighed heavily, and called for wine much of tender than he was accustomed.

When Miss Woodley took her leave, he invited her to dine with him and Sandford when it was convenient to her; he said, besides, many things of the same kind, and all with the utmost civility, yet not with that warmth with which he had spoken in the morning—into that he had been surprised—his coolness was the effect of reflection.

When she came to Lady Matilda, and Sandford had joined them, they talked and deliberated on what had passed.

'You acknowledge, Mr. Sandford,' said Miss Woodley, 'that you think my presence affected Lord Elmwood, so as to make him much more thoughtful than usual: if you imagine these thoughts were upon Lady Elmwood, I will never intrude again; but if you suppose that I made him think of his daughter, I cannot say too often.'

'I don't see how he can divide those two objects in his mind,' replied Sandford, 'therefore you must even visit him on, and take your chance, what reflections you may cause—but, be they what they will, time will steal away from you that power of affecting him.'

She concurred in the opinion, and occasionally she walked into Lord Elmwood's apartments, as she did, or took her coffee with him; she was, indeed, seated, and observed, according to Sandford's prediction, that time wore off the impression her visits first made. Lord Elmwood now became just the same before her as before others. She easily discerned, too, through all that politeness which he assumed, that he was no longer the considerate, the forbearing character he formerly was; but haughty, impatient, imperious, and more than ever unamiable.

When Lord Elmwood had been at his country seat about six weeks, Mr. Rushbrook, his nephew, and his adopted child—this friendless boy whom Lady Elmwood first introduced into his uncle's house, and by her kindness preserved—arrived from his travels, and was received by his uncle with all the marks of affection due to the man he thought worthy to be his heir. Rushbrook had been a beautiful boy, and was now an extremely handsome young man; he had made unusual progress in his studies, had completed the tour of Italy and Germany, and returned home with the elegant address of a perfect man of fashion—there was, besides, an elegance and persuasion in his manner almost irresistible. Yet he was not so much as Sandford, and put forth his hand

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to take his, Sandford, with evident reluctance, gave it to him; and when Lord Elmwood asked him, in the young man's presence, 'If he did not think his nephew greatly improved?' he looked at him from head to foot, and muttered, 'He could not say he observed it.' The color heightened in Mr. Rushbrook's face upon the occasion, but he was too well bred not to be in perfect good humor.

Sandford saw this young man treated in the house of Lord Elmwood, with the same respect and attention as if he had been his son; and it was but probable that the old priest would make a comparison between the situation of him and of Lady Matilda Elmwood. Before her, it was Sandford's meaning to have concealed his thoughts upon the subject, and never to have mentioned it but with composure; that was, however, impossible, unused to hide his feelings, at the name of Rushbrook his countenance would always change, and a sarcastic sneer, sometimes a frown of resentment, would force its way in spite of his resolution. Miss Woodley, too, without all her boundless charity and good will, was upon this occasion, induced to limit her excess; and they did not extend so far as to reach poor thought him handsome or engaging in his manners—she thought his gaiety frivolousness, his complaisance affectation, and his good humor impertinence. It was impossible to conceal those unfavorable sentiments entirely from Matilda; for when the subject arose, as it frequently did, Miss Woodley's undisguised heart, and Sandford's undisguised countenance, told them instantly. Matilda had the understanding to imagine that she was, perhaps, the object who had thus deformed Mr. Rushbrook, and frequently (though he was a stranger to her, and one who had caused her many a jealous heartache,) frequently would she speak in his vindication.

'You are very good,' said Sandford, one day to her; 'you like him, because you know your father loves him.'

This was a hard sentence for the daughter of Lord Elmwood to hear, to whom her father's love would have been more precious than any other blessing—she, however, checked the assault of envy, and kindly replied, 'My mother loved him too, Mr. Sandford.'

'Yes,' answered Sandford, 'he has been a grateful son to your poor mother—she did not suppose when she took him into the house; when she entreated your father to take him; and through her caresses and officious praises of him, first gave him that power which he now possesses over his uncle: a little foresaw, at that time, his ingratitude, and its effects.'

'Very true,' said Miss Woodley, with a heavy sigh.

'What ingratitude?' asked Matilda, 'do you suppose Mr. Rushbrook is the cause that my father will not see me? Oh, do not pay Lord Elmwood's motive so ill a compliment.'

'I do not say that he is the absolute cause,' returned Sandford; 'but if a parent's heart is void, I would have it remain so, till its lawful owners replaced—usurpers I detest.'

'No one can take Lord Elmwood's heart by force,' replied his daughter, 'it must, I believe, be a free gift to the possessor; and, as such, whoever has it has a right to it.'

In this manner she would plead the young man's excuse—perhaps but to hear what could be said in his disfavor, for secretly his name was bitter to her—and once she exclaimed in vexation, on Sandford's saying Lord Elmwood and Mr. Rushbrook were gone out shooting together.

'All that pleasure is eclipsed which I used to take in listening to the report of my father's gun, for I cannot now distinguish his from his parasite's.'

Sandford (much as he disliked Rushbrook,) for this expression, which comprised her father in the reflection, turned to Matilda in extreme anger—but as he saw the color rise in her face for what, in the strong feelings of her heart, had escaped her lips, he did not say a word—and by her tears that followed, he rejoiced to see how much she reproved herself.

Miss Woodley, vexed to the heart, and provoked every time she saw Lord Elmwood and Rushbrook together, and saw the familiar terms on which this young man lived with his benefactor, now made her visits to him very seldom. If Lord Elmwood observed this, he did not appear to observe it; and, though he received her politely when she did pay him a visit, it was always very coldly; nor did she suppose if she never went, he would ever ask for her. For his daughter's sake, however, she thought it right sometimes to show herself before him; for she knew it must be impossible that, with all his apparent indifference, he could ever see her without thinking for a moment on his child; and what one fortunate thought might, some time bring about was an object much too serious for her to overlook. She therefore, after remaining confined to her own suit of rooms near three weeks (excepting those anxious walks she and Matilda stole, while Lord Elmwood dined, or before he rose in the morning,) went one forenoon into his apartments, where, as usual, she found him, with Mr. Sandford and Mr. Rushbrook. After she had sat about half an hour, conversing with them all, though but very little the latter, Lord Elmwood was called out of the room upon some business; presently after, Sandford, and now, by no means pleased with the company with whom she was left, she rose, and was also retiring, when Rushbrook fixed his speaking eyes upon her, and cried,

'Miss Woodley, will you pardon me what I am going to say?'

'Certainly, sir, you can, I am sure, say nothing but what I must forgive.' But she made this reply with a distance and a reserve, very unlike the usual manners of Miss Woodley.

He looked at her earnestly and cried, 'Ah! Miss Woodley, you don't behave so kindly to me as you used to do.'

'I do not understand you, sir,' she replied very gravely; 'times are changed, Mr. Rushbrook; since you were last here, you were then but a child.'

'Yet I love all those persons now, that I loved then,' replied he; 'and so I shall for ever.'

'But, you mistake, Mr. Rushbrook; I was not even then so very much the object of your affections—there were other ladies you loved better. Perhaps you don't remember Lady Elmwood?'

confusion, at the sudden surprise, was on the face of both parties—he saw it, and looked at each of them by turns, with a sternness that made poor Miss Woodley ready to faint; while Rushbrook with the most natural and happy laugh that ever was affected, 'No don't tell my lord, pray, Miss Woodley.' She was more confused than before, and Lord Elmwood turning to him, asked what the subject was. By this time he had invented one, and, continuing to laugh, said, 'Miss Woodley, my lord, will to this day protest that she saw my apparition when I was a boy; and says it is a sign I shall die young, and is really much affected by it.'

Lord Elmwood turned away before this ridiculous speech was concluded; yet so well had it been acted that he did not for an instant doubt its truth.

Miss Woodley felt herself greatly relieved; and yet so little is it in the power of those we dislike to do any thing to please us, that from this very circumstance, she formed a more unfavorable opinion of Mr. Rushbrook than she had done before. She saw in this little incident the art of dissimulation, cunning, and duplicity in its most glaring shape; and detested the method by which they had each escaped Lord Elmwood's suspicion, and perhaps anger, the more because it was so dexterously managed.

Lady Matilda and Sandford were both in their turns informed of this trait in Mr. Rushbrook's character; and although Miss Woodley had the best of dispositions, and upon every occasion spoke the strictest truth, yet in relating this occurrence, she did not speak all the truth; for every circumstance that would have told to the young man's advantage literally had slipped her memory.

The twenty-ninth of October arrived, on which a dinner, a ball, and supper, was given by Lord Elmwood to all the neighboring gentry, the peasants also dined in the park off a roasted bullock, several cakes of ale were distributed, and the bells of the village rung—Matilda, who heard and saw some part of this festivity from her windows, inquired the cause; but even the servant who waited upon her had too much sensibility to tell her, and answered, 'He did not know.' Miss Woodley, however, soon felt the reason, and groaning with the painful secret, informed her, 'Mr. Rushbrook on that day was come of age.'

'My birthday was last week,' replied Matilda; 'but not a word beside.'

In their retired apartments, this day passed away not only soberly, but almost silently; for to speak upon any subject that did not engage their thoughts had been difficult, and to speak upon the only one that had been afflicting. Just as they were sitting down to dinner their bell gently rung, and in walked Sandford.

'Why are you not among the revellers, Mr. Sandford?' cried Miss Woodley, with an ironical sneer—the first her features ever wore—'Pray, were not you invited to dine with the company?'

'Yes,' replied Sandford; 'but my head ached; and so I had rather come and take a bit with you.'

Matilda, as if she had seen his heart as he spoke, clung round his neck and sobbed on his bosom: he put her peevishly away, crying 'Nonsense, nonsense, eat your dinner.' But he did not eat himself.

About a week after this, Lord Elmwood went out two days for a visit; consequently Rushbrook was for that time master of the house. The first morning he went a-shooting, and returning about noon, inquired of Sandford who was sitting in the breakfast-room; if he had taken up a volume of plays left upon the table. 'I read no such things,' replied Sandford, and quitted the room abruptly. Rushbrook then rang for his servant, and desired him to look for the book, asking him angrily, 'Who had been in the apartment? for he was sure he had left it there when he went out.' The servant withdrew to inquire, and presently returned with the volume in his hand, and Miss Woodley's compliments; she begged your pardon, sir, she did not know the book was yours, and hopes you will excuse the liberty she took.'

'Miss Woodley!' cried Rushbrook with surprise, 'she comes so seldom into these apartments, I did not suppose it was she who had it, take it back to her instantly, with my respects, and I beg she will keep it!'

The man went; but returned with the book again, and laying it on the table without speaking, was going away; when Rushbrook, hurt at receiving no second message, said, 'I am afraid, sir, you did very wrong when you first took this book from Miss Woodley.'

'It was not from her I took it, sir,' replied the man; 'it was from Lady Matilda.'

Since he had entered the house, Rushbrook had never before heard the name of Lady Matilda, he was shocked—confounded more than ever—and to conceal what he felt, instantly ordered the man out of the room.

In the mean time, Miss Woodley and Matilda were talking over this trifling occurrence; and, as usual, was drawn from it strong conclusions of Rushbrook's insolence and power. In spite of her pride, the daughter of Lord Elmwood even wept at the insult she had received on this insignificant occasion; for the volume being merely taken from her at Mr. Rushbrook's command, she felt an insult; and the manner in which it was done by the servant might contribute to the offence.

While Miss Woodley and she were upon this conversation, a note came from Rushbrook to Miss Woodley, wherein he entreated he might be permitted to see her. She sent a verbal answer, 'She was engaged.' He sent again, begging she would name her own time. But sure of a second denial, he followed the servant who took the last message; and as Miss Woodley came out of her apartment into the gallery to speak to him, Rushbrook presented himself, and told the man to retire.

'Mr. Rushbrook,' said Miss Woodley, 'this intrusion is unbecomingly, and desultory as you may think me of the friendship of Lord Elmwood.'

In the ardor with which Rushbrook was waiting to express himself, he interrupted her, and caught hold of her hand.

She immediately snatched it from him, and withdrew into her chamber.

He followed, saying, in a low voice, 'Dear Miss Woodley, hear me.'

At this juncture Lady Matilda, who was in an inner apartment, came out of it into Miss Woodley's. Perceiving a gentleman she stopped short at the door.

Rushbrook cast his eyes upon her, and stood motionless—his lips only moved. 'Do

not depart, madam,' said he, 'without hearing my apology for being here.'

Though Matilda had never seen him since her infancy, there was no occasion to tell her who it was that addressed her—his elegant and youthful person, joined to the incident which had just occurred, convinced her it was Rushbrook; she looked at him with an air of surprise, but, with still more, of dignity.

'Miss Woodley is severe upon me, madam,' continued he, 'she judges me unkindly; and I am afraid she will prepossess you with the same unfavorable sentiments.'

Still Matilda did not speak, but looked at him with the same air of dignity.

'If, Lady Matilda,' resumed he, 'I have offended you, and must quit you without pardon, I am more unhappy than I should be with the loss of your father's protection—more forlorn than when an orphan boy, your mother first took pity on me.'

At this last sentence, Matilda turned her eyes on Miss Woodley, and seemed in doubt what reply she was to give.

Rushbrook immediately fell upon his knees 'Oh! Lady Matilda,' cried he, 'if you knew the sensations of my heart, you would not treat me with this disdain.'

'We can only judge of those sensations, Mr. Rushbrook,' said Miss Woodley, 'by the effect they have upon your conduct; and while you insult Lord and Lady Elmwood's daughter by an intrusion like this, and then ridicule her abject state by mockeries like these—'

He rose from his knees instantly, and interrupted her, crying, 'What can I do? What am I to say, to make you change your opinion of me? While Lord Elmwood has been at home, I have kept an awful distance; and though every moment I breathed was a wish to cast myself at his daughter's feet, yet as I feared, Miss Woodley, that you were incensed against me, by what means was I to procure an interview but by stratagem or force? This accident has given a third method, and I had not courage to let it pass. Lord Elmwood will soon return, and we may both of us be hurried to town immediately—then how, for a tedious winter, could I endure the reflection that I was despised, nay, perhaps considered as an object of ingratitude, by the only child of my deceased benefactor?'

Matilda replied with all her father's haughtiness, 'Depend upon it, sir, if you should ever enter my thoughts, it will be as an object of envy.'

'Suffer me then, madam,' said he, 'as an earnest that you do not think worse of me than I merit, suffer me to be sometimes admitted into your presence—'

She would scarce permit him to finish the period, before she replied, 'This is the last time, sir, we shall ever meet, depend upon it, unless, indeed, Lord Elmwood should delegate to you the control of my actions—his commands I never dispute.' And here she burst into tears.

Rushbrook walked towards the window, and did not speak for some time—then turning himself to make a reply, both Matilda and Miss Woodley were somewhat surprised to see that he had shed tears himself. Having conquered them, he said, 'I will not offend you, madam, by remaining one moment longer; and I give you my honor, that, upon no pretence whatever, will I presume to intrude here again. Professions, I find, have no weight, and only by this obedience to your orders can I give proof of that respect which you inspire; and let the agitation I now feel convince you, Lady Matilda, that, with all my seeming good fortune, I am not happier than myself.' And so much was he agitated while he delivered this address that it was with difficulty he came to the conclusion. When he did, he bowed with reverence, as if leaving the presence of a deity, and retired.

Matilda immediately entered the chamber she had left, without casting a single look at Miss Woodley by which she might guess of the opinion she had formed of Mr. Rushbrook's conduct. The next time they met they did not even mention his name; for they were ashamed to own a partiality in his favor, and were too just to bring any accusation against him.

But Miss Woodley, the day following, communicated the intelligence of this visit to Mr. Sandford, who not having been present, and a witness of those marks of humility and respect which were conspicuous in the deportment of Mr. Rushbrook, was highly offended at his presumption, and said if he dared to force his company there again, he would acquire Lord Elmwood with his arrogance, whatever might be the event. Miss Woodley, however, assured him, she believed he would have no cause for such a complaint, as the young man had made the most solemn promise never to commit the like offence; and she thought it her duty to enjoin Sandford, till he did repeat it, not to mention the circumstance, even to Rushbrook himself.

Matilda could not but feel a regard for her father's heir, in return for that which he had so fervently declared for her; yet the more favorable her opinion of his mind and manners, the more he became an object of her jealousy for the affections of Lord Elmwood, and he was now, consequently, an object of greater sorrow to her than when she believed him less worthy. These sentiments were reversed on his part towards her—no jealousy intervened to bar his admiration and esteem—the beauty of her person, and grandeur of her mind, not only confirmed, but improved the exalted idea he had formed of her previous to their meeting, and which his affection to both her parents had inspired. The next time he saw his benefactor, he began to feel a new esteem and regard for him, for his daughter's sake; as he had at first an esteem for her, on the foundation of his love for Lord and Lady Elmwood. He gazed with wonder at his uncle's insensibility to his own happiness, and would gladly have led him to the jewel he cast away, though even his own expulsion should have been the fatal consequence. Such was the youthful, warm, generous, grateful, but unreflecting mind of Rushbrook.

(To be continued.)

The trial of Dr. David B. Brown in the Boston Municipal Court, on the charge of having caused the death of Miss Webster of Appleton, resulted in a disagreement of the jury after a trial of ten days. The jury stood 11 for conviction, and 1 for acquittal. The Court refused to allow Philip Umaz pay for seventy-seven days' confinement in jail as a witness against Dr. Brown.

The Trustees of the Maine State Agricultural Society held a meeting in Augusta last week. They voted to hold the annual show and Fair of the Society on the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st of September next. The place has not yet been decided.

From the Ladies' Repository.

EDWARD.

BY REV. H. G. LEONARD.

On this cold, snow-whitened day,
While the low sun pours its ray,
And the people meet to pray,
Mixed people, grave and gay,
In the chapel old and gray,
I, the preacher, lead the way.

Oh, what joys serene, complete,
Fill our souls, while, at God's feet,
His love we own.

On this day, snow-robed and bright,
I, in worship pure, unite—
Far within heaven's holy light—
Not alone, with deep delight,
With dear friends that greet my sight—
Called from cot and mansion white—
With souls unseen,
I my soul uplift in prayer—
With pure souls, in hallowed air,
Whose names are green.

And, not only in the fane,
Where the ways of truth are plain,
And the simple teach his pain,
Do I seek; with them, to gain
God's rich gifts, which come, like rain,
In soft showers upon the grain—
With them I walk.

Far among the hemlocks dark;
Far among the maples stark;
With them I talk.

—Not in feeble tones of speech,
But in thoughts that deeper reach:
Why should I, in language, preach
To angels ears? Why teach
Me, angelic lips, in speech?
Thus were vain the words of each.

The words we use,
Are clear streams of thought, that flow;
And pure rays of love, that glow.
None else we choose.

Thus consulting Nature's book,
As for wisdom's schoolbook,
Thus, its glad and evil book,
Or beside the silent brook,
Or thy tide, Sebastianic,
I, with one who could not brook
The knee or lawn,
Hours of converse nobly keep,
While the snow lies heap on heap.

On hill and lawn,
I think of those blind days,
Warm and soft with gentle rays,
When new leaves but murmured praise,
And the birds, with artless ways,
Firmly clear their charming lays,
By swift streams o'erleaped with haze—
When he, my guide,
Led, with trained and certain sense,
Me, less practised, here and hence,
When May flowers hide.

Manliness, was his high grace,
Right features I could trace,
Chiselled deeply on his face;
But, with strong, mild traits had place,
Forming thus his mind's rare case.
Unfathomable love,
Smelling like the lilies' bribe,
Pure, Sebastianic, like thine,
Within him strove.

Oh, dear love of my song,
There is naught thy charms among,
Naught of pleasure full or strong,
Naught of flowers thy banks that throng,
Naught of legend wild and long,
Naught I praise with glowing tongue,
So dear to me.

As his presence in the wood;
As his presence by thy flood—
His Memory.

Strength of oaks and grace of firs,
Shade of pine and thicket with bars,
Bloom of bush, the light winds stir,
Hues of flowers, the heart prefers,
Glow of haunts whence perfume whirs,
Green of leaves where pigeon chatters,
And the clear blue,
Bright Sebastianic, combined,
With divine power, his name,
To make so true.

Things of Nature, gifts of Grace,
Blended in his form and face;
Landscape features, heaven's pure peace,
After-fumes to holy trees—
Temple to Gettismaine,
Bore a spirit pure and free—
Lived one life—the life to be,
And gave the blind.

Sight, to view, in all things, God—
We adore thee for thy Word,
And Guidance kind.

And we praise thee for thy light,
Beaming on our world of night—
Showing man, with gracious might,
Nor, on Salem's holy site,
Nor on Gerizim's stern height,
He alone can goodness plight,
Or worship pay—
But the true heart, every where,
Walks with God, with Christ the air,
Through Christ, the Way.

Waterville, Me., Jan. 9, 1859.

HONOR.—There is very much perverse and wry-necked logic afloat, but the logic of Honor seems to us the hardest of comprehension.

For instance:

A bully, exasperated by some fancied insult to himself, or his friend, or his party, assails you and beats you with a club or with his fist. Honor says, You must challenge him to fight with pistols, or with some sort of weapons, which will place you on an equality, despite his overwhelming physical strength, and do your best to put a bullet through him. But why? Let us understand the rationale of the process. If shooting him would rid the world of that breed of dogs, it might be an act of philanthropy to do it. Unhappily, we know that such is not the actual case. Ruffians and blackguards would still abound, though this one were dead; your shooting him would at best diminish their number by one, while it would swell it by another through the addition of yourself to the remaining number. Why is it not the dictate of true honor to leave buthery to natural assassins, and keep yourself as clearly apart from the disgusting wretch as possible? Suppose we admit that the brute ought to be killed, are you an executioner?

Take another case:

A villain seduces your sister, daughter or wife. Honor says, Kill him! But why? Because he has dishonored me! How dishonored you? That he has dishonored himself, if that were possible, we might admit; that he has dishonored the poor victim of his artifices, is also not incredible. But how has he dishonored you, who had no part in his baseness, were no wise, privy to it, never promoted nor countenanced it in any way? Unfortunate you may be, like the sufferer by the other brutality we have contemplated, but not dishonored, any more than he was. You can only be dishonored by some dishonorable act or purpose of your own; you may be dishonored by killing him, not by sparing him and abetting his leprous presence. Let him bear the mark of Cain, whither he will, but do not pollute your hands with his blood. How should you be dishonored by simply loathing and avoiding the scoundrel? If Honor is not, ostensibly, at least with common sense as well as with Christianity, why should it not reverse its code on this point?

SENTINEL, of the New York Courier and Enquirer, says of the Washington tragedy, that beyond all the other features of this case is that terrible truth that where a man of fine intellect participates in such a scene 'the survivor dies.' It must be so—disseminated such scenes cannot be—the red ray will be in all the light of the future. An engineer on one of our great railways had, without fault of his own, run the tremendous power under his control over a human being. The body was removed from the rail, death had done its dread work, examination was made of the circumstances, and the engineer acquitted, the body

CHEAP HOT BEDS.—The time is very near at hand for this work again. How many there are who neglect this useful adjunct to a country home. 'Too far away from town—can't get glass, says one; 'can't afford it,' says another. 'Very well; here is something cheap enough, and easy enough; yet it will do, we feel very certain. It is from a correspondent of the Valley Farmer, published in New York State:

'My frames are about six feet wide by sixteen feet long, or just wide enough so that two width of domestic cotton will cover it; which are sewed together. Have cross-ties on top just the same as for glass—say to every 4 feet one cross-tie—to hold the frames secure and keep up the canvas, which is tacked to one by three in, stuff the length of the frames, the same being a little wider than the frames, and allowed to hang over all round. I wished to enlarge my forcing-beds last winter, and happened to try canvas. I prefer it to glass, being cheaper, and easier to handle, and does not break so readily. I shall still enlarge this winter. I did not commence my beds last season 'till the last of February, but this year I shall commence earlier, and believe, by letting the air out at the top, I can start just as early as I could with glass, and have my plants as hardy and with less attention than to have glass. I put oil on the domestic—cold; perhaps it might be better warm. I will try it this season, as I think it will go further, but cold will do. I used linseed oil, and put it on with a paint brush.

OATS AND BARLEY.—Oats have generally been regarded as an exhausting crop, and we believe it is conceded on nearly all hands, that clover is more likely to take well with barley than with oats. In the economy of the farm, however, oats seem to be necessary. For horses steadily at heavy work corn meal, will feed, may be quite as good. For those kept for family use, worked mostly in the carriage or under the saddle, and not steadily at work, oats are better adapted to produce the life and sprightliness desired.

Is not the charge against oats, as exhausting to the soil, ascribable, in part, to the fact that they have generally been grown on poor land, already exhausted by other crops, and without manure? If the land has not produced very well after this, it is hardly to be wondered at! We do not believe, however, that oats are a very profitable crop, nor that they are demanded for feeding purposes to the extent usually supposed. We believe that four quarts of oats and a half bushel of carrots will do a horse in moderate service more good than eight quarts of oats without the carrots. The cost can be but three-fourths as much, and we are quite confident, that with the mixture of oats and carrots, the horse will require less hay, will be less subject to disease, and will be servicable to a greater age than on oats alone.

To

icide was not in him. Yet a little while afterward, the engineer came to the Superintendent and asked to resign his place, he could not endure it longer. "Why do you go?" said the Superintendent, "no one blames you." "Ah," said he, "I must go. Every night I am on the road, I see that man standing before the engine!"

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, MAR. 17, 1859.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 119 Nassau street, New York, Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office.

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YOUTH'S CASSETTE AND PLAYMATE, a \$1 Juvenile monthly, and the EASTERN MAIL, one year, for \$2.00.

SISTERSVILLE, TYLER CO., VA., Mar. 3, '59.

Messrs. Editors of the Eastern Mail:—

Gentlemen, I did not think of troubling you so soon again; but in order to make a general answer to a number of letters of inquiry from the readers of the Mail I improve the present opportunity, hoping it will prove satisfactory.

The principal topic seems to be situations as teachers, together with health of climate, &c. As before remarked, our condition as a people, society and State (as may be learned from statistics of the number who can neither read nor write in this State) imperatively demands good school teachers. Still, owing to a want of interest on the subject of education, there is too little inducement held out for teachers who command good wages in other parts, to migrate here. In the first place let me say that shillings and dollars don't grow on bushes here; but I do say that persevering, successful and economical teachers can make money here. I can demonstrate this in my own case.

When I left Waterville, seventeen years ago last August, I had spent all I left me by my father in obtaining an education. I came here a stranger; took a school on the subscription plan at \$2.50 per term of 12 weeks, with 25 scholars subscribed on my article, but before my term closed I averaged 40 scholars, and my schools increased during the two years I taught. I afterwards taught for a time in the Lindsey Institute, in the city of Wheeling, at much higher wages; and in fine, had I continued as a teacher I could have commanded 60 to 70 dollars per month; but I chose to study medicine. I speak of this to show what those industrious New England teachers might do here, for wages are better now than when I taught. We pay about \$3 per term. But for me to promise just what cash one could make here would be impossible, for some will make while others would lose. The plan adopted here is to write an article of conditions, of price of tuition, time of beginning, &c. A stranger will generally obtain 20 to 30 scholars subscribed at \$3 per term of 12 weeks; and now comes the "tug of war."

If he is successful and pleases the people by advancing the scholars, keeping an orderly school, lets politics alone, &c., he may remain even for years without losing a month. Some used to laugh and tell me on pay days that I taught five terms in the year.

New England teachers stand well here. Males are much more likely to get employment than females; although I believe that persevering females would do well here who were well qualified, particularly during Spring, Summer and Fall terms. Our county school pay female teachers about \$2 per term and they board round with the scholars. I observed in my former letter that we had no school fund. I wish to correct this slightly, for we have a small fund for the poorest of the poor, subscribed by a school commissioner at the commencement of each term. There is a law in the State, left for each county to adopt at its option, providing for well regulated schools; but few have accepted it as yet, particularly in this North Western Va. Teachers who come here must come expecting to take a few weeks in looking up situations. I am willing to assist any one, male or female, as far as my influence goes in obtaining situations; will do it with the greatest pleasure, for next to the gospel I think education ranks in the great associations of life. And here let me drop a word, and that is, the pious individual as a teacher is here respected; so that amid all our ignorance we have some redeeming qualities.

As regards the health of the country, there is probably no healthier portion of the Southern States than here in North Western Va. We have good water, high varied atmosphere rising up from the lofty suburbs of the Alleghany mountains; plenty of hog and hominy to eat; well ventilated log cabins, with holes between the logs where a man can put his foot through. In fact I was acquainted with a Mr. Thomas Spence, who went home with a young lady from what we call an apple cutting, and after holding or "pulling" her a few hours he was sent to bed at one end of the cabin, and as it was snowing a little he stopped one of the largest cracks with his pantaloons. In the morning, to his astonishment, his pants were non-resistor, and on looking out door from the opening he saw an old dog, with his legs making carpet rags of them; consequently he was obliged to put on his coat, hat and

boots, and leave for home pantaloonsless—But pardon me for digressing—I hinted in my last that I would throw in a tale about these log cabins occasionally.

One of the principal causes of my locating here was the healthy location. I have traveled through and into some eighteen different States and I honestly consider this the healthiest point I have seen. We have no Ague, or rather as it is called chills and fever, and Phthisis Pulmonalis is rare compared with Maine. Our principal diseases are some Pneumonia in Winter and Typhoid fever. In Summer, some Billious fever, Diarrhea, and a few cases of Dysentery. We have some epidemics occasionally, such as Measles, Scarlet fever among children, &c. Diphtheritis has prevailed some this winter. But we have no peculiar Endemic diseases. Our summer heat is but a few degrees hotter than the warmest days in Maine. The particular difference is the duration—the warm weather commencing earlier and continuing later in the spring and fall.

I have received several letters making inquiries whether I considered it healthy here for Northern people, about the price of farms, &c., from the readers of the Mail. Together with what I have said, I would add that my own health has been better here than in Maine, and others who have been here were very healthy. As regards purchasing farms here, there are always good opportunities, for it is here like other places, many have purchased, and cleared out farms and remain in debt and would prefer selling; others get tired of farming, while some take the gold hunting fever and want to sell. As before remarked, the lands are rough here; but most all farms are from half to two-thirds cleared up ready for cultivation. The Eastern and Northern people, in my opinion, miss the mark very much in passing by this healthy country (because it looks broken) to the far west—seeking for the level Prairie; and when there they find but little good water, with many privations and a miasmatic atmosphere, they become sickly and discouraged. Now I have no motive in writing farther than to inform many of those young, industrious people of Maine, that we have a warmer climate, a richer soil, and in fine, better opportunities of making a living and doing good than in that cold barren country. But pardon me, dear readers, for speaking in such terms of my native soil.

Society is not as good as in Maine, although I can see it improving every year. The people are hospitable and kind. There are but few slaves in all North Western Va. I don't think there is one half a dozen in this country. Slavery has become unprofitable and unpopular here. Many have set their slaves free, and even the few are better cared for than many poor whites. Religious Denominations are Regular Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists, Christians or Campbellite Baptists, &c.

There are two routes from Maine here; expense, all included, about \$35. The Southern route is via Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, crossing the mountains to Wheeling, in cars, thence down the Ohio 50 miles in steam boat here. Northern route, via Boston, Albany, Buffalo, Cleveland, thence to Pittsburgh or Wellsboro on the Ohio, thence down the Ohio 150 miles, here.

I remain yours, truly,
JEREMIAH BOWMAN.

THE SCHOOL REPORT.—The annual report of the Superintendent School Committee, drawn mainly by the chairman, Rev. A. Deering was distributed in pamphlet among the voters at town meetings. But for this fact, and the conclusion that the report will be carefully and generally examined, we should comment in detail upon some of the facts and hints it presents. We hope every voter and every parent will read it attentively. In the mean time we call their attention to a few points worthy of notice.

"Some of the districts," in the language of the report, "have been unfortunate in the selection of teachers." No doubt this is true, if we amend by substituting "unwise" for "unfortunate." The report presents abundant evidence of the want of wisdom in the selection of teachers for some of the schools.

Of the 15 districts reported, only six have employed male teachers; and of this number only two have given satisfaction! In all the districts, each of which has employed female teachers, only two are mentioned as having failed to give good satisfaction; and in one of these cases the committee refuse to impute blame to the teacher, while in the other they do her the credit of saying she was "young and inexperienced." Of the twenty female teachers whose names are mentioned in the report, eighteen receive special commendation. Note these facts.

In some of these districts there have been serious difficulties. Have these disturbances been properly cared for and judiciously managed by the committee? We ask without a full knowledge of facts, and yet not without reason.

Some of the schools have not been visited by any of the committee during the winter. Is this true of others, and of the Summer schools?—and of how many? Are the committee paid for their services? Do they earn their money?

These suggestions are made in all kindness, but with a conviction that they are such as ought to be made, and such as deserve investigation. The report prompts them.

SPREADING.—Adelphi Division No. 63, S. of T. was installed at Clinton Gore on the 2d inst. and has now 34 members. The following are its officers:—

N. E. Murray, W. A.; J. E. Hill, W. A.; S. Weymouth, R. S.; C. Cook, A. R. S.; G. Crawford, P. S.; O. W. Whitler, T.; B. Titchell, C.; D. Simonds, A. C.; E. Towne, J. S.; T. Neal, O. S.; J. P. Weymouth, Chaplain; A. Sturge, P. W. P.

Legislature of Maine.

On Tuesday, March 8th, in Senate, the resolve in favor of Arletta Brown was taken up again and after considerable debate was indefinitely postponed.

In the House, the bill to provide for furnishing Gatchell's Corner with pure water was read and passed to be engrossed; but subsequently the vote was reconsidered and the bill indefinitely postponed.

On Wednesday, in Senate, bill in relation to libels for divorce came from the House indefinitely postponed, and after an amendment which provided that man and wife should not testify against each other, had been rejected, the Senate insisted on the passage of the bill and appointed conferees.

In the House, a committee of five was appointed, to be joined by such as may be designated of the Senate, to inquire when the Legislature may finally adjourn. A re-consideration of the vote indefinitely postponing bill to provide pure water for Gatchell's Corner was moved and Tuesday next assigned. Bill relating to admission of attorneys to practice was indefinitely postponed. Resolve in favor of Arletta Brown was indefinitely postponed. Resolve for the training and teaching of indigent idiotic children was finally passed, and an act to punish intoxication passed to be enacted.

On Thursday, in Senate, the cantankerous Carleton called up the message of the Governor in relation to Maine Wesleyan Seminary, in which he thought he had found a man's nest, and made certain offensive remarks, for which he was rebuked by his brother Senators and then the motion he had introduced in connection was voted out of sight. Resolve in favor of training and teaching indigent idiotic children was finally passed.

In the House, Mr. Stackpole called up his motion to re-consider the vote indefinitely postponing the bill relating to admission of attorneys, and after debate the motion prevailed, and the bill was then passed in concurrence.

On Friday, in the Senate, the petitioners for a bank at Farmington had leave to withdraw. Bill to incorporate Aroostook Railroad Co. passed to be enacted.

In the House, the Aroostook Railroad bill was read twice and Tuesday next assigned. An order introduced by Mr. Stackpole, which directs the holding of two sessions a day hereafter, was passed. Act protecting fish in certain ponds in Somerset and Kennebec Counties was passed to be enacted; also act to incorporate Canaan Mutual Fire Insurance Co. The two branches have for two days been at dead lock in regard to choice of Major General of the 6th Division—the Senate electing W. W. Virgin, and the House Alexander Burbank.

On Saturday, in Senate, the bill relating to fish way on the Kennebec Dam was called up and assigned to Wednesday.

In the House, a resolve in favor of training indigent idiotic children, having slipped through on Thursday, Mr. Smart of Camden was for sending a message to the Governor for its return, but as it had gone from the Senate to that officer, and therefore could not be reached in that way, Mr. M. obtained leave to introduce a resolve entitled resolve to provide, &c., which was read, twice under a suspension of the rules and passed to be engrossed.

On Monday, in Senate, it was voted to send a message to the Governor for return of bill annexing part of Paris to Norway, and on its appearance a reconsideration was moved and Wednesday assigned. Doing things twice over, it seems, is one of the ways in which a session is shortened.

In the House, the Governor was requested to look after the international exchanges at Paris, and an order of inquiry was introduced having for its object the prevention of frequent changes in school books.

The Trustees of the Maine State Agricultural Society at their late meeting, voted to hold their Show and Fair on the 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th of Sept. next, but the place was not designated. There is but little doubt, however that it will be held at Augusta.

ROBBERY IN BANGOR.—Several stores were broken into in Bangor last week, but the amount of property stolen was quite small.

Ex Governor Hubbard has the place of Fishing Boundary Commissioner which was refused to Benj. P. Wiggin.

Correspondents are exhorted to be patient.

THE WEATHER. The snow is rapidly diminishing, though there is no lack of supply for sleighing. Monday was sunny and warm, Tuesday rainy and ditto, and Wednesday ditto to Monday; and the result is an addition to the waters of the Kennebec sufficient to carry out the ice if it were not unusually thick and strong. There is yet a vast and heavy body of snow on the ground, and the danger of severe spring freshets is by no means diminished. Still we look for an early Spring.

We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Messrs. Holden, Cutler & Co., (in this day's paper) of the most extensive and best selected stock of Fancy Goods and Toys ever offered in this country.

BENTON. The following officers were elected in Benton on Monday: S. Joy, moderator; A. H. Barton, town clerk; Madison Crowell, Albert L. Spencer, Horace Wentworth, selectmen; Luke Brown, treasurer and collector; School Com. Crosby Hinds. All Republicans. The test vote was on chairman of the board of selectmen, in which ballot Madison Crowell, rep., had 111 votes and Dan'l H. Brown, dem., 100.

The Farmer's Club meets this evening, Thursday, at the house of Joseph Percival.

Post Ur! See notice of Mr. Winslow, in another column. Mr. W. has the best of recommendations as an accomplished accountant.

TOWN MEETING.

The following officers were elected in this town on Monday.

Moderator—James Stackpole.

Town Clerk—S. Heath.

Selectmen—J. Percival, B. Hersom, G. Wentworth.

Treasurer & Collector—I. H. Low.

Agent—S. Heath.

S. S. Com.—Wm. Tilley.

Road Com.—J. Percival, G. Wentworth, J. M. Libbey.

Auditors—S. Heath, W. Dyer, S. Kimball.

Constables—G. Wentworth, W. Brown, G. H. Esty, W. A. Caffrey, H. B. White, S. Keith, Joshua Nye, C. R. McFadden, C. G. Tilton, H. A. Bachelder.

Pound Keeper—H. B. White.

Sextons—S. Tozier, David Muncy.

Town Hall Keeper—S. Keith.

Cutters—G. H. Boardman, J. Higgins.

Tythingman—S. Heath.

Field Drivers—G. H. Esty, J. H. Plaisted, H. B. White, E. N. Mitchell, John Blaisdell, C. F. Hathaway, J. Nye, W. A. Caffrey, J. Moor, G. Wentworth, C. Trafton, J. Soule, Morris Soule.

Fence Viewers—G. T. Hubbard, J. T. Stevens, G. E. Shores, E. L. Gatchell, Philip Thayer.

Health Com.—E. L. Gatchell, L. E. Crommett, C. H. Thayer.

Cemetery Com.—E. L. Gatchell, L. E. Crommett, J. B. Bradley.

CHICAGO, March 7, 1859.

Dear Mail:—It is a long time since I wrote to you, having nothing to note, but dulness of business, and murder trials, and thinking that you were all buried up in the snow, and had enough to do to shovel yourselves out, without reading the marvellous. Since I wrote you we have sent Stephen A. Douglas back to the Senate, as a minority Senator, with 5000 majority against him, and he is now fawning around the Democratic party, to get in again.

We had our charter election on the 1st inst. and re-elected J. C. Haines, the Republican candidate, by 1000 majority, and 14 to 6 aldermen. Chicago is the banner Republican city, and we intend to keep it so.

We have not had much snow this winter, not over 6 inches all told, and sleighing lasted only 2 days; but every inch was improved. Our Mechanics have been building all winter, and every week I have noticed Masons laying foundation in stone, brick and mortar laying, with the weather moderate. Yesterday I was in the country and noticed two farmers plowing for spring crops. Our River and lake are open and navigation has fairly commenced. The first Steamer that left the Port, was the Steamer Cleveland, on the 1st inst., all the rest of the craft in Port, are filled up, and eager to spread their sail and ride up the blue expanse of water before them.

Our business prospects this spring look encouraging, and every body is on the alert, expecting a good spring trade. Our Commission Merchants, Wholesale Dealers, are wide awake, with large stocks on hand, ready to sell the Country Merchants. They have collected up closely, secured their debts, dropped every unnecessary expense, and all have been in Committee of the whole, on retrenchment and reform in all things. And you may now look upon Chicago as a go-ahead city.

Pike's Peak is all the go, now, with that class of men who are always roving. Large delegations are going from nearly all of our cities and villages. But I think the gold has been overrated, and those that go, will wish themselves back. It will take away a large class of young men, which will naturally make a scarcity of help, and raise wages; and those that have been idle for the past six months will now find places. There are more than enough waiting to fill all the vacancies; and those east that intend to come west had better hear how the gold diggings get along, before they leave. If prosperous and gold is found, large delegations will leave, and make room for all those east, to come on, and fill their places.

Chicago has been all excited for the past two months. The trials of six murders here occupied the attention of the Court for that length of time; and we have not seen the end yet. Busch, a young man of 19 years, is to be tried this week, for shooting down a man in broad day. His trial will last two weeks. His father is immensely rich, and no pains or efforts will be spared to save him. When the end comes, I will give you the finale. The first trial for murder was that of Michael Frieu, a young Irishman of 21 years of age. He was convicted of killing a man, a stranger whom he took for somebody else. He is to be executed on the 6th day of May next. The next case was McNamee for killing his wife, when both were in a state of beastly drunkenness. He is 35 years of age, and has two children, two and four years old. He evidently was not aware what he was doing, and whiskey is the reason and cause of his sad fate. He is to be executed on same day with Frieu. The next case was Barry, for stabbing Grout, who died at his feet. This was in a saloon of Grout's, where a general melee happened and Grout was killed. Barry is only 19 years of age. But there were extenuating circumstances and he was sent to prison for five years. Whiskey caused the great case that occupied the attention of the Court, was the "Barrel Mystery," or Henry Jumpsiey for killing his mistress, Sophia Werner, and cutting her up, putting her in a barrel and sending her to New York city, where she was found, and the murder traced to him. The case occupied the court two weeks, and our Legislature had to pass a special law, allowing our court to sit during the trial. The term would have closed before the end of the trial, and the criminal would then have had to set free. The prisoner was made to believe that he would be acquitted, and the verdict of the jury nearly prostrated him. His counsel made a motion for a new trial, which he supposed would be granted, but the judge overruled the motion and passed sentence upon him to be hung on the 6th of May, the day set for the execution of the others. The young man, who is only 22 years old and of a prepossessing appearance, was overcome, and in a pitiable condition.

He bowed down upon the table before him, at which he sat, and was unable to rise to receive his sentence. The judge had prepared an address, but was so overcome himself that he could only sentence him. The court house was cleared, water was brought, his temples bathed, and the criminal restored. He was then taken back to his lonely cell, and forever shut from the world, and light of the sun, which was made to shine upon all. His counsel will take his case to the Supreme Court on exception.

We have now in our jail three convicted murderers and one who took a change of venue to another county and was there convicted; another whose trial commenced to day; and of whose guilt there is no doubt. What a commentary; and the main cause is the too free use of whiskey. For what I have written you, it would appear that Chicago would compare with New York as to its criminal docket. With the exception of the murder cases Chicago has had great improvement in her criminal docket. It has fallen off one half, the past year. Our Recorder's Court, which sits monthly and occupies about two weeks, has for the past two months done all its business in one week, and instead of sending from 28 to 30 to state prison, about 10 to 12 has been the average, and the course that our judges have taken in the above cases, has had a beneficial effect upon that class who are always found upon our criminal calendar.

We all breathe freer, feel better, and look better, and give our farmers a good crop this year, and we will put on our Sunday clothes and go to Maine to visit our friends, hoping to find you all well and in prosperous circumstances; and happy we shall be if we find you so, living upon the banks and in the valley of the beautiful Kennebec, and in that lovely village of Waterville, where I have, I hear, some good friends.

Yours, truly, B. W. R.

LOOK OUT! The American Agriculturist, the best authority in the country, pronounces the speculation in the 'Honey Blade Grass' a deception, and produces very satisfactory evidence that the seed sold under this name is only that of the well known German Millet. The Honey Blade Grass seed is sold for nine dollars a bushel, while the same article in its true name may be bought for two dollars. As the article is extensively advertised in most papers through the country, we conclude a great many will be caught in the trap. No doubt the millet is a paying crop, but those who would try it may get the seed at about the same price as wheat. We have received the advertisement of the Honey Blade Grass; but we are so well satisfied of the deception that we decline to publish it. We advise farmers to leave somebody else to experiment with it.

NEVER TOO LATE!—This is not true of dinner or repentance, but may be positively asserted of some things. Among these are Freeman & Atwood's oysters; which, morning, noon or night, with or without an appetite, are always "in nick of time." Always fresh, clean, fat, sweet, luscious—everything that an oyster can be, or an epicure desire—there is no danger, but an order addressed to "Freeman & Atwood, Portland," will bring the best in the market, at moderate price.

HOW FURS ARE OBTAINED.—For the last few years, furs have become so fashionable and so universally worn that demand for all kinds of furs has vastly increased. This has led to a general system of counterfeiting the most saleable furs with the skins of all kinds of inferior animals. A paper publisher at Painesville, Ohio, says:—

"A lively trader in skunk skins has recently sprung into existence in our country. Madison township is the seat of his operations. He has about fifty men in that township were out hunting for skunks. One man, it is said, brought in forty-five in his day's work. The skins are worth from 30 to 80 cents each. But it seems the business is not confined to our country. We learn that Mr. Ed. Rowden, of Windsor, Assinibou county, has purchased and sent to New York, during the present winter, nearly fourteen hundred skunk skins. We hear that a citizen of Skyhook came to New York, the other day, taking 42 from one tree."

Next year, these Ohio 'furs' will be among us colored and transformed into every variety, up to Russian sable. Many a lady who promenades our streets, proud of the rich mink and sable furs that cover her shoulders, would feel very chop-fallen, if she should become aware of the truth, and learn that her cape, cuffs, and muff, of which she is so vain, once covered the body of that 'odorous' animal, the skunk.

FROM WASHINGTON.—Washington, March 12.—The exhibit of the affairs of the Post Office department prepared by directions of the President was submitted to him to-day. It shows that its means were insufficient to meet the demands due on the quarter ending December last, and that the department is already six months in arrears. The present deficiency is at least five millions.

Mr. Holt to-day formally resigned the office of Commissioner of Patents.

The War Department has received advice from Col. Johnson at Salt Lake. He represents the army as healthy, and the Mormons very civil. Letters have also been received from Gov. Cummings. The report that the Mormons would not submit to the civil authorities is untrue.

New York, March 12.—A dispatch to the Daily Times says that Com. Stewart yesterday sent a letter to the President, developing a new chapter in the secret history of the country. The letter asserts that the gun boat navy of President Jefferson, which was ostensibly built for the protection of our sea coast, was really intended for the seizure of Cuba. One hundred and eighty of these boats were sent southward on that special service, when the threatening condition of our relations with England rendered a postponement of the project necessary. The Herald correspondent says dispatches were received yesterday at the State Department from London, Paris and Madrid. The excitement occasioned by the President's Message regarding Cuba had nearly subsided, and

Mr. Preston, our new Minister to Spain, would experience no difficulty in being received. From Messrs. Dallas and Mason assurances were received that the sentiments of Great Britain and France towards the United States were amicable and satisfactory.

WASHINGTON NEWS.—Washington, March 14. It is credibly ascertained that both England and France disclaim any other intention, in sending naval forces to the coast of Mexico, than to procure due reparation for wrongs to British and French subjects. The further statement is made that it is not their purpose to take sides with or favor either of the contending governments.

There is reason to believe our government is not apprehensive that anything will be done by them in conflict with the Monroe doctrine, or to shape the political institution of the country.

WAR PROSPECTS.—The usually well informed Paris correspondent of the New York Courier des Etats Unis recently wrote to that journal:—

Three days ago, a gentleman, who fills a high office in the Palace of the Tuilleries said to me: 'The resolution of the Emperor is irrevocably taken; and war will take place in a month or two at the latest. Napoleon III. will command in person, the principal body of the army; this is one of his aspirations, the oldest and most ardent. He has already shown that he possessed genius of his uncle as a politician; he wishes also to show that he has inherited his military genius. A Bonaparte ought to be a soldier. The determination of the Emperor is well known, and matters are so far advanced that all opposition is henceforth abandoned as all useless and dangerous. No one wanted war yesterday, everybody will wish it to-morrow.'

Kingston, Jan. dates are of Feb. 17th. A Maytlen war schooner had arrived with three Envoys from President Gaffard to the government and also with orders to take home on her return, all political refugees wishing to return to their country. Solouque was under the surveillance of the Jamaica authorities.

DEATH OF JOHN H. HARTWELL, Esq. We regret to learn that John H. Hartwell, Esq. of this city, died very suddenly at his residence on the east side of the river, at 11 o'clock on Sunday evening. He had been unwell for some time previously. His age was about 72 years. Mr. H. had long been a resident of Augusta, and was greatly esteemed as a citizen.—[Bangor Journal.]

DISTRESSING STITCH.—On Friday evening, says the Melrose correspondent of the Boston Journal, as the quarter past seven o'clock train from Boston was passing through this place, Miss Julia Palmer, a young lady from Watford, Me., visiting at the house of Mr. Stone, a relative, ran out upon the track, and threw herself immediately under the cars, which passed over and killed her instantly. Her head was completely severed from her body. She was not noticed on the track at the time, but was discovered dead, by a passenger leaving the station. She is supposed to have been deranged.

A LEGAL GIFT.—A roundabout way lawyers have of drawing up deeds and documents. It is almost enough to frighten a nervous person from going to law at all. The following is a fair sample. Suppose a man wished to give another an orange. Instead of making a simple declaration, and saying 'I give you this orange,' he must set forth his 'act and deed' in this way: 'I do hereby give you, all and singular my estate and interest, right, title, and claim, and advantage of, and in that orange, with all its rind, skin, juice, pulp and pips, and all rights and advantages therein, with full power to cut, suck, bite, or otherwise eat the said orange or give the same away, with or without its skin, rind, juice, pulp and pips, anything heretofore or hereinafter, or in any other deed or deeds, instruments of what kind or nature, to the contrary or anywise notwithstanding.'

As a rule, says George Augustus Sala, girls who part their hair on one side are to be avoided. Even great authority in such matters has declared that red haired girls should be shunned, being as deceitful as foxes of the field, so one-sided-haired girls are ordinarily so scientific. They know all about the 'Veal of Creation,' read the 'Old Red Sandstone,' and the 'Testimony of the Rocks,' have a good deal to say about the megatherium, the iguodon, and other horrible creatures you see on the lake in the Crystal Palace garden, and carry little hammers and chips of gypsium and felspar in their workbags. The mineral they should be minding their knitting! I knew such a young lady once, who asked me if I had read 'Siluria'; I replied that I had never been there, and she cut me dead immediately afterwards.

SELF-CONTRADICTION.—Mr. Ruskin recently addressing an audience in England, said: 'Some of my hearers, this evening, may occasionally have heard it of me, that I am rather apt to contradict myself. I hope I am exceedingly apt to do so. I never met with a question yet, of any importance, which did not need for the solution of it, at least one positive and one negative answer, like an equation of the second degree. Mostly, matters of any consequence are three-sided, or four-sided, or polygonal;—and the trotting round a polygon a severe work for people any way stiff in their opinions. For myself, I am never satisfied that I have handled a subject properly, till I have contradicted myself at least three times.'

OLIVE VERSUS LARD OIL.—At a late meeting of the Farmer's Club, connected with the American Institute, Prof. Mapes asserted that what we receive as pure oil in the market, is nothing more or less than the surplus lard sent by our pork merchants to France, where it is transformed into the genuine article of sweet oil, and returned to be used at the tables of those very persons who exported it in the solid state. This is certainly refreshing information for the lovers of pure sweet lard oil among us, and is no doubt true. We venture to say that not one tenth of the oil sold for that of the olive, in our country, is anything else than lard oil.

Any person can, convert the common lard oil sold for burning in lamps, into as good sweet oil as that which is generally sold for olive oil by the following process:—Take up about a quart of the common oil, and place it in a clean tin pan, and set it on a stove; bring it up to about the heat of scalding water, and then add about one quarter of an ounce of soda dissolved in half a teaspoonful of water. Stir this into the oil for about five minutes. Then take off the oil from about the stove, and pour it into a clean bowl through some cloth to strain it. The oil obtained by this treatment is sweet and pure, and excellent for lamp use. The oil obtained by this treatment is sweet and pure, and excellent for lamp use. The oil obtained by this treatment is sweet and pure, and excellent for lamp use.

Ex-President Fillmore, it is reported, has returned from his tour of the West.

POETRY

"WITH HEART AND HAND."

There was of yore a knightly band
Went forth to fight in Parnassus land;
Their leader bore a banner fair,
And they might see engraven there
The words, "With heart and hand!"
The strife was fierce, the foe was strong,
Leagued with oppression, fraud and wrong,
Exultant to their conquest might;
But they who struggled for the right
Fought on "with heart and hand!"
To heaven they raised their eager eyes,
Then fearless faced the dread allies;
And they who found an early death
Said ever, with their latest breath,
Bids true "with heart and hand!"
Years passed—that band became a host,
Triumphant where they first stood;
For those who looked on from afar
Now bravely waged the dreadful war,
Foremost "with heart and hand!"
The Parnassus force gave way at length;
In vain they rallied all their strength,
Eternal light had conquered wrong,
The friends of Truth were conquering strong,
Fast leagued "with heart and hand!"
And though the warfare wages now,
It will not last for aye a row;
The day shall come when God hath willed,
When all his laws shall be fulfilled,
By man "with heart and hand!"
The proud oppressor then shall come,
The strife shall end in lasting peace;
And men of every class and clime
Shall triumph in that blissful time,
Fast knit "with heart and hand!"
Then be our banner widely unfurled,
Till Truth's last foe be slain the world;
And be the motto of our life
The war-cry in our mortal strife—
Onward "with heart and hand!"

A GREAT SLAVE AUCTION.—The largest sale of human chattels that has been made in the United States for several years, took place on Wednesday and Thursday of last week, at the race course near the city of Savannah, Georgia.

The sale was attended by a representative of the New York Tribune, and he gives a six column account of the affair. The reporter, of course, did not make his mission known, but, with catalogue and pencil in hand, managed to pass himself off as a purchaser, by making an occasional bid and a very minute inspection of the property.

The negroes were brought to Savannah several days before the sale, and remained at the race course stable, for the inspection of customers. They were sold by families, a man and his wife and children being called a family. The anxiety of the negroes to secure what they considered good purchasers, and the painful earnestness to keep their families together by being bought by one party, led to many sad and sorrowful scenes. The following is a type of many others of a similar character:

Elisha, chattel No. 5 in the catalogue, had taken a fancy to a benevolent looking middle-aged gentleman, who was inspecting the stock, and thus used his powers of persuasion to induce the benevolent man to purchase him, with his wife and girl, Molly, Israel and Seva, chattels Nos. 6, 7 and 8. The earnestness with which the poor fellow pressed his suit, knowing, as he did, that perhaps the happiness of his whole life depended on his success, was interesting, and the arguments he used were most pathetic. He made no appeal to the feelings of the buyer; he rested no hope on his charity and kindness, but only strove to show how well worth his dollars were the bone and blood he was entreating him to buy.

"Look at me, Mas'r," an prime rice planter; 'ab you won't find a better man; den me; no better on de whole plantation; not a bit old yet; do mo' work den ever; do carpenter work, too, little; better buy me, Mas'r; Ise be good sarvant, Mas'r. Molly, too, my wife, Sa, fus rice hand; mos' as good as me, Stan' out yer, Molly, and let the gen'l'm'n see."

Molly advances, with her hands crossed on her bosom, and makes a quick short curtsy, and stands mute, looking appealingly in the benevolent man's face. But Elisha talks all the faster.

"Show mas'r yer arm Molly—good arm dat mas'r—he do a heap of work mo' with dat arm yet. Let good mas'r see yer teeth Molly—see dat mas'r, teeth all reglar, all good—she'm young gal yet. Come out yer Israel, walk aroun' an' let the gen'l'm'n see how spry you be."

Then, pointing to the three year-old girl who stood with her chubby hand in her mouth, holding on to her mother's dress, and uncertain what to make of the strange scene.

Little Vandy's only a child yet; make a prime gal by and by. Better buy us mas'r, we'm fus' rice bargain—and so on, and the benevolent gentleman found where he could drive a closer bargain, and so bought some body else."

Of the conduct and appearance of the "stock" while under examination, we have minute accounts. The following statement is made in regard to the poor slave women:

"The women never spoke to the white men unless spoken to, and then made the conference as short as possible. And not one of them all, during the whole time they were thus exposed to the rude, questions of vulgar men, spoke the first unwomanly or indecent word, or conducted herself in any regard otherwise than as a modest woman should do; their conversation and demeanor were quite as unexceptionable as they would have been had they been the highest ladies in the land, and through all the insults to which they were subjected they conducted themselves with the most perfect decorum and self-respect."

The reporter gives many incidents of the sale which are of much interest. We copy the following story of "Jeffrey and Dorcas": "Jeffrey, chattel No. 319, marked as a 'prime cotton hand,' aged 23 years, was put up. Jeffrey being a likely lad, the competition was high. The first bid was \$1100, and he was finally sold for \$1310. Jeffrey was sold alone; he had no incubance in the shape of an aged father or mother, who must necessarily be with him; nor had he any children, for Jeffrey was not married. But Jeffrey, chattel No. 319, being human in his affections, had dared to cherish a love for Dorcas, chattel No. 178; and Dorcas, not having the fear of her master before her eyes, had given her heart to Jeffrey. Whether what followed was a just retribution on Jeffrey and Dorcas, for daring to take such liberties with their master's property as to exchange hearts, or whether it only goes to prove that with black as white the saying holds, that 'the course of true love never did run smooth,' cannot now be told. Certain it is that these two lovers were not to realize the consummation of their hopes in happy wedlock. Jeffrey and Dorcas had told their loves, had exchanged their simple vows, and were betrothed, each to the other as dear, and each by the other as fondly loved, as though their skins had been of fairer color. And who shall say that in the sight of Heaven and all the holy angels, these two humble hearts were not as closely wedded as any two of the prouder race that call them slaves."

Be that as it may, Jeffrey was sold. He stood on his master's lot, and in his hand, the big tears standing in his eyes, and his voice trembling with emotion, he stands before that

master and tells his simple story, praying that his betrothed may be bought with him. 'Tho' his voice trembled, there is no embarrassment in his manner; his tears have killed all the bashfulness that would naturally attend such a recital to a stranger, and before unsympathizing witnesses; he feels that he is pleading for the happiness of her he loves, as well as for his own, and his tale is told in a frank and manly way.

"I loves Dorcas, young mas'r, I loves her well and true; she says she loves me, and I know she does; do good Lord knows I loves her better than I loves any one in de wide world—never can love another woman half so well. Please buy Dorcas, mas'r. We'll be good sarvants to you as long as we live. We'll be married right soon, young mas'r, and de childen will be healthy and strong, mas'r, and dey'll be good sarvants too. Please buy Dorcas, young mas'r. We loves each other a heap—do, really, true, mas'r."

Jeffrey then remembers that no loves and hopes of his are to enter into the bargain at all, but in the earnestness of his love has forgotten to base his plea on other ground till now, when he thinks him and continues, with his voice not trembling now, save with eagerness to prove how worthy of many dollars is the maiden of his heart;

"Young mas'r, Dorcas prime woman—A I woman, Sa. Tall gal, Sa; long arms, strong, healthy, and can do a heap of work in a day. She is one of de best rice hands on de whole plantation; worth \$1200 easy, mas'r an' fus' rate bargain at dat."

The man seems touched by Jeffrey's last remarks, and bids him fetch out his gal and let's see what she looks like.

Jeffrey goes into the long room and presently returns with Dorcas, looking very sad and self-possessed, without a particle of embarrassment at the trying position in which she is placed. She makes the accustomed courtesy, and stands meekly with her hands clasped across her bosom, awaiting the result. The buyer regards her with a critical eye, and grows in a low voice that the gal has good points. Then he goes on to a more minute examination of her working abilities. He turns her round, makes her stoop, and walk; and then he takes off her turban to look at her head that no wound or disease be concealed by the gay handkerchief; he looks at her teeth and feels of her arms, and at last announces himself pleased with the result of his observations, whereat Jeffrey, who has stood near trembling with eager hope, is over-joyed, and he smiles for the first time. The buyer then crowns Jeffrey's happiness by making a promise that he will buy her if the price isn't run up too high. And the two lovers step aside and congratulate each other on their good fortune. But Dorcas is not to be sold till the next day, and there are twenty-four long hours of feverish expectation.

Early next morning is Jeffrey alert, and hat in hand, encouraged to unusual freedom by the greatness of the stake for which he plays, he addresses every buyer, and of all who will listen he begs the boon of a word to be spoken to his new master to encourage him to buy Dorcas. And all the long morning he speaks in his homely way with all who know him, that they will intercede to save his sweetheart from being sold away from him forever. No one has the heart to deny a word of promise and encouragement to the poor fellow, and joyous with so much kindness, his hopes and spirits gradually rise until he feels almost certain that the wish of his heart will be accomplished. And Dorcas too is smiling, for in Jeffrey's happiness her own?

At last comes the trying moment, and Dorcas steps up on the stand. But now a most unexpected feature in the drama is for the first time unmasked; Dorcas is not to be sold alone but with a family of four others. Full of dismay, Jeffrey looks to his master, who shakes his head, for although he might be induced to buy Dorcas alone, he has no use for the rest of the family. Jeffrey reads his doom in his master's look and turns away, the tears streaming down his honest face.

So Dorcas is sold, and her toiling life is to be spent in the cotton-fields of South Carolina, while Jeffrey goes to the rice plantation of the Great Swamp. And to-morrow, Jeffrey and Dorcas are to say their tearful farewell, and go their separate ways in life to meet no more as mortal beings. In another hour I see Dorcas in the long room, sitting motionless as a statue, with her head covered with a shawl. And I see Jeffrey, who goes to his new master, pulls off his hat and says, "I've never more obliged, Mas'r, to you for tryin' to help me. I knows you would have done it if you could—thank you, Mas'r—thank you—but it's—bery—hard"—and here the poor fellow breaks down entirely and walks away, covering his face with his battered hat, and sobbing like a very child.

He is soon surrounded by a group of his colored friends, who, with an instinctive delicacy most unknown for, stand quiet and with uncovered heads about him.

The total amount of the sale footed up \$303,850.

PARTICULAR INFORMATION To the Public.
J. PEAVY & BROTHERS
Offer for sale good heavy double breasted, double lined Overcoats, at \$3.00 DOLLARS, \$3.00 and all other goods in proportion. All in want of Clothing, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Furs and Gent's Furnishing Goods.

We don't care how low any body offers goods, we will sell them at the lowest price. All who wish to secure GOOD BARGAINS can do so only at J. PEAVY & BROTHERS, Waterville.

Wing's Farina Crackers.
A FRESH lot of this truly excellent article just received and selling at a reduced price.
Also, we have a full assortment of Staple and Fancy Groceries, to be exchanged for cash or produce, on the most favorable terms.
At the Brick Store, One Door South of Messrs. Hender & Phillips's Dry Goods Store.
Waterville, Feb. 14, 1889.

MRS. UPTON'S HOUSEKEEPER and GARDENER.
18mo. Price 75 Cents.
We advise our readers to buy this book. It is a sort of pocket encyclopedia of what a lady wishes to know about gardening, if she lives in the country, or about housekeeping in general wherever she lives, with particular directions for all the various matters which come within the range of domestic life, from the raising of beef to the winding of a watch, and from making cabbage to making cheese. (Boston Daily Advertiser.)
This useful household book for all classes was favorably noticed in a very convenient form. We present for sale a permanent position among works of its class, and a widely extended circulation. (New York Mirror.)

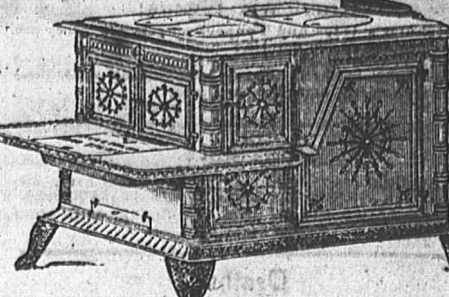
This book of capital use. Many a housekeeper and gardener, wherever they live, may be thankful to us for recommending it. (Waterville Mail.)
Open it where we will, and the information to be pointed out is valuable, interesting and complete. Such as a lady shall to meet with elsewhere in print. (National Intelligencer.)
It will be a very valuable guide to many a country artist. (Savannah Daily.)
This should be a book of daily reference in every house that claims to be a home. (Waterville Mail.)

Be that as it may, Jeffrey was sold. He stood on his master's lot, and in his hand, the big tears standing in his eyes, and his voice trembling with emotion, he stands before that

Kendall's Mills Advmts.

STOVES, HARDWARE and BAR IRON.

At Kendall's Mills.



King Philip Art-Tight.

J. H. GILBERTH, DEALER IN STOVES, Hot Air Furnaces and Fire-Frames, PLOUGHS, and BROAD-CAST SEED SOWERS.

Paints, Oils and Building Materials, Farmers' Boilers and Cast Iron Sinks, Carpenters' Tools, House Trimmings, Patent Chains, Cross Cut Saws and Leather Belting, Wrought Nails, Glue, Sheshing Paper, Oil Cloth Carping, Putty, Lead Pipe, Sheet Lead and Zinc, together with Britannia, Tin, Japanese, Enamelled and Sheet Iron Ware, &c.

Also, a good supply of KEROSENE OIL and LAMPS, for sale cheap.

Among our variety of Cooking Stoves, I have the "KING PHILIP ART-TIGHT," which requires no draft, for I warrant them to give entire satisfaction, and they will also be sold as cheap as at any other place on the river, for cash.

Having had much experience in the Furnace business, I have obtained

DARBY'S New Patent Gas Consuming Portable or Stationary FURNACE.
For wood or coal, can be set for about two thirds of the cost of those usually set in brick. They are small, strong and durable, and thus far, have given entire satisfaction. It has been but a short time since they were introduced, yet I have received letters of the highest commendation. To those who are unacquainted with them, I would say that I am willing to set them upon trial.

For the sale of all kinds of Tin and Sheet Iron Work done to order. Tin Peddlers supplied at a low rate, for ready pay. (Feb. 2, '89)

Dissolution of Copartnership.

NOTICE is hereby given that the copartnership lately existing between J. H. GILBERTH and GEO. RICHARDSON of Kendall's Mills, under the firm of GILBERTH & RICHARDSON, was dissolved Jan. 26th, by mutual consent.

J. H. GILBERTH is authorized to settle all debts due to and by the company. Immediate payment is requested.

J. H. GILBERTH, Geo. Richardson.

Having a good stock of STOVES, HARDWARE, &c., the undersigned hopes by low prices and strict attention to business, to receive a continuance of public patronage.

E. W. McFADDEN, Attorney and Counselor at Law, KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

J. W. JHANNING, KENDALL'S MILLS, Painter, Grainer, and Paper Hanger.
House, Sign, and Ornamental Painting, of all kinds, executed in the best manner and on reasonable terms.

Shop over E. G. Pratt's Store. 484

DR. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, (Fairfield, Me.)

References—R. H. ORT, M. D., Butler, Bath Co., Penna.; J. F. MOSES, M. D., Farmington, Me.

New Drug Store at Kendall's Mills.

THIS establishment would inform the citizens of Kendall's Mills and vicinity, that he has opened a Retail

DRUG AND APOTHECARY STORE,

at the stand formerly occupied by L. F. ARWOOD, Kendall's Mills, where he will keep constantly on hand a good assortment of Drugs, Medicines, Fancy Goods, Confectionery, &c., &c., which he will sell as low as the best.

Prescriptions carefully prepared.

July, 1888. 152 HENRY A. BUCK.

DR. A. PINKHAM, SURGEON DENTIST

now permanently located at KENDALL'S MILLS, and will be at attention to Surgical and Mechanical Dentistry.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH, RUBBER PLATES, and all the latest improvements in a complete and durable manner. Office next door to Phillips's Furniture Rooms. Kendall's Mills, April 14, 1887. 404

IT IS A FACT!—CLOTHING

Can be bought at TRAYNER & MARSTON'S in WATERVILLE! AT A LOWER PRICE THAN AT ANY OTHER PLACE in WATERVILLE!

Money they want, and money they must have, and will give a larger amount of Goods for it than was ever offered before.

They will sell a good Heavy Overcoat for \$4.00, a nice Business Coat or Sack for \$4.00, a fine pair of Pants for \$4.00, a pair of Under Coats, every shade and quality, some as low as \$3.00, a pair of Vests, every shade and quality, some as low as \$1.00, and every other article at the same low price.

Their stock of FURNISHING GOODS is unsurpassed in style and cheapness. Call and see them. Oct. 26, '88.

OUR MOTTO

"Quick Sales and Small Profits." STILL prevails more than ever! We have enlarged our Store, and added another counter which we have filled up with cloths, making it

THE LARGEST STOCK

in this vicinity. It being all bought for cash, the percentage thereon is small, and we are enabled to give you a satisfactory price. All who have to buy cloth for men and boys' wear, will not regret it if they call upon us before purchasing. We have no handsome

Broadcloth and Lyons Cloth, for Ladies' Cloaks, which we shall sell at prices to suit the customers.

READY-MADE CLOTHING, LATEST STYLES.

Overcoats, Dress Frocks, and Business Coats, Pants and Vests.

Portland Advertisements.

F. W. BAILEY'S BOOK BINDERY,

No. 68 Exchange Street, Portland, Me. THE LARGEST BINDERY IN THE STATE. WHERE you can have Music, Magazines, Pamphlets, law books, and every kind of book, from a folio bible to child's primer.

Bound in Styles to suit your own tastes. BAILEY'S, 68 Exchange Street. Orders for Binding may be left with MAXHAM & WING, at the "Eastern Mail" Office, Waterville.

R. L. DAY, PAPER WAREHOUSE, No. 21 Exchange Street, Portland, Me.

Constantly on hand, all sizes and qualities of Wrapping Paper, Hardware, Cloth, Shoe, Envelope and Sheathing Paper. Cash paid for Paper Stock. 190

Androscoggin & Kennebec Railroad.

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS—1888-89. On and after Monday next, April 15, 1888, the Passenger Train will leave Waterville for Portland, Boston and Lowell at 10 A. M., and for Bangor at 3 P. M., daily.

Freight Train for Portland leaves at 6:00 A. M., and Freight Accommodation leaves for Bangor at 6:20 A. M. Return—Passenger Train from Portland and Boston arrives at 4:30 P. M., and from Bangor at 10:11 A. M. THROUGH TICKETS sold at all Stations on this line.

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS New York and Portland.

The splendid and fast steamer "HESPEAR," Capt. KINNEY, will run regularly between New York and Portland, as follows:

Leave Bangor's Wharf every SATURDAY, at 4 o'clock, P. M., and returning leave New York, Pier 12 N. E., every TUESDAY, at the same hour.

This vessel has been fitted up with new and powerful machinery, and very fine accommodations for passengers, making this the most speedy and comfortable route for travelers between New York and Maine.

Passage, \$6.00, including Fare and Stateroom.

Goods forwarded by this line to and from Montreal, Quebec, Bangor, Augusta, Eastport and St. John. Also connects with Steamers for Baltimore. Good stevedores through with dispatch, at the cheapest rates.

For freight or passage, apply to EMERY & FOX, Bangor's Wharf, Portland, or to H. B. CROMWELL, Pier 12 N. E., New York.

Portland and Boston Line.

The splendid new steamship "FOREST," Capt. LAWSON, and "MONTANA," will leave Portland, as follows:

Leave Portland, Thursday and Friday, at 6 o'clock, P. M., for Bangor, Eastport, and St. John. Also, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, at 6 o'clock, P. M., for Bangor, Eastport, and St. John.

Passage, \$1.00, including Fare and Stateroom.

Goods forwarded by this line to and from Montreal, Quebec, Bangor, Augusta, Eastport and St. John. Also connects with Steamers for Baltimore. Good stevedores through with dispatch, at the cheapest rates.

For freight or passage, apply to EMERY & FOX, Bangor's Wharf, Portland, or to H. B. CROMWELL, Pier 12 N. E., New York.

WILLIAM N. FISHER, MANUFACTURER OF FILES, CLINTON, ME.

Old Files and Rasps re-cut and warranted Good. Orders from abroad promptly attended to.

WILLIAM DYER, Apothecary and Druggist, WATERVILLE, MAINE.

Medicines compounded and put up with care.

ELMWOOD HOTEL, WATERVILLE.

BY JOHN L. SRAVEY.

DUNTON & FOSTER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Waterville, Me.

Office on Main Street, nearly opposite the Williams House.

JOSEPH H. DRUMMOND, Counsellor at Law, and Notary Public, WATERVILLE.

Office with Dunton & Foster. Residence on College street at the "H. A. Smith House."

FURNITURE WARE-ROOM, W. A. CAFFEY,

At the New Ware-Room, No. 3 Bayville Block.

Offers for sale a large and complete assortment of

PARLOR, Dining-Room, and Kitchen FURNITURE,

including Sofas, Mahogany Chairs, Mirrors, Mattresses, &c., &c.

Also, a general assortment of

READY-MADE COFFINS.

Cabinet Furniture manufactured or repaired to order.

Waterville, June 23, 1888. 50

HOUSE & SIGN PAINTING, Graining, Glazing, and Paper-Hanging.

W. J. MORRILL

Would respectfully give notice that he is still prepared to execute all orders in his line in the best manner and on reasonable terms. Grateful to his friends for the patronage he has received, he hopes to receive a share of their patronage in future.

Residence in Chamber Street, Jan. 18, 1889. Wm. J. MORRILL.

A choice variety of

LADIES' FURS

Just received and for sale by J. PEAVY & BROTHERS.

H. A. BACHLEDER, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of WOOD SEAT CHAIRS and SETTEES.

West Waterville, Me.

NEW FALL & WINTER CLOTHING!

TRAYNER & MARSTON

Are now ready to show to their friends and customers, one of the most

Elegant & Attractive CLOTHING

Ever exhibited in Waterville, which for

BEAUTY, QUALITY AND CHEAPNESS Cannot be Surpassed!

TWENTY-SIX PACKAGES

White Granite, China and Glass Ware, —NOW OPENING—

E. T. ELDEN & CO.,

Consisting in part of Full, Ring and Tea sets, of new pat. and of the very best quality of ware, plain and gilt band, China, glass, various styles; Yases and modern trunks; a fine assortment of men's suits, entry and

Hunts do, at low prices, and a large stock of silver and silver-plated ware of every style and quality, at the lowest prices. Also a large stock of cut glass, at a little less than can be found at any other place on the Kennebec river. Call and look at them.

SOFT HATS!

The best quality for sale at low prices, by

J. PEAVY & BROS.

Something for Your Children.

THE undersigned would give notice to the citizens of Waterville, Windfall and Benton, that he has purchased the exclusive right to manufacture and sell "MILK'S MILK-LIC" TIPS for children's Misses' and Boys' Boots and Shoes, one of the best articles ever got up. One pair of shoes will wear as long as two pairs without it.

W. L. MAXWELL.

W. L. M. would caution all persons against manufacturing or selling these shoes in the above mentioned towns, as he has the exclusive right to do so.

Waterville, Feb. 26, 1888. 51

BOOTS AND SHOES.

THE undersigned would inform the citizens of Waterville, Windfall and Benton, that he has purchased the exclusive right to manufacture and sell "MILK'S MILK-LIC" TIPS for children's Misses' and Boys' Boots and Shoes, one of the best articles ever got up. One pair of shoes will wear as long as two pairs without it.

W. L. MAXWELL.

W. L. M. would caution all persons against manufacturing or selling these shoes in the above mentioned towns, as he has the exclusive right to do so.

Waterville, Feb. 26, 1888. 51

ICE CREAMS, FRUITS, ETC.

G. F. LESCALLE, Keeps constantly on hand a choice assortment of

Fruits, Confectionery, Cakes, Pies, OYSTERS, CIGARS, &c.

COLEMAN'S SUPERIOR

Wagon Cakes, supplied at short notice.

Families and Parties supplied with Ice Creams, Cakes, etc., at short notice.

Oranges, Lemons, Figs, Cand