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Maxham & Wing

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MEN WANTED.

Men for today's hard toll and battle!
Knights were well in the feudal days;
Kings, when the people were dumb as cattle;
Priests, when the lie was means of grace;
Dancing-masters, when morals were manners;
Schemers in ink, when the sword was a pen;
But now, when God lifts up his banners,
And war change fierce—send us men! send us men!

O contemptible tailors' dummy!
Dupe and noodle and snob and quack,
Stale old fossil and breathing mummy,
Politician and party hack,
Fool of fashion and fool of barter,
Living to cheat and be cheated again,
Drayer of cant and counterfeit martyr,
Out and begone with you! send us men!

Send us men for the deck and the altar,
Men who are fearless of councils and bans,
Never with righteousness daring to palter,
Orthodox, rather in God's sight than man's;
Men who assume no clerical mastery,
Being man's servants and God's honest freemen,
Knowing that lordship agrees not with pastorage,
Whose first study is always to be men.

Send us men for the public stations,
Level and honest and brave and wise;
Thoughtful beyond their pay and their rations;
Paying never with traitors and spies;
Men whose wages and promises tally;
Men who build upon principles grand;
Learning of Christ, not of Machiavelli,
What to enact and how to command.

Send us men for the private places,
Tradesmen and craftsmen and tillers of sod,
Men with sympathies large as the race;
Loyal to fatherland, freedom and God;
Loyal in spite of high taxes and prices;
Disabling life, kindred, fortune null these,
Rather than sell in humanity's crises,
Liberty's birthright for pottage of peace.

RECREANT.

BY RUTH CHESTERFIELD.

THERE was an annual meeting of the Squag Village Dorcas Society. The object of this association, as its name implies, had hitherto been to aid the poor, either by making "garments" for them, like the good Dorcas of eighteen centuries ago, or, if needful, by supplying groceries or medicines. Sometimes they gave out sewing to such as were able to do it, paying them wages, which was as true a charity as the gift of money.

Mrs. Van Horn was president of the society. A woman of indomitable energy and untiring zeal, excellent qualifications for office, if the energy moves in the right direction, and the zeal is according to knowledge. On the present occasion she rather startled her hearers by proposing a new object for the society, viz., a stained glass window for the church.

"The object has this advantage," said she, "that it is exclusively a religious one. Shall we ornament our dwellings, and not the house of the Lord? You remember what David said in self-reproach, 'See now, I dwell in a house of cedar, but the ark of God dwelleth within curtains,' and Solomon, when he built the temple, overlaid the oracle with pure gold. I suppose," said she, smiling, "none of us pretend to be better than David or wiser than Solomon."

The smile responded to, but no one spoke till practical Mrs. Brent said, "This society has been handed down to us, an heirloom from our great-grandmothers. Three generations have preserved its object, its constitution and its bylaws intact. This, I think, should give it a sacredness in our eyes. And more than that, it is the only organization in town which aims to aid the poor, and one such there ought to be in every place."

"Well, really, you are the last one from whom I anticipated objections to so obvious an improvement," said Mrs. Van Horn, looking surprised.

"I do not object to the window," said Mrs. Brent, "if the parish can afford to pay for it, but I don't think it comes within the province of a charitable society, which ours purports to be."

Mrs. Van Horn shook her head. "Let us be sure," said she, "that we have not the spirit of the old Jews among us still. You know what they said about the precious ointment. 'It might have been sold for much and given to the poor.'"

Mrs. Van Horn had a certain oracular manner, which always went far with her audience, and in this case her scriptural quotations had great weight with a number of serious-minded women who had not thought the matter over for themselves, while the novelty of the thing secured the younger members. But her coup d'état was the proposition to get up a Christmas fair. This carried the day, and Mrs. Brent was left in a small but very respectable minority.

The fair now became the absorbing object of interest throughout the village. Young ladies who had sighed over long seams of unbleached cotton, gladly exchanged them for bright-hued silks and worsteds, and rejoiced that duty and pleasure were for once identical.

Mrs. Van Horn was the life and soul of the project. She appointed a weekly meeting of the Dorcas Society. It had hitherto met fortnightly, and this, with other duties abroad, left her but little time to superintend domestic affairs, and Peggy reigned supreme. If that faithful, but rather obtuse handmaiden forgot to put the fish-kine in the coffee, or fried the doughnuts in tallow, or seasoned the pudding-sauce with pepper, Mrs. Van Horn thought it sufficient apology to say—

"Peggy means well, but she is absent-minded, and just now she has everything to do."

Whereupon her husband inwardly anathematized industrial societies, fairs, and schemes of benevolence in general. His parlor looked like a grand bazaar, as thither all articles for sale were brought as soon as completed. He very irreverently remarked he should be glad when all that "litter" was carried off, so he could have an empty chair to sit down in.

"Mrs. Van Horn," said his wife, one day, "there is to be a raffle of the loveliest Afghan I want you to buy three shares, at least."

"I disapprove of raffles," returned he. "Disapprove, Thomas! It is done by the most respectable societies, and with the sanction of clergymen."

The husband vouchsafed no reply.

"Mrs. Saucy got a beauty for five dollars, and it was certainly worth fifty," continued she. "Augusta, if you want an Afghan I will get you one, but I buy no lottery tickets. If my boys take to gambling, they shan't say they had their father's example for it." Mr. Van Horn spoke with unusual sternness, and left the room.

"How irritable Thomas is getting!" said his wife to herself, "and now he has gone out and shut the door to make sure of the last word." Whether or not "Thomas" was irritable, her own nerves had not been proof against the strain of the last few weeks, and her temper was a good deal ruffled by this little incident. But she was destined to have her patience tried still further, for as Mr. Van Horn went out at one door, Peggy put her head in at another, saying—

"Old Rachel is in the kitchen, ma'am, and is waiting to speak to ye."

"Tell her I'm very much engaged this afternoon, and she must call some other time. And Peggy, give her something to eat. I fancy that will satisfy her."

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WATERVILLE, MAINE.... FRIDAY, OCT. 18, 1867.

NO. 16.

But this did not prove satisfactory—the old woman insisted on "getting speech" with the lady of the house, saying her business was very important, and Mrs. Van Horn presently heard the thump of a heavy cane on the entry floor, which was followed by the appearance of old Rachel herself.

She was one of those anomalous beings, a specimen of which may be found in every village, who are not vagrants nor paupers, and yet can scarcely be said to have any "visible means of support." They are familiar with most of the kitchens in the neighborhood, where they expect to receive food or cast-off clothing, though they would scorn to be called beggars. Sometimes they braid hats or bind shoes, thereby earning a few dollars for themselves, and for the rest they live nobody knows how.

If Mrs. Van Horn had not been pre-occupied she would have observed that her face looked unusually sharp and haggard, and that her eyes had the wild glare which speaks of suffering and want, but instead there only glanced across her mind a half-defined notion that she seemed very much out of keeping with her handsome parlor. Apparently the same idea struck her visitor, for she stood in the doorway as if afraid to put her foot on that carpet of lilies and roses.

She dropped an old-fashioned courtesy, and said, "I came to see if you had any coarse sewing for me."

"Perhaps so, some other time," answered Mrs. Van Horn, impatiently, "but I am very busy, as you see, and I really cannot attend to you now."

"The society sometimes gives me work," said Rachel, "and they sent me to you."

"The society has another object, that is, it has no sewing to put out at present," said Mrs. Van Horn, a little incoherently. "At all events, I can't be interrupted this afternoon, and it is very inconsiderate of you to be so persistent when I am engaged, ready to fly this minute," added she to herself.

"They sent me to you," repeated Rachel.

"Yes, they are always willing to put everything on my shoulders, but I tell you I can do nothing for you now; you must call again after Christmas."

"Christmas! I shall starve before Christmas," exclaimed the old woman.

"How ungrateful to talk about starving! Didn't the ladies give you a Thanksgiving dinner, and a quarter of a pound of tea, and ever so many nice things? It's discouraging to try to do good when it's all forgotten so soon, and besides, Rachel, if you are really in want, why don't you apply to the selectmen?"

"Because," answered Rachel, her eyes beginning to flash, "neither I nor any of my kind ever came upon the town yet, and please God, they never shall. But ma'am," said she, in a more humble tone, "winter is coming, and all the wood I've to depend upon is what I pick up in the fields."

"Then all I have to say is, you must go to the poor-house, and that is what I have told you before. It is the refuge charity has provided for such as you, and you ought to accept it and be thankful. You are too proud, Rachel; you know we ought to mortify pride."

The old woman drew herself up, striking her staff angrily on the floor. "Yes, that's what they all tell me—folks that never knew what it was to be cold or hungry themselves, but grudge the morsel that might keep me from starving; they tell me to go to the poor-house; but go to the poor-house I never will! I'm to be put on a level with them paupers; crazy Sal; and Tom, the fool; and drunken Jo! No, it shall never be said that Rachel McDougal brought such disgrace on her family, and they all dead and gone, and she the last of the name—the McDougal, that was as good as anybody!"

Old Rachel had poured out this speech with the impetuosity of a mill stream when the gate is open, and then she turned and marched through the kitchen and out of the house with so tragic an air that Peggy could only gaze with open-mouthed wonder, while the contemplated invitation to "stop and take a cup of tea" died away unuttered.

Mrs. Van Horn was right in saying Rachel was proud. The poor-house was the bazaar of her existence, and far from applying to the "selectmen" for aid, she dodged them as a burglar dodges the police. She remembered other and better days, and to the last shadow of independence she clung as with a dying grasp.

As she plod wearily to her wretched hovel, "In happy homes she saw the light,
Of household fires gleam warm and bright,"

and some in those "happy homes" looking out the window, saw her poor garments fluttering in the winter wind, and said, "There's old Rachel on the tramp again," then drew the curtain and thought of her no more.

There was a storm on Christmas night, but it did not prevent the enterprising Squag villagers from attending the long-talked-of fair, which proved to be brilliant beyond precedent. There were raffles, and "grab-bags," and a post office, and refreshments, and all the usual subterfuges to which rosy-cheeked young robbers of the gentle sex resort, instead of saying, bluntly—"your money or your life!"

But fairs—country fairs at least—have a generic character so well known that a specific description of this one is unnecessary. Suffice it to say, it fulfilled the expectations of the most sanguine, and the money raised, with what might be easily coaxed from indulgent husbands and fathers, made the stained glass window a certainty.

The next day the storm, which had been moderate at first, raged furiously, so that none went abroad but those whom business or necessity called. Toward night it increased; the mercury stood at 20 degrees below zero, and yet the snow fell, the wind blew, and darkness was over the face of the earth. It was one of those storms which come only occasionally, and which are dated from months, and perhaps years afterward.

Mrs. Van Horn sat in her comfortable and cheerfully lighted parlor, and rejoiced that the fair was well over, and that she had not another on her hands. To this her husband responded with a hearty "Amen," but if his motives had been investigated, I fear they would have been found to be tainted with that selfishness which is inherent in mankind.

Many, as they gathered about their firesides and listened to the raging elements, thought of

the poor, and some spoke of the ships on the coast; and there was one who said, "I can't help thinking of old Rachel." It was a poor shoemaker named Scrubbs, who, being always on the verge of want himself, could extend sympathy to others without much stretch of imagination. He had nine children, which was a great pity, but there they were, nine stubborn little facts, and the best thing remaining for him was to take care of them, and he labored hard to do so. Yet this man it was who had befriended Rachel more than any one else. Not much by gifts, for he had nothing to give, but by acts of kindness and commiseration.

As soon as the storm was over, and the roads passable, he proceeded to her house, reproaching himself as he went that he had not seen her for several weeks. There were no footprints in the snow, so it was evident he was the first-comer. He knocked loudly—there was no response. He rapped and shouted again and again, but there was no sound within, and he began to fear something was amiss. Not liking to take the sole responsibility of forcing the door, he called to some men who were passing with a breaking-out team. The lock was speedily demolished, and they entered the room—the only one the poor hovel contained. There was no fire, and at first they thought, in the dimness, no occupant, but advancing a little they discerned a human form between the bed and the fire-place—a rigid human form with time-worn garments gathered closely about it. They threw back a shutter, and the sunshine fell upon a pinched and ghastly face. Old Rachel was dead! The doctor was summoned, and pronounced the needless verdict—"Frozen to death."

"Oh, how terrible!" exclaimed Mrs. Scrubbs.

"Better so," said the doctor, "for if she had not frozen she would have starved."

And this must have been true, for in searching the house they found no sign of food or provision whatever.

Old Rachel's body was laid to rest with kindred dust, but her soul went upward to join the accusing spirits concerning whom Christ shall say, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me."

BURIAL PLACE OF THE ASSASSINATOR.—The old penitentiary buildings are to be torn down immediately, and on Tuesday last by order of the Secretary of War, the bodies of Booth, Mrs. Surratt, Payne, Herold and Atzerodt were removed from their graves and buried in another portion of the grounds. The graves of the assassin-conspirators were, as will be remembered, near the gallows on which they were executed.

The body of Wirz was in a grave just south of Atzerodt's. Booth's body was buried in what was known as the warehouse of the penitentiary. The Star of this evening publishes what it says are full particulars concerning the disposition of Booth's remains. On the night of April 27, 1865, this journal says, they were on board the monitor Montauk, and also during a considerable part of that day. No visitors were allowed on board, but Surgeon-General Barnes and others made a post mortem examination of the body, and removed two of the vertebrae between which the ball that caused his death had passed. This was the only portion of the body removed, and the various reports at the time, to the effect that the head was taken out, &c., were entirely unfounded. About two o'clock on the day after its arrival, the body was wrapped in an army blanket, placed in a boat in which was an officer of the Montauk with four sailors, General Baker and two detectives. The boat proceeded down stream to the lower arsenal wharf, on which the body was placed, and then returned to the monitor, leaving General Baker and his assistants at the arsenal grounds. Some few persons employed at the arsenal saw the body lying there during the evening, but a report having been given out that it was the body of a soldier who had been drowned, little attention was paid to it.

The body remained on the wharf until after midnight, when preparations were made for its interment. Secretary Stanton, General Dyer and Colonel Benton, commandant at the post, were on the ground, as well as General Baker and his detectives. The laborers were sent for and they were first directed to dig a grave in one of the penitentiary cells, but after taking up the brick flooring they came to a granite foundation laid in cement, and pronounced the work impracticable. A spot was then selected in the warehouse five or six feet south of the iron door opening into the prison from the wardens' department, and they were directed to dig the grave about ten feet deep. This being ready, the body, enclosed in an ammunition box, was brought in and lowered into the grave, which was then filled, the brick flooring being replaced, and the surplus earth removed to another portion of the room. The burial having been accomplished, the windows were boarded up, and the door was locked. Secretary Stanton taking the key with him. This key was kept at the War department until a few weeks ago, when it was returned to the arsenal officers.—[Boston Advertiser.]

The Pittsfield correspondent of the Lewiston Journal says the Sebasticook Base Ball club have prepared the grounds for the public building of the Central Institute. The building is to be 118 ft. in length, to have a centre and two wings. The centre is to be 65x50. The whole is to be three stories high with a bell dome and observatory in the centre. It will contain six recitation rooms, of ample dimensions, three Society rooms, Music and Drawing rooms, Library and chapel hall. The architecture is under the direction of Mr. C. F. Douglass of Showegon.

INK.—A correspondent asks for a method of making a good ink. A cheap ink and one in common use may be made by dissolving three ounces of solid extract of logwood, which may be had at the apothecaries, in four gallons of water. Now add one half ounce of bicarbonate of potash, dissolved in a little hot water. These liquids assume a purplish blue color, and the ink thus prepared may be used at once. It acquires an intense black color on drying, and does not corrode steel pens, and does not fade. The cost is said not to be over three cents a gallon.

[Maine Farmer.]

One manufacturer in Lynn made and sold thirty thousand pairs of base ball shoes this year.

North Kennebec Agricultural Society.

REPORTS OF COMMITTEES.

We this week present the remainder of these reports:—

FINE ARTS.

The title which specifies the duties of this Committee comprehends very little or very much, just as one looks at it. The general idea of fine art does not elevate the title. People as a general thing see a fine art as an accomplishment, and an accomplishment having little in its favor to commend it to sober, business disposed people. The defect is not in the thing, but in the abuse of it. If Mr. Shoddy buys a piano because he has spare change, and Miss Shoddy drums upon it to while away the time, as a good substitute for gossip and sleeping, the manufacturers of pianos ought not to be included in the list of toy makers, and Gottschalk should not be dismissed from mind as no better than a boy with a penny whistle; or if a silly Miss takes a notion to paint, and contents herself with the few daubs she is able to make upon a canvas, should Bearl and Bierdstadt, Church and Shepard fall in estimation to the level of visionaries? In one sense fine arts, include everything that is done well, for there is a principle, moral and practical, connected with every work well done. Conscience is carried into all things worthy our time and attention and to pray well or to work well is an art. There is no need of a misunderstanding here. If the motive is right, and the work, whatever that work is, is to accomplish a true end, it is a fine art. The boy who blacks your boots faithfully, rubbing them down to get the truest gloss, is a disciple of the greatest artist—even God. And so from little to great, as from valleys to mountains, there is an affinity among all men who try to do work—this work is by a fine art. Let us make a distinction. Some work helps the body directly, other work helps the soul; some work adds to our physical body and makes the scale go up or down, other work adds to our souls—makes us truer men. Now while we say that the boy who blacks your boots, the farmer whose care to crops has helped to raise your fine flour, the woman who makes the good butter we eat, displays the principles of high art; yet as the spirit is so much higher than the body, we must add that they who do for the soul are the artists, and that their branches of business come more legitimately under the title fine arts. We would ask you to see the fine arts as elevating. The art of music is to bring heaven's melody to our soul; to quiet our fears, to lessen the pang of our disappointments, by heaven's rhapsodies shutting out or correcting the disharmonies of earth. The art of painting keeps fresh before us the scenes of past days. The professions of the fine arts are only genuine—or we are their genuine disciples only when art raises us in life and strengthens us for its conflicts. Thus the true artist is the true man or woman, and the nobler the life of a professor of music or painting, the quicker will be his ear to catch heightening sounds, and the easier his eyes will detect the richness and beauty of God's great world. When we take up an accomplishment—we follow no ideal, we hear only broken notes or see objects without proportion or beauty; it is not an accomplishment, it is an affliction.

Wax work.—The Committee have three specimens in their department, all very fine. Indeed, we feel that we are not justified in drawing any lines of distinction here. Two were by Mrs. M. V. Hersom—a bouquet in which were fuchsias, hellebores, sweet peas, a lily of the valley and myrtle; these were well arranged and admired by all. The other was a vase of pond lilies having a look of fragrance. The third specimen by Miss Sarah Chandler, was a cross having a wreath and a rose by its side and overhung with drapery in folds. It is a fine piece of work and was worthy a place in the exhibition.

Sign and sleigh painting.—We go from what is generally called simply ornamental to what the majority acknowledge to be a combination of show and utility. Our townsman, Mr. S. D. Savage, had on exhibition a business sign, and an ornamental sleigh, of both of which the Committee desire to speak in terms of praise. A good sign before a store tells of business thrift, and you may be sure to find good signs within such a store. The cheerfulness and neatness of a place is raised by an attention to outward beauty. We call the attention of our business men to these remarks. Perhaps they may add a few new letters to the street, and thus help the trees and our fine wide avenue of trade to beautify our village. Certainly we should be proud of good work, and in Mr. Savage we see a workman of whom we must be proud.

Pencil Sketch.—We have but one contributor from the boys and girls; this is to be regretted. Parents should encourage them in everything that will give a true refinement to their character. Charley Hill exhibited a pencil sketch of trees. We hope that he will try to excel in this department, taking encouragement from what he has already done.

Portraits.—A crayon portrait of Mr. M. V. Hersom, by his wife, is lifelike and finely finished. The best the Committee can say of it, and this is certainly the best that can be said of any portrait, is: that it is a speaking likeness. Mrs. Mortimer contributed a picture of a little child. The picture is pretty and natural.

Engravings, Photographs, &c.—A print owned by Daniel Allen Esq. of Kendall's Mills is of historical interest. It tells of what our noble patriotic women did in the Union cause. It is an engraving of the Philadelphia soldier's refreshment saloon. Before these buildings were taken down, a photograph, fine and correct, impressed their outlines. Only a few engravings were made. Many a soldier can remember the kindly heart that served him with nourishment in those cold bleak days of our nation's disasters, and many a soldier, gone to a land without wars and a home without strife, looks down with blessing upon those who helped in humble, womanly ways, to stay the tide of battle or to mitigate its woes.

A working draft of the Grain Elevator, of Milwaukie & St. Paul's R.R., contributed by Mr. Mortimer, suggests the immense field of the West and the millions of mouths dependent upon its fruitful acres. The thanks of the Committee are due Messrs. Pierce and Hendrickson for fine photographs and engravings.

Mr. Pierce had some beautiful specimens of plain photographs; among his card pictures we noticed some true copies of friendly faces. Mr. C. A. Hendrickson had three engravings in the very highest style of art—family pictures that bring joy and light and character into homes.

"The Future" sets the mind looking upon the plans and actions of coming days, and upon old age when taking youth's place, grey hairs and dim eyes are the successors of black locks and quick, clear sight, and the strength of experience outranks the trifles and mistakes of early years. Ruth carries us to bible times, and Grandmother's Darling is the old story retold of the indulgent feelings of the end, for the beginning of earthly life. A photograph finished in crayon, of one of the former firemen of No. 1 engine company does credit to Mr. Carleton, our successful photographer. We must leave with a mere mention of a beautiful statuette of fall, and a bracket of black walnut upon which it rested, both were from C. A. Hendrickson's.

Oil Paintings.—We conclude our report by briefly speaking of the oil paintings. Most of our village artists were represented. Mr. G. W. Seavey, Mrs. Hoag, Mrs. W. B. Arnold, Miss Hanscom and Miss E. Wentworth, had fine pictures. We attach special importance to a view in Winslow, for its local interest; it is a fine picture, which Mrs. W. B. Arnold painted with Mr. Seavey. We would suggest to our artists that their profession is made to subserve a grand purpose when put to sketching the beauty spots that lie around our homes. History may be misrepresented on the written page, but the canvas of a faithful artist can hardly libel or misrepresent the scenes of our childhood; and the Kennebec affords some of the finest scenery in the world. A Trout, painted by the same lady, looks at a short distance off, like a real trout hanging upon a shingle. We would advise the members of N. P. W. P. company not to mistake it for a bite. Mrs. Hoag was represented by three fine pictures; two from nature, a fruit piece, consisting of two apples standing upon a book; another a view on "Artist's Brook." We do not know whether John Hanson has located it in his new atlas, but it looks as if its trees, rapids, and deep sombre light, were in existence. The third was a landscape of autumn scenery. Miss Roxanna Hanson's pictures were a view on the Hudson, a landscape with fine perspective, and a view in Camden, Me., of rich foliage. Miss E. Wentworth had a fruit piece of the loquats; Orange; also a picture of May flowers with a look of fragrance. We have left the name of Geo. W. Seavey, as the last of whose pictures we shall speak, thinking that his well earned reputation would enable him to endure unto the end. He deserves much praise as the directing mind of the pictures already mentioned. Of his own, there were five pieces; the picture of the lot is a landscape, small but rich; delicate and well executed. A picture of raspberries made one almost think that the berry season had not passed. He had two flower pieces—one of morning glories and poppies, and another of five different kinds of asters. We cannot say anything of an extended nature in regard to these pieces; they were copies of nature and illustrated the beauties of art. The Committee would add that these pictures being on exhibition merely, no premiums were awarded them.

The Committee would recommend the following premiums:

To Mrs. M. V. Hersom, for crayon portrait, \$1.00; to the same for wax work, \$1.00; to Mr. S. D. Savage, for sign and sleigh painting, \$1.00; portrait by Mrs. Mortimer, \$1.00; crayon by Mrs. Lasselle, 50 cts.; Charley Hill, for pencil sketch, 25 cts.; wax cross and wreath by Sarah Chandler \$1.00; oil painting by Miss Kate Burleigh 50 cts.

BUTTER, CHEESE, AND BREAD.
The Committee on Butter, Cheese, Bread, Honey, and Jellies, have attended to their duty and make the following report:

Butter.—There were fourteen entries made in all; four lots being packed, and ten being in lumps or balls. All of the butter was of superior quality, sweet and hard, and well deserving a premium. The ladies of our Society are entitled to great credit for the perfection to which they have brought the art of butter making. We award the 1st premium to Mrs. Wm. Balentine, the 2d to H. Taylor, and the 3d to Mrs. Charles Stuart.

Cheese.—There were twelve entries: three being sage; eight plain, and one in tub. The cheese were all of extra quality, and truly indicated that for superiority we need not go out of our own limits to procure the very best cheese that can be made. We award the 1st premium to Mrs. Chas. Stuart, the 2d to Mrs. Wm. Balentine, and the 3d to Mrs. F. A. Davies.

Bread, made by women.—There were eight entries of white bread. The bread was all good, and some of it most excellent. We award the 1st premium to Mrs. Col. Johnson Williams, and the 2d to Mrs. Samuel Hitchens. There were three entries of brown bread. That of Mrs. Joseph Percival was of very superior quality, and most surely entitled to the 1st premium. Emily J. Moore takes the 2d.

Bread made by girls.—There were only two entries of white bread; one by a girl of ten years, and one by a girl of eleven. We award the 1st premium to Minnie Taylor and the 2d to Lily Taylor.

For a plate of graham biscuit, made by a little girl of eight years, Mary Taylor, a gratuity of 50 cts.

There were only two entries of brown bread; one by a girl of nine, and one by a girl of fourteen. The nine, Ella E. Lewis, takes the 1st premium, and the fourteen, Dora Blaisdell, the 2d. These girls will sometime make good wives for Somebody, and are now well qualified in the domestic art of bread making. We hope to see many more entries, of bread made by girls, another year. Let each little girl in this Society try her skill, and add to the pleasure of us all.

Honey.—There were six lots presented, all very nice, pure and sweet, without an exception. We have never seen so good a display of honey at any of our exhibitions. We award the 1st premium to Zachariah Allen, and the 2d to Galen Hoxie. Mr. Allen's lot contained more than 100 pounds nice, pure, white honey.

Jellies.—Currant, four entries. We award

the 1st premium to Mrs. W. E. Drummond, and the 2d to Mrs. I. H. Low.

Crab Apple, two entries. We award the 1st to Mrs. Wm. H. Pearson and the 2d to Mrs. E. R. Drummond. It seems as if the ladies should or could make a much greater display in this department.

We noticed two jars very nice sweet pickles, one of crab apples, and one of cucumbers, presented by Mrs. Wm. H. Pearson of Vassalboro'. Also one jar of ketchup, made of tomato and cucumber, presented by Mrs. P. B. Taylor; and one exceedingly nice jar of raspberry jam, presented by Mrs. I. H. Low, of Waterville.

Last, but not least, we found a plate of delicious biscuits, marked "To try the butter," presented by Mrs. Joseph Percival; we tender her our thanks with the Society's, for the same. If they had been entered for premium, they would have taken the first.

Presented for the Committee,
J. NIXE, Chairman.

FARM IMPLEMENTS.

The show was very small of farm implements, the following being all that were entered:—Six plows, exhibited by Fletcher, of the Railroad foundry recently established at the Railroad depot, in Waterville. The castings of these plows are of superior quality, and judging from the appearance of the plows we believe they will work well; to them we award the 1st premium. Also two iron boilers, presented by the same gentleman, which are of superior smoothness, all of which we are pleased to see manufactured in our vicinity.

Diamond Churn Co., represented by A. P. Wellcome, presented one churn which had some advantages over the common churn, and is worthy of the patronage of the farmer. But your Committee would here state that in their opinion, more depends upon the temperature of the cream, than upon the construction of the churn, and much more upon the evenness of different cows' cream coming to butter. Mr. Wellcome also exhibited a steak pounder, cart tongue shackle, and spiral springs, all of which claim some advantages over the common run of articles now in use. The Committee tender their thanks to Mr. Wellcome for his display of articles, which have so much added to our fair; but are not authorized to give premiums out of the limits of the Society.

One potato planter, manufactured by J. L. True, of Garland, Me., is a novelty in this section. It is said by those who have seen it in operation to be a great labor saving machine, and worthy the attention of farmers.

A potato digger, manufactured by Richardson & Simpson, of Benton, is claimed to be a thorough practical machine.

H. G. ABBOTT, for Com.

the 1st premium to Mrs. W. E. Drummond,

and the 2d to Mrs. I. H. Low.

Crab Apple, two entries. We award the 1st to Mrs. Wm. H. Pearson and the 2d to Mrs. E. R. Drummond. It seems as if the ladies should or could make a much greater display in this department.

We noticed two jars very nice sweet pickles, one of crab apples, and one of cucumbers, presented by Mrs. Wm. H. Pearson of Vassalboro'. Also one jar of ketchup, made of tomato and cucumber, presented by Mrs. P. B. Taylor; and one exceedingly nice jar of raspberry jam, presented by Mrs. I. H. Low, of Waterville.

Last, but not least, we found a plate of delicious biscuits, marked "To try the butter," presented by Mrs. Joseph Percival; we tender her our thanks with the Society's, for the same. If they had been entered for premium, they would have taken the first.

Presented for the Committee,
J. NIXE, Chairman.

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Waterville Mail.

EPH MAXHAM, DANIEL WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . OCT. 18, 1867.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York; S. R. Niles, Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. P. Russell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 23 Congress Street, Boston, and 58 Cedar Street, New York; and T. C. Evans, Advertising Agent, 129 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the WATERVILLE MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

A. W. HILL & CO., Advertising Agents, 74 Middle Street, Portland, are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by A.

Advertisements are referred to the Agents named above.

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

AMUSEMENTS.—The Young Men's Christian Association has been holding a State Convention at Lewiston several days of this week.

State Constable Nye has acted as president. Many of the subjects discussed have been very shrewdly dissected. Among other subjects "Amusements" was a topic of discussion.

Card playing and dancing were very squarely condemned, and found no advocates.—Judge Smith of Boston, characterizing the former as "the devil's invitations to the dance of death."

Rev. Mr. Dalton advocated "harmless recreations such as athletic exercises," disapproving of such as are "useless." Judge Smith replied sharply, and said that "there was more gambling in Massachusetts over a base-ball match than in twenty horse races!" A voice from the audience echoed, "That's so in Maine!"

There was a very free expression on many leading points. Judge Smith, as reported in the Journal, "warned against admitting to membership any but evangelical Christians:—Let none hold office but members of evangelical churches." Gov. Chamberlain recommended "freedom from doctrinal divisions," and Mr. Gould of Bangor "denounced sectarianism in all its forms." And finally Judge Smith made an earnest appeal against sectarianism.

Encouraging reports were made from the numerous Associations in the State and the general tone of the Convention was of the earnest and enthusiastic character so commendable in young men. Waterville is well represented. Among the actors in the meetings, besides the president, we see the names of Rev. Hobart Richardson, Prof. Lynch, and E. R. Drummond, Esq.

We think the Convention is to adjourn to-day.

At the trial of fire engines at Bath, yesterday, twenty machines were present. The Atlantic (Button) of Augusta, took the 1st class prize to hand engines, playing 197 ft.; Lewiston the prize to 2d class, playing 162 ft. The Casco, of Portland, took the first prize to steam engines, playing 227 feet. Waterville Threes made 190 ft., and Victors, of Kend. Mills, 193 feet 6 in.

We have tried that sack of flour exhibited at the fair, from the Fairfield mill, and pronounce it equal to the best in market. That mill is winning custom from distant towns on account of its excellent flour and meal. Let the farmers raise their own wheat, and have it ground at the Fairfield mill, and they will be independent of the infernal monopolies which have no mercy on rich or poor.

THE BOWDOINHAM BANK ROBBERIES, it is said, are negotiating for a release from prison offering to return half of the stolen money. The confident expectation of effecting such a compromise, as a last resort in case of detection, is no doubt a great encouragement to crime.

NEDDO AND KENDALL, two rogues recently arrested by Sheriff Nye, of Kendall's Mills, and under sentence of 12 years for burglary, escaped from the jail at Norridgewock, on Tuesday, in the following manner:—A physician was in the jail visiting a patient. The rogues knocked him down with a padlock, threw ashes into the face of the jailer's wife, made a rush for the door and escaped—probably striking out for Canada.

CONDUCTOR MITCHELL is back at his post on the Portland and Kennebec Railroad. On the way down the river, the other morning, he stepped in to examine his new and elegant smoking car, and found our lawyers and sheriff cosily seated at the card tables, whiling away the time and sharpening their wits for more important contests by a friendly game of euchre.

GOOD ENOUGH FOR HIM.—The Argus says that W. C. Pitman, Esq., ('Deacon,' we call him at this end of his route,) "the popular conductor on the Maine Central Railroad," was recently made the recipient of a handsome patent ticket punch, from an unknown source.

THE FRUIT DISPLAY, at the recent Fair was large and handsome, as it is usually in years of scarcity, with the exception of grapes, which were sadly nipped by the early frost.

Mr. Josiah Goodwin, who has often made a fine show in this department, lost seventy-five dollars' worth of grapes in this way, and was unable to make his usual contribution.

ON SUCH PROSPECT OF SUCCESS as will enable him to compete with better results next year. We think this a department of fruit culture that holds out good inducements for investment.

EPH. MAXHAM, for Com.

SAMPLES OF CROPS.

The Committee were glad to see so fair an interest in the display of crops. All the entries were worthy of premiums; but as we were limited to one of each sample we have awarded as follows:—

For seed corn, to Galen Hoxie. Pens, to Jos. Percival; Ruta Baga Turnips, to Joseph Taylor & Son; Orton Potatoes, to J. B. Stratton; Cabbages, to P. DeRoche; Onions, to Cyrus Wheeler; Beets, to Benjamin F. Thompson; Mammoth Squashes, to P. DeRoche; Muskmelon, to Henry Mathews.

And they would recommend gratuities as follows:—J. C. Linscott, for Dutton Corn; Josiah Morrill, for Seed Corn; J. N. Fletcher, for Onions; Hiram Cornforth, for Seed Corn; Rev. Z. Thompson, for Carrots; and Wm. H. Pearson, for Seed Corn.

O. EMERY, for Com.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. and Mrs. Wendell have contributed liberally to the adornment of this department from the treasures of their green-house. They are entitled to the regular premium for "best bouquet of cut flowers," to which we add another dollar for their other contributions, making \$2.

To three charming bouquets of natural flowers, one by Mrs. Joseph Percival, one by Miss Ella Pearson, of Vassalboro', and one by Mrs. Sam'l Hittings, we award \$50 cts. each, and 25 cts. to a pretty dish of pansies, by Miss Ella Pearson.

While the society claims to patronize the ornamental and beautiful, nothing exceeds their favor more than flowers. God regarded them with such favor that he devoted nearly one-sixth of all his labor to the flower-bearing department; besides, the "better half of creation" gets no small part of its beauty from beautiful imitations of natural flowers. (If this committee continue in office next year they promise to double the awards to flowers.)

Mrs. Edwin Dunbar exhibits the "Florence Sewing Machine," and Mr. T. M. Goding the "Weed Sewing Machine," both which are reported to have taken high honors at the Paris fair. We believe both these machines are admitted to be among the best now used, and we know that both claim some special merit over all others; so that buyers should by all means examine these before making their choice.

The patent "Sash Stopper" is no doubt a great protector of finger-nails and a preventive of "the hard words," and as such it should be extensively applied.

The "Blacking Box Holder," for those who delight in shiny boots and clean fingers, needs no praise; and the "Barrel Vents" will prove a great convenience to such as dislike the ventilators provided by the Maine law.

Two beautiful carriages, a Sunshade and a Top Buggy, from the manufactory of Francis Kenrick, Esq., are an honor to the skill and faithfulness of a justly distinguished carriage maker. The society offers no direct premium on carriages, and Mr. K. is well rewarded by showing his; but we give him a vol. of Reports.

A beautiful case of Fancy Goods, from the very neat and tasteful store of Mr. Hendrickson, has a premium of \$1.

A case of dental work and implements, from the office of Dr. Palmer, who has established himself professionally in Waterville, is a good advertisement of his skill, and will no doubt induce inquirers to call at his office, over Alden's Jewelry store. Premium \$1.

A case of preserved insects, by Master Edson F. Hittings, is arranged with great taste; but its selections have not been sufficiently confined to "insects destructive to vegetation" to take the offered premium. We award it \$1; which is rather for the destruction of so many pretty butterflies. The study of natural history tends to the promotion of science and culture.

A sack of flour, presented by Mr. S. H. Blackwell, from the well known flouring mill at Kendall's Mills, needs no voucher among the numerous patrons of that popular mill; but as the proof is in the eating, and the package is destined for the hungry porringer of the Waterville Mail, we refer to its judgment. The wide and increasing patronage of that mill is the best award its owners ask.

A very pretty worsted and bead pin-cushion, by Mrs. Henry Taylor, a beautiful cone basket, by Mrs. K. M. Blackwell, a piece of elegant silk embroidery, by Miss L. Louise Taylor, of Belgrade, a very nicely wrought worsted lamp mat, by Celia Low, Fairfield, and a choice case of wax flowers, by Ella Whitman,—we give 50 cts. each.

A convenient little indicator of nice needle-work, called a spoon-holder, by Mrs. H. Taylor, a very beautiful bead watch case, by Flora Archer, and a good serviceable looking worsted pin-cushion, by L. Louise Taylor—25 cents each.

Some foreign curiosities deserve thanks for the interest they gave to visitors. An Indian pipe, exhibited by Charley Follansbee, is better in the hands of one of Mr. Nye's Cadets than of some half-bacon old smoker; and we hope Charley will take care that it never gets stained with tobacco. Some wax implements shown by Mr. N. C. Bailey, of Winslow, were very choice curiosities, upon which the owner very properly sets a high price.

Mr. J. H. Gilbreth, the enterprising dealer in hard ware, stoves and farming implements, at Kendall's Mills, exhibits a beautiful pattern of soap-tone stove and a Clipper mowing machine. Having the agency of the latter, and believing it the best in use, he is pushing its sale in a characteristic way. We guess he is right.

EPH. MAXHAM, for Com.

THE REJECTED OHIO AMENDMENT.—The constitutional amendment rejected by the vote of the citizens of Ohio recently, provided that the elective franchise should be extended to colored men, also excluded from the right of suffrage "such persons as have borne arms in support of any insurrection or rebellion against the Government of the United States, or have fed from their places of residence to avoid being drafted into the military service thereof, or have deserted the military or naval service of said Government in the time of war, and had not subsequently been honorably discharged from the same."

MANY SUFFER rather than take nauseous medicines. All who suffer from coughs, colds, irritation of the bronchial tubes or tendency to consumption, will find in Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry a remedy as agreeable to the palate as effective in removing disease. The Balsam is a pleasant remedy; it is a safe remedy; it is a powerful remedy; it is a speedy remedy; it is a remedy that cures.

EIGHT OZ.—NOT FOUR.—Every bottle of "Barrett's Hair Restorative" contains eight oz.—not four, as in Preparations put up in a similar style.

OUR TABLE.

THE DIAMOND DICKENS.—The cost of each volume of the beautiful Illustrated Diamond Dickens is only \$1.50; plain edition, \$1.25. It can be procured of any bookseller, or will be sent postpaid by the publishers, Ticknor & Fields. Of the last issue of this beautiful edition the Providence Press says:—

BLEAK HOUSE.—The ninth volume of the charming and popular "Diamond Edition." These volumes are so neat and compact, the small type so clear, the paper so perfect, the press-work so even, and the binding so firm and yet delicate in taste, that we have never doubted their popularity since we handled the first volume. It is an edition remarkable for its compactness and beauty. Now that Dickens is coming to this country to lecture, we advise our friends to read him up at their leisure moments. These little volumes are cheap, and one can purchase them as they are issued and not feel the diminution of the size of his purse. The illustrations continue to be of the same artistic character as in the first volume issued.

"THE GOSPEL AMONG THE ANIMALS, OF Christ with the Cattle," is the title of a sermon by Samuel Osmond, D.D., recently issued by Samuel R. Wells, 251 Broadway, New York, the well known publisher of Philological works. The sermon makes prominent the unity of the plan of the creation, and enforces lessons of mercy and kindness towards the brute creation.

FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY.—The last number of this popular juvenile contains a handsome title page and table of contents. This is a great favorite with the little folks, who are wonderfully pleased with its lively stories and numerous pictures. Published by Frank Leslie, New York, at \$2 a year.

MERRY'S MUSEUM.—This well known juvenile magazine has passed into the hands of H. B. Fuller, and the publication office is transferred to Boston. It is the oldest magazine of its kind in America, and the new proprietor announces his determination to make it the best. Important improvements will immediately be made in its management, which will be announced in the next number. Published by H. B. Fuller, 245 Washington St., Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

The sun has "crossed the line" three times this fall, judging from the weather.

Robert T. Lincoln, son of the late President of the United States, was admitted to practice at the Chicago bar on Wednesday.

The railroad from Newport to Dexter will be fully graded before the winter sets in.

Mrs. Mary Kimball of Linneus, was 100 years old last May and is now quite active and retains her mental faculties well. She is the eldest person in Arrostook.

A deposition by Judge David Davis, administrator on the estate of President Lincoln, is published by the Springfield, Ill., Journal. It estimates the value of the estate at \$500,000, exclusive of the \$25,000 appropriation by Congress.

Here is a conundrum which may not be new but which is good: Why will a singing master win in a race? Because time flies and the singing master beats time.

An Iowa dispatch says: "We have fought all sorts of side issues, all kinds of political villany, and against a rallying point in our ranks but in fact of this we give a vote of 30,000 in favor of making treason odious and Radicalism triumphant."

Col. B. F. Harris of Machias, a gallant officer of Maine volunteers, has been appointed by Governor Chamberlain superintendent of public buildings of Maine.

The colored juries in North Carolina are giving full satisfaction to the bar generally.

Omaha has just been carried by the republicans for the first time.

Advice to husbands. "How to make home happy"—Go off somewhere.

MR. CYRUS WHEELER, of the West village, showed himself to be "the worthy son of a worthy sire," by presenting at the Fair, this year, a brimming basket of those famous free-soil onions, that for so many years have secured the first premium and unlimited admiration from all beholders.

CATTLE MARKETS.—At the Cambridge cattle market, last week, over 1000 cattle and 9000 sheep were received, in addition to the large numbers reported for the week ending on Wednesday. Ordinary cattle were one dollar or more lower, and the demand uncommonly weak. The Boston Advertiser reports it the hardest market of the season for the drovers.

This week, the market was overstocked with inferior animals, and prices remained unchanged. W. P. Dyer sold 10 good Maine oxen at 12cts. and 10 others at 11 1/2 cts.—the twenty to dress from 800 to 1100 per bullock. Gideon Wells sold one pair, 1460 lbs. live weight each, at 12cts., and five young cattle at 9c. per pound.

"The Belfast Journal has three roosters crowing at the head of its columns and one eagle screaming terribly."

And what decent bird wouldn't scream to be ignominiously cooped with a lot of demoralized democratic roosters?

REV. G. D. B. PEPPER, (a D.D. now,) formerly pastor of the Baptist church in this village, is in town, and will next Sabbath occupy the pulpit which he so ably filled for several years. Dr. Pepper has resigned his position at Newton, and is Professor elect in the Crozier Theological Institution, which will commence its sessions near Philadelphia next fall—until which time he is under salary with leisure to prepare for his coming duties.

A NEW CHURCH will probably be built in our village next season. The Methodists have gone so far as to purchase the lot next south of Mr. David Gibbs's, on the east side of Pleasant street, being the rear of the Capt. Nehemiah Getchell homestead lot. We do not learn that any effort has yet been made to raise a subscription, but R. B. Dunn, Esq., President of the Maine Central Railroad Co., furnished the most of the purchase money for the lot.

The railroad ticket office at Hallowell was broken open on Thursday, while the ticket seller was at dinner, and robbed of two or three dollars in scrip.

The latest development in Mrs. Lincoln's old clothes case is a card from her New York agent, announcing that he is authorized to receive subscriptions for her. A Chicago correspondent of the Boston Advertiser asserts that Mrs. Lincoln is insane, and therefore not responsible for her recent conduct.

The efforts to prevent a concentration of the revolutionary bands in the Papal States having failed, a battle was fought between the Garibaldians and the Pontifical troops, in which the latter were badly beaten, losing heavily in killed and wounded.

[For the Mail.]

OUR STREETS AND OTHER FAMILY MATTERS.

A paragraph in the last Mail seems to imply that Main Street is now all right, since the "pebbles" have been removed. The removing of these—they appear more like boulders in some Streets—has certainly improved the travelling facilities on that Street. Even before they disappeared, we could get along on one side or the other of them, but how is it about the grade? Let us look at the facts and see if the interests of the whole village do not require reform on this point, to say nothing of retrenchment.

The Boutelle Block was built on one of the highest elevations of the business portion of Main Street, comparatively out of the reach of mud and dust. Where is it now? Place a level upon the center of the Street and the first floor of the Hardware Store on it will be found to be several inches under ground. The same remark will apply to other stores as you pass along the street. At the south elevation, the William's House, the Low Store and stores adjoining, were, a few years ago, ascended by steps. When Ticonic Row was built, the north end was one foot and the south end was two feet above the street. What is now the condition here? The most of these buildings are either on a level with the street or beneath it. Indeed, Ticonic Row is nearly out of sight from the overflow of gravel from the William's House mound; just where the Marston Block and the buildings south of it will soon be by a similar overflow from the Boutelle mound. The one in which the Mail Office is situated, although of more recent date, is fast going under, and the Mail itself, though in the second story, we sometimes fear, has a little gravel in its eyes, or it may be only "pebble" glasses.

Why this mania for heaping up gravel in the highest places? Are our road commissioners aiming it at the tops of the buildings? It is already above the bottoms of the most of them. To say nothing of the future, how much does this heaping up of earth add to the comfort of doing business at the present time? Let those the most favorably situated, who have the full benefit of the clouds of dust raised by every breeze, answer.

The casting of earth even into the low places does not remove the water from the streets. It only forces it to the spots still lower. The water can only be removed by gutters, ditches and culverts where necessary. This can as easily be done on a proper grade as on one too high and by such a grade the expense of raising buildings will be avoided. Then all will know where to build. No one knows now. There is no safety anywhere. The builders of the Morrill Store, forgetting that our gravel system operated the most vigorously at the highest points, hoped that they had placed their foundation out of danger. But the dump cart has been after them. A few years more, and they too will have the gravel. What then will be the condition of their neighbors?

The same evil results are noticed in nearly all our Streets. Not a ditch cleared out to carry off the water, but earth and rocks heaped up burying the side walk, and the side walk flooding the dwellings.

We have one of the most beautiful village locations in the State. Shall its beauty be marred forever by the lack of a suitable grade for a single street, especially our principal business one? Let there be a proper grade from the Marston Block to the Continental and every place of business will be accommodated, and the beauty and convenience of Main Street nowhere excelled. There is surplus gravel enough in it to supply the whole corporation for years.

This business of grading should be attended to before the evil is of any greater magnitude. Why can we not act together on this and every other subject of vital importance to all alike? Why need our dwellings look as though they were dropped here and there, high and low, accidentally? Why is one end of one of our most beautiful streets called by one name and the other end by another, with the middle dropped out? Why are our divisions and jealousies such that a man who struggles for the public good is looked upon as lunatic or actuated by self interest? Our village interests are not so extensive that an ordinary intellect cannot grasp the whole. When will that brood of little minds disappear that cannot utter a few sentences or write a paragraph without using the terms "up town" and "down town," "nigger" and "copperhead," "radical" and "rummy"?

When will a race of men control our affairs who will understand that the public good recognizes no distinction between "Ticonic Falls" and "Crommet's Mills," "Foundry privilege" and "College Rips," but that all must stand or fall together? In a word, when shall we resolve to make use of those advantages which nature has so lavishly placed in our hands?

STAE.

We indulge our correspondent "Star," in pretty free speech, but hope that such portion of his counsels and suggestions as apply better to himself than to anybody else will be as kindly received as he expects the rest to be. It is easier for some men to use the lash than to smart under it; and those who incline to apply it freely generally deserve it most.

We are glad to learn that Mr. Thomas S. Lang, who has just arrived at home after a year's absence in France for his health, is nearly or quite restored. A good evidence of this is his speech to some hundreds of friends who gathered at his house, with a band of music, to give him welcome. "I thank you, friends, for these kind tokens of welcome, and assure you I am as glad to see you as you are to see me." If brevity is the soul of wit, it is also the soul of sense; and though the man who would make such a speech may be weak in body, he is evidently of sound mind.

A QUARTERLY MEETING of the Methodist Church will be held at the Town Hall, in Waterville, on Sunday, Oct. 27th. Love Feast at 9 o'clock A. M.; Sermon at the usual hour in the forenoon; Communion after sermon.

THE RECEIPTS at the Show and Fair of the North Kennebec Agricultural Society, were this year about the same as last. The expenses and awards amount to something more than they did last year.

C. L. SMITH, who had some nice work on exhibition at the late Fair, has a manufactory of ladies' and children's boots and shoes at the West village, and Mr. Millett, one of his workmen, is well known here. They have many orders from our village.

LADIES! see the advertisement of Messrs. Peavey Brothers, and learn where to buy your furs. That firm are noted for their low prices and honorable dealing; and as their stock embraces a large variety of choice goods, which they are rushing off in their usual way, you will find it profitable to examine their rich and rare stock of furs.

DRAWING OXEN.—Some persons believe horse trotting very wicked and cruel, who take great pleasure in witnessing a trial of the strength of oxen, pulling on a drag. Such would do well to read the following remarks of the editor of the Maine Farmer, in his account of the Readfield Show:—

In the afternoon the usual feat showing the strength of oxen, gathered together the usual crowd of spectators, but we had not sufficient interest in the matter to inquire the weight of the load moved or the names of the farmers who "pulled" their cattle. We record the fact with some pleasure, that many farmers who were present, and who own as good cattle as were upon the grounds are satisfied with their strength and discipline and have no desire to strain them unnecessarily in order to contribute to the amusement of a crowd of curious boys and inconsiderate men. The test of draught to which oxen are subjected at our country fairs is both unmerciful and uncalled for, and the practice should be superseded by a more rational and sensible mode of discipline. During the hauling of the oxen, a valuable ox belonging to Mr. H. O. White was seriously injured by having his foot caught under the drag, in consequence of having too short a chain.

A large and enthusiastic meeting was held at New Portland on Friday last to discuss the project of building the Somerset railroad, and subscription books in aid of the enterprise have been opened there. Those who ought to know feel confident that the road will be put under contract before another spring.

THE KENNEBEC CONFERENCE of Congregational Churches, will meet at Winslow, on Tuesday, Oct. 22d, at 2 o'clock, P. M. The churches in Somerset County are invited to meet with us on this occasion, each sending two delegates besides the pastor.

The P. & K. Railroad will convey those who attend the Conference at one fare the round trip.

J. DINSMORE, Chairman of Committee of Arrangements.

Several communications are laid over until next week.

EUROPEAN NEWS.—Despatches received by the Atlantic Telegraph, on Saturday, state that affairs in Italy still wore a very serious aspect. The general belief at Paris is that the whole nation will follow Garibaldi in his effort to restore Rome to Italy. It is alleged that the King of Italy will soon pass the Roman frontier and proclaim Rome as part of the kingdom. Napoleon returns to Paris from Biarritz on Tuesday next. The London Times officially denies that Earl Derby has resigned or contemplates resigning his position as head of the ministry. Fenian arrests have been made in Liverpool, and considerable excitement consequent thereon, prevailed in that city. No outbreaks, however, occurred.

THE ELECTIONS.—Ohio has chosen Hayes, Republican, Governor by about 3200 majority. The Democrats have a small majority in the Legislature.

Pennsylvania has chosen Sharwood, Democrat, Judge of Supreme Court, by 700 majority. The Republicans have a handsome majority in both branches of the Legislature.

Iowa has been carried by the Republicans by 25,000.

Montana, the little territory over which the Democratic organs have screamed themselves hoarse, instead of affording "immense Democratic gains" and "a splendid Democratic triumph," is so close as to be doubtful. It was a Democratic stronghold, but its losses are fearful.

The Temperance Order of Good Templars of this State met in convention last week in Biddeford, five or six hundred in number. The meetings were interesting and the deliberations, though private, are said to have been harmonious. The organization is reported to be prosperous, having on its list members of both sexes nearly thirty thousand. Excellent speeches were made by Hon. Nelson Dingley, Jr., Hon. Warren H. Vinton, F. N. Dow, and other gentlemen.

The Banger Whig and Courier says: "Mrs. Isaiah Rich of Hampden, left her room, one day last week, leaving an infant daughter of ten weeks sleeping in the bed, and a little boy of three years in the room, cautioning him not to touch the baby nor wake her up. She had been gone but a little while when she was startled by the screams of the babe, when hastening to the room, she found the little boy in the act of getting off the bed, while the baby had its chest crushed in, its color bone broken, and otherwise so severely injured that death ensued in twenty-four hours."

All information from the South since the elections, is to the effect that the rebel element there has been greatly comforted by the results, is exhibiting a more intense defiance, and is going to work with a will, believing it yet quite possible to defeat the congressional plan of reconstruction.

Friends Eli and Sybil Jones his wife, of Vassalboro' in this State, sailed from London on the 26th of September last, to pursue their missionary labors in Syria and Egypt. They were in good health.—[Kennebec Journal.]

