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Maxham & Wing

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Spare me, dread angel of reproof,
And let the sunshine weave to-day
Its gold threads in the warp and woof
Of life so poor and gray.

Spare me while the flesh is weak,
These lingering feet, that faint would stray
Among the bowers, shall some day seek
The straight and narrow way.

Take off thy ever watchful eye,
The eve of thy rebuking frown;
The dustiest slave at times must sigh
To fling his burdens down.

To drop his galley's straining oar,
And press, in Summer's warmth and calm,
The lap of some enchanted shore
Of blossom and of balm.

Grudge not my life its hour of bloom,
My heart its taste of love desire;
This day be mine; be those to come
As duty shall require.

The deep voice answered to my own,
"Smiling my selfish prayer away;
To-morrow is with God alone,
And man has but to-day."

"Say not thy God, vain heart within,
The Father's arms shall still be wide
When from these pleasant ways of sin
Thou turn'st at evening tide."

"Cast thyself down," the tempter saith,
"And angels shall thy feet appear,"
He bids thee make a fee of faith,
A blasphemy of prayer.

Though God be good and free be Heaven,
No force divine can love compel;
And, though the song of sin be forgiven,
May sound through lowest hell.

The sweet persuasion of His voice
Respects thy sanctity of will,
He giveth day; thou hast thy choice
To walk in darkness still;

As one who, turning from the light,
Watches his own gray shadow fall,
Doubting, upon his path of night,
If there be day at all!

No word of doom may smite thee out,
No wind of wrath may downward whirl,
No sword of fire keep watch about
The open gates of pearl.

A tender light than moon or sun,
Than song of earth a sweeter hymn,
May shine and sound forever on,
And then be deaf and dim.

Forever round the Mercy seat
The guiding lights of Love shall burn;
But what if, hither-bound, thy feet
Shall lack the will to turn?

What if thine eyes refuse to see,
Thine ear of Heaven's free welcome fail,
And thou a willing captive be,
Thyself thy own dark jail?

O dream beyond the saddest guess,
As the long coils of God's great will
To make thy dreary selfishness
The prison of a soul!

To doubt the love that faith would break
The fetters from thy self-bound limb;
And dream that God can thus forsake
As thou forsakest Him.

[From Harper's Magazine for November.]

CALICO.

[CONTINUED.]

HALCOMBE DIKE, coming home from church that morning a little in advance of the crowd, saw a picture in the doorway of Mr. Guest's barn, and quietly unlatching the gate came nearer to examine it. It was worth examining. A back-ground of great shadows and billowy hay; a pile of crimson apples struck out by the light through a crack; two children and a kitten asleep together in a sunbeam; a girl on the floor with a baby crawling over her; a girl in a chocolate-colored dress with yellow leaves in her hair—her hair upon her shoulders, and her eyelashes wet.

"Well, Sharley!" She looked up to see him standing there with his grave, amused smile. Her first thought was to jump and run. Her second to stand firm.

"Well, Mr. Halcombe! Moppet's stuck yellow leaves all over me; my hair's down; I've got on a horrid old morning-dress; look pretty to see company, don't I?"

"Very, Sharley."

"Besides," said Sharley, "I've been crying, and my eyes are red."

"So I see."

"No, you don't, for I'm not looking at you."

"But I am looking at you."

"Oh!"

"What were you crying about, Sharley?"

"Because my grandmother's dead," said Sharley, after some reflection.

"Ah, yes, I remember! About '36. I think her tombstone gives as the date of that sad event?"

"I think it's wicked in people to laugh at people's dead grandmothers," said Sharley, severely. "You ought to be at church."

"So I was."

"I wasn't; mother wouldn't—"

But her lip quivered, and she stopped. The memory of the new hat and Sunday dress, of the golden church-bells, and hush of happy Sabbath-morning thoughts came up. That he should see her now, in this plight, with her swollen eyes and pouting lips, and her heart full of wicked discontent!

"Wouldn't what, Sharley?"

"Don't!" she pleaded, with a sob; "I'm cross; I can't talk. Besides, I shall cry again, and I won't cry again. You may let me alone, or you may go away. If you don't go away you may just tell me what you have been doing with yourself this whole long summer. Working hard, of course. I don't see but that every body has to work hard in this world. I hate this world! I suppose you're a rich man by this time?"

The young man looked at the chocolate dress, the yellow leaves, the falling hair, and answered gravely—a little coldly, Sharley thought—that his prospects were not encouraging just now. Perhaps they never had been encouraging; only that he in his young ardor had thought so. He was older now, and wiser. He understood what a hard pull was before young architects in America—a young architect, the best of young architects—and whether there was a place for him remained to be proved. He was willing to work hard, and to hope long. But he grew a little tired of it sometimes, and so checked himself suddenly. "As if," thought Sharley, "he were tired of talking so long to me! He thought my question impertinent." She hid her face in her drooping hair, and wished herself a mile away.

"There was something you once told me about some sort of 'buildings'?" she ventured, timidly, in a pause.

"The Crumple Buildings." "Yes, I sent my proposals, but have not heard from them yet; I don't know that I ever shall. That is a large affair, rather. The name of the thing would be worth a good deal to me if I succeeded. It would give me a start, and—"

"Ough!" exclaimed Sharley. She had been sitting at his feet, with her face raised, and red eyes forgotten, when, splash! an icy stream of water came into her eyes, into her mouth, down her neck, up her sleeves. She gasped, and stood drenched.

"Oh, it's only a rain storm," said Moppet, appearing on the scene with his empty dipper. "I got tired of sleeping. I dreamed about three giants. I didn't like it. I wanted some-

thing to do. It's only my rain storm, and you needn't mind it, you know."

Dripping Sharley's poor little temper, never of the strongest, quivered to its foundations. She took hold of Moppet without any observation, and shook him just about as hard as she could shake. When she came to her senses her mother was coming in at the gate, and Halcombe Dike was gone.

"I s'pose I've got to 'tend to that hollering to-night," said Moppet, with a gentle sigh.

This was a quarter past seven. Nate and Metuselah were in bed. The baby was asleep. Moppet had thrown his shoes into the water-pitcher but twice, and run down stairs in his night-gown only four times that evening; and Sharley felt encouraged. Perhaps, after all, he would be still by half past seven; and by half past seven— If Halcombe Dike did not come to-night something was the matter. Sharley decided this with a sharp little nod.

She had devoted herself to Moppet with political punctiliousness. Would he lie at his lazy length with his feet on her clean petticoat while she bent and puzzled over his knotted shoestrings? Very well. Did he signify a desire to pull her hair down and tickle her till she gasped? She was at his service. Should he insist upon being lulled to slumber by the recounted adventures of Old Mother Hubbard, Red Riding-Hood, and Tommy Tucker? Not those exactly, it being thought proper to keep him in a theologic mood of mind till after sundown, but he should have David and Goliath and Moses in the bulrushes with pleasure. Then Moses and Goliath and David again. After that David and Goliath and Moses by way of variety. She conducted every Scriptural dog and horse of her acquaintance entirely round the globe in a series of somewhat apocryphal adventures. She ransacked her memory for Biblical boys, but these met with small favor. "Pooh! they weren't any good!" They couldn't play stick-knife and pitch in. Besides, they weren't any great shakes. Jack the Giant-Killer was worth a dozen of 'em, Sir! Now tell it all, over again, or else I won't say my prayers till next winter?"

After some delicate plotting, Sharley maneuvered him through "Now I lay me," and tucked him up, and undertook a little Sunday-night catechizing conscientiously enough.

"Has Moppet been a good boy to-day?"

"Well, that's a pretty question! 'Course I have!"

"But have you had any good thoughts, dear, you know?"

"Oh, yes, lots of 'em! I been thinking about Blessingham."

"Who? O, Abalom!"

"Oh, yes, I've been thinking about Blessingham, you know; how he must have looked dreadful funny hanging up there onto his hair, with all the darts 'n things sticking into him! Wouldn't you like to see him? No, you needn't go off, 'cause I ain't begun to be asleep yet."

Time and twilight were creeping on together. Sharley was sure that she had heard the gate shut, and that some one sat talking with her mother upon the front door steps.

"Oh, Moppet! Couldn't you go to sleep without me this one night—just this one night?" and the hot, impatient tears came in the dark.

"Oh, no," said immovable Moppet, "of course I can't; and I s'pect I'm going to lie awake all night too. You'd ought to be glad to stay with your little brothers. The girl in my library-book she was glad, any how."

Sharley threw herself back in the rocking-chair and let her eyes brim over. She could hear the voices on the door-steps plainly; her mother's wry tones and the visitor's; it was a man's voice, low and less frequent. Why did not her mother call her? Had not he asked to see her? Had he not? Would nobody ever come up to take her place? Would Moppet never go to sleep? There he was, peering at her over the top of the sheet, with two great, mischievous, wide-awake eyes. And time and twilight were wearing on.

Let us talk about affliction," with our superior, reproving smile! Grays may close and hearts may break, fortunes, hopes, and souls be ruined, but Moppet wouldn't go to sleep; and Sharley in her rocking-chair doubted her mother's love, the use of life, and the benevolence of God.

"I'm lying awake to think about Buriah," observed Moppet, pleasantly. "David wanted to marry Buriah's wife. She was a very nice woman."

Silence followed this announcement.

"Sharley? you needn't think I'm asleep—any such thing. Besides, if you go down you'd better believe I'll holler! See here: s'pose I'd slung my dipper at Hal Dike, just as David slung the stone at Goliath—"

Another silence. Encouraged, Sharley dried her tears and crept half-way across the floor. Then a board creaked.

"Oh Sharley! Why don't people shut their eyes when they die?" Why, Jim Snow's dog, he didn't. I punched a frog yesterday. I want a drink of water."

Sharley resigned herself in despair to her fate. Moppet lay broad and bright awake till half past eight. The voices by the door grew silent. Steps sounded on the walk. The gate shut.

"That child has kept me up with him the whole evening long," said Sharley, coming suddenly down. "You didn't even come and speak to him, mother. I s'pose Halcombe Dike never asked for me?"

"Halcombe Dike? Law! that wasn't Halcombe Dike. It was Deacon Snow—the old Deacon—come in to talk over the revival. Halcombe Dike was at meeting, your father says, with his cousin Sue. Great interest up his way, the Deacon says. There's ten had convictions since Conference night. I wish you were one of the interested, Sharley."

But Sharley had fled. Flew away into the windy, moonless night, down through the garden, out into the sloping field. She ran back and forth through the grass with great leaps, like a wounded thing. All her worry and waiting and disappointment, and he had not come! All the thrill and hope of her happy Sunday over and gone, and he had not come! All the winter to live without one look at him—and he knew it, and he would not come!

"I don't care!" sobbed Sharley, like a defiant child, but threw up her hands with the words and wailed. It frightened her to hear the sound of her own voice—such a pitiful, shrill voice—in the lonely place. She broke

into her great leaps again, and so ran up and down the slope, and felt the wind in her face. It drank her breath away from her after a while; it was a keen, chilly wind. She sat down on a stone in the middle of the field, and it came over her that it was a cold, dark place to be in alone; and just then she heard her father calling her from the yard. So she stood up very slowly and walked back.

"You'll catch your death!" fretted her mother, "running round bareheaded in all this damp. You know how much trouble you are when you are sick, too, and I think you ought to have more consideration for me, with all my care. Going to bed? Be sure and not forget to put the baby's gingham apron in the wash."

Sharley lit her kerosene lamp without reply. It was the little kerosene with the crack in the handle. Some vague notion that every thing in the world had cracked came to her as she crept up stairs. She put her lamp out as soon as she was in her room, and locked her door hard. She sat down on the side of the bed and crossed her hands, and waited for her father and mother to come up stairs. They came up by and by and went to bed. The light that shone in through the chink under the door went out. The house was still.

She went over to the window then, threw it wide open, and sat down crouched upon the broad sill. She did not sob now nor wail out. She did not feel like sobbing or waiting. She only wanted to think—yes, that was it, she thought; she must think, she had need to think. That this neglect of Halcombe Dike's meant something she did not try to conceal from her bitter thoughts. He had not neglected her in all his life before. It was not the habit either of this grave young man with the earnest eyes to do or not to do without a meaning. He would put silence and the winter between them. That was what he meant. Sharley, looking out upon the windy dark with straight-lit eyes, knew that beneath and beyond the silence of the winter lay the silence of a life.

The silence of a life. The wind hushed into a moment's calm while the words turned over in her heart. The branches of a cherry-tree, close under her sight, dropped lifelessly; a homelick bird gave a little, still, mournful chirp in the dark. Sharley gasped.

"It's all because I shook Moppet! That's it. Because I shook Moppet this morning. He used to like me—yes, he did. He didn't know how cross and ugly I am. No wonder he thought such a cross and ugly thing could never be—could never be—"

She broke off, crimson. "His wife?" She would have said the words without blush or hesitation a week ago. Halcombe Dike had spoken no word of love to her. But she had believed, pure and gravely, in the depths of her maiden thought, that she was dear to him. Gravely and purely too she had dreamed that this October Sunday would bring some sign to her of their future.

He had been toiling at that business in the city now a long while. Sharley knew nothing about business, but she had fancied that, even though his "prospects" were not good, he must be ready now to think of a home of his own. At least that he would give her some promise of it to keep through the dreary, white winter. But he had given her nothing to keep through the winter, or through any winter of a wintry life. Nothing. The beautiful Sunday was over. He had come, and he had gone. She must brush away the pretty fancy. She must break the timid dream. So that grave, sweet word had died in shame upon her lips. She should not be his wife. She should never be any body's wife.

The Sunday Night Express shrieked up the valley, and thundered by and away in the dark. Sharley leaned far out into the wind to listen to the dying sound, and wondered what it would seem like to-morrow morning when it carried him away. With its pause one of those sudden hushes fell again upon the wind. The homelick bird fluttered about a little, hunting for its nest.

"Never to be his wife!" moaned Sharley. What did it mean? "Never to be his wife?" She pressed her hands up hard against her two temples, and considered.

Moppet and the baby, and her mother's headaches; milking the cow, and kneading the bread, and darning the stockings; going to church in old hats—for what difference was it going to make to any body now, whether she trimmed them with Scotch plaid or sarcelin cambric?—coming home to talk over revival with Deacon Snow, or sit down in a proper way like other old people in the house with a lamp and read Somebody's Life and Letters. Never any more moonlight, and watching, and strolling! Never any more hoping, or wishing, or expecting, for Sharley!

She jumped a little off her window-sill; then sat down again. That was it. Moppet, and the baby, and her mother, and kneading, and milking, and darning, for thirty, for forty, for the dear Lord, who pitied her, only knew how many years.

But Sharley did not incline to think much about the Lord just then. She was very miserable, and very much alone and unhelped. So miserable, so alone and unhelped, that it never occurred to her to drop down right there with her despairing little face on the window-sill and tell Him all about it. Oh, Sharley! did you not think He would understand?

She had made up her mind—decidedly made up her mind—not to go to sleep that night. The unhappy girls in the novels always sat up, you know. Besides, she was too wretched to sleep. Then the morning train went early, at half past five, and she should stay here till it came.

This was very good reasoning, and Sharley certainly was very unhappy—as unhappy as a little girl of eighteen can well be; and I suppose it would sound a great deal better to say that the cold morning looked in upon her sleepless pain, or that Aurora smiled upon her unrested eyes, or that she kept her bitter watch until the stars grew pale (and a fine chance that would be to describe a sunrise too); but truth compels me to state that she did what some very unhappy people have done before—found the window-sill uncomfortable, cramped, neuralgic, and cold; so undressed and went to bed and to sleep, very much as she would if there had been no Halcombe Dike in the world. Sharley was not used to lying awake, and Nature would not be cheated out of her rights in such a sound, young, healthful little body.

But that did not make her much the happier when she woke in the cold gray of the dawn to listen for the early train. It was very cold and very gray; not time for the train yet, but she could not bear to lie still and hear the shrill, gay concert of the birds, to watch the day begin, and think how many days must have begun—so she crept faintly up and out into the chill. She wandered about for a time in the raw, brightening air. The frost lay crisp upon the short grass; the elder-bushes were festooned with tiny white tassels; the maple-leaves hung fretted with silver; the tangle of apple-trees and spruces was powdered and pearled. She stole into it, as she had stolen in the happy sunset-time so long ago—why! was it only day before yesterday?—stole in and laid her cheek up against the shining, wet vines, which melted warm beneath her touch, and shut her eyes. She thought how she would like to shut and hide herself away in a place where she could never see the frost and frost or brightening day, nor hear the sound of chirping birds, nor any happy thing.

By-and-by she heard the train coming, and footsteps. He came springing by in his strong, man's way as he had come before. As before, he passed near—how very near!—to the quivering white frost crushed up against the vine-leaves, and went his way and knew nothing.

The train panted and raced away, shrieked a little in a doleful, breathless fashion, grew small, grew less, grew dim, died from sight in pallid smoke. The track stood up on its mound of frozen bank, blank and mute, like a corpse from which the soul had fled.

Sharley came into the kitchen at six o'clock. The fire was burning brightly under the boiler. The soiled clothes lay scattered about. Her mother stood over the tubs, red-faced and worried, complaining that Sharley had not come to help her. She turned, when the girl opened the door, to scold her a little. The best of mothers are apt to scold on Monday morning.

Sharley stood still a moment and looked around. She must begin it with a washing-day then, this other life that had come to her. Her heart might break, but the baby's aprons must be boiled; to-day, next week, another week. The years stretched out into one wearisome, endless washing-day. Oh, the dreadful years! She grew a little blind and dizzy, sat down on a heap of table-cloths, and held up her arms.

"Mother, don't be cross to me this morning—don't! Oh, mother, mother, mother! I wish there were any body to help me!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"The Negro as a Soldier" is the title of an essay, originally written for the U. S. Sanitary Commission, which is published in the October number of The Quarterly Journal of Psychological Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence. It is from the pen of Dr. Sanford B. Hunt. So far as regards the history of negro enlistments, the essay is neither very full nor very accurate, for it was written at a time and for a purpose which made the gathering of such facts not easily possible and not particularly necessary. But it is both valuable and interesting as an answer to the sceptics who, when the employment of negro troops was first proposed, debated whether the negro had the physique to endure hardship; whether he had the necessary physical courage; whether, when his blood was up, he would not disgrace the cause by acts of savagery; even whether he had the brains required for mastering the manual of arms, and a dozen other doubts which we can all remember. These and other questions Dr. Hunt answers by statements of facts. These are, briefly, his conclusions: The negro possesses a natural aptitude for drill. As regards cleanliness, personal and of the camp, the negroes were found to need rigid discipline, and we may add that very many white regiments also were lamentably deficient in both these respects. His capacity for marching was at first thought to be small, it being supposed that his large, inelastic foot would make him a bad walker; but experience has shown that he marches as well as any other soldier. "His large joints and projecting apophyses of bone give a strong leverage to the muscles attached to or inserted in them. The colored soldier does not endure fatigue as well and as long as the white, but he can endure hunger for a much longer period." He is a heavy feeder and a good forger, and shows no peculiar tendency to diseases of the alimentary tract. He bears injuries and recovers from them as well as the white soldier; gangrene is of rare occurrence; pneumonia, pleuropneumonia, and measles are more frequent and fatal among the negroes than among whites; and, contrary to a very prevalent opinion, the American negro is as liable as the white man to bilious, typhoid and malarial fevers. "This corresponds also with the facts reported by African travellers, who speak of great mortality from intermittent and bilious fevers of the Africans in their native jungles." As to the negro's susceptibility to pulmonary disease, it is said that "great weight is due to the hypothesis that he has a tropical or smaller lung." Among negro troops nostalgia is unknown. As regards intellectual capacity, if we suppose that can be measured by measuring the cubic contents or by getting the weight of the cerebral mass, it seems to be shown, but by experiments which are by no means complete or to be taken as exhaustive, that in weight of brain the average white has an advantage over the negro of 2.74 ounces, the average weight of 141 negro brains being 46.96, which gives the white an advantage over the negro of 5.12 per cent. All this, however, Dr. Hunt offers as suggestion, not scientific fact. Summing up the question, Dr. Hunt says that the negro seems to have these disadvantages for service which the white man has not, namely, a greater liability to pulmonary and exanthematous diseases and a lack of education. He does not discover in him such natural intellectual inferiority as at all incapacitates him for military life, and thinks that in all wars hereafter this country may and will draw largely on its colored population.—[Nation.]

MUSTARD PLASTERS.—By using syrup or molasses for mustard plasters, they will keep soft and flexible, and not dry up and become hard, as when mixed with water. A thin paper or fine cloth should come between the plaster and the skin. The strength of the plaster is varied by the addition of more or less flour.

Do IT WELL.—"There, that'll do," said Harry, throwing down the shoe-brush, "my boots don't look very bright. No matter. Who cares?"

"Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well," replied a serious but pleasant voice.

Harry started and turned round to see who spoke. It was his father. Harry blushed. His father said, "Harry my boy, your boots look wretchedly. Pick up your brush and make them shine. When they look as they should, come into the library."

"Yes, pa," replied Harry, pouting, and taking up his brush in no very good humor and brushing the dull boots until they shone nicely. When his boots were polished, he went to his father, who said to him—

"My son, I want to tell you a short story. I once knew a poor boy whose mother taught him the proverb, 'Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well.' That boy went to be a servant in a gentleman's family. He took pains to do everything well, no matter how trivial it seemed. His employer was pleased and took him into his shop. He did his work well there.

When he swept out the shop he did that well. When he was sent on an errand he went quickly, and did his errand faithfully. When he was told to make out a bill or to enter an account, he did that well.

This pleased his employer so that he advanced him from step to step, until he became head clerk, then a partner, and now he is a rich man, and anxious that his son Henry should learn to practice the rule which made him prosper."

"Why, pa, were you a poor boy once?"

"Yes my son, so poor that I had to go into a family and black boots, wait at table, and do other little menial services for a living. By doing those things well I was soon put, as I have told you, to do things more important. Obedience to the proverb, with God's blessing, made me a rich man."

Harry never forgot the conversation. Whenever he felt like slighting a bit of work, he thought of it, and felt spurred to do his work properly. "Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well," cheered him in his daily duties.

LARGE VS. SMALL KERNELS FOR SEED.—Some ten years ago I planted an ear of corn to test the difference between the product of the kernels of both ends and the middle of the same ear, and will give you the result. The soil was just alike, the cultivation the same, and the crop very different. I planted the first two rows from the large end of the ear, the next two rows from the tip or small end; and planted all the same morning. The large end produced fair-sized ears, with irregular rows, much as you will find them at that end of the ear. The middle kernels produced large ears, mostly straight-rowed and fair. The tips brought forth *rabbits only*. There was not a fair ear on the two rows of corn. I have raised corn, more or less, for forty years; and now plant only about half; or at most, two thirds of the kernels on each ear of corn, and generally raise good crops. Save your seed corn and hang it up in the fall.—[Cor. New York Independent.]

REBUKED BY A JEW.—The name of Christian is dishonored when those who bear it, even only by nationality, suffer themselves to be outdone in humanity by others.

The following anecdote is from Breslau, and is of recent date:—

Not long since, an elderly man with bare head stood in an eating-house, surrounded by a crowd of people. The landlord held the man's hat and cane in his hands and an impatient waiter stood between the guest and the door. The confusion of the old man was indescribable. He seemed to be for the first time in his life in such a scrape—said nothing, looked down to the ground, and with difficulty restrained his tears, while all around mocked and jeered him. Just then a poorly-dressed Jew, with long, white beard, entered, and inquired what it all meant, and with an expression of almost feminine curiosity. He was told that the man had eaten and drank, and now that he must pay, he searched his pockets in vain for money.

"Well," exclaimed the Jew, "I see the old man for the first time, but I'll be bound he did not come here to eat. And, landlord, suppose he had no money to forget, couldn't you for once give a poor man something to eat for God's sake? How much does he owe, anyhow?"

The debt was eight silver groschen, and the Jew, paying this, took the poor man by the hand and led him to the door. Those present did not seem to enjoy the reproach which their brutality had received, and one insolent fellow cried out,—

"Hey! Jew, what have you done? This is the Sabbath, and you have touched money!" (This is forbidden to the Israelites.)

"You are right," answered the Jew. "Just now I forgot that I was a Jew, just as you forget that you are Christians. But you may rest easy of my account! I understand my commandment which says 'Honor the Sabbath day and keep it holy.' Just get some schoolmaster to explain it to you, and if he is a reasonable man he will agree with me. Good deeds have no Sabbath." And with these words he left the room.

FIGURING.—When four wood-larks are allowed to do all the singing in the forest, and four seraphs all the singing of heaven, then can our Protestant churches afford to depend for singing upon four persons who stand in the loft, with their throats weary from singing at the organ, executing their fugue tunes and torturing our good old hymns in the following style:—

"Oh! for a man
Oh! for a man
Oh! for a man—on in the skies."

"We'll catch the flea
We'll catch the flea
We'll catch the flea—sing hours."

"He'll take the pill
He'll take the pill
He'll take the pill—home."

"With reverence let the saints appear,
And bow—ow—ow—before the Lord."

—Dr. Talmadge.

CORN AND HOGS.—The N. Y. Independent says from carefully conducted experiments by different persons, it has been ascertained that one bushel of corn will make a little over 10 1/2 pounds of pork—gross. Taking the re-

sult as a basis, the following deductions are made, which all our farmers would do well to lay by for a convenient reference—that:—

When corn sells for 12 1/2 cents per bushel, pork costs 1 1/2 cents per pound.

When corn costs 17 cents per bushel, pork costs 2 cents per pound.

When corn costs 25 cents per bushel, pork costs 3 cents per pound.

When corn costs 36 cents per bushel, pork costs 4 cents per pound.

When corn costs 50 cents per bushel, pork costs 5 cents per pound.

THE USE OF STIMULANTS.—The Saturday Review puts forth the following:—

It is quite true that after a man has gone through a day of severe harassing labor—whether in the city, or in seeing patients, or getting up briefs and cases, or in any other way—he feels very much refreshed and restored by the bottle of champagne which he has been recommended to take with his dinner. But the restoration is only for the moment. No process of real enduring reparation takes place. One effect of the temporary exhilaration is a readiness to renew the labor from which he only desisted an hour and a half before. The stimulant supports him for two hours more work, and the result is that the last state of that man is worse than his first.

There is another way of recruiting the flagging system to which doctors are also very fond of resorting. If you feel wearied at any time, or faint, they say in a sympathetic manner, "Take a little brandy and water." This is more fatal than the other. As the teetotalers say, it makes men a prey to the insidiousness of the demon of alcohol. The intervals between the periods of faintness grow

Waterville Mail.

RPH MAXHAM, DAN L. R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, . . . NOV. 8, 1867.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

R. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 27 Park Row, New York; E. H. Niles, Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. P. Howell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 23 Congress Street, Boston, and 55 Cedar Street, New York; and T. B. 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.

ATWELL & CO., Advertising Agents, 74 Middle Street, Portland, are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required by A. Advertisers abroad are referred to the Agents named above.

To be Read and Heeded.

We this week commence sending bills to all subscribers who are one year or more in arrears; and we trust they will receive immediate attention, for our need is urgent. We shall continue this until all are served; but no one need wait for a bill. Send or bring something that will pay our indebtedness and keep it wheels moving. The larger the bill the more pressing is our demand for its settlement.

GRAVE CHARGES.—A writer in the Bath Times, who signs himself "Fair Play," charges the Waterville Firemen with lack of courtesy to their brethren from abroad, at the Firemen's Muster recently held here, and complains of the decision of the adjudging committee in giving the second prize to Ticonic Company of Waterville. Those who are acquainted with Waterville Firemen will be slow to believe that this charge of a lack of courtesy can be sustained; and those who are not will do well to suspend opinion until the other side is heard. In the meantime we will suggest that the errors of management, if any existed, are chargeable to the Horse Association, and not to Waterville Firemen, who, like the others, were invited guests, and had little more to do with the management than the Firemen of Bath; that Ticonic Company could do no less than accept what they supposed to be a fairly awarded them, especially as if any error was made it lies with the awarding committee, two of whom were from abroad; and finally, that many of "Fair Play's" alleged grievances never had any existence save in his imagination. But we will not anticipate the reply that will soon be made through the "Times."

Curiously enough, the Kennebec Company, who claim that they should have had another play for the second prize, have challenged—not the Ticonics, to whom it was awarded, unfairly as their champion alleges, but—the Waterville Threes, to play for a wager of \$100 a side. The challenge and reply will be found among our advertisements.

THE NOVEMBER ELECTIONS.—The result of the elections on Tuesday are thus briefly summed up by the Portland Press:—

In Massachusetts, Minnesota and Wisconsin Governors were to be elected on Tuesday, and in each of those States the Republican party maintains its ascendancy. In Maryland a successor to Governor Swann was to be chosen, and under the new constitution there could be but one result. The Democratic candidate has been elected. In New Jersey, Delaware, Illinois, Michigan, Missouri, Kansas and Nevada, there were no State tickets, and the elections turned mainly on local issues. In New York the Democratic candidate for Secretary of State has been elected by a majority of 29,000 votes, which is about the number of illegal votes cast by the Democratic party in New York city and Brooklyn. Constitutional amendments establishing impartial suffrage appear to have been defeated in Minnesota, Wisconsin and Kansas.

It may be added, that in Massachusetts the republican majority is reduced to about 26,000, and that the legislature, which is overwhelmingly anti-prohibition, contains more of the so-called democratic element than usual. In New York, the democratic majority will probably be about 40,000, and though there will be a majority of republicans in the Senate, the complexion of the Assembly is yet doubtful.

JOSEPH PERCIVAL, Esq. has sold his beautiful farm on the outskirts of our village (formerly the John Cool farm) to Mr. D. W. Moor, who owns the adjoining one on the north. Mr. Percival will sell his choice stock and extensive assortment of farming tools at auction. See advertisement in another column.

THE WATERVILLE THREES treated themselves and a few invited guests, to a nice oyster supper—one of Charles Williams's best—on Thursday evening, at their engine house. Capt. Jewell, genial as ever, presided with great grace and dignity, and everything needful was done to make outsiders feel at home among the firemen.

An angry squall powdered the ground with snow on Wednesday night, giving it quite a wintry look, but the frosty covering has all disappeared since. Verily, November ought to have a lamblike mildness at the close, for it has roared like a lion at the outset.

[For the Mail.]

"Barking Dogs never bite," but "growling" ones lacerate fearfully. Truly, "the mountain has labored," the bolt has been hurled, the envenomed shaft has struck, the poison is doing its work. Farewell to aspirations of literary fame; farewell to bright dreams of future greatness; farewell to hopes, long cherished, of deathless renown. Would that the rocks and mountains might fall. "To die for one's country" is sweet; but to be totally obliterated for an "old Hack" is deplorable.

Conglomerations of such overpowering logic, diluted with "Hog Latin," mixed ad infinitum with personal blackguardism in an overwhelming dose have done the job. A less quantity might have produced a lingering death; but who can survive such an allopathic treatment. When clouds arise and the "muttering thunder" is heard, shelter can be sought; but when a bolt is hurled from a clear sky, fatality attends it.

But sudden death is accompanied with less suffering than lingering illness; the blotting out process is one of the kindly provisions of nature; a thrust in the dark accomplishes what might be parried in broad day. How true that in "the midst of life we are in death"; a lurking foe is ever near, ready to pierce unseen. A sharp bitten dog shows himself without fear, but a "growling" cur snaps in the dark; yelps of incipient puppyism are hardly worth noticing, particularly when extra devotion is to be rewarded by extra bones from the master's table.

Nero fiddled while Rome burned, and why should not "Growler" jeer while "an old horse" is being tortured. Nature will assert herself, although surrounded by the most refined society; culture may hide, but can never eradicate traits, which under less favorable auspices would culminate in lower forms of brutality. Amihilation is accomplished; spasmodic action has nearly ceased; the blow was so sure and the knife so keen that little suffering has accompanied this sinking into oblivion.

By way of appendix, but not "as preface," I would add, as a last effort of expiring nature, that I am filled with regret, that so much carefully prepared ammunition has been wasted, for had I known, or even dreamed, of the unerring marksman and wily foe on my track, I should not, like Scott's coon, instantly have come down, but should never have attempted to ascend.

C. H. R.

N. B. If this don't show "carefully matured thought," &c., it is because the poison has been so rapid in its work.

GEN. KNOX, Mr. Lang's famous horse, as we stated last week, was present at the Horse Show, with many noble specimens of his stock. One of the most promising of them, was the well known five year old of Mr. J. H. Gilbreth, of Waterville, which, driven by himself, made a half mile in 1.15. It has sometimes been said that Gen. Knox produces no great trotters; but we think that five year old colts that will get over the ground at a 230 gait are pretty scarce even in this land of fast horses. The colts of Mr. Gilbreth's horse race so high that even his illustrious sire would be proud to own them.

Two lads from Gardiner,—Franklin Taylor and Charles Douglass, alias Dotten neither more than a dozen years old, were brought before the police court at Augusta, on Thursday last, charged with stealing two watches from Mr. Muzzy, of this village. They acknowledged the crime, and being fined three dollars apiece, were committed for lack of funds.

CATTLE MARKETS.—The supply of stock at Cambridge and Brighton cattle markets, says the Boston Advertiser, was somewhat smaller this week than heretofore, and trade generally was more active, but with very little improvement in prices. Gideon Wells sold 8 good Maine oxen 1500 lbs. live, at 12 1/2 cts per lb. dressed; 3 others at 10c, 40 sk; also one pair working oxen, 6 ft. 4 in. for \$180; and one pair 6 ft. 8 in. for \$225. There were no sheep at all this week from the West, and there was something like the demand of old times. Still the buyers wanted their stock at about last week's prices; the meat-market, they said, would not justify an advance in prices. Still we presume that sheep and lambs have been sold somewhat higher, and certainly very much quicker this week than last. Many lots especially those of good quality, sold at some little advance over last week's prices.

GARIBOLDI'S movement upon Rome has come to a sudden end. The French troops marched into the Holy city, and the Papal forces, having concentrated, fell upon and defeated the invaders, with great slaughter. Garibaldi being compelled to flee and surrender himself to the Italian government. The disturbing cause having thus been disposed of, Victor Emmanuel and Napoleon may once more shake hands.

Late accounts of the last engagement, near Rome say that at one time the Papal troops were beaten, and that Garibaldi only lost the battle through the interference of the French troops.

EDWARD PAYSON WESTON the pedestrian, who is walking from Portland to Chicago, a distance of 1226 miles, in thirty consecutive days, on a wager of \$10,000, has failed a second time in his attempt to walk 100 miles in 24 hours; but he is reported to be in good health and spirits and confident of ultimate success. Great interest is felt in this undertaking all over the country.

A Priceless Benefit Conferred on the public in the manufacture of that superior article, "Burrott's Hair Restorative."

EDITORS MAIL:—

If one were to give only a few words descriptive of the various objects of interest in a city like Boston, he would have quite a task to perform; and if the attempt to describe those objects minutely, were made, much time would be required to do the work. I propose to give a few general ideas concerning things of common interest, without much regard to system, thinking that perhaps I may write something that will be interesting to a portion of your readers, if not to all.

About the first thing that attracts the attention of a person on visiting Boston, for the first time, is the total lack of systematic arrangement in laying out of streets. Indeed, a large number of streets, on which much business is done, are so narrow and crooked that they seem better to merit the name of lane than of anything else.

The city has a goodly number of buildings which are deserving of notice, and it is worth the while of a visitor to spend a day in viewing them. Some of these edifices possess more attraction on account of their historical renown, than from any particular architectural peculiarity or beauty; but some of them have a quaint, old-fashioned appearance, more in keeping with our notions of rural structures of a half century ago, than of any thing else.

The old South Church, a substantial brick edifice, standing at the corner of Washington and Milk streets, remind us of the struggles of the Revolution; for within its walls the eloquent words of Warren and others were echoed, inspiring their compatriots to deeds of valor, in resisting the oppression of the British government. This church was used at one time as a riding school for Gen. Burgoyne's cavalry.

Another brick Church, situated on Brattle Square, and known as Brattle-St. church, has a revolutionary renown. On the night preceding the evacuation of Boston by the British troops, a shot fired by the Americans, then posted at Cambridge, struck this building, making quite an indentation in the wall, but not passing through. The missile fell to the ground and was picked up the next day by one of the townspeople, and subsequently, when the church was repaired, the ball was placed in the exact spot where it struck, when fired from the American cannon. The shot is still to be seen, about one half its size being exposed to view. The British made use of this church in the years 1775-6 as quarters for their troops.

King's Chapel, at the corner of School and Tremont Streets, is another ancient looking church edifice. It was built in 1750. The burying-ground connected with the Chapel, which is quite large, contrasts considerably with cemeteries of more modern times. Nearly every headstone, marking the place of a grave, has either the representation of a skull and cross bones or some other device suggestive of any thing but bright visions of a future state. The neat, white marble tops of modern times, is indicative of real improvement. The somber hue of the ancient monument is often suggestive of ideas hardly in harmony with the thoughts which the inscription upon it is calculated to inspire in regard to the hope of the deceased, whose resting place it marks, of joys unending in a brighter world.

There are many other structures, some of more pretending appearance, among which I may mention as possessing considerable merit the City Hall, the State House, the County Court House, the "Exchange," and the Custom House. And grander and nobler than any other, the new Masonic Temple. The City Hall, fronting on School St., with the exception of the Masonic Temple, is undoubtedly the finest building in the city. It is built of New Hampshire granite, is very high, and possesses a solid and substantial appearance, excelled by but few public buildings of its class. The inside arrangements are admirably adapted for the comfort and convenience of the city functionaries, to whose use it is appropriated.

A citizen of Boston is erecting in the Public Garden a pretty stone monument, to commemorate the discovery that ether causes insensibility to pain, first made known to the world at the Mass. Gen. Hospital, in Boston, Oct. A. D. 1846." The statue of Edward Everett is also to be placed upon its pedestal in the Public Garden this fall or next spring. Then Boston will have five statues of distinguished persons viz:—One of Everett, of Franklin, of Webster, of Horace Mann and of Gen. Hamilton. But if I am not mistaken, those already on their pedestals are pronounced failures by persons qualified to judge in such affairs.

THE noted trotting horse, "Little Fred," owned the past year by John A. Judkins, of Waterville, has just been sold to a New Yorker for the reported price of \$5,000. He has been trained and driven exclusively by Mr. A. M. Savage, and has won, during the year, twelve out of fourteen races. His best time when purchased was 2:44; and he has since made 2:31 in public and 2:30 private—so that he is claimed to have made the best time ever made in the State by a Maine horse. Fred is 7 years old, gelding, bay color, weighing 900,—sound, smooth, and very fine in style. No doubt he goes to win laurels and purses elsewhere.

MR. Grant, of Sidney, is introducing a new Sheep Rack, that will be found of great value and convenience. Those who buy will very soon find it has paid for itself. As he is now calling personally on farmers in this section, those who have not yet prepared their racks will do well to wait and see his plan and model.

A STATE MASS TEMPERANCE CONVENTION, let it be remembered, will be held in Lewiston, next Tuesday and Wednesday.

Boston, Oct. 31, 1867.

OUR TABLE.

WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS. Globe Edition. Illustrated from Designs by Dalry and Gilbert. New York: Hurd & Broughton.

Through A. Williams & Co., of Boston, we have received two more volumes of this desirable edition of the great novelist's works—"Black House" and "Little Dorrit." These volumes are handsomely printed on fine white paper, in large, clear type, and the illustrations, though not numerous, are excellent. The binding, too, while strong and durable, is of such a kind that the volumes are so inviting that they find an honorable position on the library shelf or the centre table. The price, considering the size of the volumes and the style in which they are presented, is very low—\$1.50 each—which brings this edition within the reach of everybody. For sale by C. K. Mathews, Waterville.

GEYELIN'S POULTRY BREEDING, in a Commercial Point of View, as carried out by the National Poultry Company, Brooklyn, Kent. Nature and Artificial Hatching, Rearing and Fattening, on entirely new and scientific Principles, with all the necessary Plans, Elevations, Sections and Details, and a notice of the Poultry Establishments in France. By George Kennedy Geyelin, C. E. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

After copying the above full title, it is only necessary to say that it contains a preface, written by Charles L. Flint, Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, and the author of several valuable agricultural works, and that he endorses the work as reliable and valuable, and recommends it even to those who are keeping poultry on a small scale. There are numerous illustrations in the work, by the help of which, in addition to the printed directions, every man may hatch his chickens whether his hens set or not.

For sale by all booksellers.

THE ADVANCE—the new religious paper at Chicago—has reached only its eighth number, but already has a circulation more than double the average of the religious weeklies. Its splendid premiums for clubs are exceedingly tempting, and will set canvassers at work every where.

Among the special features of the paper at present, are a series of articles entitled, "Prayers from Plymouth Pulpit," which appear every week and contain the marrow of Mr. Beecher's devotional utterances, which are noted—even more than his sermons—for their peculiar excellencies that have made the Plymouth Framer famous.

Published at 25 Lombard Block, Chicago, at \$2.50 a year.

THE AMERICAN NATURALIST.—The November number of this Illustrated Magazine of Natural History has the following table of contents:—Modern Investigation—its Methods and Tendencies; by Prof. J. S. Newberry; The Royal Families of Plants; The Hand as an Unruly Member; Reviews; and several pages of valuable Natural History Miscellany.

The first article will be found a very interesting and candid statement of the present condition of scientific inquiry—its aspects, results, and limitations; and we recommend it to the attention of all.

Published at the Essex Institute, Salem, Mass., at \$3 a year.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.—Two charming engravings grace the November number of this elegant religious and literary monthly—"Lake Champlain," from a picture painted by D. Johnson, and "Little Pet," painted by J. M. Lazarus. The number is excellently well filled, abounding in interesting articles in prose and verse, including several stories that may be read with profit, and even the children will find that they have not been forgotten.

Published by Poe & Hitchcock, Cincinnati, at \$2.50 a year.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.—

The October number has the following table of contents:—Linda Tresselt—Part I; Irons upon English; At the Alps again; Monetary Reform; A City of the Plague; Brownlow's Part 10; Work and Murder; Postscript—The American Debt, and the Financial Prospects of the country.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW for October

contains the following articles:—Polygamy and Monogamy in Turkey; The Apostles' Creed; M. Louis Blanc's Letters on England; Lloyd's Sweden and its Game Birds; Dualism in America; La Bruyere; his Life and Works; Democracy; Russia; Contemporary Literature.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews, and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 38 Walker Street, New York, the terms of subscription being as follows:—For any one of the four Reviews, \$4 per annum; any two of the Reviews, \$7; any three of the Reviews, \$10; all four Reviews, \$13; Blackwood's Magazine, \$4; Blackwood and one Review, \$7; Blackwood and any two Reviews, \$10; Blackwood and any three of the Reviews, \$13; for Blackwood and the four Reviews, \$15—with large discounts to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works will be delivered free of postage.

New volumes of Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works under the new rates will be but 55 cents a year.

A NEW ERA IN LITERATURE.—Mr. Frank

Leslie, one of the United States Commissioners to the Universal Exposition in Paris, has availed himself of his visit abroad to introduce some new and very interesting features in his popular publications. He has arranged with a number of the leading authors and artists of Europe to furnish Novels, Narratives and Engravings, which will appear originally in his publications, instead of at second-hand, or through the state expedient of what are called advance sheets, thus practically settling the copyright question by purchasing his literary matter, at first-hand. This is a bold movement, and will prove to be a remunerative one, since "Honesty is the best policy." The first of these novelties is "Adventures Among the Brigands," by Pierce Eggen, Esq., a narrative of Adventure in Italy, by that popular novelist and fascinating writer, which will commence in No. 129 of Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner.

With No. 129 will also be given away a magnificent Oriental Engraving, "Stop Thief, or the Monkey's Grip," from the famous and popular painting of that name in the Paris Exposition, now the property of Par Stevens, Esq., of New York.

FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY.—With the second number in November of this popular juvenile, every purchaser is presented with a copy of a handsome engraving—"Against His Will"—the picture of an unfortunate youth in danger of being forcibly killed by two roughish miscreants, while a third, somewhat younger, looks on astonished at such queer doings. In the same number is commenced Dean Swift's celebrated work of Fiction, "Gulliver's Travels," with numerous embellishments.

Published by Frank Leslie, New York, at \$2 a year.

PETERSON'S PHILADELPHIA COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR.—This periodical, which is a regular safe-guard in Banks, Offices, Counting-houses and Stores, is issued on 1st and 15th of each month, and has become a necessity to all business men. Some few people think that a Detector is not of any use now, as we have nearly all National Bank currency. This is a great mistake, as to-day there are more counterfeiters, and broken bank notes in circulation than there ever was; so you see that Peterson's Detector is actually a greater necessity to all Bankers, Merchants and Storekeepers, and we would advise all our readers to subscribe to it at once. Terms of subscription to Peterson's Counterfeit Detector, corrected by Drexel & Co., Bankers, is, for the Monthly issue, (per annum) \$1.50; Semi-monthly, (per annum) \$3.00; single numbers, 15 cents. To agents, \$10 a hundred net cash. Subscriptions may commence with any month, and are payable in advance. Address T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.

A MEXICO BUCK FOR SALE.—Apply to Fred. B. Wing.

FORMIDABLE BREAD RIOTS have broken out in England, and the trouble is extending.

TRAVELER'S NOTES. No. 2.

On Wednesday morning, Oct. 23, we resumed our journey down the Belfast road as far as Black's Corner in Searsport; then turning eastward we directed our course toward Fort Knox, which the guide board told us was eight miles distant. The soil on our route was strongly tinctured with clay, and consequently was somewhat muddy from a plentiful shower which had fallen the night previous. The farms along this road are pretty well cultivated, that is, comparing them with the general cultivation in our State. On our left were high ledgy hills, and our road itself was considerably uneven.

Four miles from Black's Corner we came to a little settlement called Prospect Marsh, a very pretty little place. A little creek makes up through the low Marsh, at the foot of the hill, just beyond this place, and this was the first sight we got of tide waters. Down the creek, toward the north, we saw vessels at the wharves taking in granite from the immense granite hills near Trentville. It is four and one half miles from this village of Prospect Marsh to Prospect Ferry, or Fort Knox, and three miles of this distance is taken up in going up on one side of a hill and down on the other. Long hills they have in that section of the country. As we passed down this we came in sight of the Penobscot River. The tide was running out and with a strong wind from the northwest a great many vessels, laden with lumber, wood, bricks, stone, and the various productions of the interior, were briskly sailing down. This sight, to us from the country, was beautiful to behold. It would be well for some of those people who think that Maine is a bleak desert waste or a frozen Greenland, to take a seat on the glacier of Fort Knox for a few days, to see the amount of its productions carried by this point alone.

We follow the road down the river a half a mile to Prospect Ferry, at the base of the Fort. We would like here to give you a description of this Fort, but as we could not get permission to enter, we of course have no description to give. A boat, propelled by horses, conveyed us across the river, which at this place is pretty wide,—to the pretty village of Bucksport, where we stopped to dine with our old friend Moses, formerly of the Newhall House at Kendall's Mills, but who is now doing the honors of the Robinson House in Bucksport. Of Moses, however, more anon, when we come to speak of our return. Bucksport is situated on the northern bank of the Penobscot, eighteen miles below Bangor, and has a population of about four thousand. The number of vessels at its wharves, and the number of teams on its streets, indicate that it is a smart business place; but as we were only here long enough to dine, and that at a crowded house, we had no opportunity to gather statistics. We noticed some very neat dwellings here, particularly one at the head of Steamboat wharf on the opposite side of the street, which was built by a man who came there a few years since, a poor boy; but who, by steady application to business, and by prudence and economy, has amassed a fortune. Why will not young men profit by such examples?

At about two o'clock P. M. we left Bucksport and took the road down the river, with the Island of Verona on our right; thence inclining to the left, and three miles from Bucksport, we came to the village of Orland with its two pretty churches, some mills and a few stores. We cannot tell what is done there, as we made no stop. From this place we pursued our journey eastward, and on our way we verily believe that we saw the most rocky piece of land that lies out door. O, it is awful rocky! acres and acres where soil cannot be seen; but rocks piled upon rocks—great granite boulders! How came they there? There was a beautiful watering place in this vicinity, but "Tige" refused to drink. We could give no reason why, unless that it was so near "Tully Pond" that he was afraid that the waters leaked through amongst the rocks to the watering trough. Blue Hill lay off to the right some twenty miles from us, and to the east of that, and extending westerly as it crossed our path, lay the waters of Union River Bay, with its white winged vessel, playing up and down, carrying away lumber from the mills above or bringing in commodities for the use of the inhabitants settled in this portion of our State.

Twenty miles from Bucksport brings us to the Village of Ellsworth where we have a son residing, to visit whom was the principal object of this journey.

E. W. M.

AUGUSTA was visited for the first time by the State Constables on Monday last, and the P. L. L's there were considerably excited in consequence. No serious opposition was encountered, however, and small quantities of liquor were seized at three places, but only one person, Mr. William Lombard, was held and convicted, and he appealed. The opposition to the execution of the liquor law at the capital showed itself in a peculiar way: one of the officers was prosecuted for fast driving over one of the bridges, while on duty, and fined five dollars, (when was that law enforced before?) and another one had his horse poisoned while in the stable of one of the hotels. Bad rum is ever the parent of acts of cowardly wickedness.

GOOD CROPS.—Mr. Wm. Brown, late of the Continental House, informs us that he raised the past season, on an acre and a half of land, forty-five bushels of very choice spring wheat. We are also informed that thirty-six bushels of winter wheat, of excellent quality, were raised on one acre, on the farm of the late Albert L. Spencer, in Benton. Good crops have generally been the result this year, where wheat has been tried, in all parts of the State.

THE FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE secured the only gold medal awarded to family machines at the late Massachusetts Mechanics' Fair, over numerous competitors, as will be seen by referring to the advertisement of Mrs. Dunbar.

THE SENIOR EXHIBITION of Colby University will occur on the evening of Wednesday, Nov. 20th, at the Baptist Church. The exercises will be pleasantly varied by good music, probably by the Lewiston Band.

We notice that Miss. Piper, of our village, assisted at an organ concert at the Universalist Church, in Gardiner, last week.

The latest advice from Candia confirm the failure of the Turkish mission to that island, and states that the Cretans are determined upon waging a war of extermination.

F. M. TOTMAN, at Kendall's Mills, has something to say to those who wish to buy Stoves or Tin ware. See his advertisement.

"SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF DAVID THURSTON," by Rev. Mr. Thomas Adams.—This little work, published by Thurston & Co., of Portland, in elegant style, is now ready for delivery. Copies can be had of Miss A. Marshall, of this village, at \$1 each, or in full Turkey with gilt edge and beveled covers, for \$4; and portraits for framing at \$1.

SNOW.—Within the last few days there have been slight falls of snow in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Minnesota, as well as at Winchester and Wheeling, West Virginia, and on the mountains in Alleghany county, Md. In Richmond, last Wednesday, the roofs of houses were covered with snow.

A letter received at Washington from a high official source says that although the convention had probably been carried in Georgia by a small majority, the spirit of resistance to Congress is gaining ground among the whites of that State. Reports of the same tenor come from Virginia.

By official returns to the city authorities it appears that there are 1590 retail liquor shops in St. Louis. Of these 1153 are kept by Germans, 210 by Irish. The city obtained a revenue of \$16,000 from licenses and taxes on sales the past year.

TIME.—"As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of time." Its greatest thief is illness; drive away this intruder upon the golden moments by using American Life Drops, a warranted cure for Coughs, Colds, &c., and a perfect Pain-Killer for the relief of wounds, bruises and sprains.

TO THE WEAK, THE WORN, AND THE WEARY, the Editor of the Boston Recorder says, "We can most unhesitatingly recommend the Peruvian Syrup, a protected solution of the protoxide of iron, to all the weak, the worn, and the weary, having richly experienced its benefits. It possesses all the qualities claimed for it by its proprietor."

Painters, blacksmiths, dye-men, coal-men, oil-men, machinists, and all workers subject to soiled hands or clothing, will experience a marked facilitation in their cleansing processes upon use of the STEAM REFINED SOAPS. This is the testimony of the printer, who has the dirtiest work of all to do.

FINE ORGAN.—We have had the pleasure of seeing and hearing one of S. D. & H. W. Smith's (of Boston,) grand AMERICAN ORGANS in upright case, just received from the manufacturers. This instrument is a beautiful piece of furniture for the church or parlor. It combines all the superior qualities of the American Organ, which justly deserves the great reputation they bear. The work is of solid walnut, superbly polished and carved, with gilt imitation pipes, and the instrument contains two banks of keys and fourteen stops, including the manual sub bass tremolo.—[Louisville Journal.

PROF. L. LYNCH, of this village, is agent for the sale of these organs.

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

Tailor's revenge—giving a customer fits.

A one-legged miller is at once a miller and hopper.

The Maine Central Railroad company has a pile of wood at Kendall's Mills 1200 feet long by 16 in width and 15 in high. The Whig says this company and the P. & K. have on hand about two years' supply of wood.

The Clarion says, "The Messrs. Colburn inform us that they intend to do only about half the lumbering this winter that they did last, and so far as we can learn this will be about the ratio with other operators."

The work of grading the Newport & Dexter railroad is progressing rapidly and is completed to within a mile and a half of Dexter, village.

Less freight has been brought over the Grand Trunk Railroad for the last two weeks than any time since its completion.

The Bangor Whig praises the neat railroad dining house at Kendall's Mills, kept by a brave soldier, Lt. Col. Jos. W. Channing.

An unsuccessful attempt was made last week to rob the South Berwick Bank.

Notices have been posted up in the mills at Lewiston informing the operators of a reduction of their wages.

The Dunn Edge Tool Company are building a new stone dam at Fayette, under the direction of George Ricker, of West Waterville, master workman.

A fire at Ware, Mass., Wednesday night destroyed the Unitarian Church and Town Hall with all their contents, and an adjoining dwelling-house. Loss \$18,000.

Thus far four of the late rebel States,—Louisiana, Alabama, Virginia and Georgia, have declared for reconstruction on the Congressional plan and chosen conventions largely composed of the Union men.

A CHALLENGE.

THE Officers and Members of Kennebec Engine Company No. 1, of Bath, hereby challenge Waterville Engine Company No. 3, of Waterville, to a trial of their respective machines, for horizontal playing through two hundred feet of leading line for the sum of two hundred dollars. The trial to ensue on or before the date of this challenge, at Augusta, Bowdoinham, or any city or town between these places.

JOHN T. COOK, Foreman.

GEO. M. SHEPARD, Clerk.

Bath, Nov. 5, 1867.

REPLY.

WATERVILLE, Nov. 8th, 1867.

To the Officers and Members of Kennebec Engine Company No. 1, of Bath.

GENTLEMEN:—The challenge you were pleased to offer "Waterville Engine Company No. 3" the receipt of which was duly acknowledged by our Foreman, Capt. Geo. Jewell, on the day of its arrival, was laid before said Company at a special meeting held last evening; and after giving the same due consideration I was directed by vote of the Company to make the following reply:—

That this Company most respectfully decline the acceptance of said challenge

