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Maxham & Wing

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THE MUSIC OF THE SEA.

This gray untrusting sea,
Adown the bright and belting shore,
Breaking in untold melody,
Makes music evermore.

Centuries of vanished time,
Since the glad earth's primal morn,
Have heard the grand entrancing chime,
Momentarily-born.

Like as in cloistered piles,
Rich bursts of massive sounds upwell,
Binging along dim-lighted aisles,
With spirit-trancing spell;

So on the surf-white strand,
Chants of deep peal the sea-waves raise,
Like voices from a viewless land,
Hymning a hymn of praise.

By times, in thunder notes,
The booming billows shoreward surge;
By times a silver laugh it flows;
By times a low soft dirge.

Souls more ennobled grow,
Lining the wordless anthem rise;
Discords are drowned in the great flow
Of nature's harmonies.

Men change, and "cease to be,"
And empires rise and grow, and fall;
But the word music of the sea
Lives, and outlives them all.

The mystic song shall last
Till time itself no more shall be;
Till seas and shores away have passed,
Lost in eternity.

—Once a Week.

(From Harper's Magazine.)

AN OLD APPLE-WOMAN.

I never think of the geography of Boston without being reminded of a village to which I was once directed by a planter whom I met by the roadside in the backwoods of Georgia. "Go street on," he said, "till you come to a shingled house, a blacksmith-shop and a tobacco-barn, standing right round a puddle of water—that's the village." Boston, to be sure, is something more than a shingled house, a blacksmith-shop, and a tobacco-barn; it is, in fact, a town several times larger than the Georgia village; but, for all that, it stands "right round" a puddle—I beg pardon, a pool—of water. This pool is known in history as the Frog Pond, and it probably derived its name from a family of frogs who once had there a summer residence; but why it retains that appellation is difficult to conjecture, since all the Boston croakers now spend their summers at Newport or Nahant, and their winters in much drier, if not more wholesome quarters.

But a pool of wit has already been shed on this pool of water, and it is not my intention to swell a small pond into an ocean. A bluer pen than mine has tried to do that. So I shall content myself with emptying my ink-stand upon a little old woman who, in rain and shine, week in and week out, for many a long year, kept an apple-stand near the margin of that famous puddle of water.

She was little, and she was old, and I do think about as ugly as any woman who has lived since the birth of Eve—that first of apple women; but she loved and served her country, and so, in spite of her ugliness, I feel bound to give her a half a dozen pages of general history.

At first she served by vending green apples and striped sticks of stomach-ache to the hungry lawyers and ragged urchins who congregated about Court Square; and at a huge willow basket, going about on two legs and open at the top, except in rainy weather, when it was roofed in by a big cotton umbrella.

She was a meagre anatomy, with a sharp nose, a sunken chin, and a hatchet face, covered all over by a shriveled skin of the precise complexion of a peeled potato. In winter she wore a faded hood, a blanket shawl, and a woollen gown—short enough to show a pair of corrugated stockings, far whiter than the snow in the streets of Boston. In summer she was clad in a dimity cap, a calico frock, and a cotton bandana, pinned closely over her bosom; but, summer and winter, she was always elongated by a pair of stout brogans, with high heels and thick soles—thick enough, one would say, to be impervious to all the moisture that human feet are heir to. But they were not impervious to the rheumatism. That, one day, got into the legs of the old woman's apple-basket, and forced her to shut up her peripatetic shop, and to open one of a less roving character.

Then she pitched her tent upon the Common—or, more literally, she planted there a three-legged stool, the big umbrella, and a rough pine table, beaped high with russets, pippins, and gillyflowers, which she was ready to dispense to all comers at the rate of one cent for one, and a half dime for half a dozen—so several paper placards, floating like flags of truce, from as many golden pippins, told all and singular who frequented the Common.

Business here thrived with the old woman; for, in pleasant weather, the Common is a great resort for young couples, who bill and coo under the spreading elms, or on the iron-clad benches; and billing and cooing is a decided sharpener of the appetite, as is proved by the lamentable case of the young maiden who died of love and green apples.

There is no telling the quantity of stomach-ache and cholera morbus that the old woman daily dispensed to hungry lovers; but it must have been large, since it was often noticed that however high her table was heaped in the morning it was always low down at night, when with her basket on her arm, she ambled homeward.

One evening a gentleman, passing that way just at dusk, found the table almost untouched and the old woman in a great deal of trouble. It had rained all day, and few lovers had come upon the Common; so, with apples and clothes weeping in sympathy with her sorrow, she sat there, with no one to help her home with her basket.

It is said that evil loves the dark; but it is quite as true that many good things avoid daylight. Others' eyes are then open, and the fear of what "men may say" often sends us sneaking by on the other side, like the Priest and the Levite in the parable. But now it was dark; so the gentleman shouldered the apple-basket and went home with the old woman. She lived in a small room on the top-floor of an old rickety house at the North End; and as he went up the stairs, the gentleman was in mortal fear of their tumbling down, and spilling both him and the apples. At last, however, he reached the room, and setting down the basket, sat himself down to rest his tired legs and shoulders.

It was a narrow, mean apartment, and so low that when he stood upright, his head almost hit the ceiling. Two young children, a boy and a girl, who were spreading the table for the evening meal, and a thin emaciated woman, with sunken eyes and pallid features, who was lying on a bed in the corner, were its occupants. The floor was bare and the furniture plain and poor, and everything indicated that its tenants lived on the verge of starvation; but on all their faces was a cheerful look, that showed divine elixir which gives to the most wretched comfort and contentment. Curious to get at the secret of their happiness, the stranger asked the old woman about her history.

Twenty years before, she said, her two sons and her husband had died, leaving her destitute and alone with one remaining child—a little daughter. Too weak to work and unwilling to beg, she then resorted to street vending, and, by twelve hours of daily toil, managed to support herself and bring up her daughter. At twenty the latter married a worthless fellow, who broke her heart, and then cast her penniless upon the world with a young son, the little boy who was then setting the table. The old woman took them in, and about this time also adopted the little girl, who was the orphan child of a poor neighbor.

"And were you able to support them all by vending apples?" asked the gentleman. "No, sir," she answered. "I tried to; but I couldn't. My darter was sick and couldn't do nothing, and we soon got into debt, twenty dollars. Then, as it to make bad worse, I was taken down with the rheumatics. I was down with them for a fortnight; and when I got up, couldn't get round like I could afore; so, not knowing what to do, I went with my basket onto a bench nigh the Frog Pond. Folks came to me amazin' that day, and at night I had two dollars clean profit. Then I saw the Lord's hand: he know'd I couldn't make a living going round, so he gave me the rheumatics, to show me it was best to open a stand on the Common."

"And since then have you made both ends meet?"

"Yes, sir; since then I've been prospered wonderful. I've paid off the debt of ten dollars, and that, you know, brings apples cheaper."

"But have you no fear for the winter?"

"No, sir. It's two months off yet; I can make thirty dollars afore it comes, and that, with what sewing and washing I can do, will take us round to warm weather."

"And how old are you?" asked the gentleman, looking at her furrowed face and white hairs, which seemed to say a century.

"Seventy next Christmas. But ye would not think it to look at me. I feel 'most as peart as when I was thirty."

"And at your age, and in such poverty, can you always look hopefully at the future?"

"Yes, sir. 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters.'"

The stranger looked at her with wonder. He had heard those words before, but now they had to him a new sound and a new meaning. All at once it dawned upon him that "the poor are blessed," because of their faith; which, of itself, is the "Kingdom of Heaven." Drawing a roll of bank-notes from his pocket, he handed one of them to the old woman. She took it, held it up curiously to the candle and then said, with a smile that made her ugly features absolutely handsome:

"It's more money than I ever saw at once afore; 'twould take us clean through the winter. Ye is a good gentleman, and I thank ye; but we can get along, and while we can I don't like to take money from nobody."

This she said in a gentle way, as if she feared to wound his feelings. He made no reply, but putting the note back in his pocket, rose and bade her "good-evening." When he reached the door he turned, and saying, "I forgot the children," took both of them up in his arms, and kissed them. Then he went down the long stairs, and walked slowly homeward. He had groped in the dark for thirty years, and this old woman had given him his first living revelation.

After that he kept his eye upon her. Every morning and evening he passed her stand on the Common, and he never went by without saying a cheerful word, or pausing to ask after her sick daughter and the children.

"The children is well, thank you, Sir, and Eliza is as well as could be expected," was her almost invariable answer. But one sultry day in August she said: "She seems to be sinking fast, sir. Way up where we live we don't get none but hot air, and the sun don't come in till into the afternoon. 'Pears to me we need sunshine as much as the plants and flowers."

The next day the gentleman went home earlier than usual, and as he came near the old woman's stand he caught sight of the invalid daughter, seated in a hand-wagon, propped up by a pillow, and shaded by the big umbrella. The attention of the old woman was engrossed by a juvenile customer; but the daughter noticed his approach, and called to him as he made as if he would go by without speaking.

"Sir, sir," she said, "please to stop, I want you to see! I shall soon be well; for now I can go out every day in fine weather!"

"And who got you down stairs and upon the Common?"

"The man that lives on the lower floor—he carried me down; and Tommy drew me here before school time."

"And who sent us the wagon?" asked the old woman, her ugly face lighting up with the smile that, to this man, always made it handsome.

"The Lord, I suppose. All good things come from him; and this seems to be a good wagon," answered the gentleman, taking the vehicle by the wheel and shaking it as if to test its quality.

The old woman looked at him for a moment, without a word. Then she said, "The Lord will say unto them on his right hand, 'Ye did it unto me, inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these, my poor children.'"

The man turned and walked away, in his eye a tear, and in his soul another revelation. He had learned the whole of religion—faith and good works—at the cost of carrying an old woman's basket, and buying for her daughter a cheap hand-wagon.

Every pleasant day for a month after this he found the sick woman seated there in the wagon under the old umbrella. She always had a smile for him, and he always lingered a while to get that smile and a little of the old woman's sunshine. But one morning he went by, and found there neither the apple-stand nor the hand-wagon. It was so too when he again went by at evening; and then, without going home, he made his way to the home of the old woman. Softly opening the door, he entered the dingy apartment. A few rays from the setting sun came through the open window, and by the dim light he saw the old woman and the two children kneeling by the low bed in the corner. She was holding the hand of the young woman, who lay with her eyes upturned to the fading sky, as if looking in the clouds for some-

one coming. He had come, the Great Angel, and he had already taken her to the bosom of the All-Father.

For several years after this the old woman's life rippled along as smoothly as a gentle stream flowing over a sandy bed to the great ocean. The old umbrella got many a patch, the new bonnet grew old, and the black silk gown that she first wore at her daughter's funeral was turned and re-turned to fit it to appear on Sundays; but she never begged, and never borrowed, and the winter was never so hard but she had enough ready-money at command to buy her small wares "by wholesale."

Little by little the young lads and hungry lovers who frequented the Common came to know her; and though many a rival apple stand from time to time disputed her right to monopolize the trade in stomach-ache, they soon had to eat their own candy, and to "fold their tents like the Arabs, and silently steal away."

One day the gentleman who had learned of her first lesson in Christianity, passing her stand, noticed some new flags of truce floating from her pippins. "Who wrote these, Aunt Betsey?" he asked, pausing to look at the placards.

"Oh, Tommy did them, sir. He's amazing smart at such things. He can write like any schoolmaster."

"And how old is he now?"

"Going on fifteen; and I'm thinking, sir, it's about time he was doing somethin' g. I might support him some longer, but he's learned all he can learn out of college."

"What does he take to?"

"Well, he wants to be a merchant. I suppose he gets a hankerin' arter it from my bein' in the business; but there's a world of wickedness between buyin' and sellin'. Don't ye think he'd better be a lawyer?"

"A lawyer! There's not an honest lawyer living. Let him be a merchant. Send him down to my counting-room to-morrow."

Tommy went, and so became under-clerk in a large commercial house on Central Wharf. When he drew his first month's pay he brought it home, and pouring it all into his grandmother's lap, threw his arms about her neck, and said:

"Now, grandmother, you shall shut up shop. I won't have any more of your selling apples."

But the old woman was not so easily lured from the "walks of commerce." She did not "shut up shop." She still kept her stand on the Common; but in summer she staid at home on rainy days, and in winter laid by, like the frogs, doing neither washing nor sewing.

So three years went away, and then Fort Sumpter fell, and President Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand volunteers to suppress the Rebellion. When Tommy went home that night with the news his grandmother was thoughtful for a time; then, looking in his face, she said: "Tommy, the country has done everything for you; hadn't you ought to do something for the country?"

"You mean I ought to volunteer?" said Tommy.

"Ye; if Mr. Speegle is willing."

Mr. Speegle was willing; and so, soon afterward, a queer scene was witnessed on the Common. The whole parade-ground was in commotion. A regiment, which had been under review, was marching out of one of the gateways, and the old woman, perched on her three-legged stool, was wildly waving her umbrella, and, at the top of her lungs, cheering the departing soldiers. At her back sat a little maiden holding her hand in her hair and trying to hide her tears in her handkerchief. This was Rose; and Tommy was going away with the regiment. He was the only stay of his grandmother, the only hope of her eighty years; but cheerfully, and at her own prompting, she had given him up to the country. "The country had done everything for him; he ought to do something for the country."

He was away several months, and then came back, re-enlisted, and went away again, leaving his bounty with his grandmother. After this he was often heard from, always with honor; and then the old woman seemed to grow young again, in recounting his daring deeds to some patient listener at her apple-stand. "Just to think," she would say, with tears in her eyes, "that a poor woman like me should rear such a brave boy for the country!"

At last news came of a great battle. Thousands, it was said, had fallen on both sides; and every morning, with a beating heart, the old woman went to the mail for a letter from Tommy. But no letter came, and a few days later she found his name among the list of those who, in the great struggle, had given up their lives for their country.

She went home that night, and the next morning did not go as usual upon the Common. Noticing her absence, Mr. Speegle went to her humble home at nightfall. The curtains were down; but in the dim light he saw her stretched upon her bed, and Rose kneeling by her side weeping. He took her hand, but something in her face kept back the words he would have spoken. After a moment she said: "Mr. Speegle, I'm glad you've come. I owe you and you owe me; but, I guess, the balance is in my favor. Pay it to Rosy."

"I will," said the man, his voice husky.

She made no reply, but lay for many minutes without speaking. Then, clutching the young girl's hand, she said: "Rosy, I am going; but love the Lord, and some day you will be together again forever."

Then her head sank back, and she went—went to live in a home even higher above the earth than the top-floor of that dingy old house at the North End of Boston.

And now, all of her that was ugly, and all that was old, is at rest in a narrow grave not a hundred rods from where I am writing. At its head stands a simple stone, and on it this inscription:

BETSEY SANDERS,
AGED 82.
SHE WAS POOR AND FRIENDLESS; BUT SHE LOVED
GOD AND HER COUNTRY.

New York city has just given 60,000 democratic majority. Read the following from the New York Daily Times and cease to wonder at that fact. Says the Times writer: "Last Saturday night, in a walk from Nassau Street to South Ferry, we had ample food for comment upon the Fourth Commandment. 'Broadway was a perfect hell of drunkenness—a howling, staggering pandemonium of brutalized men.' The sidewalks were traversed by men in every stage of intoxication, reeling to and

fro like ships in a storm. The air was laden with snatches of drunken songs, fragments of filthy language, or incoherent shouts from those who were too drunk to articulate. Drunkenness in every dark lane and alley, only discovered by its disgusting ravings. Drunkenness in the wide lamp-lit streets, staggering along with swimming heads, paralyzed limbs, and countenances of imbecile sensuality. Drunkenness in the kennel, stentoriously respiration its fetid breath. Drunkenness clinging to the lamp-posts. Drunkenness coiled upon the door-steps, waiting to be robbed or murdered. Drunkenness screaming on the tops of solitary omnibuses, or hanging half out of the windows of belated hackney cabs, and disturbing the night with incoherent melodies. Drunkenness walking apparently steady along, idiotically to himself, and thickly rehearsing the drunken jokes and drunken songs, the indecencies that adorn the convivial meeting, it had just left. Drunkenness waiting at the ferries, snoring on benches, quarrelling with its drunken company, or falling off the edge of the pier into the water, and being fished out half-sober."

MARTHA'S VINEYARD, when we were there this summer, furnished us, through one of its wharves, with three good stories. Now the veracity of these men is only excelled by the credulity of their hearers, and if one is a good listener he will find himself repaid by the exertions of the story teller to keep alive his attention.

Capt. C—, who has been around the world twelve times, formed the first temperance society in Madagascar. The natives are hard drinkers, and will imbibe any thing which has alcohol in it. A chief boarded the vessel, one day, and was shown into the cabin just as the captain was taking a little "pain killer," a pint bottle of which stood on the table. Thinking it rum, the chief eagerly asked for some, and would not believe the captain's assertion that it was medicine. Knowing his man, Capt. C—, leaving the bottle, went to another part of the cabin. The temptation was not to be resisted by the chief; seizing the bottle, he drained a pint of "Pain Killer" at one draught. The captain returning, resumed the conversation, pretending not to notice the chief, who turned as pale as his tawny complexion would admit, and kept up a rubbing of his abdominal regions. He twisted and turned in his seat for a few moments, and then giving a yell, rushed out of the cabin, jumped overboard, and swam for the shore. When next year Capt. C— revisited that harbor not a drop would the chief touch. "Pain Killer" had cured him; he was the first and only member of the first temperance society in Madagascar.

"How fast does a boat travel when she is attached to a whale?" asked a listener of Capt. C—.

"Well, I can't exactly say, myself, but a friend of mine once struck a sperm whale, and he said that he went so fast that when he looked behind he saw the holes in three seas."

"I had," said Capt. C—, "a Marquesas chief come aboard one day who wanted to ship. I said, 'Yes, you can go.'"

"But, captain, I no want to do any work."

"Well, you need not."

"But, captain, I no go in the boat."

"Well."

"I no go aloft."

"Well, what do you want to ship for?"

"What do you want to do?"

"Captain, I want to talk."

"The fact is," said the captain, "I've found in my travels a good many men who did not want to work, they only wanted to talk."

[Watchman and Reflector.]

RACING AT CATTLE SHOWS. A correspondent in Portage county, Ohio, writes in regard to agricultural fairs as follows: "Some nine years ago the north-east portion of our county, embracing four townships, got tired and disgusted with the management of our county fair, which had been prosperous, but was finally turned into a race course, with all its usual train of attendants, with side-shows, gambling, &c. The people of these townships determined to get up a purely agricultural fair, excluding everything in shape of side shows and horse racing. The result is, after a trial of eight years, the society flourishes and its members increase. It has a larger attendance than any other fair in this section, and only ten cents admission fee is charged, with the privilege of going in and out at pleasure. One dollar pays for a family ticket. This fall 400 family tickets were sold, besides the one dollar fee paid by competitors. But one man has ever been known to climb the fence to obtain an entrance, and he, to save time in walking round the grounds, went directly to the ticket office and paid his dime. No liquors have ever been allowed on the grounds. One man applied to the president for the privilege of selling wine, remarking that it was such as is used by churches for the communion. Well, said the President, I think it had better be used for that purpose. The grounds and buildings, (14 acres of ground) are all paid for, and the society has money on hand; so there is one fair conducted on correct principles, and it prospers."

SAFE AND CERTAIN.—The theory of life insurance is unfamiliar to a large proportion of society. It is not seen that a thousand men may combine to pay a small sum yearly, or at shorter periods, toward a fund out of which the survivors of each member may at his death be paid a certain fixed sum; nor that the number who will die is fixed by the law of averages so that a strict calculation can be made if the basis of the calculation be large enough. Many people who now regard an insurance company as they would a merely speculative corporation, which may deceive them or fail, would, if they knew how certain the results of insurance are, and that there is no speculation in it, have the faith which would attract them to its doors. [New York Tribune.]

S. J. WOODMAN, of Chicago, Ill., writes to the New York Farmer's Club, that a barrel or cask of new sweet cider, buried so as to be well covered with fresh earth, will turn to sharp clear, delicious vinegar in three or four weeks, as good as ever sought affinity with cabbage, pickles, or table sauce.

AMODION.

BY EMILY L. OAKLEY.

What would you say of a pilgrim commissioned of God to travel up and down the earth singing a strange melody, which when he heard, caused him to forget whatever sorrow he had?—H. W. BACCHUS.

Thus morn was pearded sweet,
The hills caught the day;
In noontide's burning heat
Athirst the meadows lay;
The sun set, and Eve's star
Rose in a violet sky;
The heavenly light was far,
And darkness brooded nigh;
Amodion went singing, singing through the world.

Sweet on the golden days,
Swept on the mooned nights;
Green summer's leafy ways
Outblazed with autumn-lights;
Came thunder-rolls, that rocked
The everlasting hills;
Came silent frost, that locked
The rivers and the rills—
Amodion went singing, singing through the world—

A song like balm that crept
Into the heart of Care;
A mountain-song, that leapt
With laughter through the air;
Sad wayfarers, at eve,
At every pilgrim's feet;
And they forgot to grieve,
Forgot to fear, when hark!
Amodion went singing, singing through the world.

As drops from still blue skies
Their inspiration sweet,
So fell those melodies
From the pilgrim's feet;
No weariest soul might be
Uncheered and desolate,
For toward the eternal sea,
And through the heavenly gate,
Amodion went singing, singing through the world.

HORACE GREELY ON RELIGION.—Horace Greeley is writing a series of sermons to the juvenile readers of the Little Corporal. The following extract from one of them contains good meat for old readers:—

"No man is old enough or wise enough to solve all the problems presented to finite minds by what we see and know. If the universe has a Creator, must there not have been a time when it did not exist? If God made all things but Himself, must he not have previously existed alone? And must not infinity have been enlarged by the subsequent calling of the material universe into being? Thus question after question may be asked, to which no satisfactory answer can be given, and with reference to which we can only say with Tenyson:—

"I sink upon the altar stairs
That slope through darkness up to God."

But when we quit the dreary domain of speculation, all is simple, cheerful, certain. We are not the waifs of chance, the slaves of necessity. 'Though' now we see through a glass darkly, we can yet see enough to render it certain that we are children of an infinitely powerful, wise and good parent—too wise and too loving to permit us to defy His laws with impunity. He must punish every aberration from the straight and narrow path of righteousness—that is, rectitude. To permit us to do wrong with impunity—to break His laws and secure thereby seeming personal advantage or gratification, at the expense of general injury—would be to resign His benignant sceptre, and allow the world to drift helplessly toward chaos, and the unfathomable abyss.

The vital truth is tersely summed up by the Psalmist in the statement, 'The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God.' That is the one great fatal mistake which covers our globe with misery and woe. But for this, there could be no libertine, no thief, no drunkard, no heinous transgressor. The conceit that God's justice may be somehow evaded, circumvented—that the pleasures of sin may be enjoyed and its penalties somehow escaped—is a form of qualified atheism immensely more prevalent and more baleful than any other. It is the omnipresent prompter of greed, and lust, and ignorance and knavery. Less palpably absurd than the notion that nothing originated everything, it is more widely cherished, more vastly injurious.

Let no one harbor a doubt of the universality, the inexorable, unavoidable certainty of retribution! In spite of all deceiving appearances, we reap as we have sown, and receive as we have deserve! The succession of effect to cause is not always instant or obvious—appearances may often seem to ignore or defy it as plainly as the sun seems to revolve around the earth; but the truth is only obscured, never subverted. God reigns; that is the first great truth."

SORRY HE SOLD HIS FARM.—The Doctor says, he "never knew a man to sell his farm who did not regret it." This is perhaps stating it a little too strong. But being one of the oldest pastors in Western New York, he has had good opportunities for observation. I think men engaged in other pursuits, who buy farms, expecting to find nothing but pleasure and profit in agriculture, are generally very glad of an opportunity to dispose of them. Such men seldom regret selling. But with a farmer the case is very different. He either sells because he thinks he can buy a better or cheaper farm, or because he is tired of farming, and proposes to live in the city. In the latter case he is almost certain to wish himself back again on the farm. I heard of such a case the other day. A farmer was offered last spring what he thought a high price for his farm, and accepted the offer, thinking he could live comfortably in the city on the interest of his money. After trying it six or eight months, he offered the purchaser \$1000 to let him have the farm back again, giving him the summer crops and the wheat into the bargain. A farmer who sells, expecting to buy another farm, finds it not so easy to suit himself as he expected. If you must sell, the better plan is to know beforehand where you are going.

[J. Harris, in Am. Ag.]

MASSACHUSETTS STATISTICS.—Massachusetts takes a census in the middle of the decade which intervenes between those taken by the general government. The State census has just been published by the Secretary of State. Massachusetts now has a greater population per square mile than any other State in the Union. The total population is 1,267,031, and the population per square mile within a small fraction of 168. The female population exceeds the male by over sixty-three thousand. Of the total population 828,136 are natives of the State. The number of colored population is 10,169.

Pay the printer, if you owe him.

TRAVELLER'S NOTES. No. 3.

We were somewhat surprised to find so large a village at Ellsworth. Instead of a little place of some two thousand inhabitants, as we had supposed, we found one having between five and six thousand inhabitants—its streets and buildings lit up with gas—large enough and wealthy enough to be a City. It lies on both sides of Union River, at the head of the tide. The river is small—not larger than the Sebasticook. The larger part of the village is however on the east side of the river. The land rises gradually on this side, and the buildings are on the slope; while on the west side the rise is more abrupt. As we enter the place on the west side, we pass the County buildings, near the top of the hill, at the forks of the road, leading to Bucksport and to Surry village. These County buildings are of wood and small in size, but very neatly kept. Our thanks are due to Mr. Perry, the gentlemanly clerk of the Courts, for his polite attention and for favors received. We would recommend the Docket prepared by this clerk for the use of the members of the Bar, to the favorable notice of the clerks in other Counties for imitation. It is the best we have ever seen, and is furnished to the Bar at one dollar per copy.

There are five churches in the village. We attended a meeting at the Unitarian church one evening. It was to us rather a novel meeting, but one, nevertheless, which commended itself to us as being just the right kind of a social meeting, to do good. It was a social conversational meeting. The subject was given out the week before, and on the assembling of the meeting the minister, Rev. Mr. Savage, opened the conversation by a few remarks on the subject, after which the whole assembly engaged in familiar conversation about it. Each one seemed to feel free to enter into the conversation without at all feeling the usual embarrassment of "speaking in meeting." For the purpose of such meetings, they have a Vestry in their church, finished like a parlor and well carpeted, with a table in the centre, at which the minister sits, while there are nice cane seated chairs all round the room for parishioners and company. This Vestry, and finally the whole church, is lighted with gas. It is a beautiful church, and is furnished with a nice new organ. The church itself is new, and is finished inside with chestnut and black walnut; the windows of stained glass. We have not often seen so nice a church; and, from what we saw and heard, think the worshippers there realize their advantages and profit by them. We found those attending the meeting unusually intelligent in theological matters. We wish we could attend a great many more such meetings.

We also attended a meeting of Ligonja Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons one evening; but what they did, dear Mail, we never shall tell you, for you would "blab it right out," and then everybody would know. Suffice it to say, that the Brothers have recently purchased a new hall, which, when fitted up, will probably be one of the prettiest halls in the State. Success to them.

The amount of milling done here on so small a stream is truly astonishing. There are five dams across the river. Commencing at a village, some two miles above the Court House, at the first dam, we find S. Tisdale's Mills. He has one gang saw, and one single saw. These manufacture about five millions feet of lumber annually. He has also Box Machines, and manufactures about sixty thousand boxes annually. There is also a Stave mill on the same dam. The next, or second dam, has Austin's Mills, with one gang, one single saw, one circular for boards, and a Box Machine—manufacturing six millions of lumber and forty thousand boxes. A Shingle mill on the same dam. H. M. & B. Hall have mills on the third and on the fifth dams; with one gang, one single saw, and Box Machines on each. They manufacture nine millions ft. lumber and one hundred thousand boards.

J. D. & J. H. Hopkins' mills, on the fourth dam are occupied by W. & L. D. Brown; one gang, one single saw, and Box Machines, making four millions ft. lumber and thirty thousand boxes. On the other end of the same dam are J. T. & G. H. Grant's mills; one gang, one single saw, and Box Machines, making six millions ft. lumber and thirty thousand boxes. On the fifth dam, Warren Brown has two gangs, one single saw, shingle, lathe, clapboard and picket saws, with Box Machines, making eight millions ft. lumber and thirty thousand boxes.

Besides these are the Steam Foundry, by Standish, Pierce & Co., Steam Planing Mill, by B. F. Thomas & Co., and Steam Planing, Sash and Door & Tub factory by Hopkins & McDonald.

There are here three schooners on the stocks—the Mary Augusta, of 200 tons new measurement, built by Dyer P. Jordan and others, ready to be launched; the Mary A. Holt, of 225 tons

Waterville Mail.

L. M. MAXHAM, L. DANIEL WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, NOV. 22, 1867.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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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."

purpose. As we desire to attend a Spiritualists meeting at Monroe to-morrow, we will leave this writing and harness the horse—O, he is as the door—our other half is ready, and we start.

E. W. M.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

Messrs. Editors.—Being a son of that cold, yet beloved old State of Maine, I trust a brief letter from me while sojourning in the busy city of New York, may not be entirely uninteresting to some of the local readers of your paper. Here we see all phases of society; the rich, the poor, the high and the low; some whose extensive worldly possessions are even burdensome, while the wretched poverty of too many others, furnishes pictures of want and suffering which the artist cannot paint, nor the pen of the tourist describe.

Notwithstanding the commendable public efforts to provide homes for orphans and other homeless children, I am told that there are scores of boys from eight to twelve years of age whose only homes are the streets and alleys. Many of these are engaged during the day in selling the various daily papers, while others of a more musical turn of mind, are seen at the street corners and in front of hotels with an old violin or some other light musical instrument, endeavoring to attract the attention of some one of the hurrying crowd who may add a penny to his scanty store.

When night comes the little ragged wanderer lies down wherever an opportunity presents. His sleeping apartment may be an old wagon containing a little straw, some secluded alley, or under a neighboring stairway. In the winter months of course they are obliged to seek warmer quarters. But these little itinerants are not the only sufferers seen in the great thoroughfares of New York city. Some fine evening if one should observe the passers on Broadway for a few moments, and note the scores of fallen females who, doubtless, were once pure and good, who once were a father's pride and a mother's joy, he would feel to say: "Of all sad pictures this is sadder still!"

It is a great mistake for men and young women to suppose that fortunes are easily made in large cities. And here let me say to that young lady or that young man of the quiet and happy country home, who is sighing for the dazzling splendor of city life:—never leave home for the uncertainties of the crowded city where vice and temptation stand out at every corner to lure the unwary and the virtuous into a life of shame and ruin.

Many "Southern gentlemen," especially those whose homes are in the yellow fever districts, have been paying a visit to New York. I was conversing with a fine looking Virginian the other day, as a colored funeral procession was passing. Pointing to one of the mourners whose complexion was lighter than mine, he remarked: "There, I owned that boy before the war." ("Southern gentlemen" never use the word *rebellion*.) I wanted to call his attention to the striking resemblance they bore to each other, but my regard for his paternal feelings prevented.

My associations here brought me, a few weeks since, into intimate relation with a Georgian who has the misfortune to live about thirty miles from that wholesale den of thieves, known as the "Andersonville Prison." When, in conversation, I mentioned Andersonville he seemed abashed, yet his official capacity, in the confederate service, was not such as to allow direct responsibility to rest upon himself. Well may every southern rebel blush when the Andersonville Pen is mentioned! This gentleman is one of culture and fine feelings, and one who can but be admired as a friend and associate. Before the war he lived in ease and affluence but now, like thousands of others in the south, his pecuniary circumstances are in a very precarious condition.

Business in New York is very dull indeed. There are probably thousands of men out of employment, and if the winter is severe there must be an unusual amount of want and suffering.

Yours truly,

S. H. D.

THE VIRGINIA NEGROES.—As was expected, Lindsay, the negro speaker in Richmond, did not make the reported incendiary speech attributed to him. It appears that he was only repeating the language of the Examiner, which had said that the streets of Richmond would run with blood, and then said that if that issue were forced upon them by the whites they (the blacks) must meet it. The report that General Schofield apprehends trouble from the negroes of Virginia has no foundation whatever, as he is known to regard them as being as peacefully disposed as at any time since the war closed. [Bost. Adv.]

The Duke of Argyll tells a good story. He was travelling with the Duke of Northumberland in a first-class carriage on the North-Eastern Railway. At one of the stations a little commercial traveller got in. The three chatted familiarly until the train stopped at Alnwick Junction. Here the Duke of Northumberland got out, and was met by a train of flunkies and servants. The commercial traveller said to his remaining companion, "That must be some great swell." "Yes," said the Duke of Argyll, "he is the Duke of Northumberland." "Bless me," exclaimed the baggage, "and to think that he should have been so affable to two little snobs like us!"

The London Saturday Review admires Admiral Farragut almost as much as if he had been a rebel. It says: "The man who ran the batteries to which New Orleans vainly trusted for defence, and with mastery skill taught the lesson how an invulnerable iron shell (the ram Tennessee) might be fairly worried to death by a host of feeble enemies, has too much of the character of the British sailor to allow the keenest opponent of his cause to remember on which side his feats of bravery were performed. Accordingly, throughout the war, the name of Farragut was scarcely less honored in England than that of Lee, Stuart and Stonewall Jackson."

AN ELEGANT PASSENGER CAR, just completed at the shops of the Maine Central Railroad Company in our village, we are assured may safely challenge comparison with the best article of the kind on any road east of Boston. Extensive jobs of repairing have for years been done at their shops, and several passenger cars have been built over; but this is the first entirely new one ever completed here. It will not probably be the last, however; for while a better car is obtained in this way, there is a saving to the Company, even in this first one which labors under the disadvantage of being an experiment, of about five hundred dollars.

The new car is a monitor top, of course—for no others are made now, we believe—fifty-two feet long, with all the latest improvements and embellishments, and contains thirty-two seats, which have the new style backs with double curve, and a small but convenient saloon. A model of strength and beauty, and outwardly and inwardly showing a rare union of elegance and good taste, it reflects much credit upon those who designed and executed the work; and it is but just therefore (omitting all mention of Superintendent Noyes and Masterworkman Philbrick, who of course have something to do with originating and overseeing all enterprises of the kind) to state that the carpenter work was done under the immediate direction of Mr. Stephen Thomas, a veteran employee of the Company; the upholstery by Mr. Simon Keith; and the ornamental painting, which attracts much admiration, by Mr. A. B. Marston. They may each justly point with pride to his particular share, and so, indeed, may all who have had a hand in it.

What is the cost of such a car? was a question we asked; and we confess it surprised us, and no doubt will many of our readers, no better posted, to learn that the price at the best manufacturing is about \$4,500—equal to that of a large, well built house and an eligible lot.

While we are at the shops of the Maine Central Company, it may not be amiss to state that although no entire locomotive engine has been constructed in them, there is hardly any portion of these complicated and wonderful machines but what has been made there, and that many of those now in use on the road are like the boys' jack knife—"the same old knife he bought, but with new blade and handle"—and in all cases with great improvements on the originals. The working capacity of these shops has been enlarged, from year to year, by the extension and addition of buildings, the introduction of new and improved machinery and various labor-saving contrivances, until now almost every thing required to maintain the equipment of the road in the best condition is produced without going abroad for much beyond the raw material. A further extension and addition is contemplated, surveys and plans of which have recently been completed by Mr. Philbrick and his son. These improvements include the erection of a new engine house on the site of the old one, and the building of a large machine shop on the Company's lot on College Street, which will necessitate the removal of the house now occupied by Mr. John Webb, and which is the property of the Railroad. To allay any nervous apprehensions on the part of the aristocratic residents on this street, we hasten to state that while the contemplated building will present a handsome eastern front there will be no doors upon that side through which the dirty sweepings of the shop will find their way to the street. These buildings will probably be erected next season.

"Waterville sank a hundred thousand dollars in railroads and her only return is the loss of an extensive country trade by which she was formerly enriched," is a remark often heard. True, she invested about a hundred thousand dollars in a railroad, and her trade has been very much circumscribed; but among the compensating benefits, how few think of the number of men to whom employment is furnished by the road. The prosperity of a town may be as substantially promoted by numerous small streams of wealth flowing into the pockets of working men, as by a few larger ones into the tills of its shopkeepers. Here, too, is found one of the important items that furnish an answer to the question we often hear—"How, without any large business enterprises, do you all manage to live?" With this thought we made inquiry and found that the number of the shop hands is about 70; track and train hands residing here, 43; gravel and wood train, 20; total, 142. Who will say that the money put into the railroad was not well invested, even if this was all the benefit we received?

The resolutions adopted by the late temperance convention at Lewiston are to the following points:—

1st—Adherence to the principle of prohibition, and resistance to repeal of the present law.

2d—That the amendment of '67 has increased the efficiency of the prohibitory law beyond expectation, rendering repeal the more difficult.

3d—While admitting the imperfection of the constabulary act, expresses satisfaction with its results, and a determination to stand by its principles.

4th—Recognizes law only as an auxiliary to moral suasion, relying mainly upon precept and example.

5th—Approves the labors of Rev. L. J. Fletcher in organizing over two hundred "Cold Water Legions," with a membership of more than ten thousand children.

6th, 7th and 8th—Exhort to earnest efforts, by operating upon the minds of the young, and by organizing "County Alliances" in all the counties of the State.

County Committees were appointed for each county, that for Kennebec consisting of Hon. Anson P. Morrill, of Readfield, Rev. P. Jaques, of Winthrop, and Joshua Nye of Waterville.

The body of Maximilian has been delivered to Admiral Tietz. It had become badly decomposed, and was expected to arrive at Vera Cruz about the end of the month.

OUR TABLE.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF MADAME SWETCHINE. By Count de Falloux, of the French Academy. Translated by H. M. Preston. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

"The outer life of Madame Swetchine," says Mr. Alger, in his introductory note, "was laid amidst elements combining, in a high degree, almost all the elements of power and splendor and romantic vicissitude adapted to awaken and gratify curiosity; but it is with the inner life that this biography deals mainly, and this, says the same note, 'is richer still in attractiveness and instruction.' A woman of acute intellect, of great natural force and intense passion, 'the picture of her steady progress from the perturbations of earthly and personal desires, towards the perfection of saintly virtue and peace, is charming in its portrayal and divine in its significance.' It is the life of a Catholic, presented to a Protestant people by a Protestant translator and Protestant publishers; and it is written by one who, while enthusiastically admiring the spiritual wealth of the Catholic Church, the ineffable tenderness and beauty of its moral and religious ministrations, is, as to its dogmatic fabric and secular away, even more from a Protestant of the Protestants." It is especially commended to women as a work of inestimable value.

The Providence Journal, in noticing the work, makes a comparison between Madame Swetchine and Madame Recamier, her celebrated contemporary, in the course of which it says: "Madame Recamier was gentle and kind, ready to sacrifice herself to any extent to advance the material interests of her friends, but she was essentially a worldly woman; whereas Madame Swetchine was 'in the world but not of it.' She exerted an immense spiritual as well as intellectual influence on all who approached her, and raised her friends to her own level. Madame Recamier made her associates pleased with themselves, while Madame Swetchine taught hers to forget themselves." * * *

As a biography, the life of Madame Swetchine is more satisfactory and much better written than that of Mail-Recamier.

It is fuller of personal anecdote respecting distinguished individuals. We meet some of the same people in each, and they serve to illustrate and explain each other.

The book, which is presented in the perfection of neatness, will be found at C. K. Mathews's.

COLONEL FORNEY'S LETTERS.—T. B. Pe-

tersen & Brothers, 206 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, have just published, Colonel John W. Forney's Letters from Europe, in one volume, duodecimo, 408 pages. These letters, now collected and carefully re-written and revised, were written literally "on the wing," while their author was making a rapid four months' tour in Europe and originally appeared in the *Press*. Colonel Forney trusted largely to his own observation, and very little to guide-books and hand-books of travel, and put his impressions upon paper as they arose. Hence came that freshness of thought and ease of expression, which, nearly as much as the large amount of information which they communicate, have won a popularity for these letters, which, we believe, will be increased and made permanent by their appearance in book-form. Colonel Forney, not looking merely at the surface, inquired into causes and effects, and collected valuable statistics of several subjects, particularly illustrative of the operation of Free Trade in Europe, and its injurious action upon labor and wages. The course of his travel was as follows: From New York to Liverpool, Mr. George Peabody being a fellow-voyager; some days at Liverpool, thence through the manufacturing districts of the north of England to Sir Francis Crossley's great carpet factory at Halifax, Yorkshire; some weeks' residence in London, during which he visited and has graphically described the Houses of Parliament, the various places of public amusement, the Peabody buildings, Mr. Spurgeon's chapel and preaching, the Langham Hotel, the Crystal Palace, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Tower of London, and the Thames Tunnel. In England, he also describes Windsor Castle, Oxford University, the old city of Chester, and Eaton Hall, the provincial palace of the Marquis of Westminster, the wealthiest man in Europe. Besides these, he gives passing and incidental sketches of eminent public men. He carried the same searching observation into Paris, which has rarely been so graphically depicted, Switzerland, Germany, Belgium, and Holland. The result is a readable and very reliable book. It contains an excellent and life-like portrait of Col. Forney, engraved on steel by Sartain, from photographs by Gutzkow, as well as a complete alphabetical and analytical index of all subjects spoken of in the volume. No letters written from Europe for years have been more full of interest and real instruction, than those of Col. Forney. It is published in a large duodecimo volume of over four hundred pages, printed on the finest paper, and handsomely bound in cloth, gilt back and gilt side. Price, Two Dollars a copy, and sent free of postage on receipt of price by the publishers.

NEW JUVENILE BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.—Lee & Shepard, the enterprising Boston publishers, it is well known, are continually making large issues of juvenile literature of an interesting and useful character, for which they deserve to be held in grateful remembrance by children and parents, and liberally patronized. Among the new ones in good time for the approaching holiday season are the following:—

The Starry Flag, or the Young Fisherman of Cape Ann, by Oliver Optic. This is the first of the "Starry Flag Series," of which three volumes have already been issued; and it is already a great favorite with the young, many of whom have followed the fortunes of the gallant little hero, Levi Fairfield, with admiration and delight, through the pages of "Our Boys and Girls" magazine, in which it first appeared.

Breaking Away, or the Fortunes of a Student, by the same author. This is the second of the same series, and is a very lively story of the escape of a youthful student from a tyrannical and overbearing teacher.

The Steamboat and Thistle, or Young America in Ireland and Scotland. This is the second of the "Young America Series," of which six volumes have already been issued. While giving the story of some runaways, who deserted from the wholesome discipline of the Academy Ship, and their adventures in a foreign land, this book presents graphic pictures of life and manners in those countries, and faithful descriptions of scenery sketched on the spot. It is full of valuable information presented in a most attractive manner.

At the Bottom of the Abyss, or a Story of the Sea, by Mrs. Rosa Abbott Parker. This is a charming story of the "Rosa Abbott" series, which are great favorites with the young folks.

Jack of All Trades, by the same author, and another instructive and entertaining story of the same popular series. A good book to put into the hands of children.

Clanking the Rope, or God Helps those who Help themselves. By May Manning. This is the first number of the "Helping Hand" series, of which several have already been published. The story is one of interest, and graphically illustrates the truth of the motto embraced in the title.

These volumes are handsomely printed and bound and contain numerous spirited illustrations.

All of the above, with a host of other attractive juveniles from the same house, are for sale at Horieckson's.

GODLEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—The December number reaches us early with a goodly freight. The steel engraving, "The Broken Window," is full of life and character, and the title-page is a charming tableau plate. There are other illustrations, with a host of fashion engravings, including an elegant colored steel.

The number abounds in excellent reading, which cannot fail to interest its fair readers, including many good stories. Among the improvements of the next volume, to be commenced in the January number, large folding sheets of fashions and other cuts, in addition to what has formerly been given.

Marion Hartland will commence a new story in the January number entitled "Phenie Rowland."

Published by L. A. Godley, Philadelphia, at \$3 a year with large discount to clubs.

THE LADIES' FRIEND for December is a Holiday number—and a magnificent one. The Steel Engraving called "The Happiest Time," is a beautiful and charming design and executed in beautiful style. The Steel Plate, "The Immortal Crown," also expressly engraved for this magazine, will touch a solemn but joyful chord in every heart. Both of these steel engravings are of the very first quality in every respect. Then we have a handsomely colored engraving of a "Jewel-Case and Pin-Cushion," and after this the usual elegant Double-Page Fashion Plate, finely engraved on Steel, not a mere lithograph or wood engraving. Then follows a number of Wood Engravings illustrative of the Fashions, Needle-Work, etc., with a piece of music worth the cost of the book. The literary matter is as choice as usual. "Only a Glove," by Gabrielle Legay. How a

Woman Had Her Way," by Elizabeth Prescott; "German Lessons," by B. Ripley; "The Old Maid," a Poem by Florence Percy; "Preserved Flowers;" "Disillusion," or Mary of the Mill and the Countess Marie; "Flower Stand and Vase," Editorials, etc., etc.

Great inducements in the way of Premiums, etc., are promised to new subscribers, and our readers should send for a sample copy, containing all these liberal offers. Sample copies will be sent for fifteen cents. Price (with engraving) \$2.50 a year; Four copies (with one engraving) \$6.00.

Published by Deacon & Peterson, 310 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

"THE ORACLE," is the somewhat pretentious title of this year's issue of the paper published by the students of Colby University. It contains several columns of College statistics, and as the Roll of Honor is omitted, room is made for an unusual amount of editorial. Presuming that their venerable alma mater, like all old ladies, is in an unusually amiable frame of mind in consequence of her recent change of names they make rather free with her antiquated housekeeping; and though they compliment her new head dress, the irreverent rogues do not hesitate to draw attention to her dilapidated skirts and the holes in the good old lady's stockings. However, they are probably not lacking in filial affection, out of which, indeed, may come the pride that seeks to improve by frankly pointing out faults and blemishes.

We learn from *The Oracle*, that in accordance with the terms of a standing offer of the Trustees of the University, a scholarship for a year was awarded to Edward Stephen Sheldon, of Waterville, as the member of the Freshmen class best fitted for college, and the first term bill was cancelled to Charles Howard Sturges, of Cherryfield, as the best of four from the same school—these favors to be continued through the college course if a high rank is maintained.

THE SENIOR EXHIBITION, on Wednesday evening, was a very pleasant occasion. Owing to the storm the audience was not large; but all who were there came to listen. The speaking was very good; and the company testified their approbation of many of the pieces by loud and hearty applause; but we will not venture upon the tedious task of particularizing beyond the mention of the award of the Committee—Prof. Foster, Reuben Foster, Esq., and A. A. Plaisted, Esq. There was only one prize, which was for excellence in composition, only, and this was given to Julian Daniel Taylor, of Winslow. Johnson's Band, of Lewiston, enlivened the exercises with good music, and afterwards, under the direction of the students, serenaded the offices of the college, who responded in short and pertinent speeches.

A SINGING SCHOOL, we are pleased to announce, is about to be commenced in our village by Mr. Carpenter, a well known teacher. A good deal of money is expended here annually for instruction upon the piano, but vocal music has long been sadly neglected. See advertisement.

CHARLES DICKENS arrived in Boston on Tuesday, and his first reading will be given at the Tremont Temple in that city a week from Monday. There was a great rush for the purchase of seats on Monday last, and many persons after waiting for hours were compelled to leave without securing the object of their visit. Outside of the ring tickets sold at a big premium.

The pitiful trick, by which one of the class was prevented from speaking at the exhibition on Wednesday evening, though it provoked a momentary laugh from the thoughtless, is condemned by all right thinking persons. The perpetrator will probably live long enough to hear he could forget his share in it.

SMASH UP.—Mr. Timothy Hamlin, who resides on the Tufton Simson farm in Winslow and runs a meat cart into our village regularly, (very nice meat he brings, too) had his vehicle damaged to the amount of about fifty-dollars on Saturday by afternoon the passenger train on the P. & K. Railroad. He crossed the track and was sitting on his wagon talking with a customer, when his friend suddenly exclaimed "there's the train," and caught his horse by the head. The horse has a trick of backing when caught in that way, and though Mr. H. leaped from his cart and did the best he could under the circumstances, it was with great difficulty that he saved his horse.

THE FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE.—In Mrs. Danbar's advertisement last week, there was an accidental omission which is supplied this week. It will be seen that the Florence was ahead of all competitors.

The sudden and severe cold weather has already bridged the Kennebec at various points. We have a few inches of snow giving us fair sleighing, and there is an abundance of good skating, so that old and young are provided with facilities for pleasant locomotion. Thanksgiving day will very likely be as merry as Christmas.

We have to record the humiliating fact that impartial suffrage was defeated in Minnesota, by a small majority. Timid, recreant republicans, who dared not do what they knew to be right, are responsible for this.

WINTER has come upon us before many are prepared for his reception; but early as is his advent, Kenrick, of Kendall's Mills is all ready with a stock of sleighs which he will be pleased to sell to those who wish to improve the present good sleighing. See his advertisement.

WINTER LIGHTNING.—We learn from the Dover Observer that the barn of Stephen Darling, Esq., of Guilford, was struck and considerably damaged by lightning on the afternoon of the 2d inst., and two cows killed in the yard.

A communication and a card, from Mr. Hathaway, agent of the Me. Wesleyan Seminary—the former mentioning the marked prosperity of that school the past season, and the latter requesting a suspension of judgment in regard to Mr. Green's pamphlet in relation to the melancholy death of his daughter, till proper reply can be made—both are received before we have seen the pamphlet referred to. We are glad to hear of the prosperity of the school, and to make the fact known; and when we give our readers a digest of the pamphlet we shall also give the substance of the reply.

CATTLE MARKETS.—The Boston Advertiser says of the market this week:—

The supply of Western cattle at the Brighton market has decreased from over 25000 a few weeks since to 240. The deficiency has been so well supplied, however, by cattle from the New England States, that prices remain unchanged. The large number of 20,000 sheep and lambs received this week has overstocked the market with the lower qualities, and prices are merely nominal, except on the better grades. G. Wells sold 3 beef cattle at 12 1-2c, 36 sk, 1500 lbs. each; 10 at 12 1-2c, dressed; and 4 at 13c, 1750 lbs. each; and J. J. Holbrook sold 3 oxen at 11 1-4c; 4 two-year-old heifers and 2 three-year-old steers at 9c per lb.; 2 yearling bulls \$20, or 6c per lb. Of store cattle J. J. Holbrook sold 3 oxen for beef at 11 1-4c, 6 young cattle at 9c per lb., 2 yearling bulls \$20 each, one milch cow \$45. Gideon Wells 6 ft. 10 in. for \$190; 6 ft. 6 in. \$175; 6 ft. 3 in. \$150.

FITZ GREEN HALLECK, whom many place next to Bryant in the list of American poets died at his birthplace and residence in Guilford, Conn., a few days ago, in his seventy-third year.

Whenever you buy court-plaster, inquire for that put up in envelopes, by G. H. Evans. It is fresh color, and very nice.

A TERRIBLE HURRICANE swept over several of the West India Islands on the 29th ult. involving great destruction of property and large loss of life. At St. Thomas, Uncle Sam's new purchase, it was frightfully severe. Every house was damaged more or less, and while most of the smaller dwellings were demolished, many of the larger and more substantial were unroofed. Much damage was done to the shipping, and over five hundred persons were drowned, while thousands were left without shelter. The hurricane swept over the southern portion of Porto Rico, destroying all the crops. Two hundred lives were lost and four thousand families are destitute. It was reported that Tortola, one of the smaller British West India Islands, containing an area of forty-eight square miles, was submerged and that a thousand lives were lost; but the report is not credited.

EUROPEAN NEWS.—Despatches from London, received on Saturday afternoon last, state that the conference proposed by the Emperor Napoleon for the settlement of the Roman question seems to be attended with difficulties. The Pope objects to any conference in his behalf, and the several powers, which have been invited to participate, are divided on the question of necessity for a conference. It is asserted that Spain is the only nation that supports the imperial power of the Pope in any event. Late despatches from Athens state that since the failure of the Turco-Cretan mission, hostilities have been resumed in Candia.

MEMORIAL HALL.—A formal breaking of ground for Memorial Hall, at Bowdoin College, occurred on Friday last. Prof. Synth put in the spade and some students loaded a cart. Religious services were previously held in the Chapel.

TRICHINA, IN ST. LOUIS.—Nov. 16.—Two men died of trichina at the City Hospital last night. A post-mortem examination was made, and at a meeting of the Medical Society, this evening, the muscles of the deceased were shown which contained a great number of trichina. One of the deceased men had been treated for consumption and the other for typhoid fever.

S. D. & H. W. SMITH'S AMERICAN ORGANS.—These are the Organs that took the first premium over all competitors at the great St. Louis Fair, in October last. There is nothing more appropriate for a present than an American Organ. Give the Church one, the Sabbath School one, and the Minister one. Music such as may be produced from them will benefit all. The morals of society will be improved, and the young will in their use find a way to spend many a happy hour, that will do them and others good. These Organs are manufactured by S. D. & H. W. Smith, Boston, Mass.—[Topeka (Mo.) Record.]

WE JUDGE FROM THE IMMENSE SALES that Mrs. S. A. Allen's Improved (new style) Hair Restorer or Dressing (in one bottle) is preferred by every one. Every Druggist sells it. Price One Dollar.

"November chill blows loud 'n' angry south;" with these November winds come all the ailments common to Northern winter; a bottle of American Life Drops, curing Coughs and Colds, healing sore throat, and, by outward application, killing all local pain, should always be kept on hand.

Ladies who desire to give all such articles of dress as come to the laundry, an unrivaled whiteness and purity, are recommended to use the STEAM REFINED SOAPS. We know of no others equally esteemed for efficiency and economy.

Dr. Lugol of Paris, one of the most eminent chemists of Europe, says, when iodine can be dissolved in pure water the most astonishing results may be anticipated. Dr. H. Anders Iodine Water is Iodine dissolved in pure water, and the most astonishing results have followed its use in cases of scrofula and all chronic diseases.

CAPILLARY ADORNMENTS.—The best and the cheapest. Use "Barrett's Hair Restorative," First Premium awarded.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

The Belgrade Quarterly Meeting of the Primitive Free will Baptists will be held at the Rockwood Meeting House at Belgrade, Dec. 7th, at ten o'clock.

Madison Quarterly Meeting will be held at Walling, Dec. 21st, at 10 o'clock.

Cambridge Quarterly Meeting will be held with the Church at Exeter and Garland, Dec. 28th, at 10 o'clock.

ELDER GEO. MAIR.

J. B. BRADBURY

OFFICE, MAIN STREET,
WATERVILLE, ME.,

Respectfully offers his services to the public as

LIFE ASSURANCE AGENT.

Wishing to extend the benefits of Life Assurance, he
will cheerfully afford all information and every
facility in his power, and invites
careful attention to the
following facts:

THE EQUITABLE
LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,
92 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
grants to policy-holders every benefit which

The cash assets of this Society amount at the present time to over Five Millions of Dollars. Its annual cash income exceeds Two and One-Half Millions. It is purely mutual in its character, dividing its surplus of profits among the assured every year, on the first of February. Profits may be applied to the reduction of future premiums, to increasing the sum assured, or to limiting the number of years during which the premiums are to be paid. When policies become paid-up by the latter plan, they realize to the holders an an-

The Society conducts its business strictly on the CASH PLAN. Its dividends also being

The following is an example showing the


rate of its last dividend, on policies in force, for a single year: Age of the Assured 33 years—Life policy—Amount Assured \$15,000—Annual Premium \$378 15 (only one Premi-

um paid). Cash reduction from second Annual premium \$116 34. Permanent addition to policy, on which no additional premiums are required, \$346 95. *These dividends increase*

In 1866 the Society issued policies to the amount of THIRTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS. Just and liberal dealing towards its policy-holders—promptness in the payment of losses.

—guarantee its continued unexampled success.

WILLIAM C. ALEXANDER,	PRESIDENT.
HENRY B. HYDE,	VICE PRESIDENT.
GEORGE W. PHILLIPS,	SECRETARY.

JAMES W. ALEXANDER,  SECRETARY.
— O —
J. B. BRADDEURY, Agent,
MAIN STREET,
W. THURMAN, Minn.

NOTICE!

We keep constantly on hand the following articles:—
PICKLES, by the Gallon or Jar; Cranberries by

Fresh Ground Graham Meal; Rye Meal; Oat
Meal; Bond's Crackers; Soda Crackers;
SMOKED HALIBUT;
Smoked Salmon; Pickled Tripe;
SWEET POTATOES;
Domestic Lamb and

Pork; Sardines;
English
Pickles;
French Mustard;
Corn Starch; Green Corn;
Green Peas, Cocoa; Cocoa Shells;
Chocolate; Ground Chicory; Fluid for
Packed Lamps; Kerosene, warranted safe;
Patent Sun-burners for Lamps; Students' Lamp Shades

Also a good assortment of
Jellies, Jams, Ketchups, &c ,
 With many of other articles too numerous to mention.
C. A. CHALMERS & Co.
 Waterville, Nov. 7th, 1867

FIRST PREMIUM
Of a Silver Medal
WAS AWARDED TO
BARRETT'S HAIR RESTORATIVE
By the N. H. State Agricultural Society, at
its Fair, holden in Nashua, Sept. 29, 1896.

BARRETT'S
Vegetable Hair Restorative

Restores Gray Hair to its Natural Color; promotes the growth of the Hair; changes the roots to their original organic action; eradicates Dandruff and Humors; prevents Hair falling out; is a superior Dressing. It contains no mercurial ingredients, and is the most popular and reliable article throughout the East, West, North, and South.

J. R. BARRETT & CO., Proprietors,
MANCHESTER, N. H.
Sold by all Druggists.

WM. IVAN and I. H. LOW, Waterville, and B. C. LOW, Ken-
dall's Mills, have it for sale.

THE PORTLAND

KEROSENE OIL COMPANY
Would inform the public that they continue to manufacture
Portland Kerosene Oil,

The prevalence of a large quantity of inferior and dangerous oils in the market, at a cheap price—many of which are little better than Naphtha itself—and the existence of false reports in regard to PORTLAND KEROSENE OIL, render it matter of justice to ourselves, as well as safety to consumers, that some notice should be taken of these facts. Therefore

We again present an advertisement, and would call attention to the high standard of our Oil, the first of which is 33 degrees Fahrenheit, and often reaches considerable higher also we would say that we are determined to maintain a long established reputation.

Fortland Kerosene Oil Company.

Bartlett Mo. Aug. 4th 1897.

Disolution of Copartnership.
THE Copartnership heretofore existing between E. N. FLETCHER & CO., is this day by mutual consent dissolved.
 E. N. FLETCHER,
 F. S. HAWLD,
 S. D. WEBB.
 Waterville, Oct. 28th, 1867.

CARD.

I HAVE this day sold to **PERHAM S. HEALD** and **SAMUEL D. WEBB** (my recent partners) all my interest in the Tailoring Business, and cordially recommend them to my former patrons and the public generally, as men worthy of their patronage and confidence.

Waterville, Oct. 28th, 1887. **EDWIN N. FLETCHER**

AWAY WITH
UNCOMFORTABLE
TRUSSES

Q, paid, on receipt of 10 cents. Address Dr. E. B. FOOTH
(author of Medical Common Sense) No. 110 Lexington Av
N. Y. 6m-51.

P **PRIME** Baltimore White Corn, at
U. A. CHALMERS & CO'S.

Q **BIES** Spicula WASHING SOAP, 31 at
U. A. CHALMERS & CO'S.

ALSO GRAINING, GLAZING AND PAPER

G. H. ESTY continues to meet all orders in the above line. In a number of cases he has given satisfaction to the best employers for a period that indicates some preference in the business.

Orders promptly attended to on application at his place.

(Main Street,
opposite Newton's)
WATERVILLE

CAUTION

To Females in Delicate Health

D. ROW, Physician and Surgeon, No. 7 Madison St., Boston is consulted daily for a large number of cases of female system. Prolapsus Uteri or Falling of the Uterus, Fibroid, Leucorrhoea, Menstrual Disorders, Painful Periods, Floer Alisa, Suppression, and other Menstrual disorders are treated on new pathological principles and permanently cured. A very few have suffered for years with the new mode of treatment, that most obstinate cases

health. There is no doubt but greater experience in the treatment of women than any other physician in Boston. Boarding accommodations for patients who may wish to stay in Boston a few days under treatment.

Dr. D. since 1896, having conducted his whole entire office practice for the cure of Private Diseases and all Complaints, acknowledge no superior in the United States.

N. B.—All letter must contain one dollar, or they will be answered.

Office hours from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M.
Boston July 25, 1867. 1y6

Removal—Special Notice.

MRS. E. B. BARNES

Has the pleasure to announce that the now occupants
New and Commodious Place of Business
 in the third building south of that occupied by her
 many years.
 B. returns thanks for a long continuance, and general
 patronage, and pledges her best efforts to offer a com-
 Stock of
Millinery and Fancy Goods
 and
SMALL WARES,
 that shall meet the wants of the community in variety
 and price.
 Special attention will be given to furnishing
 for **MOURNING and FUNERAL** occasions.
 A continuance of public patronage is respectfully solicited.
 Waterville, Feb. 1st, 1865. 1

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN PATENT
R. H. EDDY,
SOLICITOR OF PATENTS,
Late Agent of U. S. Patent Office, Washington,
under the Act of 1837.)
78 State Street, opposite Kirby Street,
BOSTON.

AFTER an extensive practice of upwards of twenty
years, I continue to secure Patents in the United States
and Great Britain, France, Germany, and other foreign countries,
in all the various departments of Science, Art, Manufacture,
Invention, Specification, Pleadings, Assignments, &c.

with dispatch. Researches made into American or Foreign works, to determine the validity or utility of Patents, or to ascertain the legal copies of the claims of any Patent, are furnished by remitting One Dollar. Assignments made at Washington.

No Agency in the United States possesses any facilities for obtaining Patents, or ascertaining the validity of the same.

During eight months the subscriber, in the course of large practice, made on twice rejected applications TWENTY APPEALS; EVERY ONE of which was decided FAVOR by the Commissioner of Patents.

TESTIMONIALS.

"I regard Mr. Eddy as one of the most CAPABLE AN
"WORTHY PATENT AGENTS in the United States."

"I have no hesitation in assuring inventors that they will not employ a person more **COMPETENT** and **TRUSTWORTHY** and more capable of putting their applications in a favorable light than our early and favorable consideration of their cases. I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Yours truly,
EDWARD D. HEDDY,
Late Commissioner of Patents.

"MR. R. H. Heddy has made for me **THIRTEEN** applications on behalf of those patents have been granted. I have no doubt that it is now your wish to employ a person of such talent and ability on his part made me to recommend inventors to apply to him to procure their patents, and I may say that I have been very faithful attention been given on their cases, and at every reasonable time."
JOHN TAGG
Boston, Jan. 3, 1867.

SMOLANDER'S EXTRACT BUC
CURES
ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
AND
RHEUMATIC DIFFICULTIES
Price \$1. Sold everywhere.
J. A. BURLINGHAM, Wholesale Druggist, Boston, Gen'l
ly—87
NICKAWA.

I have been induced to purchase this Horse by the reports and inquiries of farmers for a larger Stock horse than those they have had. I have endeavored to select one whose pedigree, style, color and size would give promise of a valuable animal. I provided they did not trot fast. In addition I may say that this horse, now new to us, is a fast horse, and of first class blood. His sire is a son of the celebrated and valuable stallion, the Earl of Derby, his dam is a daughter of the famous and valuable stallion, the Earl of Derby. His mother is Lady Woodruff, Rose Washington and other famous horses.

These Horses are fitted to examine at their convenience.

NICKAWA 16 is a beautiful chestnut color, 16 hands and weighs 1200 pounds.

TERMS—\$15 for Season Service; \$20 to warrant a foal.

Season from May 15 to September 15.

T. S. L.

Fast Driving.

SEC. 5th of Art. 5th of the By-Laws of the Town of Waterville reads as follows:—

"BE it further ordered, That no person shall drive any horse through or in any street or public place said Village, on the rut, or at an immoderate pace, dangerous to the safety of the persons passing or being thereon, or the property of any person, except in cases of urgent need under penalty of one dollar."

☞ This By Law will be enforced after this date.

J NYE, Insp. Pol.

Waterville, March 18, 1867. 87

MESSRS. CURTIS & BOYNTON
No. 35 North Street,—Boston.
MANUFACTURE A SOAP as good as any can be made, or described. One trial convinces the most skeptical of its merits. Dirt vanishes under its application like magic from the wooden yard.
Merchants can be supplied with it on reasonable terms either directly from the manufacturers or from the Agents in this State, at rear of No. 14 Exchange Street, Bangor.
Try a sample, and you will be unwilling to receive any other soap without it. It cleanses and removes all dirt from PAINTS, PITCH, WHEEL GREASE, TAR, and doing any and every thing that soap can do.

June 18th, 1897

CROUP! CROUP!

DR. HOOKER'S
Cough and Croup Syrup
CURES
CROUP. COUGHS FROM COL-
icness, Hoarseness, Catarrhal Coughs,
COUGHS FROM HUMORS AND BRONCHITIS.

Children are liable to be attacked with Croup
a moment's warning. It is, therefore, important the
family should have constantly at hand some sup-
ply the Trade at list prices. sew-15

Dr. Hooker's Cough and Croup Syrup
C. D. LEECH, Proprietor, Springfield, Mass.
Dumas Barnes & Co., 21 Park Row, New York, will
supply the Trade at list prices.

For sale at I. H. Lowe's, Waterville.

Ladies' Kid Gauntlets.

A Superior Article, at
E. S. FISHER'S.

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—In Probate Court at Augusta, fourth day of October, 1867.

EXPOSURE.—**MRS. M. W. HOLDS**, widow of **LEAH T. HOLDS**, late of said County deceased, appeared in Court and presented her application for Commissioners to be appointed to set out her dower in the real estate of said deceased.

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks previously prior to the fourth day of November next, by a newspaper printed and published in said County, that all persons having any claim or interest in the real estate of said deceased may attend the Court of Probate on the fourth day of August, and show cause, if any, why the said application should not be granted.

Attest: J. BURTON, Register.

FRESH Canned Peaches, Oysters, Tomatoes, &c., at
C. A. CHALMERS &