




7-3-1868

The Waterville Mail (Vol. 22, No. 01): July 3, 1868

Maxham & Wing

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Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 22, No. 01): July 3, 1868" (1868). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 253.
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IN THE FOAM.

Life swells in a whitening wave
And daisies there and me apart,
I sweep out seaward—he thou brave
And reach the shore, sweetheart!

Bent back the backward-thrusting sea,
Thy round white arm his blows may thwart,
Christ buffet the strong surge with thee
Till thou'rt ashore, sweetheart!

Ah! now thy face groweth dim apace,
Sorrow of you white foam a part,
Canst hear me through the water bars,
Cry, "To the shore, sweetheart?"

Now Christ thee soothe upon the shore,
My lissome-armed sea-Britomart,
I sweep out seaward, nevermore
To find the shore, sweetheart.

[Round Table.]

[From Packard's Monthly.]

THE WICKEDEST MAN IN NEW YORK.

He goes by the name of John Allen. He lives at number 304 Water-street. He keeps a dance-house there. He is about forty-five years old. He is reputed to be worth one hundred thousand dollars, more or less, and is known to be worth over seventy thousand. He has three brothers who are clergymen—two of them being Presbyterians, and the other a Baptist—and is reported to have once been a minister of the Gospel himself. He is known formerly to have been a school teacher, and is a man of education and fine natural powers; was originally a good man; and is yet a "good fellow" in many respects. Were it not for his good qualities he never could have attained unto the bad eminence of being the Wickedest Man in New York.

The best bad is always the worst. Take him for all in all, our Wickedest Man is a phenomenon. He reads the Bible to his dance-house girls, and his favorite papers are the New York Observer and the Independent. He takes them regularly and reads them. We have repeatedly seen them on the counter of his bar-room, amid decanters and glasses, along with the Daily Herald and the Sun. We have also seen a dozen copies of the Little Wanderers' Friend at a time scattered about his place, for he takes an interest in mission work, and "goes in" generally for progress for other people.

This Wickedest Man is the only entity appearing to the shady side of New York life which we have been unable to fathom, analyze, and account for. But he is too much for us. Why a human being of his education, natural tastes, force of character, and wealth, should continue to live in a Water-street dance-house, and bring up his children in a soul-destroying atmosphere of sin and degradation, is more than we can comprehend.

For this Wickedest Man loves his children. His little five-year-old boy is the apple of his eye, the core of his heart, and the chief object of his worship. He never misses an opportunity to sound the child's praises and to show off his accomplishments. And all things considered, the little fellow is truly a wonder. He is crammed full of information on all manner of topics, and is ever ready to respond to his doting father's attempts to make his smartness visible to the naked eye.

We have never visited the Wickedest Man's dance-house without having our attention called afresh to his little son's abilities, except once, and then he took us round to the school where the child attends, to let us see that he ranks with the best, and is a favorite with his teacher. That was on the 28th day of May last, at about a quarter to twelve in the day-time, when we went to No. 304 Water-street to tell Mr. Allen that the fated time had come for serving him up in a magazine article.

For, be it known to the reader, we have had our pen couched at John Allen for nearly two years. In the year 1865, the Sabbath after President Lincoln was assassinated, we began an exploration and sub-soiling of New York city, as to its crime, poverty, want, wretchedness and degradation, which we have pursued ever since, as other engagements would permit. Of course, it was not long before we found out John Allen. We at once recognized his genius for wickedness and made him an especial study. But as we have said, he baffles us. We have told him so, and have frequently asked him to help us out of our dilemma, but he always comes short of the complete thing.

We think we know why this Wickedest Man persists in living in his Water-street den—that we have, in fact, penetrated his secret; but as we are not absolutely certain as to the matter, we will not set our suspicion down in print, lest we should do him injustice.

We have said that our Wickedest Man is a phenomenon. We meant this in its application to the deepest springs of his character; but it is also and perhaps equally applicable to the external manifestation of those deepest springs. Has the reader any notion of a Water-street dance-house? Concretely stated, it is a breathing-hole of hell—a trap-door of the bottomless pit. You step from the street into a bar-room, wherein lousy loafers lurk, and which is in some cases on a level with the sidewalk and in others far below it; and there you are in the general midst of things, if it happens to be a dance-house of the very lowest class. But usually there is a "saloon" in the rear of the bar-room.

Passing out of the bar-room, by a door opening in a partition across its rear, you enter the dancing saloon, which varies in size from fifteen feet square to a room 25 by 50 feet in extent. About the wall of this room a bench extends, usually on three sides. In the further end of the room is an orchestra, proportioned in numbers and skill to the prosperity of the establishment. The number of musicians is sometimes as high as six, but the average is not more than three. In one of the rear corners of the saloon there is a small bar, where the girls can drink with their victims without exposing their fascinations to the untruthful gaze of a non-paying and censorious outside public.

Sitting on the benches, or grouped upon the floor, or whirling in the dance, are the girls, varying in number from four to twenty, but averaging about ten. These girls are not often comely to the fastidious eye. To a sailor, just from a long cruise, where nothing lovelier than his weather-beaten shipmates has for years been seen, they are not without attractions. So, too, do certain landmen, of a degraded type, pay homage to their strenuous charms. But a decent man, in the full possession and equipage of his faculties, can only regard them with sorrow unspeakable and pity too deep for tears.

The only girl we ever saw in a dance-house in whom we could detect the slightest vestige of comeliness or refinement, had been there but a few hours, and was reputed to be the daughter of a former Lieutenant-Governor of a New England State.

The first time we entered John Allen's dance-house we found it in full blast. The hour was eleven in the evening. There were thirteen girls in the saloon, three musicians in the orchestra, and seven customers submitting to

the blandishments of an equal number of the ballet-dressed syrens who prevailed the room. Our party consisted of the policeman who accompanied us, three clergymen on the look out for the "elephant," Mr. Albert C. Arnold of the Howard Mission, and his writer.

The Wickedest Man was in his glory. Things were moving briskly. He gave us all a hearty welcome, ordered the orchestra to do their best, and told the girls to "break our hearts." A vigorous dance followed, after which the proprietor called out:

"Hartford, go up stairs and get my baby." Hartford turned out to be one of the girls, who immediately disappeared, and soon returned bearing in her arms an undressed, sleepy child, wrapped in a shawl. This was the juvenile prodigy. His father took him in his arms, with a glow of pride and affection upon his face, and said:

"Now, gentlemen, you are writers, philosophers and preachers; but I'll show you that my baby knows as much as any of you. He's [hard words here] on reading, writing, praying and fighting."

And without more ado, he stood the sleepy little fellow upon the floor and began to catechize him in ancient history, geography, the political history of the United States, etc., etc., with a result which astounded us all. Suddenly he exclaimed,

"Chester, give us a song."

And Chester, for that is the child's name, gave us a song.

"Now, Chester, give us a break-down." The orchestra played a "break-down," and Chester danced it with precision and vigor, his mother looking on with delight.

"Now, Chester, give us a prayer."

And the child recited, first, the Lord's Prayer, and then others in succession, mixed with which were such ribaldry and profanity on the father's part as cut us to the heart. And here it was that we got a glimpse of the pre-eminent wickedness of the man—wickedness to him unknown, and all the worse because of his unconsciousness of it; wickedness which is leading him to train up that idolized boy in a way and in an atmosphere which will yet make him an object of loathing even to his own heart.

For that dance-house child there seems to be no spiritual hope. The sacred and the profane are so intermingled in his childish understanding, that he will never be able to tell which is sacred and which is profane; and his nature being dogged and combative, he will grow up into the highest possible type of wickedness, if he grows up at all. Of the thousands of painful cases wherewith we have met in this city, that of little Chester Allen gives us about the keenest pang.

After the infant phenomenon had been called back to bed, his father asked our party if we wouldn't "mix in," and have a dance with the girls.

"I'll do you good," said he, "to trip a little on the light fantastic. Besides, I like to do the fair thing by distinguished visitors. I'm fond of literary people, and especially of clergymen. I've three brothers myself who adorn the sacred calling; and grit and grace run through our family, like the Tigris and the Jordan through the Holy Land. Go in, gentlemen; the girls shan't hurt you. I'll watch over you. I'll watch over you like a hen over her chickens, and you shall leave my premises as virtuous as you came in! Ha, ha! Come, what shall it be?"

On being assured that we would not "trip it on the light fantastic," he asked us if we (that is, our party) would not favor the girls with a song, whereupon Mr. Arnold suggested that we should all sing together, and asked the girls what they would like best. Several of them immediately responded in favor of "There is Rest for the Weary."

"Do you know that?" one of the clergymen asked.

"Yes," answered at least half-a-dozen of the girls.

"Where did you learn it?" asked another of the clergymen.

"At Sabbath-school," was the reply.

We all looked at one another. Here was a revelation. These girls had been brought up to attend Sabbath-school! Perhaps they were the daughters of Christian parents! But we had no time to pursue this painful speculation, for the girls began to sing—

In the Christian's home in Glory
There is a land of rest;
And my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request.
Chorus: There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you,
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for life.

And oh, with what fervor and pathos they sang—especially the choruses—which, at the end of each verse, they sang three times over; some of them, at last, weeping as they sang. What girlish memories these sweet, simple strains evoked! Memories, perhaps, of once happy homes, and affectionate Sabbath-school teachers, and beloved companions, so sweetly contrasting with their dance-house condition. And so, those soul-weary creatures lingered fondly upon, and repeated over and over again, the lines,

On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for life.

Since that occasion we have repeatedly visited the abode of the Wickedest Man in New York, for the purpose of "studying him up," and of trying to hit upon some means of inducing him to abandon his course of life, and of saving his boy. For in truth, we not only feel an interest in, but also rather like him, wicked as he is. And so does nearly everybody who we have taken to see him; and we have taken scores—moses of them clergymen.

But all our efforts to get any vital hold upon him have been in vain. He is always cordial; always ready to let the girls "have a spiritual sing;" will even permit a little exhortation to them, in his dancing saloon; and is free with his Observer and Independent. But he keeps on his way with unyielding pertinacity.

On one occasion a party of us suggested that he should let us hold a prayer-meeting in his saloon. After a little reflection, he replied:

"Well, no, gentlemen; I can't go that. You know that every man must have regard to his profession and the opinion of his neighbors. What with my Observer, and Independent, and you fellows coming here and singing camp

meeting hymns, I am already looked upon in the neighborhood as being rather loose and unsound; and if, at-top of all that, I should hold a prayer-meeting here, I should lose what little character I've got left."

But our friend Arnold, of the Howard Mission, was determined to achieve the prayer-meeting. And during the fourth week in May last, when there were many of his clerical friends in the city, Mr. Arnold thought he'd bring a heavy spiritual cannonade to bear on Allen, and see what would come of it. So on Monday night, May 25th, after a carefully conducted preliminary season of prayer, an assaulting party was formed, including six clergymen from different parts of the country, to march upon the citadel of the enemy. When we arrived it was half-past twelve; the window shutters were closed, and we feared we were too late. But a light shone through the window over the door, and on application we were admitted, and received a hearty welcome. Allen was just then undergoing a shampooing process, for the purpose, as he frankly stated, of enabling him to go to bed sober. He added:

"You see, gentlemen, it won't do for a business man to go to bed drunk, nor for a literary man either. So, now, you just take my advice, and whenever you find yourselves drunk about bed time, you just take a good shampoo, and you'll find the investment'll pay a big dividend in the morning. But walk into the saloon, gentlemen; walk in. The girls are in there taking a rest and a smoke, after the arduous duties of the evening. Walk in."

We walked in, and found the girls smoking pipes, and sitting and lounging about the room. In a few minutes Allen came in and proposed to have the girls dance for us, but we declined.

"Well then, [more hard words] Arnold, let's have a song," he exclaimed.

Mr. Arnold, as usual, asked the girls what they would like to hear, and they at once asked for their favorite—"There is Rest for the Weary."

"Here, mother, give me my fiddle," said Allen to his wife, "and bring out the books;" meaning the Little Wanderers' Friend, of which he keeps a supply.

The books were got out by one of the girls, the fiddle was handed him by his wife, and Allen led off on the treble, all hands joining in. There were eleven girls in the room, and they sang in the chorus with unusual fervor, even for them. As soon as this song was finished a couple of the girls, simultaneously, asked for "There's a Light in the Window for thee, Brother," which was sung with emphasis and feeling.

At the conclusion of the last-mentioned song Mr. Arnold believed that the appointed hour had come:

"Well, John, old boy, give us your hand; I feel just like praying here with you!"

Allen took the extended hand, and gruffly said:

"What—[more hard words]—pray? Do you mean pray? No, sir, never!"

"Well, John," responded Mr. Arnold, "I am going to pray here anyhow. If I don't pray loud I'll pray soft. You shan't lose the prayer, at all rate."

"Well, Arnold, mind now, if you pray I won't hear you; mind that. I don't know anything about it. I won't hear you."

And backing slowly out of the room, and repeating "I won't hear you," over and over again, Allen went through the door leading to the bar, and closed it after him.

Mr. Arnold then invited the girls to join in prayer with him, which they did, some of them kneeling on the floor, as did the visitors, and others bowing their heads upon their hands, while Allen peered through the partition door upon the singular scene.

Mr. Arnold's heart was almost too full for utterance, but his fervor soon unloosed his tongue, and he poured out a simple, direct and heartfelt prayer, which told powerfully upon the hearers. Many of the girls arose, sobbing, to their feet, and several of them crowded around Mr. Arnold, and begged him, in the name of God, to take them from that place. They would work their hands off, if honest work could be got for them; they would submit to any hardship, if they could only be restored to opportunities for virtue and a Christian life.

Poor Arnold! He was the picture of despair. It came upon him, all at once, that there is no help for such, this side the grave. He had at last conquered his opportunity, and prayed with these children of sin and shame, and now that they were calling upon him to answer his own prayer—to give them a chance to eat the bread of life—he had to put them off with the stone of evasion.

Take them from that place! Where could he take them? In all this Christian land there is not a Christian home that would open its doors to a repentant female sinner, except to turn her out of the house.

On calling upon Mr. Arnold the next day, we found him in his room at the Mission, with his head bowed upon the table, as though in prayer. Looking up at us, with blazing eyes, he exclaimed—

"Sir, what is to be done about this?"

"About what?" we asked.

"These poor girls," he replied. "I have been thinking and praying, and praying, and thinking over it all night, but I can see no light. Sir, (pressing his head between his hands,) I shall go mad."

Poor, unsophisticated babe of grace, he does not know, nor would he have the pluck to acknowledge that his despair comes of the terrible fact that there is not Christianity enough on the Island of Manhattan, or elsewhere, to meet the case.

The Rev. Charles Kingsley, in his *Hypatia*, relates how a dance-house girl of Alexandria, in the fifth century, on finding her brother, whom she had not seen since early childhood, and who had become a priest of piety and power, became converted, and loathed her previous life, and longed for religious companionship, but could get it not, and had finally to flee to a cave in the desert, and there mourn and weep her life away alone.

"In that age," says Mr. Kingsley, "there was no other place for such."

Is there any other place for them now? Yes, as desert caves are not now accessible, is there any place for them, except such as the Wickedest Man in New York is ever ready to provide?

We arraign no one, nor do we assail any sect, for permitting this state of things to exist in a Christian land. It may be in accordance with the principles of Christianity, as practiced in this age and country, and also in harmony with the eternal sweep and fitness of things, that, practically speaking, a fallen girl should have no opportunity for reformation, but should be sent inexorably to hell by the shortest route traveled.

For the route is short. Five years is the average duration of the outcast's life, reckoning from the hour she enters upon her career of shame. Only five years; so that every year one-fifth of these creatures go down to their graves.

There are about forty dance-houses in Mr. Allen's neighborhood; that is to say, within a half-mile square, of which No. 304 Water street is the centre. The average number of girls in each of these houses, the season through, is ten, making four hundred in all. So that, to feed this half-mile square of infamy requires eighty fresh girls per annum. To feed the city requires an average of two thousand one hundred and ninety four a year, which is a trifle over six a day, Sundays included! Six fresh girls a day from the Sabbath Schools and virtuous homes of the land, to feed the licentious maw of this metropolis of the Western world!

Where do these girls come from? Why, from Europe, and from nearly every State in the Union; also from the Canadas. Many of them are from the clustering, peaceful villages of New England and Western New York. Occasionally, one is filtered from a Fifth Avenue palace down through brilliant dissipation and gilded immorality to the relentless hard-pan of the sailor dance-house. Broad is the road that leads to destruction, and many there be who travel it. Aye, and numerous are the sinuous paths which debouch upon that broad road, much to the horror and despair of those who had no intention of treading its slimy way when they first set out upon their elegant, hallucinating journey of vice.

TOBACCO AND LONGEVITY.—The following reply of that sworn enemy of tobacco and rum, Rev. George Trask, to a little squib which had been sent him by a number of friends, is so good and just that we gladly give it a place. Here is the squib:

"Brother Trask of Fitchburg will be surprised to learn that Dilliah Ladd, of Connecticut, who is in her 108th year, has smoked a pipe daily for sixty years."

Brother Trask's reply:—We keep a great reform in agitation, and without agitation we shall achieve nothing. Aunt Dilliah—the Lord bless her!—is surely a wonder, but the world has been blessed with here and there one equally remarkable for old age and smoke.

"About fifteen years ago, we gave a lecture on the South Shore, in which we aimed to show that, as the common use of tobacco diminished appetite, blood, muscle, health, and strength, it must inevitably abridge life; and if so, the habit amounted to suicide in the constructive sense; hence it was a violation of the sixth commandment, and hence a sin. As we closed, a clergyman rose and observed: 'I believe the argument in this lecture conclusive; I believe thousands of tobacco-users are poisoned to death, and are chargeable with cutting short their lives. But I have a difficult case to solve, and I wish the lecturer to solve it. I knew a man within ten miles of this place, who smoked his pipe till the day of his death, and he lived to be one hundred and four years of age!'

"We confess we were puzzled; the question was to the point, and the audience laughed at our expense. At length we hit upon the Socratic style of argument, and interrogations helped us out of a dilemma, where grave argument had been of no avail. 'Sir,' we inquired, 'are you sure the old man lived and smoked till he was a hundred and four?' 'Yes,' he replied. 'How did he look?' 'He looked like an Egyptian mummy.' 'Had he moral sensibility?' 'Oh! no; he appeared to have no sense of God or religion; whatever.' 'Did he manifest any public spirit; did he like good schools, good roads, good order, and the like?' 'Oh! no; no more than a mud-turtle.' 'Had he a family?' 'Yes, a large one, and a mean one—too large.' 'Did he love his family?' 'No; I think not.' 'Did he hate his family?' 'No; I think not.' 'All in a word—did he love any body, or hate any body, dead or alive, in this world or in any world?' 'No; I think not.' 'Well, well, brother, the conclusion of the whole is simply this—the old man was dead fifty years, only you did not bury him!'

"Aunt Dilliah is not a solitary case of embalmment in smoke. It is not the business of rum and tobacco to murder every victim instantaneously. We have seen many a brandy-drinker preserved in Cognac till three-score and ten; and we have seen many an old smoker who had a name to live, but who should have been labeled, 'Dead, but not buried.'"

WOMEN'S WAISTS.—Upon women's waists the distinguished Dr. Knox, professor of anatomy in the University of London, has the following interesting passage in his work on Artistic Anatomy, a subject upon which he is one of the first living authorities, and which he considers solely from the esthetic point of view: "The contours and flexuous undulations of the torso in woman are of surpassing beauty. The waist is placed where man's is not, but the reverse. In man the waist is low; in woman it is high, commencing at the fifth rib and extending to the eighth or ninth. In man it commences with the ninth rib and extends to the haunches. Nothing in the anatomy of the human frame has been more mistaken than the form of the waist in woman."

THE EAST MAINE METHODIST CONFERENCE, at its recent session, among its appointments made the following:—Newport, Detroit and Palmyra, Edward R. Thorndike; South Vassalboro', to be supplied; Winslow and Vassalboro', D. M. True; North Vassalboro', Chas. A. Plummer; China, supplied by Chas. B. Besse; Clinton and Benton, Geo. G. Winslow; Unity and Troy, Rufus S. Dixon; T. P. Adams, transferred to Maine Conference, and stationed at Kendall's Mills.

OUR TABLE.

THE ECLECTIC for July has three articles from the Dublin University Magazine, on "The Science of War," "The Holy Land," and "Imposture and Credulity." It also contains an interesting sketch of M. Rouher, the Minister of France, from *Leisure Hour*; a severe and humorous criticism of Colonel Forney's book of travels by the *Saturday Review*; "St. George and the Dragon," from Bentley's *Miscellany*; "Ventilation and Ventilators," from the *Popular Science Review*; "A Night in the Tomb," from Chambers Journal; the conclusion of "The Blockade: An Episode of the End of the Empire," several poetical extracts and a fine engraving of "The Black Brunswick."

Published by E. R. Pelton, 108 Fulton St., New York, at \$5 a year.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.—The July number of this excellent monthly, devoted to literature and religion, has two fine embellishments—one a view of Mount Monadnock, from Half-Moon Lake, and the other a charming gem, entitled "Little Rosebud." No magazine in the country exceeds this in the beauty and interest of its embellishments; and its literature is always of a pure and elevated character, that which cannot fail to elevate and refine the family into which it goes.

Published by Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati, at \$3.50 a year. T. P. Magee, Boston, agent.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.—Once a year or so we receive a number or two of this monthly, of which we make a notice, and then we are forgotten until another notice is wanted, probably. If we could receive it regularly we should be pleased to notice it occasionally; otherwise we shall save our space for something else.

FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE.—The July number, the first of a new volume, has the usual rich display of fashion plates and engravings, patterns, designs, etc., with a full sized pattern, for cutting, of a gored skirt for a walking dress. The Miscellaneous department is also profusely illustrated, and contains many stories and other articles, including a continuation of "Steven Lawrence, Yeoman."

Published by Frank Leslie, New York, at \$3.50 a year, and sold by all periodical dealers.

THE STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE for July, which begins a new volume, continues the story of "Fame and Fortune, or the Progress of Richard Hunter," and contains, also, an entertaining "Water Story," with other stories for its young readers, a dialogue, and a declamation, as usual. This magazine is an old favorite with the juveniles, and improves as it grows older.

Published by Joseph H. Allen, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.—We have received a few numbers of an illustrated journal for family reading, with the above title, just started in New York. It looks well and reads well, and as it is afforded at a lower price than some others not half so good, it will no doubt find favor with the reading public. It is really a gem.

Published by Francis Hart & Co., New York at \$3 a year.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM, Grace Greenwood's charming little magazine for children, is always full of nice stories, poetry, &c., with funny sayings of the darlings of many mothers, riddles, conundrums, etc. As it is so cheap it ought to have a wider circulation.

Published by Leander K. Lippincott, Philadelphia, at 75 cents a year.

THE LITTLE CORPORAAL—a live paper for the juveniles, which has the motto, "Fighting against wrong, and for the good, the true, and the beautiful"—enters upon a new volume with the July number. It is an excellent publication for youth, who will not fail to be interested with it and improved by it.

Published by Alfred L. Sowell, Chicago, at \$1 a year.

A NEW VOLUME.—THE PICTORIAL PIRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for July contains portraits of many distinguished Men, and Beautiful Women. European and Asiatic Beauties—English, French, German, Russian, Grecian, Swedish, Austrian, Polish, Swiss, Dutch, Turkish, and Japanese; also, Lord Brougham, Albert Lawrence, Zerk Pratt; Peter Von Cornelius; Verdi; Miss Pittsinger; and twelve Roman Catholic Prelates and Priests; Mahomet; and his Religion. "The development Theory," by Prof. Gill; "Lactation," or the Woman Question; Thirteen National Types of Female Beauty; Professional Instruction in Practical Pirenology; Indians and Mountains and Mountains of Oregon; a French Educator on American Schools, and much other very interesting matter. A new volume begins with this number; only \$3 a year, or \$1.50 for six months. Address S. R. Wells, 389 Broadway, New York.

OUR SCHOOLDAY VISITOR, for July has been received, and is full of good things in pictures, prose and poetry. It has very deservedly received the most flattering commendations from press and people all over the country, and we do not hesitate to pronounce it one of the best, cheapest, and most meritorious Magazines of its class in this country. Among its contents are articles by Jacob Abbott, Sophie May, and many other popular and well known writers.

Published by J. W. Douglas & Co., Philadelphia, at \$1.50 a year.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for June, just received, has the following table of contents:—Grace Owen's Engagement. Part I. The Latest Law-giver (referring to Mr. Huskin, and his recent suggestions for the reorganization of society.) Unhappy Tom Griffin (Conclusion). The American Constitution and the Impachment of the President. Letters of a staff officer with the Abyssinian Expedition. Cornelius O'Dowd. Dreams in the Invalid. George Elliot's Spanish Gypsy, (with copious extracts, and calculated to make every reader desirous to see the work itself.) Altogether a very varied and interesting number.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 37 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; Blackwood and the four Reviews, \$15—with large discount 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 66 cents a year.

A MODEL VILLAGE.—The future model village of New England, as I see it, shall have for the use of its inhabitants not merely a town lyceum hall and a town library, but a town laundry, fitted up with conveniences such as no private house can afford, and paying a price to the operators which will enable them to command an excellence of work such as private families seldom realize. It will also have a town bakery, where the best of all bread—white, brown, and of all grains—shall be compounded; and, lastly, a town cook-shop, where soups and meats may be bought ready for the table. Those of us who have kept house abroad remember the ease with which our for-

eign establishments were carried on. A suit of elegant apartments, a courier, and one female servant were the foundation of domestic life. Our courier boarded us at a moderate expense, and the servant took care of our rooms. Punctually to the dinner-hour every day, our dinner came in on the head of a porter, from a neighboring cook-shop. A large chest lined with tin, and kept warm by a tiny charcoal stove in the centre, being deposited in the ante-room, from it came forth first, soup, then fish, then roast of various names, and, lastly, pastry and confections—far more courses than any reasonable Christian needs to keep him in healthy condition. And, dinner being over, our box, with its *debris* went out of the house, leaving a clear field.—[Mrs. Stowe.]

The Pall Mall Gazette deprecates but confesses it fears an article by some quick American writer on a piece of news it has just printed. The sailing of a ship with six hundred and fifty Mormon emigrants, mostly women, had been announced. The Pall Mall Gazette, taking this for a text, blocks out a very good article on the wickedness of Wales, whence come most of these emigrants, and we cannot do better than copy a short extract:—

"He would find that we rear the followers of Brigham Young and that America gets the credit of them. A thrilling picture of the frightful state of social life in Great Britain might be drawn from the presence among us of strange sects. Wales is a great deal nearer to the heart of England than Salt Lake or Oneida Creek is to anything which deserves to be called 'American;' and an enterprising traveller, gifted with a lithe and sinewy style, might easily delude a portion of his countrymen into the belief that the Mormon nursery in Wales can be safely taken as an example of the relations which exist between the sexes all over the country. If he did this, and did it well, he would deserve to be considered a very 'smart' man, for—to use a common phrase—he would have paid us back in our own coin. We send shiploads of Mormons to America and then write books to prove that Mormonism is the natural fruit of the loose principles which prevail in America."

Certainly no one can find fault with the frankness of such an article as the above. An American would hardly advance more boldly to the charge.

AN UNFORTUNATE FAMILY.—The Kingston murder case excites almost unprecedented interest in Massachusetts. There seems to be a disposition on the part of many persons to believe Andrews' strange story because of the difficulty in imagining how it could be invented. The "Plymouth Rock" has the following in an article discussing the case:

Elderly men among us remember his grandmother as an insane personating the character of a nun, going about the streets covered with a black veil, incoherently begging and praying. The mother, as has already been stated, gave him birth in an insane asylum. For many years his wife has been a confirmed and helpless invalid. His father was assassinated in the streets of New Orleans, it is said by mistake for another man. His only brother was killed in Kansas during the troubles there, and his nephew was caught in the machinery of the factory where he was at work, and so torn in pieces that he died in a few hours.

It may be abated when the cow is dry more easily than when she is giving milk. Small warts may, however, often be removed by some simple application, which will give little or no pain. Moistening them after milking with strong saleratus water, applying a paste of wood ashes to the warts only, or touching them with almost any caustic in a way not to make them sore, will usually, but gradually, cause the warts to disappear. Very large warts should be first tied off, that is, have a wire or silk thread bound around them close to the tent, so as to prevent a circulation of blood; but this makes the task sore and milking difficult. "N. C. B." writes that raw linsed oil applied once a week will cure warts on cows.

TO SEE THROUGH

Waterville Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DAN'L B. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . JULY 3, 1868.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

M. FETTERGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York; S. R. Niles Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. F. Powell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 49 Park Row, New York; and T. O. 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, 7 Middle Street, Portland, are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by us.

IX LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS relating either to the business or editorial department of the paper, should be addressed to 'MAXHAM & WING,' or 'WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE.'

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT,
ULYSSES S. GRANT,
OF ILLINOIS.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
SCHUYLER COLFAX,
OF INDIANA.

For Member of Congress,
JAMES G. BLAINE.

WATERVILLE CLASSICAL INSTITUTE.—The Anniversary exercises will occur on the 6th and 7th of July: The exhibition, consisting of Prizes, Declamations, and the reading of Prize Compositions, on Monday Evening; the exercises of the Graduating Class on Tuesday afternoon. Music by the Gardiner Band, which will give a Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert on Tuesday evening. This band with accompanying vocalists consists of nineteen performers.

A fine entertainment is expected.

SIDEWALKS.—Let those persons who are sowing the street commissioners for substituting coarse gravel for plank walk, possess their souls in patience awhile, and they shall see the treasury will warrant the outlay, these walks on all the streets are to be covered with concrete, and won't that be nice? Why, we are quite confident that the inhabitants of our village might well afford to tax themselves at once to raise the necessary funds, considering the saving in the wear of shoe leather, without taking into account any of the other advantages of concrete over gravel. By all means let the work go forward.

We are glad to notice that the commissioners are extending their operations on Main Street, and are putting down the concrete walk on the east side of the street as well as the west, and also from Marston Building down to the corner of Temple Street.

CURRENT AND GOOSEBERRY WORMS are not very troublesome this year, and the season for them is nearly over; but we will put on record the following remedy for them, which is said to be a "dead shot."—Common soft soap one part and water ten parts, dissolved thoroughly, and applied to the bushes with a watering pot early in the morning.

COLLEGE BOYS, who, despairing of "making a noise in the world" in any other way, employ their leisure in blowing their brains out through tin horns, got a first class notice from the clown in the circus the other day. Master Merryman said that he had often wondered at the musical skill displayed by gentlemen whom he had seen peddling clams, lobsters and fresh mackerel in different cities. But he had now found out that they acquired it at college down here in Maine!

A RHINOCEROS, the first which has appeared in this country for twenty years, was recently landed at New York. It will immediately join Van Amburgh's Menagerie, now travelling in New Hampshire. He is but four years old, and measures nine feet in length and four and a half in height. His daily rations are two bushels of corn, one bushel of potatoes, and three hundred pounds of hay, moistened with fifteen or twenty buckets of water.

Messrs. Webber & Haviland, and Daniel Moor, of our village, and Mr. Wm. Connor, of Kendall's Mills, have commenced operations upon a mine in Garland, rich in antimony, lead and silver, which they have recently bought. The prospect gets better and better as they advance, and it would not be strange if our friends and neighbors suddenly found themselves millionaires.

THE WATERVILLE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION will have anniversary exercises in one of our churches, on Monday evening, July 20th, with several speakers from abroad. Further particulars will be given next week.

COBURN HALL, the beautiful new Hall at Skowhegan, was dedicated on Wednesday evening, with Chandler's Band in attendance. Our thanks are due to the committee of arrangements for complimentary tickets, of which, however, we could not avail ourselves.

"A RELIC OF YE OLDEN TIME"—a copy of the *Eastern Argus*, dated August 12, 1813—has been laid upon our table by our young friend, Frank Smith. It is a sheet a little more than half as large as our paper, yellow with age, and still bearing the name of the subscriber to whom it was originally directed—"A. Smith," the grandfather of our young friend, now deceased. The paper has been taken in that family ever since. Published in the time of the war with Great Britain, it, of course contains some war intelligence; a proclamation for a day of "Public Humiliation and Prayer," by President Madison; an account of British outrages at Hampton, Va.; a list of the Lake Ontario Navy, under Com. Chauncey; some daring exploits with torpedoes; an account of the rescue of a brig from the hands of a prize crew, by a gang of wicked Federalists, etc., etc. A political opponent is thus extinguished:—

Mr. B's SPEECH!

or "All the Talents!"

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(To be continued.)

Several soldiers are advertised as deserters; John Neal, "opposite Mr. Barton's Inn, Middle Street," advertises to teach plain and ornamental Penmanship; Benjamin Richardson advertises his wife Sally as having left his bed and board, (human nature was evidently just what it is now;) and one man advertises 40 bbls. Pork and 10 hhd's. Ham, which was more reasonable than Falstaff's apportionment of bread and sack.

The Universalist State Convention assembled in the Universalist church in Norway, on Tuesday of last week, was organized by choice of the following officers:—

President, R. Dresser of Auburn; Vice President, S. F. Hersey of Bangor; Secretary, Rev. Eli Bailey of Belfast; Treasurer, E. F. Beale of Norway. Rev. F. Magwire of Waterville, was appointed Sabbath School and Corresponding Secretary.

The public services were largely attended, and so large was the crowd on Wednesday that two meetings were held at the same time. Sermons were delivered by Rev. A. R. Abbott of Rockland, Rev. H. A. Philbrook of Calais, Rev. C. R. Moor, Rev. E. C. Bolles, Rev. Mr. McArthur of Halifax, N. S., Rev. Mr. Weaver of Biddeford, and Rev. Mr. Fletcher of Gardiner. The administration of the Lord's supper to a crowded congregation closed the public religious exercises of a very interesting convention of the Universalist people of Maine. When the minutes of the convention will be held next June.

COMMENCEMENT at Bowdoin College next week. Monday evening, Prize Declamation by Junior Class; Tuesday P. M., annual meeting of literary societies, with discourse at 3 o'clock, commemorative of the late Prof. Smythe, by Prof. A. S. Packard, to be followed by meeting of alumni and laying of first foundation stone of Memorial Hall; in the evening Concert by Mendelssohn Quintette Club; Wednesday, Commencement Day; Thursday, annual meeting of Phi Beta Kappa Fraternity, and of Maine Historical Society, with address before the Fraternity by Rev. Charles Beecher, and exercises of Class Day.

BATES COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT will occur on July 9th, 10th and 11th. Concert by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club assisted by Miss Addie Ryan of Boston, on Tuesday evening.

THE REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION will be held in Portland on the 8th inst. Several eminent gentlemen from abroad will be present, and we don't believe that any hall in Portland will hold the crowd.

A GRAND MASS CONVENTION of the Soldiers will be held in Portland on the 8th inst., to express their views on pending political issues. The call is signed by General George F. Shepley, General John C. Caldwell, Gen. Selden Connor, General Frank Fessenden, General George C. Beal, and about seventy-five others, who have borne an honorable and conspicuous part in the war, and the gathering will be a very different affair from that abortive demonstration at Augusta recently.

Mr. Thomas S. Lang, of North Vassalboro', proposes, in the Farmer, the holding of an exhibition of Maine horses at some central and accessible point in our State during the coming autumn. Mr. Lang has done much to improve the breed of our horses, and any horse fair with which he may be in any way connected will be conducted upon an honest and honorable basis.

On Sabbath morning last four persons were baptized at the Bay by Rev. Mr. Hathaway, of the Methodist church, and nine by Rev. Mr. Shaw, of the Baptist church.

CATTLE MARKETS.—The Boston Advertiser reports the supply of cattle this week as large and mostly western, with prices from 1-4 to 1-2 cent per pound lower than last week. Also a large supply of sheep and lambs at market, with little change in prices. Maine contributed only ten cattle to the market, while over sixty of the best western steers were sold for the Portland and other markets in this State.

THE TICONIC WATER POWER COMPANY have commenced on the new lower dam. Mr. Emery is on the ground with a crew of men, which will be increased, and implements and materials are accumulating at different points along the banks of the river.

Gen. O. O. Howard has been elected President of Union College.

OUR TABLE.

WAS IT A GHOST? The murders in Bussey's Wood. An extraordinary Narrative. Looking Lib. Boston.

The murder of two children, brother and sister, in the vicinity of Boston, about three years ago—mysterious, unaccountable, leaving no trace of the perpetrator or his motive—will doubtless be remembered by all newspaper readers. This book, though it graphically pictures the localities, and details some of the attendant scenes and incidents of this awful affair, and even describes a ghostly appearance seen by the author near the spot where the bodies were found, is no coarse, catch-penny affair, but shows plainly the hand of the artist. Whether honestly done, we know not; but it is certainly cleverly done, and it will well repay a perusal. To show this we need only copy the quaint Dedication:—

I dedicate this book to that philosophy which can argue without anger, can have a disbeliever without sustaining it by insolence; which can pause on the brink of a chasm, and, because there happens to be no bridge by which it can cross over, will not proclaim to all the world that no bridge can be built; to the philosophy which sees as much beauty in a doubt as in a solution, and has not ventured, or mayhap will never venture, to define the prerogatives of our Lord and Creator. I do not dedicate it to the Free Thinker, but to the Just Thinker. The highest reverence exists oftenest where the humblest soul, and the might of our ignorance is lit by stars to accustom us to the effulgence of the dawn. The future is the poetry of our hope; the present our rest, from which we extend the wings of memory for the longer and more glorious flight toward the end. My work will be found to look faintly but fondly to those things, if it is read aright; and so in all and everything I humbly say that I have no higher ambition than to serve my Master.

For sale at the bookstore of C. K. Mathews, Waterville.

"**PACKARD'S MONTHLY**, an American Magazine, devoted to the interests, and adapted to the tastes of the Young Men of the Country."—We wish to commend again, to young men particularly, this new candidate for public favor. And to give a better idea of the spirit and tone of the articles to be found in its pages, we copy one upon our outside this week—"The Wickedest Man in New York"—of which, as all will be glad to learn who read it, the author promises a continuation. "Packard's Monthly" is a handsome quarto, published monthly by S. S. Packard, 927 Broadway, New York, at \$1 a year.

OLIVER OPTIC'S BOYS AND GIRLS grows in favor with its young readers every day. In the number for this week the editor commences a new serial story, entitled "Down the River, or Back Bradford and the Tyrants." The Picture Gallery is filled with a capital portrait of Rip Van Winkle, with side scenes in its history, and among the articles in the number is one of a series on Hunting and Fishing in Maine. There is a piece for declamation, as usual, with Base Ball reports, Puzzle Department, etc.

Published weekly by Lee & Shepard, Boston, at \$2.50 a year.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.—This paper, probably the best of its kind in the world, has just entered upon a new volume; and as it is a favorable time to commence subscriptions, we again take occasion to commend it to the attention of mechanics and all others interested in practical science; its correspondence, coming as much of it does from our most eminent scholars and engineers, with hints, suggestions, and directions from working mechanics in all parts of the country, is very valuable; the answers to correspondents are always very instructive; the numerous engravings are of rare excellence, and accompanied by clear descriptions; the weekly list of patents is full and accurate; and its editorial staff will compare favorably with those of any journal devoted to similar objects. It should be in the hands of every mechanic in the country.

Published by Munro & Co., editors and proprietors, New York, at \$1 a year.

NOTICE.

The Soldiers' and Sailors' of Waterville are respectfully invited to meet at Town Hall on Tuesday evening next, at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of making arrangements whereby they may be represented at the Mass State Convention, to be held in Portland, Wednesday, July 8th.

The objects of the convention are "to ratify the nomination of Grant and Colfax and to take such other action as the best interests of the country require."

Let those who supported the hero of Vicksburg with their arms and who now propose to support him with their votes meet with us.

July 3d. (Signed) I. S. BANGS, Jr. And 20 others.

THE JUVENILE CONCERT, on Tuesday evening, was one of the most charming entertainments that has been offered to our citizens for a long time. Its best feature was in the tokens it gave of musical talent among the children of our village. Miss Jewell has labored with marked success, to bring from the untrained mass, in three months, so much of the true art of vocal music. The perfect time of the whole class, and the steadiness and fullness of voice, even of the younger children, were as complimentary to the teacher as were the gentle and proper manners of the whole choir. We dare not name individuals, for only a few sang in solo or duets, but there must have been a large number in the class who are destined, with proper culture, to win distinction with their sweet voices. In the several Sabbath schools, for weeks past, the results of Miss Jewell's labors have been observed in the improved singing of the scholars.

We cannot refrain—and we ought not—from an expression of our surprise, attended by a feeling very near akin to shame, at the small number who made up the audience. Is this the measure, we said to ourselves, in which gratuitous efforts for the improvement of the young in this community are appreciated by their parents and others? The answer was not satisfactory; that the generous man at whose expense this free singing school has been sustained finds his reward in the work itself. He should at least find some of it in the tangible thanks of those to whose children he has been little less than a benefactor. We hardly dare suggest it, but this concert ought to be repeated to a good audience, and measures taken to continue Miss Jewell's school another term. It is a village interest, in which our churches and Sabbath schools have a large share, and it ought not to be made a burden for an individual, however willing he may be. Who will move a repetition of the concert—and trust the result?

Mr. Wm. L. Maxwell, of this place, while riding from the cemetery on Saturday last, fell from his wagon in a fit of vertigo, to which he had been subject, and was severely bruised on his face and head. He remained insensible for some hours, from which time he has been slowly recovering, and hopes are entertained that he will soon be able to attend to business.

Geo. Wentworth, Esq., a well known and wealthy citizen of this place, died some what suddenly on Wednesday last; though he had for some months been suffering from what is called "softening of the brain." His age was 58 years.

THE FOURTH.—The celebration at Kendall's Mills promises to be one of great interest. We have the programme, and can heartily commend it to all who would enjoy the day. A military and civil procession, with music by band and Glee Club, speeches, dedicatory services, &c. If the weather is fair the multitude will be immense, and the whole celebration honorable to the day and the object.

Prof. Gardner, the famous "New England Soap Man," known the world over, is making the acquaintance of every body in Waterville. The unwashed democracy of Augusta threatened to mob him for his cleanly efforts there and he has come where soap is more fashionable. We commend both the man and his soap,—the latter for its uses in personal cleanings, and the former for his antagonism to all that is unclean in whiskey, tobacco, profanity, democracy, and sin in general. Hear his words and buy his soap.

WARREN'S IMPROVED FIRE AND WATER-PROOF ROOFING is gaining in popular favor wherever it is known. Mr. C. C. Haynes, who advertises the article in our paper, has just put it on a set of new buildings for Frank Pullen, of West Waterville, and has engaged several other jobs, at the same village. This roofing is cheaper than shingles, while it is much more durable, besides possessing other advantages.

It is suspected that the following members of the New York Convention may fraternize with the "Soldiers' gathering" called on the same day, viz.: N. B. Forrest, General in the rebel army and the butcher of Fort Pillow; B. H. Hill, General in the rebel army; John B. Gordon, General in the rebel army; Z. B. Vance, non-fighting General in the rebel army; Wade Hampton, General in the rebel army; J. G. Barrett, rebel spy during the war; Robert Ould, rebel agent for the exchange of prisoners.

HON. JAMES G. BLAINE, it is thought, will be the republican candidate for Speaker of the next House of Representatives. He has admirable qualifications for the office.

TESTIMONIAL TO MAJOR GENERAL HOWARD.—In Washington an association has been formed for the purpose of raising \$30,000 among the colored people to purchase a home-stead for General Howard. It is proposed to collect but one cent from each colored man, woman and child who feels disposed to give that much. It is believed that out of 4,500,000 people of color in the United States, at least, 3,000,000 will contribute, which will make up the sum proposed. This money is to be collected through Sunday schools, day schools and churches of the whole country.

A collision between the Pope and the Austrian government seems probable, as the Pope has declared against certain laws passed by the Reichsrath, while Minister Von Beust announces his intention of enforcing those laws.

TESTIMONIALS TO MAINE SOLDIERS.—In accordance with the provisions of an act passed by the last Legislature the Governor has caused to be prepared a testimonial of honor to be presented to all honorably discharged Maine soldiers who served in the late war, or to their widows or next of kin. These testimonials are now ready and will be issued—on application to the Adjutant General of the State.

THE STATE FAIR.—The trustees of the State Agricultural Society have decided that the State Fair shall be held at the Forest City Driving Park in Portland, September 20th and 30th and October 1st and 2d. The total amount of premiums offered will exceed \$4000, and the list will be published in a week or two.

A sad calamity occurred in Vienna on Sunday. About five o'clock P. M. fire was discovered in the house of Dea. Wm. Whittier, but it had gained such headway that it was impossible to extinguish it and the wife of Mr. Whittier, an old lady 75 years of age, was burned to death. The house was totally consumed and but little of the contents saved. House insured in the Aetna for \$600.—[Ken. Jour.]

A bowling Green, Ky., special to the New York Tribune says that Nathan Dawson, a returned union soldier, was murdered near that place by the Ku-Klux Klan. He was living quietly at his home, unconscious of danger. The assassins went to his house, called him to the door, and fired a volley at him, killing him, instantly, and dangerously if not mortally wounding his wife, who ran to his assistance.

The U. S. Senate has passed the following House bill by a vote of 21 yeas to 11 nays: Be it enacted, &c., That Eight Hours shall constitute a day's work for all laborers, workmen and mechanics now or hereafter employed by or in behalf of the Government of the United States, and that all acts or parts of acts inconsistent with this act be and the same are hereby repealed.

The democrats voted unanimously in favor of the resolution instructing the Committee of Ways and Means to report a bill taxing the interest of government bonds ten per cent. The Republicans divided, 60 voting in favor of the resolution and 54 against it. Mr. Pike of this State voted with the majority, Lynch and Purham with the minority, and Blaine and Peters were absent.

FOURTH OF JULY AT NEWPORT.—There will be a celebration at Newport, on the 4th, on the occasion of the organization of the Grant Club—with an Oration—Reading of the Declaration of Independence, a picnic dinner at the Grove, given by the ladies, good music, and other attraction.

SURATT'S TRIAL, by request of his council and against the protest of the government, has gone over until near the end of September. The District Attorney said he did not expect to try him again on the charge of murder. Suratt will spend his summer vacation among his friends in Maryland.

DANIEL PIKE of Augusta, Cashier of Freeman's National Bank, died Sunday night. He was and has been for a quarter of a century Treasurer of Kennebec county.

THE EIGHT-HOUR BILL having been signed by the President is now a law, and went into operation in the government printing-office today. It will be enforced in the navy yard if it can be adjusted.

A despatch from Havana respecting the Mexican revolution states that a battle has taken place in which the commander of the government forces was killed. The spirit of insurrection is increasing, and the state of affairs is exceedingly turbulent.

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

How many of the modern readers of Milton's *L'Allegro* rightly understood the well known lines,—

"And every shepherd tells his tale Under the hawthorn in the dale."

The word "tale" is out of use now in the sense here used; it means the counting of the sheep.

A French actress, more celebrated for beauty and frankness than for intelligence and virtue, used to attribute her inconsistency to bad luck, saying,—"The moment I become really attached to anybody I am certain to be introduced to somebody else whom I like better."

An impertinent magazine tells the world that Fanny Fern is over fifty.

Building is brisk in Gardiner. Fourteen dwelling houses are now in process of construction there.

Rev. Dr. Torrey of Kent's Hill, has been offered with some urgency, the presidency of a college in Illinois, and holds the matter under advisement.

Lowell, Mass., has voted not to permit the licensing of liquor sellers in that city.

Messrs. S. D. & H. W. Smith, of this city, the well known manufacturers of the *AMERICAN ORGANS*, have recently added to their styles, very powerful and attractive Organs for churches, with beautiful upright cases, having gilded imitation pipes, making them fine ornamental instruments for the choir gallery or chapel. All musicians, upon hearing them, express their surprise at the amount of pure and full tone which they are capable of producing. These new styles contain the deep manual sub-bass, and super octave coupler, giving them sufficient volume to sustain even a hundred or more voices, and yet are rich in soft and expressive effects. They are becoming very popular on account of their great musical merit, and also for their reasonableness in price, bringing them within the reach of all churches.

[Boston Christian Register.]

PRON. L. LYNCH, of this place, is agent for the sale of these organs.

NATIONAL DEBT.—On August 1, 1866, the aggregate was \$2,707,688,571.43. According to the statement for June 1, 1868, the National Debt is \$2,448,867,714. The total reduction in thirty-four months is thus the by no means despicable sum of \$247,443,684.69.

The election in Mississippi, according to the telegraphic despatches, will result in the rejection of the constitution. So far as heard from the majority against acceptance is 8000.

Beware of so-called "Vegetable" Renewers and Ambrosias, the use of which result in great injury to the scalp and head—use "Barrett's," the only original Vegetable Compound.

A sporting Quaker put his fets thus: "Friend Edward, these things they horse is faster than mine. I value my opinion at \$25. Now, if they \$25 is worth your opinion at the same rate, we will put the money together and ask our horses what they think of it and leave the conclusion to them."

Despatches from Europe state that the delay in transferring St. Thomas to the United States is accidental, and that San Juan Cruz will probably be disposed of to this government, also.

"Five Minutes for Refreshment." Everybody who has travelled by railroad has heard the above announcement, and has probably suffered from eating too hastily, thereby sowing the seeds of dyspepsia. It is a comfort to know that the "Five Minutes" will cure the worst cases of Dyspepsia, as thousands are ready to testify.

Cuvier, the naturalist, was in his favorite pursuit very democratic in his tastes. He treated all men as his equals and would not allow others to treat him as their superior. One day while discussing a question in anatomy with a young naturalist the latter constantly interrupted him in his conversation "Monsieur le baron."

"There is no baron here," replied Cuvier, "there are two students seeking the truth and bowing down only to her."

Coming from an Englishman, the following in a recent book is very rich in proverbial sayings. The temperature changes so suddenly that you may be scorched at one end of a long street and frozen before you reach the other.

Ye who are eating the apple dumplings and molasses of wealth, should not forget those who are sucking the herring-bones of poverty.

My Wife's Choice, and the whole family prefer it. Mrs. S. A. Allen's improved (new style) Hair Restorer, Dressing (in one bottle). Every Druggist sells it. Price One Dollar.

We are apt to mistake our vociferousness in looking out of and by stepping over the ordinary ones which lie directly in the road before us. When we read, we fancy we make no martyrs; and when we come to act, we cannot bear a provoking word.

Coleridge spoke truly when he said, that philosophy was in the world, but it was not in the hearts of the people, making itself visible, but not illuminating the darkness. But Christianity, revealing the Sun of Righteousness, sheds more than the full sunlight of those tropics on all we need to see, whether for time or eternity.

"I say, Mr. Pilot, ain't you going to start soon?" said a nervous traveller on a steamboat lying at the dock. "As soon as the fog clears up," replied the captain. "Well, it's starlight now overhead," said the man. "Oh yes! but we are not going that way."

A huge Indian in England, being profusely thanked for having rescued a lady from the attack of a ferocious dog, which he seized by the throat and throttled, said, "Of course I was glad to help, but what I wanted most was to give that condemned English cur, some adequate notion of the American eagle!"

The wheat harvest in Tennessee has begun; the yield is large and the quality excellent.

Beauregard is breakfasted by the New York Democracy at Delmonico's, while Grant is denounced and ridiculed by their organs.

A young man asked an old gentleman for his daughter in marriage. The answer was "Go into the orchard and bring in a number of apples. Give me one-half of the whole number, and the mother one-half of the balance and half an apple over, and to the daughter one-half of the remainder and half an apple over, and have one left for yourself, without cutting an apple, and if what I am willing you can have her." He solved the question, and how many did he bring?

Some folks are prodigiously penitent over other people's sins, and seem to think they have a special call to confess them before the whole world. They will scourge their brother's sins, rather than leave a sin's mark on them. At the same time they are singularly blind to their own failings.

The greatest revival ever known in Aroostook county has been experienced this spring. About seventy conversions have taken place in Fort Fairfield alone.

A girl in Chicago died on Wednesday, from swallowing the point of a needle, which broke off while she was picking her teeth with it.

Why is a selfish friend like the letter P? Because though first in pity, he is the last in help.

Why do girls kiss each other, and men do not? Because girls have nothing better to kiss, but men have.

It is said that the vote of New York city against Grant and Colfax will be swelled by at least two thousand persons who served in the Rebel armies.

ISN'T IT SPLENDID? WHAT?

Why are we not going to burn ourselves all up this summer, by cooking, for we can get our PIES OAKS, &c. of Mathews, who has made arrangements to supply all kinds of food, or will make at short notice. Also, Ice Cream by the Gallon.

43 Mrs. — and five hundred others.

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