




8-7-1868

The Waterville Mail (Vol. 22, No. 06): August 7, 1868

Maxham & Wing

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Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 22, No. 06): August 7, 1868" (1868). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 258.
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A HYMN OF FAITH.

God is—but not to mortal eyes
Is his mysterious presence shown;
We know not where those mansions are,
Not made by hands, around his throne.

This earth is but a vestibule
Unto the inner temple, Heaven;
Yet on its walls, and roof and floor,
Are tokens of God's love engraven.

Two lamps stand ever burning bright
For those who seek the temple door—
God's holy Book, his holier Son,
To clear what's dark before.

And they who love these heavenly lights
Shall find the earth-home brighter far;
They add new beauty to a flower,
They give new luster to a star.

Sometimes a sorrow, or a doubt,
As chill winds flickering a torch,
Rush o'er us, and we think the lights
Have all gone out in God's great porch.

Then, if in humble, patient prayer,
We hide the whirling passing day,
Even clouds of trouble will divide,
And show the glory beaming high.

A little while we wait and wait,
We watch the opening of the door,
Christ calls us and we enter in,
God is,—we see him and adore.

—Christian Register.

[From Harper's Weekly.]

THE "WICKEDEST MAN"

ONE of our New York city reporters has lately been exciting the sympathies of citizens and the curiosity of friends at a distance by a highly-colored sensational account of JOHN ALLEN, the keeper of a low dance-house in Water Street, who is designated as "the wickedest man in New York." The story, told with the perfect art of a practical sensational paragraphist, has been widely circulated and extensively believed.

It really contains not more than a grain of truth, and that grain is distorted and discolored until it is not recognizable. The fact is that John Allen is probably no worse, and certainly no better, than his peculiar class. He is the keeper of one of the lowest of the many vile haunts for sailors to be found in this as in every great maritime city; and he deliberately, calculatingly, and cunningly, makes money by the prostitution of women and the drunkenness of men. He is a man with some little education, for the most part picked up from newspapers and the current literature of the day; but he is superior in this respect only to the men in the same line of business, and far inferior in general intelligence to the majority of our mechanics. He is without moral sentiments, and never had a religious idea; he reads religious papers, tracts, books, hymns, etc., apparently only for the purpose of making a display and exhibition of his knowledge; just as negro minstrels sometimes amuse the thoughtless by burlesques of religious exercises. He is a powerful man, and his roughest visitors hold him in awe; being a shrewd man, he knows the importance of keeping an orderly house, and it is due him to say that he enforces order in his house and vicinity. He is as good as an extra policeman in his block, and hence the certain amount of respect in which the police hold him. Our sensation-disposed friend, with a number of missionaries, visited and saw the man and his establishment under peculiar circumstances. When any member of the Health Board, which possesses certain powers and much influence with the Police Commissioners, visits his house, John Allen naturally makes it look as clean and healthy as possible; when any of the various city missionaries, who have their influence also with the Police Commissioners, call, he "puts on his religious face," as he expresses it, and makes his establishment appear as respectable and moral as possible.

These were the ideas which he expressed to this writer when he, with an artist, called to see and portray the house and the man just as they are. In fact it was the doleful burden of his whole conversation that Mr. Dyer, his biographer, had painted him too white. He seemed to feel, and certainly argued, that he, unlike another individual who keeps an extensive dance-house in even hotter regions than Water Street, was blacker than he was painted. We can not quote all the language which he used in expressing this idea to us. "Mr. Dyer," he said, very nearly as we give it here, though not *verbatim*, "oaths, indecency, and all," Mr. Dyer saw my place under peculiar circumstances. When a gentleman came here we endeavor to treat him right. We try to entertain each man in the way he likes best; if a minister comes, we can sing hymns with him, and he can hear Chester say his Catechism; but we've got liquor, and there's the women for them as has the stamps to spend that way. (Mother! mother!) he exclaimed to his wife, as a couple of men walked through the outer room into the dance-hall—a sort of cage where the women seemed to be confined like wild beasts—"a couple of drinks for these gentlemen." Then he returned to his argument with us, talking of the performances at night, taking care to impress on our minds the fact that they were very different from those which the ministers witnessed, and illustrating the style of his evening visitors by imitations of their drunken manner, and quotations from their filthy and profane language.

He denounced Mr. Dyer very roundly, and spoke of him with great contempt as a "sensational writer." He objected to being called "the wickedest man in New York." "I am not the wickedest man," he said. "I do a great deal more for the poor than the sensational writers, any how. I feed the hungry and clothe the naked. I give away all my cast-off clothing, and I've taken many a poor fellow to Cha-tin Street and bought him shoes. And I let 'em sleep here by the stove on cold nights. My neighbors will tell you there ain't a more charitable man in the street than John Allen."

"And Mr. Dyer speaks of my house as if it was a den of prostitution," he said, suddenly, after a brief conversation with a drunken peddler who had stopped at the door to pass the compliments of the morning, and swear awhile at a truckman who had "insulted" him. "It's nothing of the kind. It's a boarding-house—just like yours," he added to our artist, thereby causing that gentleman to wince a little, and then blandly smile his appreciation of the remark. "The women pay their board just as you do. Many of them are old, and don't make money and can't pay; but I never turn 'em out into the street on that account. They pay out into the street on that account. They pay their board and spend the rest for clothes." And then, as if suspecting some one would suggest it, he quickly added, "and whiskey."

Apparently the most of it went for whiskey, for the several women that we saw had very little clothing upon their persons, and a great deal of the peculiar color that comes from excessive drinking in their faces. They were old, ugly, haggard, bestial, and toothless—"One set of teeth to seven women," suggested a companion—and generally pitiable beyond expression.

Allen was asked in regard to his promise to Commissioner Acton to quit the business.

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"I did promise," he said. "Mr. Acton sent for me to come to head-quarters. I went up, and there I found Dyer with him. I had made up my mind not to speak to Dyer again because of his misstatements about me, but there I was face to face with him, and I would not run away. Mr. Acton asked me if I would quit the business, and after a while I said I would, and promised to quit by May 1, or sooner if I could. And I will," he added emphatically, "for the business is ruined. I'm overrun by people that come here to look at me, as if I was a wild beast. They bore me to death, and don't spend any money. I have to see hundreds of them a day."

This last remark was meant for a clerical-looking gentleman, who had entered the room a few minutes previously. He had come, as he said, to pay his respects to Mr. ALLEN, and say how much he admired him for his determination to quit the business.

"I'm much obliged to you," replied JOHN ALLEN, extending his hand. "We always try to treat our friends right. I've had a good many visitors lately. I'm always glad to see all them that come to spend their stamps. I don't care much to see any others. The fact is," he added, in an under-tone to the writer, "I'm bored to death by just such fellows."

As we had not come to "spend any stamps," I suggested to the artist to take the hint and leave. He remained, however, to witness the examination of the boy, little CHESTER, which was announced as the next feature in the entertainment. This writer, having very little disposition for any further performances, took his leave. The rest of the story is from the pen of the artist:

"Want to see what the boy knows, do yer?" said ALLEN, to the group of wonder-seekers which had congregated in his little outside-bar. "CHESTER, come in here!" he shouted, to an active assistant in a juvenile gutter-game going on just in front of "EMPIRE HALL." The boy came at once, but was somewhat retarded in his movement by a disposition on the part of his nether garment to fall about his heels.

"Stretch yourself, Sir!" said ALLEN; and the boy quickly inverted himself and stood on his head with bare toes clutching at the edge of the top of the bar-counter.

"Up with yer!" shouted ALLEN, again. "Want yer to talk; and mind you look the gentleman there square in the eye, too! Speak up! Let's hear yer! Who's the first man?"

"Adam, Sir."

"And what's the first woman's name?"

"Eve, Sir."

"D'ye have any children, and what's the oldest one's name?"

"Cain, Sir."

"What did he do?"

"Killed Able, Sir."

"What did the Lord do ter him?"

"Put the mark of sin on his brow."

"Can't hear yer, can't hear yer!" roared ALLEN; and the boy exerted himself anew, answering promptly a number of Biblical questions.

"What do yer believe?" shouted ALLEN. "Give us yer creed, Chester?" The boy at once repeated the Creed without a single mistake.

"Lem me see now," said Allen, seating himself. "Chester, yer know geography and something about a good many things. How many teeth's a man got?"

"Thirty-two, Sir."

"An' how many's a boy got?"

"Twenty-four, Sir."

"An' how's a baby off?"

"Ain't got none, Sir."

It is unnecessary to follow the examination through. Several questions in Natural Philosophy were answered promptly and in the main correctly. History was the next subject under consideration; in that study the child's school report must be very perfect.

"How many Presidents have we had?"

"Eighteen."

"And, Chester, yer know whether there was any Masons among the Presidents?"

"Yes, Sir, all but one was."

"What's his name?"

"William, Sir."

"Give us a Bible story, sing us a song, an' we'll let you off."

Chester paused a moment; then told how Samson was the strongest man, and gave some account of the use that he made of his strength.

"Mr. Allen," remarked a reverend visitor, in a voice tremblingly earnest, "take care of that boy. Do not ruin his life as you have thus far ruined your own. How old is he, Mr. Allen?"

Allen denied the gentleman no reply, but quietly asked: "How old yer, Chester?"

"Six years old, Sir." "When, Sir?" "27th of May last, Sir." "What time, Sir?" "Half past nine o'clock in the morning, Sir."

"But," continued the clergyman, "does the little boy know what he has been telling us as a parrot, or does he comprehend what he has learned?"

"Give me that paper," quoth Allen to one of the persons near him; "yer know the boy never saw it. Take that paper, Chester! Want to hear what there is in it."

The child read with facility, and quite as rapidly as most boys of ten or twelve years of age, four or five paragraphs, containing words that children are prone to believe were placed in the spelling-book to promote discomfort and deteriorate their school reports.

"Now sing us a song, Chester," said Allen, taking the paper from the boy. "Reb first; then give us Union one. Set your own key if you like," he added, as the boy looked inquiringly at him, "an' I'll help yer."

The child hummed the scale, struck a note. "Too low," said Allen. "Want 'bout G flat."

The next trial proved to be successful, and father and son sang "Rally round the Flag." The song being finished, Chester was remunerated by the visitors, and permitted by his father to "git into the street."

When our artist was about to leave he received a cordial invitation from the proprietor to call again. It is the usual invitation of John Allen to his friends, and for the benefit of himself and his friends we give it as he uttered it. "Come in to-night and see the dancing, and bring plenty of stamps with you."

Such is this man and his house; our account and illustrations are by no means exaggerated; the portrait of the man is a photograph, and the picture of his character is drawn from life; the house—exterior and interior—is truthfully

portrayed; and what makes the story still more painful is the fact that it is the true story of numberless other men and places in this city. There are dozens of such places along the wharves in the Fourth and other down-town wards, and life in that district is horrible beyond description. Perhaps the illustrations by Mr. Stanley Fox of Allen's establishment, and the large picture on page 504 of "Sunday-morning in the Fourth Ward," will give the reader an idea of what we can not express in words. The dwellers in country places and small cities have no idea how the lives of hundreds of thousands of creatures pent up in New York are thus wasted. Such groups as we represent are to be found on any Sunday or holiday morning. Just such idle men, slatternly women, and ragged, unkempt children, crowd round the closed doors of the public houses, and loiter along the walls, or play in the gutters. There is little or no escape for them into better scenes than their own alleys, courts, and lanes, fetid and vile, in spite of sanitary laws and Health Officers. They must always be so as long as the dwellers therein have no wish to make them better; so long as infancy is educated in filth, both moral and physical, the man will not feel the degradation which surrounds him, and all manner of missionaries except the Policeman and the Sanitary Officer, will, we fear, be in vain. The Legislature which closed the doors of the pernicious gin-shop on the Sabbath has accomplished a great work; the one that forces the tenement-house landlord to see that his rooms are not crowded to suffocation, that compels him to let his suffocated tenants have a little ventilation, that empties the cellars of the city of the mass of humanity stored therein and drives them into the air and light, will have done an equally good service to the cause of humanity and religion.

SWALLOWING A CHRISTIAN.—A friend has a little girl who will make a strong-minded woman one of these days, so powerful already is her reasoning faculties.

Ever since Van Amburgh's bills have been posted she has been in a fever of excitement on the subject of natural history, and everything relating to wild animals has commanded her immediate and eager attention. At a neighbor's house the other day she was shown a print representing the early Christians being torn by wild beasts in the Amphitheatre at Rome. The picture with the explanations which were given her made a profound impression upon her mind, as will be seen by what follows. Yesterday week she was taken to the menagerie, where she surveyed the animals with delight, until it came to that portion of the performance where Prof. Davis entered the den of lions, when she became very sober and reflective. Upon returning home she related the dialogue took place: "Well, Fannie, what did you see at the menagerie?" "Oh, I saw everything—I saw drat big tow (elephant) with horns growing out of his mouth, and I saw the darlinest little ponies, and such funny little monkeys, and mother, I saw the lion swallow a triestian!" "Saw the lion swallow a triestian?" "Saw the lion swallow a triestian!" "What you mean, Fannie?" "I did, mother; they put a triestian into the cage with the lions, and the lions jumped on him, and one of the lions got his head into his mouth; and then I got frightened and shut my eyes just as tight as I could, till the music stopped, and then I opened them again, and (drawing a long breath) the poor triestian was gone."

How to SUCCEED.—One of the largest and most successful shoe manufacturers of Lynn worked seven years upon his seat for a capital of \$1135, with which he commenced business. His earnings during these years were just five dollars a week—two hundred and fifty dollars a year. He paid two dollars a week for board, and made one dollar pay all other expenses, thus saving one hundred and four dollars each year, which with the interest added and small amounts gained in trade, amounted in seven years to the sum above named. The first year in business he cleared five hundred dollars, the second a thousand—all the time cutting his own shoes, and keeping his personal expenses down to the old sum—three dollars per week. As his means increased his operations enlarged, and for several years past he has done a very large and successful business, and is known as one of the best and most liberal of our citizens, giving large sums to charitable purposes. During the year 1867 he did a business of \$300,000, the profits on which were \$40,000, and the total loss by bad debts one case of boots, worth \$150.—[Lynn Transcript.]

It is evident that true religion, or holiness, lies very much in the affections, because the Scriptures place sin very much in hardness of heart; and it is equally evident that without holy affection there is no religion. No light in the understanding is good which does not produce holy affection in the heart; no habit of mind is good which has no such exercise; and no external fruit is good which does not proceed from this principle.

A LIE STICKS.—A little newsboy, to sell his paper, told a lie. The matter came up in the Sabbath School. "Would you tell a lie for three cents?" asked a teacher of one of the little boys. "No ma'am," answered Dick, very decidedly. "For a dollar?" "No, ma'am." "For a thousand dollars?" Dick was staggered. A thousand dollars looked big. Oh, would it not buy lots of things? While he was thinking, another boy behind him roared out, "No ma'am." "Why not?" asked the teacher.

"Because, when the thousand dollars is all gone, and all the things they've got with them are gone too, the lie is there all the same," answered the boy.

It is so. A lie sticks. Everything else may be gone, but that is left, and you'll have to carry it round with you, whether you will or not; a hard, heavy load it is.

THREATENING.—The Charleston Mercury talks in this defiant style: "Congressional reconstruction, we anticipated from the first that it would be a failure. To go on further with it, will only involve danger and increase exasperation. Being unconstitutional, all who attempt to enforce it or to exercise power by its authority are simply trespassers. A trespasser can be sued in an action for damages. A trespasser may be justifiably killed."

The Democratic rebellion left us a debt of over \$2,700,000,000. Of this debt two hundred and fifty million has been paid off since the close of the war.

The Democratic threats of repudiation cost the country forty millions in gold per annum. The refusal of a Democratic President to sign the funding bill will prevent conversion of the five-twenty into bonds that draw only four and four and a half per cent. interest. Johnson, supported by the Democrats, prevents in this way a saving of at least twenty-five millions per annum in interest.

The States that are most heavily in debt are those where the Democrats have never lost the control, like Kentucky. The States that are least in debt are those where the Republicans are uninterrupted in the ascendancy, like Iowa, which is now entirely out of debt, and Indiana, where over half of the debt has been paid.—[Fort Press.]

A FAIR QUESTION.—If the democracy find the debt incurred in putting down their rebellious enemies, how will they endure it with the addition of another incurred in suppressing the proposed Blair revolution? The second one most certainly be larger than the first, for loans will have to be negotiated on the hard terms exacted by capitalists whose faith in the national honor has been shaken by Democratic threats of repudiation. Peace and solvency are both imperilled if Seymour is President.—[Fort Press.]

The Rain—the Babel of the Prayers.

We heard a dozen men complain, When Wednesday it began to rain; Just as before, when it was dry, They mourned a drought with many a sigh, And seemed most strangely to forget, The Lord made water rather wet! If all men's prayers were heard together, The world would have the queerest weather.

"My mill stands still—Oh, Lord, give rain?" "My grain is parched—Oh, Lord, refrain!" "My corn is parched!" "Ah, Susan's bonnet—Don't let a drop of water on it!" "Oh, not to-day, our washing's out!" "Roll up, ye clouds! I go for trout!" "The hen's come off—the brood is drowned!" "Ah, let it pour! my boat's aground!"

So, mid the murmurs of the world, The clouds like banners are unfurled; The rains descend, the bow is bent, The sky smiles clear, God's azure tent; Sweet springs and robins sing together, And rain, or shine, 'tis pleasant weather: The sower's hopeful seed is flung, And harvest songs are always sung.

STORY OF A HORSE.—A few days ago we were told a story by Mr. Patterson, of Philadelphia, which beautifully illustrates the mutual love between the young attendant and his horse. John had grown up in a stable, and for two years the glossy coated thoroughbred had been his constant care. He had groomed him when a colt and with a pardonable pride had watched the symmetrical growth of the body and the development of the hardy muscular system. In the eyes of John there never was such a horse, and possibly the horse thought John was without a counterpart in his way. In the paddock or in the stable they were devoted to each other. Some days ago, while the thoroughbred was being groomed, in a spirit of playfulness he nipped John's bare arm with his teeth. The next morning the arm was so swollen that the boy had to carry it in a sling. The first impression was that the teeth of the horse were poisonous to the flesh of his young groom. When questioned about his swollen arm, John, with a sickly smile, evaded a direct answer rather than charge his sufferings to the horse which long association had crowned as the idol of his affection. He could not use his arm; consequently, the thoroughbred had to be groomed by strange hands. John, however, stood near faint with pain, to see that the work was well done. The horse turned his head every few moments and looked pleadingly at the boy. At last he gave a low whimper, and John approached his head. The intelligent animal looked at his bandaged arm, examined it carefully, tenderly, with his nose, then with a half sad movement laid his head softly on the young shoulder, close to the bright, warm cheek. It was as much to say: "I am sorry; forgive me!" Though mute, it was the language of eloquence to John. In his joy he forgot his injury, and wildly throwing both arms around the horse, he kissed the neck of the docile steed, pressed him rapturously to his heart. The impulse was true, but the effort too great. With a spasm of pain he released his grasp and fell against the manger. The horse looked pityingly into his eyes, then tenderly licked his hands and face. It was a beautiful picture of sympathy, sadness, suffering and love; and since that day Mr. Patterson says that he has placed a higher value on the horse. John, we must not forget to add, was rejoiced one hour later, to hear the surgeon say that the swelling did not arise from the bite of the horse, but from some weeds, poisonous to the flesh, that he had handled on the morning he received the slight wound.

We were to observe scenes more closely than we do, there is no question but that we would often be impressed with striking displays of affection between man and not only the horse, but the whole of the dumb brute creation. Dumb! Why call them dumb, when their feelings are so strong, their courage so noble and their language though mute, full of expression and eloquence! Ah! they are not half so brutish as some who pride themselves upon walking in the image of their God; nor so dumb, as far as pure affection, sound intelligence and lofty instincts are concerned, as thousands who hold it to be a divine right to domineer over every animal that goes upon all fours, and who bore polite ears with blatant speech.—[Turf, Field and Farm.]

NO LONGER LOOKING FOR A MESSIAH.—At the Convention of Hebrew Covenanters in New York on Thursday last week, an oration was delivered by Mr. Greenbaum, who declared that the purpose of the Order was to elevate the Hebrew race, make them good citizens, and so add their quota to a Godlike humanity. The return of the Jews and the advent of Messiah, he declared, are no longer the tests of Judaism. The faith and principles of the denomination are comprised in the words: "Hear, Oh Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord; and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, mind, soul, strength, and thy neighbor as thyself;" and "Do unto others as you would have others do to you." This declaration was received with general approval.

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THE LITTLE CORRAL, an original magazine for boys and girls, and for other people who have young hearts, keeps on the even tenor of its way, persistently fighting against wrong and for the good, the true, and the beautiful. The August number is full of good things for its young readers, stories, poems, music, puzzles, etc. Liberal premiums are offered for new subscribers. Published by Alfred D. Sewell, Chicago, Ill. at \$1 a year.

DEATH OF SEBA SMITH.—Seba Smith died at his residence, "The Willows," Patchogue, L. I. on Wednesday last, after a long and painful illness, at the age of 75. He was born in Buckfield, Me., September 14, 1792; graduated at Bowdoin College in 1818, and subsequently settled in Portland as a writer for the periodical press. In 1823 he became editor of the Argus, and continued on that paper some years. In 1829 he published the first daily paper issued in this State under the title of the Portland Courier. In this paper he wrote the popular series of humorous political letters under the pseudonym of "Major Jack Downing," first published collectively in 1833, and which afterwards passed through several editions. He was the original "Jack Downing," although the title was afterwards stolen by a New York writer. Mr. Smith returned to New York in 1834, where, we believe, he has ever since resided. While residing here he was known as one of the most kind-hearted of men, and of irreproachable character.—[Port. Press.]

In a speech delivered in Brooklyn, N. Y., by Lieut. Gen. Woodford, himself an officer in the army during the rebellion, he took occasion to speak of Mr. Seymour's record during the memorable months of 1863, and its effects upon the soldiers who were fighting for the Union. He said:

You can understand how we soldiers feel towards His Excellency, Horatio Seymour. In the hour of our sorrow and weariness he had no encouragement for us, no faith in our courage, and no faith in the final victory. Now, in our triumph, when the flag streams out on every breeze and all our land is one again, we have no need for thee, Horatio Seymour. Let southern rebels shout they praise; let the banners of orphan asylums, and the skulker from the draft, twine laurels for thy brow; we will stand by the old flag, all battle scarred, but glorious in victory, while we follow the great captain of our armies, our own Ulysses Grant.

OUR TABLE.

MERRY'S MUSEUM.—In the hands of its new proprietors, this illustrated magazine for boys and girls is gaining in attraction, and some rival publications, of higher price and larger pretensions, may find them, selves distanced by this old favorite in the race for popular favor. "The Farsideable Pig," "Will's Wonder Book," "Pallies, the Potter," are three good things in the August number, which also contains the fifth chapter of "Little Pearl," a nice story, and the fourth chapter of "Millstones of English History," with several other articles, with Fuzzle Drawer, etc. Published by H. B. Fuller, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

PETERS' PARLOR COMPANION for the Flute, Violin and Piano.—The August number contains, twelve pages of La Belle Helene Quadrilles, and Grand Duchesse Trois Temps Galop.

PETERS' MONTHLY GLASS HIVE for August contains, "Hail! all hail, to Mighty Jove," a chorus for mixed voices; "Popping Corn," quartet for mixed voices; "Think, God, on Feeble Man," quartet for mixed voices by Mendelssohn; "Sleep Well, Sweet Angel," baritone solo and quartet for mixed voices; "Beautiful Girl of the South," solo and quartet for male voices, with guitar accompaniment; "She dwelleth now in Heaven," three part chorus for female voices; "Faithless Swallow," three part chorus and solo for female voices.

These publications are issued by J. L. Peters, musical publisher, New York, at \$3 a year, each.

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In a speech delivered in Brooklyn, N. Y., by Lieut. Gen. Woodford, himself an officer in the army during the rebellion, he took occasion to speak of Mr. Seymour's record during the memorable months of 1863, and its effects upon the soldiers who were fighting for the Union. He said:

You can understand how we soldiers feel towards His Excellency, Horatio Seymour. In the hour of our sorrow and weariness he had no encouragement for us, no faith in our courage, and no faith in the final victory. Now, in our triumph, when the flag streams out on every breeze and all our land is one again, we have no need for thee, Horatio Seymour. Let southern rebels shout they praise; let the banners of orphan asylums, and the skulker from the draft, twine laurels for thy brow; we will stand by the old flag, all battle scarred, but glorious in victory, while we follow the great captain of our armies, our own Ulysses Grant.

Brigham Young and his saints have adopted a new policy towards the outside world within the last twelve months. They have abandoned their prosecution of Gentile traders and residents, and of other religious denominations, and offer facilities for all to come and establish themselves among them—at a price in greenbacks. The Catholics have been allowed to buy a church site in Salt Lake City, and a few Sundays ago, Rev. Mr. Fisher, an Episcopalian of Nevada, stopping there on his way through, was invited to preach in the Mormon tabernacle, and did so with Brigham and his chief apostles on the platform. The Pacific railroad is to be a chief agent in the now peaceful and gradual overthrow of all that is distinctive and repulsive in Mormonism. Polygamy is likely to be quietly though slowly abandoned, and with its decay and that of the present chief rulers of the church, the Mormon organization will subside.

SHOOTING AFFRAY AND MURDER.—A despatch from Rutland, Vt., states that one of the most atrocious murders ever perpetrated in Vermont, occurred at Shawsburg on Saturday evening last. An old feud has for many years existed in that place between two families named Plumley and Balch, and while appraisers were engaged in settling damages committed by the horses of the latter on the property of the former, a dispute arose between them which resulted in the deliberate shooting and killing of Johnson Gilman, jr., a disinterested and innocent young man, by Horace R. Plumley. Indiscriminate shots were then exchanged between the parties, resulting in wounding H. R. Plumley and John Gilman jr. Five of the principals in the affray, viz: S. Plumley, his son, and the murderer, Geo. Butterly, his son-in-law, and two men named Abraham Winn and Napoleon Quartier, employers of Balch, have been arrested and are confined in jail here, awaiting examination. Both the Plumley and Balch factions were evidently prepared for the affair, as they were all armed. The deceased was a highly respectable young man, and his death is much deplored—even his murderer asserting that he knew nought against him.

Gen. Howard reports that a large part of the expenditures of the Freedmen's Bureau were for the benefit of Southern whites reduced to poverty by the rebellion. Yet many of this class are so deluded as to think it wisdom on their part to strike the hand that feeds them.

The long-expected project of connecting by means of a direct railway the ports of the Black Sea with the Baltic, so important to the development of Russian commerce and industry, will soon be an accomplished fact.

ILLINOIS has a fatal and epidemic cattle disease fixed upon her by the introduction of Texas cattle, and has now waked up to find a law on its statute book against the importation of these horned beasts. It now proposes to enforce the aforesaid law.

DISORDER IN LOUISIANA.—The Legislature of Louisiana, by joint resolution has called upon the Governor of that State to apply to the President by virtue of the fourth section of the fourth article of the Constitution of the United States to send troops there to suppress domestic violence. In the northern and western part of the State mob rule is supreme. By one mail this week letters were received giving accounts of over 40 murders, while all over the South the slumbering embers of discord are being fanned into flame. It is asserted that Gov. Warmouth's demand for troops will soon be received by the President, and the manner in which it is disposed of will undoubtedly decide between peace and civil strife in the South, as well as the necessity for the reassembling of Congress in September.

A TERRIBLE SCENE AT THE FLOOD IN ELICOTT CITY, Md.—A Baltimore lady who was on a visit to Elicott City at the time of the great flood, has given an interesting account of the fearful calamity. The agonizing spectacle attending the drowning of several entire families she describes as follows:

Dr. Owings, who had been sent for professionally, had left his house but a few minutes before the flood appeared, against the remonstrances of his wife, who was alarmed at the threatening aspect of the sky. It was only after receiving three messages that he was induced to leave her. He had barely reached the bridge, on his return, when he saw the flood coming down, and

Waterville Mail.

BEN MAXHAM, DAN L. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... AUG. 7, 1868.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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ATWELL & CO., Advertising Agents, 7 Middle Street, Portland, are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisers abroad are referred to the Agents named above.

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 GOVERNOR.

J. L. CHAMBERLAIN.

For Member of Congress.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

COLBY UNIVERSITY.

PROGRAMME FOR COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

Sunday evening, Aug. 9.—Sermon before the Boardman Missionary Society, by Geo. D. Boardman, D. D., of Philadelphia.

Monday evening, Aug. 10.—Prize Declamation of the Junior Class.

Tuesday, Aug. 11.—Class-Day Exercises; and Oration and Poem before the Literary Society in the evening—the former by the Rev. Wayland Hoyt, of Brooklyn, N. Y., the latter by C. C. Van Zandt, Esq., of Newport, R. I.

Wednesday, Aug. 12.—Exercises of the Graduating Class, with a Concert by the Germania Band, and the President's Leave in the evening.

Examinations for entrance take place on Tuesday, beginning at 8 o'clock in the morning, and the Alumni meet on that day, at 3 o'clock P. M., at the Baptist Church.

A pleasant occasion is confidently anticipated. A fine class is to graduate, and our noble Memorial Hall, though not ready for dedication, is nearly completed in its exterior.

THE COMMENCEMENT CONCERT promises to be unusually attractive this year. With commendable enterprise the students have secured the services of the Germanians, a versatile band of the best musicians in the country, who are able not only to give us acceptable music for the street, but also to furnish a first class performance in the house. In this last department, where most bands fail, they are at home and able to completely satisfy the best cultivated musical taste. The Germanians bring with them two first class vocalists, already favorably known in our State—Mrs. H. M. Smith, Soprano, and Mr. James Whitney, Tenor. The entertainment will therefore have no lack of variety; and we trust that the public and our own citizens in particular, will see that the enterprise of the students, in furnishing a musical entertainment of such rare merit, meets with its proper reward.

Let us add, as an additional inducement to patronize this concert, that the bills of the graduating class, which are always heavy, are lessened by the amount of the receipts. The students furnish us with several literary and musical treats during the year, free of cost, and now here is an opportunity to testify that we are not unmindful of our obligations to them. Give them a full house; you will get a rich return for your money, and do them a good turn.

CLASS DAY EXERCISES will commence at the Baptist Church, Tuesday, at 10 o'clock, A. M. The oration by J. D. Taylor, the poem by C. L. Clay. The audience will then adjourn to the College Tree, where H. C. Halliwell will read the class history, and E. S. Small the prophecy, and J. B. Clough will deliver the address to the class; after which will come the smoking of the Pipe of Peace—the exercises closing with singing of the Parting Ode.

A. T. WEBB'S West Waterville Express makes two trips a day, between the West and East villages, three days a week—Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, and usually makes at least one trip on each of the other days. The trip to Kendall's Mills has been discontinued. This line takes freight and passengers, and being a great convenience to the public it is well patronized.

MR. C. M. EMERY, who has recently accepted a call from the Baptist Church in Thomaston, with whom he will commence his labors soon, will occupy the Baptist pulpit in this village next Sabbath forenoon: Rev. Alfred Owen, now of Detroit, Michigan, will preach in the afternoon.

The Bath Times says Mr. Putnam Morse of that city, jumped from a vessel coming up the river Tuesday morning and was drowned.

A petition to the Selectmen, asking them to call a meeting of the freemen of Waterville to see if they will vote to loan the credit of the town to the proposed Somerset Railroad, has been very generally circulated, and as generally signed. This is well. Enterprise always suggests inquiry; and at such a meeting as is proposed, the friends of that road will doubtless be prepared to exhibit to the best advantage the claims their enterprise has upon the citizens of Waterville. If they can show that the advantages to be secured to our town by the construction of that road are such as we can afford to purchase at this expense, and that the pledges and guarantees offered are fair and honorable, and such as cannot be legally avoided, then the opportunity is one that the people of Waterville should not permit to escape them. To all these conditions, however, we feel sure they will look sharply before they act upon the main question. We need not sustain this word of caution by reference to the history of railroads generally—it is familiar to all. It is claimed that this road is to be built upon an entirely new system, and one that cannot fail to redeem all pledges in good faith. If so, it will bear scrutiny. It is claimed that its construction will contribute to the profit of the town more than the amount of the favor asked. If so, let it be shown. It is claimed that the conditions on which the loan is asked are such as cannot in any event result in pecuniary loss to the town. Let this be shown too. This loan is suggested by interests out of Waterville as well as in; interests that appeal more directly to individuals. Let them make out their case, to the satisfaction of the voters of Waterville, and they will not be slow to meet it as it deserves. Waterville has other interests that need help, which many of her citizens think might be profitably given. She has no credit to send abroad; reason and law forbid this. If she grants this loan it should be because it promises to put money in her treasury; not for the profit of the Somerset or the Maine Central Railroad Companies, or of individual property located here or there. The enterprise was started with no reference to Waterville interests, though its results may have this bearing. This may depend somewhat upon the terms of the road, and we trust our townsmen will be drawn neither into an auction or a lottery on this point—neither will they leave it to the subterfuge and equivocation of railroad policy. Let faith be given only where it is deserved, and self interest and careful investigation control the action of the town, as it no doubt does the efforts of those who urge the application. In this light, and in this direction—all these points being found to favor the grant of the credit of the town—it will give us pleasure to see the loan made. Otherwise not.

REIGN OF TERROR IN NEW YORK.—A member of the New York Metropolitan police writes to the *Sun* that since that force was organized at least one hundred of its members have been murdered by the "roughs" of that city, and murderous assaults have been made on very many more. He adds:

"My memory fails to recollect a single instance where one of the murderers received the punishment which the law provides for crime of murder. I cannot recollect one instance where a person has been hanged in this city for the killing of a policeman. I believe there have been a few sent to the State Prison for life, only to be pardoned out by the Governor or released through the interposition of some judge or another, as in the case of Margaret Walsh, who killed Officer McChesney. With but a few exceptions, the judiciary does not stand by the police. If they did there would be a lessening of at least fifty per cent. of the crime committed in this city. Some of our police justices would rather reprimand a policeman any time than a common thief."

"THE WICKEDEST MAN," is pictured by another writer in an article on our first page, which accompanies some photographic representations of John Allen, his boy Chester, and the notorious dance hall where they reside, published in Harper's Weekly. Though the writer of this last sketch charges Oliver Dyer with intentional deception, we cannot see that he makes out much of a case; and the thoughtful reader will conclude that both writers may be honest, and there is no serious discrepancy between them, but that one looks a little deeper and sees a little more than the other.

DROWNED.—A fine little boy, about seven years old, son of Mr. Percy Loud, of this village, was drowned on Tuesday, just below the Crommett's Mill Bridge. He left one of the rooms of the sash and blind factory with a basket of shavings, and is supposed to have fallen from the bank into the water on his way out to the road. The discovery of his hat and basket caused alarm, and measures were at once taken to recover the body. A young man named Charles Branch, after repeatedly diving, discovered and brought him up, but too late to leave any hope of restoring life.

ACCIDENT.—Prof. Lynch, of Waterville, was seriously injured a few days ago, at Dexter, by the overturn of a stage in which he was a passenger. He received a severe bruise on his head, and was taken up nearly senseless; but the injury proved not to be dangerous.

Among late visitors to Waterville we have been gratified to see Rev. Dr. Weston, some 17 years ago principal of the Western Institute here, later principal of the school at Westbrook. He now resides at Galesburg, Illinois.

LOST. on Friday about noon, between the Mail office and Mr. Maxham's, on Temple Street, a pair of gold bow spectacles. They were immediately found, but the finder has not yet found the owner—who will pay liberally for them, at the Mail office.

Another incendiary fire is reported at Augusta. The barn and carriage house belonging to the residence of the late Reuel Williams were burned on Monday. Loss about \$1500.

Another stable was burned on the Arsenal grounds, on the morning of the 6th, together with three valuable horses, hay, &c. This also was the work of an incendiary.

BELFAST AND MOOSEHEAD LAKE RAILROAD.—Ground was broken upon this road at Belfast on Tuesday. Bells were rung, cannon fired, and addresses were made by several gentlemen to a large concourse of people.

PIANO TUNING.—Mr. J. D. Conley, of Bangor, is again in town, prepared for business in his line. He is giving good satisfaction here, and as his stay will be short, those in want of his services must apply soon. See his notice.

Here is another of the pleasant little scraps that come so abundantly and so naturally from the pen of our Augusta Moor. How pointedly it tells everybody's experience!

THE SAD DISCOVERY.

'Tis a dreadful thing to discover that nobody is very much better than you are yourself; that even father and mother, and the minister are of the earth, earthy. This is one reason why it is unfortunate to live to grow up. There are many other reasons. "Whom the gods love die young," said the heathen; and we have seen reason to reply, "Whom God loves die young." However, as long as the human race is to last, it will not do for all to die. Some of us must "live to learn;" learn, alas! that the blight and the curse of sin is on and over all that have health. The phenologists say I have no reverence—for man—they do allow me some toward man's Maker. Perhaps they may be right; but I have in me something by which everybody once looked almost awfully high, and good, and wise. I was afraid—I seemed to myself so low and foolish, so far, far beneath my kind.

I knew that all the race of Adam were, in some mysterious way, sinners; but that they all, or half, or a quarter of them, (those that I knew) ever actually did a wrong thing, never entered my head. I thought that only I and my brothers and schoolmates were guilty and worthy of punishment. There were some poor, hungry, ignorant creatures who lived by the river and in the woods, who used to come and steal fish from the cellar or the shed. I knew this, and also that these people would lie, swear and get drunk; but that well dressed and well appearing people would do what they knew to be wrong was the very shocking discovery of a much later day.

But where is there a person to whom an adult can point honestly saying, "I believe that he, or she, never does, or says, or feels the thing known to be wrong?"

Alas! there has never been but One on earth, who, living long enough to know good and evil, did not know them both by experience.

Dear little children! happy are they that their eyes are hidden. Happy are they that they see not, nor know, "the evil that is in the world," and in the very hearts that cherish them.

[For the Mail.]

SOMERSET RAIL ROAD.

Application is about to be made to the Selectmen to call a town meeting to vote upon the question of a loan of the credit of the town to this company, to aid them in building their road. It is understood that every town on the line of the road, except Fairfield and Waterville, has already voted aid, and others not immediately on the line are expected to do so. We are glad to see all such enterprises going on. They are indications of something coming. The new water power that is being made on the falls means something; the reservation of the upper and more important privilege entire for future use shows at least that the company expects a demand for it; the high rates at which real estate is held; the village improvements; all seem to indicate an expectation that town may "take a start" before long. All these enterprises help, each other—play into each other's hand. Every new avenue to the regions about us, every facility for trade and intercourse with other places contributes to the growth and prosperity of the town. But we fear our people have not duly considered the importance of this road, and especially the importance to us of having its terminus here. It is designed, and without much doubt destined to be the back-bone road to the northern parts of the State, opening to us, in the valley of the Kennebec and its tributaries, business relations with a large and important part of the State. Can we afford to lose this advantage? Will it cost more than it will be worth? Or will it be worth more than its cost? These are the questions to be considered.

But we trust that before pleading its credit the town will see to it that the conditions of the loan are well defined, and its indemnities well secured.

SHAMEFUL.—Mr. Wilson, of Boston, a well known colored man, of considerable distinction as a public speaker, addressed an audience at Town Hall, Thursday evening, on the subject of reconstruction; but with so much disturbance from a very few drunken and worthless fellows, with whom there was no police present to interfere, that he declined to proceed and withdrew. Mr. Wilson is well endorsed by leading republicans of the State, and came here with letters to Joshua Nye, Esq. Mr. Nye was abroad, and so Mr. Wilson found no official defenders, and fared accordingly. Whether the shame is greater or less because the disturbance came from fellows belonging out of town and only temporarily employed here, the police, the town committee, and other leading republicans must decide for themselves. Mr. W. stated to his audience that in all his lecturing in Maine he had nowhere been so shabbily used as at Waterville.

The annual fishing excursion of the Waterville Pouch Association will doubtless take place, as usual, early in the week after Commencement, probably on Tuesday or Wednesday—more particular notice of which will be given. The secretary, Prof. Mathews, of Chicago, has written that he shall be in Waterville in season to call the meeting, and attend to his duties. The venerable Mr. Hatch, the patron of the institution, is expected to attend the festival, as usual.

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OUR TABLE.

"THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES," its Causes, Character, Conduct and Results," by Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, is the title of a valuable work just issued by The National Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa. Histories of the late civil war have sprung up like mushrooms, and they can now be numbered almost by hundreds, but all who are desirous of arriving at a correct understanding of the causes, and a clear history of the events of the late lamentable war, have felt the want of a reliable history of the same from a Southern standpoint, by some representative man of the South. This want is about to be supplied by Alexander H. Stephens. Mr. Stephens was a most earnest protestant against rebellion, and only succumbed at the last moment, when his State, in spite of his warning, committed the great error.

The bare announcement that this distinguished statesman had determined to write a book, would of itself be sufficient to kindle a lively and wide-spread interest in all sections of the country; but when it is known that he has chosen as his theme the one so fruitful as the late American war, the absorbing interest of the subject, together with the evident and singular fitness of the author for its treatment, unite in awakening a curiosity entirely unparalleled in the annals of American literature.

It presents a careful political analysis of the past, separating real from apparent causes of the late unhappy conflict, and gives those interior lights and shadows of the Great War, only known to those high officers, who watched the flood-tide of Revolution from its fountain-springs, and which were so accessible to Mr. Stephens from his position as second officer of the Confederacy. Loyal men will of course find much mischievous doctrine taught in these pages, and they will deny the premises and dispute the conclusions, which the author draws; but they can but admire the calm, dispassionate tone of the work, which is certainly of great value to one who honestly wishes to arrive at the truth.

"MEN OF OUR DAY."—This is the title of a large and handsome volume just published by Ziegler, McCarty & Co., of Philadelphia. It is made up of short well written biographical sketches of the foremost men of our nation, now on the stage of action—politicians, orators, statesmen, generals, reformers, financiers, merchants, etc. The sketches are written by L. P. Brockett, M. D., author of "Our Great Captains," "Women's Work in the Civil War," "Life and Times of Abraham Lincoln," "The Biographical Portraits of Appomattox," "The Annual Cyclopaedia," etc. The volume is illustrated with forty-two handsomely executed steel portraits from life. This must be an excellent book for canvassers.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW for July is received in the American reprint. Theologians will be interested in its review of Davidson's "Introduction to the New Testament," and shorter articles of Contemporary Literature; legal students in its paper on "The Marriage Laws of the United Kingdom;" scientists in its account of "Nitro-Glycerine, the New Explosive;" social reformers in its essay on "Co-operation applied to the Dwellings of the People;" general readers in its historical study of "The Incas," and all in its Contemporary Literature. The Westminster considers "The Spanish Gipsy" a failure.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly Magazine, 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; for 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 Quarterly Reviews, published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 37 Walker Street, New York, the postage on the whole five works under the new rates will be but 56 cents a year.

The man who can see nothing in Oliver Dyer's account, of "The Wickedest Man in New York" but an advertisement for a low dance house, must have an unfortunate twist in his mental and moral constitution. Painful as may be the spectacle, these festering sores must be laid open or they will never be healed. Sanctimonious hypocrites may draw up their garments about them in affected horror, and pass carefully by on the other side, with a cowardly consciousness that to their unsanctified natures there is contamination and danger there for them; but thank God, there are those whose hearts are so pure and full of the spirit of the Master, that like Him, they can venture into those sinks of iniquity and come out unscathed, bringing rescued souls with them.

LEVEES OF THE LILIPUTIANS.—Those little great people—Gen. Tom Thumb and lady, Com. Nutt, and pretty little Minnie Warren—will be in town on Wednesday, the 19th inst., and will be pleased to see their friends, old and young, at the Town Hall. They have always been favorites with the public, even when exhibiting singly, but united they are irresistible. In addition to the exhibition of their diminutive selves singly, in pairs or altogether, and in a variety of poses and costumes, they sing, dance, and amuse the audiences in a variety of ways too numerous to mention. Commodore Nutt is quite an actor and mimic, and displays much genuine *vis comica* in his personation of the shillalah brandishing Irishman. He is noticeably acute and sprightly in all he does, and Miss Minnie is a model of daintiness, prettiness and propriety. Tom Thumb and his wife demean themselves with a gravity and sobriety becoming to married people, yet, ad their quota to the general entertainment. Our readers will miss a rare spectacle if they fail to see them. See notice in advertising columns.

It is a little singular that it should have been left for the Advertiser, a democratic paper of the city of Portland, to expose the open and shameless sale of liquor at the Falmouth Hotel, recently built by J. B. Brown and Sons. With great propriety, the Advertiser demands equal rights for all, and that all poisonous reptiles shall be treated alike, though some may be gilded serpents.

OUR CONCRETE WALK is creeping out of Main Street, and will eventually, no doubt, be found on every street in our village. That portion of Temple Street between Maine and Elm, which is very much travelled, is the first to receive it, and we are informed that the lower end of College Street will be next visited.

FATHER L'HIVER, the Catholic Priest who was stationed here for a year or more, left for another field of labor some weeks ago and is succeeded by Rev. Francis M. Picart.

REV. J. B. GOULD, of Bangor, will preach at the Town Hall, next Sabbath afternoon.

The cars have made their way to Dexter and a large quantity of freight was delivered there on Wednesday.

CRACKED WHEAT and Graham Flour may be found at Kendall's Mills. See advertisement.

Gen. Logan and Mr. Blaine are advertised to address the people at Town Hall, Waterville, this afternoon. But little notice has been given—pass the word!

Dr. Atwood Crosby has been appointed examining surgeon for applicants for pensions in this district in place of Dr. N. R. Boutelle resigned.

TROTTER HORSES IN MICHIGAN.—The President of the Michigan State Board of Agriculture, in his Address to the members of the executive committee at their annual meeting in Detroit, makes the following remarks on this subject:—

"The desire to breed fast running, and fancy trotting horses, without regard to other qualities, has had the effect of lessening the value and lowering the standard of horses in this State. In my opinion, we should encourage the introduction of horses of fair size, weight and action that are so desirable in the first class carriage horse."

It is a little hard that when the southern patriots enthusiastically exclaim "we are ready" in response to General Blair's revolutionary letters, and copy with approving comments the utterances not less open of northern journals, they should be told in language more or less polite that it would be better for them not to dip their pens in the political inkstand. How should they know that it is indiscreet for them to say what is in their hearts, when their hopes exactly coincide with the bold demand of their northern brethren?—[Bost. Adv.]

BE CIVIL.—CIVILITY is cheap. It costs the possessor but little. It is accessible to all. It is invaluable. The obscure and influential cannot afford to be without it; the rich and powerful find it among the chief of their possessions. Civility is not Toadyism. It is the reverse of that. Obscureness is distasteful to sensible people; while Civility, which has its spring in true manliness, is as acceptable to those who are its recipients as it is becoming and ennobling to those who practice it. Many a golden opportunity has been ruthlessly set aside in the unconscious gratification of an unpeaceful temper. The wrong inflection upon a word, which formed part of an otherwise harmless sentence, has set the current of many a young man's life in the wrong direction. An ungracious glance of the eye—a shrug of the shoulder—a thoughtless word, thrown in as the unsavory seasoning of an off-hand remark, have, each in their time, shaped the entire future of well-meaning youths.

Civility is a powerful ally of good intentions. It not only aids in forming, but quite as much in keeping them. Brusqueness is not incompatible with the strictest virtues; but decision of character does not depend upon a sour visage or a scowl of impending storm. A well conditioned man can learn to say "No" without alienating a friend. It is here, in fact, where Civility has most honor and most success. Some men can refuse a request, with more acceptability to the applicant, than would result from the granting of it by any another.

True Civility has its seat in the heart, and is but the outward manifestation of a quiet and subdued spirit. There is nothing in which a more outward pretence is more readily detected. The form of Civility, without its substance, is a species of hypocrisy which readily defeats its own ends.—[Packard's Monthly.]

THE BLUEBERRY.—We have often thought that something might be done in the way of cultivating this useful berry, which can be served upon the table in so many palatable forms. Talking with a farmer from a neighboring town, the other day, we were interested by his experiments in raising blueberries. He commenced by burning over an unproductive field many years ago, and now annually sends to market from three to six thousand boxes. Large numbers go to Boston, and the two principal hotels in this city have taken each seventy-five boxes per day during the season. He burns over his field once in two or three years, and sows each fall two or three bushels of the dried berries.

He pays five cents a box to pickers, and some women earn from \$1.00 to \$1.25 per day; the berry season is a holiday time with the picker, and gives the women who spend the rest of the year in sewing for the ready-made clothing dealers, a healthful vacation. Our informant said he had paid \$300 a year for the gathering of his blueberry crop, and he found it as profitable as any other crop raised on his large farm. In favorable years, the blueberries had a long season; he had sent them to market as early as the 5th of July and continued up to the 15th of September.—[Portland Transcript.]

THE WAR CANDIDATE.—The election of Francis P. Blair would be the approval by the people of his desire to turn our political canvass into a bloody war; to make party differences of opinion the sufficient reason for deadly personal enmity. It would be the adoption by the United States of a government by assassination and violence, instead of a government by law.

Were he elected and successful in his plan, he would be above all law, the military dictator of the land. Were he selected and yet unsuccessful, still the attempt to carry out his views would cost the country more than the former rebellion.

There is no straining, no exaggeration, in this statement of Mr. Blair's position. Here are his words:—

"We cannot, therefore, undo the radical plan of reconstruction by Congressional action; the Senate will continue a bar to its appeal. Must we submit to it? How can it be overthrown? It can only be overthrown by the authority of the Executive."

"There is but one way to restore the government and the Constitution, and that is for the President elect to declare these acts null and void, compel the army to undo its usurpations at the South, disperse the carpet-bag State governments, and elect Senators and Representatives."

Whether the writer of this atrocious language knew what he was saying, is beside the question. Probably not; it is less disagreeable to suppose that he was in a state of even more than usual excitement at the time, than that the former soldier of freedom has become a deliberate traitor. But he has not retracted the letter, and if elected, is pledged to carry it out.—[Evening Post.]

[For the Mail.]

STRAWBERRY CULTURE.

I have promised an article on this subject for the Mail, but hesitate for two reasons: First, my experience has been limited; Second, it takes quite a book to give all that may well be said on the strawberry and its culture. Those who read this article will therefore make due allowance.

But first it may be well to give some reasons for the general cultivation of this fruit to those who hesitate. It has the merit of being the earliest as well as one of the most luscious; but even these reasons may be outweighed by its healthfulness.

Time was when in Waterville good wild strawberries were to be had in abundance for the picking, or for six to ten cents a quart; but those days are gone, never to return till stage-coaches again take the place of railroads. All over the thickly populated parts of our country wild fruits have for years been growing scarcer and dearer; and the process is to continue.

The cultivation of fruits, greatly as it increases, does not keep pace with the demand; and prices are more likely to advance than recede for a generation to come.

Besides the gratification to the cultivator, what a rich treat it is, to one's family or friends, to have daily in the early Summer as many nice strawberries as desired, for a period of three weeks, fill other fruits come on! And this, too, from a patch of ground so small that hardly any dwelling but will be able to spare it.

But, like all things earthly, this has its drawbacks. First, it requires considerable time, labor, and care, to insure success, notwithstanding the oft-repeated remarks that it is "very easy, &c." But, as an offset to this, failure, so common in many other articles of cultivation, is almost out of the question with proper care in raising the strawberry.

In the course of twelve years I have never failed once to get a good crop from a well prepared strawberry bed, so that I infer failure to be unnecessary.

Another worse evil, however, has befallen me; and that is, after all the expense, labor and interest devoted to a good crop, to have it mainly snatched from my grasp by the greedy thief of a robin. I have now guarded against that evil by the great expense of a wired frame. Some use netting, but it is very inconvenient. On some localities the birds are not so troublesome. But the chief remedy for this is in the extension of cultivation. In Mass., and States further South, the cultivation is in many places so extended that the birds are "supplied without any apparent diminution of the crop." So it should be here.

Maine is peculiarly adapted to the cultivation of strawberries in climate and soil. I have seen acres of wild strawberries, fifty miles north of Waterville, very abundant, and almost equaling the cultivated in size.

But I am running a long yarn, without even commencing any advice or directions as to cultivation; and it may be best to do that in an article for another week. C. F. H.

A CURIOUS STORY.—The Corineth (Miss)

Caucasian of July 22 tells this story:—

"A strange and surprising incident occurred last week in the country some miles north of Corineth. A Mr. Mangrum killed a young man during the year, and a few days since Mr. Mangrum was on a deer drive, and while at one of the stands he saw an object approaching him, which so alarmed him that he raised his gun and fired at it. The object which resembled a man covered with a sheet, continued to advance upon Mr. Mangrum, when he drew his pistol and emptied all the barrels at the ghost. None of the shots seeming to take effect, he climbed a tree to make his escape. By the time he was a short distance up the tree, the white object was standing under him, with its eyes fixed upon him, and he declared that it was the spirit of the young man whom he had killed. Mangrum was so startled at the steady gaze of the eye that he fainted and fell from the tree. His friend carried him home, the ghost following, and standing before him constantly, the sight of which brought up the recollections of his guilt with such a force to his mind that he died in great agony, after two or three days' suffering."

NOTHING LIKE INDIA RUBBER.—The Englishman who averred that there was nothing like leather did not foresee the use to which future inventive genius would apply the strange article called India rubber. Boats and even larger vessels have been made of paper; houses of glass; paper of wood; and it is even recorded that a whistle has actually been constructed from a pig's tail; but perhaps the climax of ingenuity is capped now by the manufacture of all sorts of vehicles from "hard rubber." A company has been chartered in this state, under the name of the "American Hard Rubber Company," which proposes to build road wagons and other vehicles almost wholly of this wonderful substance. This company has already a wagon so built on exhibition, the body of which is moulded in a single piece, is therefore jointless, neither cracks, swells, shrinks nor warps, is capable of a high polish, is furthermore scarcely more than half as heavy as a wagon of similar style made of the usual materials, can be turned out at about half the price of the wooden vehicle.

Truly, wonders will never cease.—[Evening Post.]

WALK WHEN YOU BEGIN.—When Chief Justice Oliver Ellsworth commenced the practice of law in this city, he lived in Bloomfield, and as his pecuniary means were not large, he was accustomed to come from his house to his office on foot. There was at the time a dashing merchant in the city—Mr. H.—who rode in a showy vehicle drawn by a pair of showy horses; and as he often rode to Bloomfield, he often met Mr. E. Meeting him one morning he reined up the team, and saluted him with "Good morning, Mr. Ellsworth, what are you walking for? Why don't you ride?" "Because,"—was the reply, "I have found that persons must walk at some period of their lives; and I choose to walk when I begin."

It would be well if all who are setting out in life were of this opinion; but they are not. Hence such members, determined to ride when they are young, are forced to walk when they are old.

A few years having elapsed, Mr. H. failed in business, and was obliged to go afoot; while Mr. E. ascending from small beginnings, became Minister Plenipotentiary to France and red in his cheeks.

A beautiful Philadelphia heiress, who has half a million in her own right, was taken to Paris in the hope that she might catch "a nobleman;" but getting tired of waiting she has eloped with a worthless vagabond who called himself a Russian count. She is an only child, and her distressed parents had been warned of the plans of the fellow, but would not heed the warning.

