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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 22, No. 10): September 4, 1868

Maxham & Wing

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# MISCELLANY.

[For the Mail.]  
MORNING ON JEWANKEE.  
BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Morn on the mountains blushing stands,  
Her trailing garments wet with dew;  
Stars glimmer in her rosy hands,  
The thin moon flecks her bosom blue.

A rain-bow crown adorns her head,  
And misty mantles sweeping wide  
Adorn the verdant mountain sides,  
The footsteps of the goddess hide.

Not yet the flocks and herds awake,  
Behold, on every westward hill  
Horses and cattle drowsing stand,  
While sheep and lambs lie snug and still.

These wait the sun; but from the wood  
The herald of the morning raises  
Exulting pennons, while the vales  
Ring with an answering voice of praise.

"Robert of Lincoln," swell your throat;  
Thou golden mentor, pipe away,  
"So don't you see, I told you true,  
Repeat it to this new born day."

How sweet and pure the morning air!  
The while I over the dew drops tread,  
The tree whose life I saved I distill  
Its grateful odors on my head.

I hie me to my crystal spring  
With living waters brimming o'er,  
While song birds circle round my head,  
And robins run and hop before.

Ah! thus in peace, afar from strife,  
Far from the world's discordant noise,  
I wait the welcome call to rise  
To hills where bloom eternal joys.

Vermont, June 13, 1868, at 4 o'clock, A. M.

\*A gold-coated bird who sings, in pensive tones, "So don't you see I told you true! true! true! So!" &c. &c. A pair of golden birds, doomed to fall, and the axe was already at work when my outcry and dismal lamentation scared the chopper away.

## MISS HESTER MILLS.

BY MISS CAMILLA WILLIAMS.

[CONTINUED.]

What an uncommonly dull day it promised to be! and how was he to get through with it? He really would like to be amused. The only thing he could think of was looking into the street; and since he could see passers better from the lower windows, he presently went down stairs. At first he thought that the parlor was vacant, and was glad of it; he had feared he might find Mrs. Mason there. But as he crossed the room to place himself in front of the middle window, he perceived that the bow-window was occupied by Miss Mills. He bowed slightly, and took an arm chair where he could look at her and out doors at the same time. If she didn't like it, she might go away.

The Mason house was in the corner of two streets, and the parlor, besides its three windows on the front, had this bow-window at the side. It was a deep window, commanded a view of both streets, and a heavy curtain before it which could be lowered so as to shut it quite off from the room. This curtain was now partly looped back and showed the brightest and most charming little nook. The parlor carpet was green, but Miss Mills had spread a brilliantly-colored Afghan in her alcove and pushed a crimson-covered armchair to one side of it. The wide cushions of this chair were occupied by a little portable *escritoire* which lay open and covered with papers as if she had been writing or meant to write. There was, moreover, a basket of bright worsteds in rather a tossed state, a book lying open with a pair of tiny scissors to mark the place, and a large scarf of black and gold thrown over the back of the chair. Miss Mills sat on a low hassock opposite these, her possessions, and was half swathed in a scarlet shawl that had slipped from her shoulders, but still clung to her waist and over her lap. She wore a close-fitting dress of the darkest of dark blue, a rich, lustrous color, the material thick and of a velvety texture. A line of snow-white linen edged with lace surrounded her slender white throat and small wrists. The girl's head and profile were rather fine, and the simple, heavy coil of dark-brown hair was well placed and accorded with both. A single fold of brilliant scarlet velvet was bound about this coil of hair. Beside the somewhat cold look of the room, and the bleak storm that raged outside, this nook was splendid, with its rich and varied colors and the graceful form sitting low on her cushion, reminded the gentleman of descriptions he had read of gorgeous eastern scenes. Miss Mills might be a sultana, and this little boudoir in which she reclined, the vestibule to some blazing saloon. He couldn't help looking at her, and she in her turn seemed to be trying to find out his mood.

"The bow-window looks warmer than the grate," he said smiling involuntarily. The judge's smile was a very pleasant one. So was that which immediately rose to answer it.

"Then I must be a salamander, I and Blossom," said Miss Mills, and by way of explanation and introduction at once, produced from under her shawl a little white kitten with a blue ribbon tied round her neck. "Blossom, make your best bow; this is Judge Ronceval, and he has a broken arm," holding the kitten as she spoke, and compelling it to make a bow by pushing its head down.

The gentleman was obliged to laugh, though he was half vexed at the absurdity of the action.

"That was very well, Blossom," said the young lady approvingly. "Now you may take a nap."

She put the kitten carefully into the basket of worsteds, covered all but its head, and pressed the eyelids down with the tips of her little fore-fingers.

"There, now go to sleep; your eyes are all shut now."

Instead of looking at the gentleman when this important affair was attended to, she turned towards the window and looked out with steady, but dreamy eyes, watching the snow come down. So entire was her seeming unconsciousness of the man who sat but a few feet distant from her that he had not the courage to speak to her. He sat looking at her and wondering over the feeling of deference, almost of timidity, which she imposed on him. There was nothing rude in her disregard; she merely seemed to take for granted that she had nothing to do with him. After a few minutes she sighed faintly, rather, it seemed, with returning recollections than with any feeling of sadness, and taking the *escritoire* on her lap, opened the book that lay on the chair, and began to write from it, a translation, probably. Her face had lost its momentary abstraction, and was intent and full of study. She paused carefully over every sentence, weighed the words in her mind, then wrote with a quick hand that showed how familiar she was with the occupation.

Judge Ronceval had a new experience that day. He sat perfectly disregarded by a lady, and looked and waited in vain for her notice, while she seemed to be utterly unconscious of his presence. He had half a mind to be angry, yet knew that he had no right to be. Then he felt a momentary amusement, but checked that as quickly. There was in Miss Mills's manner none of the pettish pride of a childish nature, meant to pique him into more attention, nor the sour resentment of a jealous one. She was simply a young woman attending sedulously to her own business, which, she conceived,

had no connection with his. To be sure, since he was in some sort an invalid, and a prisoner in the house, it would seem that any lady might exert herself to entertain him; but, he recollected he had been, so far, very well entertained without her help, and it suddenly occurred to him to wonder if she had not been rather set aside heretofore. He was not aware that any one had asked her to go to his room when the others went. He wondered, also, if the two other young ladies might not assume a little superiority over the girl who had to earn her own living. To Judge Ronceval it seemed a very distressing circumstance that a young lady, one of refinement and cultivation, one fit to sit at the table with himself, in short, should be compelled to earn her own living. He tried to puzzle out some way by which it might be avoided. If for instance, a fund could be raised for the express—

Here his cogitations came to an abrupt end; for Miss Mills raised her face on which he had been unconsciously poring for the last fifteen or twenty minutes, and looked at him with a slight frown, and an expression which seemed to say, "Well, what in the world are you staring at me for? It annoys me."

For a second time that day the judge blushed. "I beg your pardon," he said. "I was thinking."

"So was I," pouted the young woman, with an emphasis which conveyed her opinion that that was no reason why he should stare at her, since she did not stare at him.

"I was thinking of you," he explained.

"O!" said Miss Mills, looking at him with a slight show of curiosity, as if she expected something further.

"I am sorry to have interrupted you," was all he said. "I was feeling lonesome and dull."

He would not have confessed so much save to one who, he thought, knew what trouble it was to feel lonesome and dull on a stormy day when we cannot get out and one's friends cannot get in, must seem a very trivial pain to one who is so unhappy as to have to earn her own living.

She regarded him with a calm kind of half pity.

"Miss Bannister has the ague and cannot come down, and Miss Lennon is away. Shall I call Mrs. Mason?"

"Not on my account!" he said, laughing slightly.

She balanced her pen, hesitated, considered, finally suggested:

"You could read."

"You are a darling little snowflake of a Blossom!" cried Miss Mills, clasping the little creature in her arms, and kissing it rapturously. "And now you may go off and follow your own devices. Descend into the depth of your consciousness and find there some source of amusement. Go."

The judge leaned back in his chair, and watched the young lady smooth down her mirth, thinking that really it was a wonder he had not before noticed what a pretty little fairy Miss Mills was. She subsided into quietness for a moment, sat with her elbow on her knee, and her chin in her hand. It seemed to be a way of hers. Then she glanced at her companion.

"Are you awfully lonesome?" she asked, wistfully.

"I am not in the least lonesome," replied the judge, looking at the little lady with a smiling glance.

"I thought you were," staring at him with very wide-open eyes.

"So I was an hour ago, but I am not now. You forget that I have company."

"O!" says Miss Mills, in the most matter-of-fact way in the world. "You mean me. Well, you're going to have still more company. Here comes Mrs. Mason. Good-by!"

Whispering the last word with an elfish little laugh, she hastily dropped the heavy curtains, and shut herself completely into her alcove, leaving the judge to the tender mercies of Mrs. Mason. That lady exerted herself to the utmost, and never rested in her endeavors to amuse and entertain her boarder till she had fairly driven him from the scene. After an hour of incessant talk, Judge Ronceval despairingly took refuge in his room and in silence. He felt cross and sulky, had half a mind not to go down to dinner. He didn't quite know what he was angry about. Perhaps it was because Miss Mills did not remain visible, and continue entertaining him as delightfully as she had begun; perhaps it was, because she showed so little reverence for him. Come to think of it, she had been decidedly free and easy. He concluded to go down to dinner, if for nothing else to put her in her proper place.

Looking from his window as he came to this resolve, the gentleman saw a little figure going down the steps of the street door. It was a woman, small and slight, but so thoroughly covered in waterproof, scarf and close-fitted skirt, that at first he did not recognize her; but as the gusty wind caught and wheeled her about, blowing the hood back from her face, he recognized Miss Mills. What in the world could she be going out for on such a day? Could it be possible that the child was obliged to go on business; and was there no one who could have done her errands for her? But, really, she did not seem to be easily daunted, though it was all that she could do to make headlong against the tempest. She sank and floundered in drifts, but got bravely out of them, the clouds of snow came and swooping darkly down, completely enveloping and hiding her; but when the air cleared, there was her scarlet hood and flying scarf ends, and closely-wrapped little figure, steadily advancing down the street. He watched her till she disappeared, then leaned back in his chair and thought pitifully of the poor little wayfarer. By dinner-time he had quite forgotten his intention to put her into her place. Poor child! the place for her on such a day was in the warm chimney corner, playing with her kitten.

All the fault the judge felt inclined to find in Mrs. Mason's house was one which can be found in most houses; the dining-room was about as bleak as New England pasture-land.

It was carpeted with oil-cloth which struck a chill up through the feet that touched it; it was warmed by the furnace, and the walls and curtains were green. Well enough for summer, maybe, but fearful in winter. Besides, on this occasion the bright faces that were wont to enliven the board were missing. The gentleman on making his leisurely descent found no one but Mrs. Mason and Ralf. He asked no questions, but took his seat in dignified silence. He was ashamed to own even to himself how thoroughly low-spirited long confinement, and suffering, and a stormy day could make him. He would not allow himself to realize how he longed to have some one come in who could amuse or sympathize with him.

"I don't believe Miss Mills heard the bell," Mrs. Mason was just saying as the soup was being carried out, when the door of the room opened and Miss Mills came in. Involuntarily the judge smiled. It was as though a sunbeam had entered. Her cheeks were glowing red yet from her walk, and her eyes were brighter than diamonds. She wore a crimson merino dress and a little sack trimmed with swan's down which looked like rims of snow.

"You look bright enough to do one good, my dear," Mrs. Mason said, having a dim perception that the room was cheerless, but lying it to the storm.

"I feel bright," Miss Mills said, a little out of breath. "It's a splendid storm."

him. As for Ralf Mason, he incontinently fell in love with Miss Mills, then and there.

"I don't see how people can call such a day gloomy," the young lady said. "I delight in it for what it is. But if I didn't like winter, I should just half shut my eyes, and presto! the rustling sound against the windows is leaves torn from the trees in a southern tornado, the green curtains are vines that shut us closely in from the storm, the carpet is moss, the walls, the rock walls of a grotto, lichen-covered, the chandelier is a magical stalactite in our fairy cave."

So she kept her fancy on the wing for them all the dinner-time, and they listened, delighted and wondering, almost afraid to speak lest their words should dissolve some spell, and instead of the frolicsome fairy in her crimson and swan's-down robe, quiet little Miss Mills in a black or a blue gown would drop into her chair.

After dinner they followed her up stairs as though she had led them with a string. Instead of going into the parlor, she passed on and went up stairs.

"Aren't you coming down again soon?" asked Ralf Mason, gazing admiringly after her.

"No, I must write all this evening," she replied; and smiling brightly down on the three disappointed faces, went singing up to her own room. Judge Ronceval frowned, and went to his, where, having nothing else to do, he read over again his anonymous letter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## VINELAND.

A MODEL TOWN IN NEW JERSEY.

The following report appeared in the Philadelphia Morning Post, of April 22 1868. It gives a succinct, bird's eye view of Vineland almost up to date.

There is a young, flourishing, and enterprising town over in New Jersey, some thirty miles from Philadelphia, the name of which, we doubt not, is more familiar to the people of New England than to the business men of our great city. Up to near the close of 1861 its site was a literal wilderness.

To-day it numbers a population of ten thousand souls; has three post-offices, one of them doing a business in excess of any other in West Jersey; has a noble Yankee village, boasting all the adjuncts of modern civilization—viz., schools, churches, stores, mills, manufactories, libraries, musical and benevolent societies, libraries, public halls and parks, (one of the latter consisting of 48 acres), and with many elegant and costly private residences; has 130 miles of streets and roads, several of them over nine miles in length, straight as a surveyor can make them, and lined on each side with young shade trees; and hundreds of fruit farms, orchards and gardens, the latter in their season blooming with tens of thousands of flowers; has six or seven agricultural, horticultural and pomological societies, most of them holding weekly meetings for the collection and dissemination of facts relating to farming and fruit growing, besides a Floral Society managed entirely by ladies; has admirable taste in the matter of public adornments, and none at all for rum shops and liquor saloons, which it every year unanimously votes to remain out "in the cold."

Of such a community it need hardly be said that they are energetic, intelligent and enterprising, or are afraid of hard work and sunshine. In spite of all the natural obstacles attending the settlement of such a place, coupled with the swindling success of cert. in nurserymen in palming worthless plants upon them for one or two seasons, they last year, as one of their crops, furnished their own market and those of Philadelphia and New York with over three hundred thousand quarts of strawberries (nearly ten thousand bushels), and intend this year, with a respectable season, to greatly increase, if not to double this large amount, and in addition, to produce a corresponding amount of other small fruits, besides grapes, pears, peaches, and the other luscious fruits, and the various vegetable products for which New Jersey is famous.

Vineland, for that is the place, can hardly fail to occupy, in the early future an extraordinary position among the rising towns, cities, and suburban retreats of America. Not yet seven years of age, starting into life in the midst of the great rebellion, with the plans of her founder not fully developed, she yet exhibits so much thrift, enterprise, and beauty; such a remarkable instance of taste on a grand scale; such mastery of township (if that term be applicable to a township) in the successful and total outlawry of the great social vice of the age, such incontestable evidences of dawning beauty in the long and sometimes double lines of shade trees along her avenues, and miles of young hedges, that hardly one in a thousand can restrain his admiration at the conquest of nature already achieved, and the sagacity and energy which would venture single-handed on such an experiment in the face of such obstacles. These were many and powerful. One was a prejudice against New Jersey for her backwardness in enterprise; another her tyrannical railroad monopoly; and still another (especially potent with New Englanders), her lately inefficient school system, now greatly improved. Besides, it was an innovation in emigration to go to Jersey—fashion pointed to the West, where land was known to be "cheap" (as regarded first cost), rich, and ready for the plow. In addition, the great rebellion was looming up in awful proportions. The young men must go to the war, not to New Jersey—unless they were to keep her in the Union. Put in spite of all these difficulties Vineland rose—not from her ashes—but from out of the woods; acre after acre of timber was felled, and the land cleared for the plow; young fruit trees took the place of forest trees; flower gardens leapt into bloom almost as if by magic, in fact by the only magic there is—that of industry; neat, tasteful, and homelike structures rose over all the tract; a beautiful village—soon to be a city—grew up around the railroad depot; and to-day, far on the road to fame, this young township stands, not as was often predicted, a monument of its projector's folly, but of signal wisdom and enterprise, and a glorious instance of what New Jersey may do for herself in redeeming her waste places as well as her intellectual and political character.

Vineland largely owes her splendid success to the prohibition of an evil, the presence of which elsewhere has crippled hundreds of promising settlements, and sometimes destroyed them. That evil is land speculation. Vine-land farms and village lots are originally sold under restrictions which make permanent improvements necessary to the acquisition of a perfect title. Each farm must have a dwelling house erected upon it within one year from the date of purchase, and a certain proportion of the land varying according to the size of the farm, brought under cultivation. The roadside also must be seeded down to grass, and shade trees planted every two rods. Farm houses must stand not less than seventy five feet from the side of the road, and village houses twenty feet from the sidewalk. Thus, if men will speculate in Vineland property, they must do it in such a way that all adjoining properties share in the benefit. A piece of wild land cannot be held, year after year, in the midst of handsome improvements, sharing their benefits and imparting none.

To all those in search of rural homes, and who prize the social, intellectual and moral advantages of the older settled communities of the East, such a settlement as that of Vineland presents immense advantages over the chaotic communities of the far West. The adventurous speculator may get golden charms there, and the daring frontiersman find that his paradise; but the man of social and cultured tastes, with children to love, train and educate, and who does not care to cut entirely aloof from old associations, prefers a home at the East, where the "star of empire" is already well established. The Kansas Emigrant Aid Societies achieved their popularity on the strength of their supposed ability to give Kansas at once the best elements of Eastern society, schools, manufactories, mills, markets, churches, newspapers, and an intelligent and enterprising class of men and women. All that they promised—and much more—Vineland has realized. The existence of eighteen common schools and one academy indicates the views of the people in the matter of education.

Nearly all the prominent church organizations of the country, have one or more societies in Vineland. The larger proportion of settlers are from the Eastern States, but every Northern State has more or less representatives. The "farms" are from five to twenty acres in extent, a few less than five, and some more than twenty, but the average is probably ten. Of course these are not Pennsylvania farms for stock-raising or grain-growing. Fruit culture and "truck" raising are the great features of labor, more particularly the former. These small farms create a populous neighborhood, insure social order and social literary advantages, besides a concentrated system of labor, resulting in the fullest development of the capacities of the soil, the judicious application of fertilizers, and a very general and admirable taste for rural adornment. Another feature that strikes the stranger is the almost total absence of fences. But by a township law, rigidly enforced, no live stock are allowed to run at large; hence fences are not needed, and tens of thousands of dollars that unsightly fences would cost can be expended in clearing land, or in beautifying the homes of the people. As an ornamental substitute for fences, miles of young evergreen hedges, and sometimes of osage orange are being planted, or are already quite advanced, which a few years hence will constitute a feature of remarkable beauty. Of course these rural adornments are, more or less, in an embryo state as yet; shade trees and hedges do not mature their beauty in one or even in six years; but the germ of surpassing beauty is there; the streets and roads are laid out, the trees and hedges are planted, (with more or less addition each spring or autumn,) and the will, taste and enterprise are there, which at no distant day will make Vineland more famous for beauty than the "Sweet Auburn" of Goldsmith's song.

As to the soil, we find there are two classes who always admire it. One is the chemist, whose analyses prove the existence of unsurpassed mineral and marine stores of plant food; the other, the experienced and skillful cultivator. The rapid growth of fruit trees, vines, and plants, when properly cared for, attests its natural fertility. The only prominent deficiency is the absence of the average amount of vegetable matter in the surface soil, but which, clover, or swamp muck (of which immense quantities are at hand), stable manure, or some green crop, readily supplies. A clover sod, once established, grows with almost amazing luxuriance, and then "all things are possible" in the agricultural line. Once cleared of its wilderness debris the new soil works "like a charm." There is an agreeable diversity of soil—clay, sand, loam and gravel in all desirable proportions, but rarely a stone larger than a pebble. There is an abundance of clay for brick and for pottery ware, and fine, white, sharp sand, for pressed concrete brick, along the Maurice river, a stream forming the western boundary of the township. The surface is rolling, and from the various little eminences the eye takes in a wide expanse of country.

It is perfectly natural—in fact unavoidable that in the settlement so combining so many advantages for markets, literary and religious privileges, sociability, taste, temperance, good morals and good order, that property, in spite of non-taxes or business depressions, should advance at a rate almost without parallel in the rural world. Those little fruit farms, only three or four years out of the woods, and costing originally from \$20 to \$30 per acre, are held now at prices ranging anywhere (depending on location, improvements, etc.) at from \$500 to \$1,000 per acre, and in some rare cases even more. And they are worth it, certainly to a man of moderate capital who has a taste for rural pursuits, and who can appreciate a home where children can be reared away from city temptations, amid the refining influences of rural beauty and social culture, and yet not wholly cut off from city advantages. Distinct only some thirty miles on the direct road to Cape May, that most charming resort of summer tourists, this rising young town, now so little known to our citizens, so certain to become one of our city's greatest conservatories and fruit garden, will some day also become, we predict, the most popular suburban retreat around Philadelphia.

LOVE ME—LOVE MY DOG.—When Count Sponebeck, confidential adviser to the King of Greece, was on his way to that country, he had with him on board the steamer a powerful Newfoundland dog, to which he was much attached. The dog one day fell overboard, and Count Sponebeck asked the captain of the vessel to have the engines stopped, that his dog might be saved. "Your excellency," replied the captain, "my instructions are to stop only when a man has fallen overboard." "Very well," said the Count, who is an excellent swimmer, and jumped overboard. The steamer stopped, and both the Count and his dog were, five minutes afterwards, again on board.

A SNAKERY.—We lately heard some very expressive remarks on the subject of Temperance. The speaker was showing the terrible evils of liquor-selling upon society. He thought, if parents would look at the dangers to which this business is exposing their children, they would not rest till it was entirely abandoned. He gave, in substance, the following curious illustration of the views of these dangers:

"Suppose I should come into this place to go into business. Suppose I should begin to erect a curious looking building; and put in a great number of drawers, and cases with glass tops, etc. Every one that passed by, would look and wonder what it could mean. By-and-by some one would inquire,—

"Stranger, will you please to tell me, what this building is for?"

"Oh, I am going to open a *snakery*!"

"A *snakery*. I am going to keep all sorts of snakes—rattle-snakes, copperheads, etc.; and sell bites, at so much a bite. A rattle-snake bite, I shall sell for 6-14 cents; and a copperhead bite—which will do the work quicker—at a York shilling, etc. And when my snakes get a little cold and torpid, I shall lay them out on the sidewalk, in the sun, to warm and revive them; and when your children come along to school, they will like to look at them."

"How long do you suppose it would be before every father and mother, and every citizen in the place, would give me to understand that I had better make my way out of town, with my *snakery*, as soon as possible?"

And, young reader, which should you think would be worse, to have a child stung by the deadly fang of one of these snakes, or poisoned by the rum-seller's cup—of which the good Book says, "At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder?" If we die from the bite of a serpent, we may not be to blame for it; but if we die from the effects of the rum-seller's cup, we shall die with *guilt* upon our souls!

Let us all hope and labor and pray for a law that shall send to the penitentiary every man that would open among us his *snakery*, to poison us and our children.

GOOD ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.—Keep good company or none. Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person, look him in the face. Good company and good character is above all things else. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If any one speaks evil of you let your life be so that none will believe him. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors. Ever live (misfortune excepted) within your income. When you retire to bed think over what you have been doing during the day. Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper. Small quantities of mind. Never play at any game of chance. Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it. Earn money before you spend it. Never run into debt unless you see a way to get out again. Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it. Do not marry until you are able to support a wife. Never speak evil of any one. Be just before you are generous. Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy. Insure your life. Earn money when you are young to spend when you are old. Read over the above at least once a week.

A HINT TO LADIES.—It is a distinguishing characteristic of a cultivated woman to adorn and beautify her person. In proportion as she becomes refined or debased, she pays more or less regard to her personal appearance. The love of admiration is, as it ought to be, strong in every woman's nature, and hence it is that the decoration of her person is always regarded as of paramount importance. The three most beautiful things on earth are women, children and flowers—each equally by nature pure and attractive. Woman knows she is beautiful, she loves to be admired by man; endeavors to render herself as attractive as possible to man's eyes, and therefore it is that she avails herself of all the benefits of dress and ornaments. Woman is gifted by nature with great natural attractions. Her complexion is, if not ruined by paint and powder, fair and delicate, her hair abundant and lustrous, and her form the very perfection of grace and loveliness. Woman's chief ornament is her hair. No matter how regular the contour of the features may be—how lustrous the eye—how sweet the voice or graceful the form, if the hair be not soft, glossy and beautiful, the chief attraction is wanting. A lady remarkable for the beauty of her hair, remarked in our hearing, the other day, that she owed to the moderate and constant use of "Barrett's Hair Restorative" a deep obligation, for by it she had become locally famous for the abundance and lustre of her hair. Using it constantly ourselves we can add our testimony that as a dressing and restorative combined Barrett's is superior to any Hair Preparation we have ever used. It is reasonable in price, too, costing only one dollar for a large bottle full of the mixture. [Cincinnati Sunday Globe.]

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, after detailing his conversations in Kentucky with various politicians, says:

As a summary of what I saw and heard in Kentucky, I can only say, that if the people over there mean anything at all by their talk, they mean fight, and, in the event of a Democratic victory, will inaugurate it at once. They seem to be desperate over the loss of slavery and political power in the nation, and they now feel like doing what they did not in 1861, going to the fight as a State as well as individuals.

ROWDYISM.—There is nothing so low and detestable in young men, as to loiter and hang round the haunts of the vicious. When we see boys just old enough to imagine that they are somebody, parading the streets of our villages in the evening, using boisterous and profane language, as all will do who are in the habit of carousing at night, we at once put them down as candidates for the prison or the gallows, for allowing them to pursue such a course. Again, when we see a young man spending his time uselessly around the portals of a hotel, leaning against a column, or poised in an armchair, with his feet against a pillar, and a cigar in his mouth, we mark him as one not fit to be trusted, and we always keep a good look out when such chaps come upon our premises, if we have anything that can be easily stolen.

# Waterville Mail.

VOL. XXII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE. . . . FRIDAY, SEPT. 4, 1868.

NO. 10.



## Waterville Mail.

B. H. MAXHAM, DAN L. H. WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . SEPT. 4, 1868.



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

## 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.

Electors of President and Vice President.

At Large.....GEORGE L. BEAL.

Third District.....DENNIS L. MILLIKEN.

Kennebec County Nominations.

For Senators.....JOHN L. STEVENS.

.....WILLIAM B. SNELL.

.....THOMAS S. LANG.

Clerk of Courts.....WM. M. STRATTON.

Sheriff.....CHARLES HEWINS.

Judge Probate.....HENRY K. BAKER.

Reg. Probate.....JOSEPH BURTON.

Co. Treasurer.....ALANSON STARK.

Co. Commis.....ASBURY YOUNG.

VERMONT.—For twenty years we have

watched the political sympathy between Ver-

mont and Maine. In national politics the

two States are emphatically one

people. Their moral systems are toned alike,

and whatever moves one moves the other. They

rallied together when Lincoln was elected—and

again when he was re-elected: and all through

the rebellion they travelled together neck-and-

neck over the Union course. Last year they

fell back together on local questions, each

reducing their vote and their majority in about

the same proportion. This year Vermont has

rallied and rushed forward into the very camp

of the enemy; and this year Maine is only

waiting her turn to place herself again shoulder

to shoulder with her ever faithful sister

State. Vermont has added ten thousand to

her majority, this year—and Maine will add

ten thousand to her majority, when the day ar-

rives for her vote! Her masses are moving

just as they moved in Vermont, and the result

will be the same. Her majority of at least

twenty thousand votes for Grant and Colfax

will be written on the crest of the wave that is

to roll over the whole nation, State by State,

till the monster whose head is treason and its

tail democracy, is crushed out forever. For

this work Maine is to-day just as safe as Ver-

mont.

We call the attention of the Anson Ad-

vocate—which recently asserted that all town

subscriptions for the Somerset Railroad had

been made upon the condition that the junction

of that road with the Me. Central should be at

East Waterville—to the advertisement of Mr.

Ayer, for proposals for building that road "from

West Waterville to Carratunk Falls." Possi-

bly our friend "Mutton Hill" may find an an-

swer to some of his queries touching the in-

tegrity of railroads. Is anybody "in danger of

being cheated?" It may be a question of in-

terest between the P. & K. and the M. C.

roads whether the new road shall play into the

one or the other; but what difference does it

make to anybody else whether the produce of

Somerset county goes to the seaboard across

the eastern or the western border of the town

of Waterville. At present a portion of Som-

erset track is taken at West Waterville, that

will be taken at points further up when the

road is built. So far as relates to all that sec-

tion, West Waterville is now practically the ter-

minus of a road which it is proposed to send

forward into Somerset county. Is Skowhegan

anxious to see the S. & K. road starting on

northward to take the trade that now centers

at that village? We are entirely willing that

our friends at the west village should secure

the junction of the two roads at that place, if

they are not deceived into paying too dear for

the favor. If they can see how it is for their

benefit to cut off all the local trade that now

comes to them from sections through which

the road is to pass, they may possibly be sharp

enough to see why the east village should be

willing to vote fifty thousand dollars of town

credit to secure a junction here. If not, they

had better not be in a hurry to "raise their

own bid," till somebody bids ever them. If,

as report says, they have already pledged from

seven to ten thousand dollars to make the mat-

ter sure, they are certainly out of danger of

competition. "Who says more?" GONE!

THE KENNEBEC CAMP MEETING ASSO-

CIATION occupy their new ground in Richmond

for the first time this week, and have thus far

been favored with delightful weather. We

visited the grounds on Wednesday, for a few

hours, and found a large number of people in

attendance, the meeting having only been fair-

ly started that morning. We arrived just at

the conclusion of the forenoon services, and

"The sounding aisles of the dim wood rang"

with the glorious tune of "Old Hundred" as

we reached the stand. Quiet and good order

reigned all through the beautiful grove; every-

body seemed to be enjoying themselves, prais-

ing the able sermon of the morning and an-

tiating much pleasure from what was in

store. We tabernacled with some Winslow

friends, who kindly made us welcome to their

bountifully laden table; and although we were

there only a few hours in the middle of the

day, when the best side is not seen, yet so

pleasant was our experience that we got a new

idea of the peculiar charms of a camp meeting,

and no longer wonder that many families watch

for the yearly return with increasing delight.

The grounds are conveniently accessible by

means of the Portland and Kennebec Rail-

road, which runs through them, the speakers

stand being about a third of a mile from the

station. Passengers are taken down and back

for one fare, and it is a very pleasant trip.

P. S.—The rain to-day must close it up.

PROSPERITY OF WATERVILLE.

Much has been said about the prosperity and

improvement of Waterville. What is prosper-

ity? One element of it is the increase of

wealth; but a far more important one is its

moral improvement. But how can this latter

consist with the open disregard of God's moral

law?

The building of a dam is thought to be the

commencement of an era of prosperity; and so

it may be, if rightly conducted. But is it right

to work on it on the Sabbath, and especially

when no Providential apparent necessity gives

a color of justification?

Would a majority of the stockholders ap-

prove the work last Sabbath? Have the Di-

rectors or Agent a right to act in this matter

contrary to the moral sentiments of the stock-

holders?

For one, I esteem the approval of God in

Sabbath keeping worth more than all the wis-

dom and labors of those who disobey His laws.

Nor do I believe he will allow such a public

infraction of them to pass without some sig-

nals of his disapprobation. C. F. H.

If our correspondent had been as ready to

be just as he is to be righteous, he should have

accompanied his charges with a statement of

extenuating facts, as he knows them to exist,

without imposing upon us the task of hunting

them up, and leaving us to draw our own con-

clusions. These facts we will state for

him, and leave everybody—as he needs

learn to do—to be their own judges of the right

or wrong of the case.

The Water Power Co. have a great deal of

work to do on the dam to secure it from dam-

age by the fall freshets. Between 75 and 100

men are employed; and it was believed last

Sunday, that five of these men, and not the

whole force, as he would leave to be inferred—

would "do good on the Sabbath day" by clos-

ing up a coffer-dam, so that the main body of

the men could begin work on Monday.

These are the facts, as we learn them from

the Agent; and if we did not believe "C. F. H."

to be one who "requires much but con-

cedes little," we should have demanded that he

put them on file with his charges. Men will

judge the case according to their different views

of the Sabbath.

"THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES—its

Causes, Character, Conduct and Results," is

the title of a work, one volume of which has

recently been issued by the National Publish-

ing Co., of Philadelphia. It is a history of the

rebellion from a southern standpoint, and

presents a careful political analysis of the past,

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. It is a

calm and dispassionate work, and therefore all

the more valuable to the student of history

and the politician. Men of both parties, who

desire to be thoroughly informed upon the po-

litical history of the country, will do well to

read the work of Mr. Stephens, being careful

however, not to be misled by his fallacies.

This work is sold only by subscription, and

Mr. John L. Abbott is now canvassing this

vicinity for subscribers.

REPUBLICAN MEETINGS.—Hon. J. G. Blaine

will speak at Norridgewock, Sept. 7, at 2 P.

M.; and at North Anson Sept. 8, at 2 P. M.

Hon. Sidney Perham will speak at West Wa-

terville, Monday, Sept. 7, at 7 P. M., and at

Hunter's Mills, Clinton, on Thursday, Sept.

10, at 7 P. M. Hon. Sidney Perham and

Hon. Wm. B. Snell will speak in the Winslow

Town House, on Tuesday, Sept. 8, at 7 P. M.,

and at Benton Town House on Wednesday,

Sept. 9, at 7 P. M. Hon. James G. Blaine and

Wm. P. Whitehouse, Esq., will speak at Bel-

grade Depot, on Thursday, Sept. 10, at 2 P.

M.

THE PARAGUAYAN FORTRESS of Humaita

has fallen into the hands of the allies; but the ac-

counts vary widely as to the causes and prob-

able consequences of the event. Further ad-

vice will probably throw more light upon the

matter.

We are under obligation to Messrs. Owen &

Nash, of the Kennebec Journal, for a copy of

the Maine Legislative Manual. It is full of

valuable information and will prove a great

convenience to the politician.

## OUR TABLE.

THE SPANISH GYPSY. By George Eliot.

Author of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss,"

etc. \$1.50. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

The great reputation which George Eliot has won as

author of some of the most remarkable of modern

works, seems likely to be equalled by the fame of

"The Spanish Gypsy." Both English and American

critics have spoken of it in terms of very high praise.

In their judgment it displays as great and varied in-

tellectual power as the author has shown in her previous

works,—equal largeness of view, depth and fertility of

thought, range of knowledge, force of characterization,

and purity of style,—and, in addition, a sweep of im-

agination and a power and felicity of poetic expression,

which make it one of the greatest poems of the age.

"The Spanish Gypsy" is a tale of Spain in medieval

times, when the bloody struggle between the Cross and

the Crescent was raging fiercely. It is dramatic in form,

with occasional episodes of description, thus combining

the advantage of both the novel and the drama. The

scenery of Spain, its changeless mountains and plains,

its groves, its songful rivers, the tropical air and sunny

skies, are rendered with surprising vividness and faith-

fulness. The story is forced into the reader's memory

by the striking distinctness of the characters which

move in it. The full fervor of the gypsy chief; the

beauty and the mental struggle of his daughter, who

has to choose between her race and







