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Maxham & Wing

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BY WILLIAM WINTER.

He loves not well whose love is high;  
I would not have them come too high;  
The sun's gold would not seem pure gold  
Unless the sun were in the sky.  
To take him thence, and chain him near,  
Would make his beauty disappear.

He keeps his state; do thou keep thine—  
And shine upon me from afar;  
So shall I bask in light divine  
That falls from love's own guiding star  
So shall my eminence be high,  
And so my passion shall not die.

But all my life shall reach its hands  
Of lofty longing toward thy face,  
And be as one who speechless stands  
In rapture at some perfect grace.  
My love, my hope, my all, shall be  
To look to heaven and look to thee.

Thine eyes shall be the heavenly light,  
Thine voice shall be the summer breeze,  
What time it sways on moonlit nights,  
The murmuring of leafy trees.  
And I will touch thy beautiful form  
In June's red roses, rich and warm.

But thou thyself shalt come not down  
From that pure region far above;  
But keep thy throne and wear thy crown—  
Queen of my heart and queen of love!  
A monarch in thy realm complete,  
And I a monarch—at thy feet.

[Atlantic Monthly.]

[From the Lady's Friend.]

MR. WHITING'S MISTAKE.

A woman in a calico dress, with a towel pinned over her hair, stood shaking and beating up a pillow, upon the upper balcony of a square stone-house; and a man stood brushing the dust and specks from his coat, upon the balcony below. The woman was Bridget Geokas, and the man was Paul Whiting.

Now it happened that just beyond the church, down a side-street, was a little, low wing growing upon the body of a painted wooden house; and here lived Miss Alma Disbrow, a worthy maiden with frost-bitten curls, who always wore a black silk dress, a heavy gold chain, and an eye-glass.

Miss Disbrow's father had been unfortunate enough to be a pioneer in this part of the lake-county, so long ago as when the governor's wife rode to church in a tip-cart drawn by oxen, and when the town was lighted by glow-worms instead of gas.

But his daughter, Miss Alma, was fortunate enough to live so lately as when the most desirable street of a flourishing commercial city, ran directly through the heart of her father's swamp lands. And still later, when in token of her being unmarried, and an only daughter, she came into possession, by her father's will, of the principal part of this rich inheritance.

Upon that, turning her back toward all aspiring adventures, and shutting her eyes against her brother's longing boys and girls, she gave the best located lots of the whole for the building of a church and rectory; and then, throwing out this modest wing from the house of her youngest and least disliked brother, she settled herself down in it to sit and look all day at her beautiful gift.

But Miss Alma had eyes as sharp as a brass pin; the better to see with, my dear; so beside the high stone church, she perceived a great many things. And upon this particular morning she sat in her Parker-rocker, rustling and rocking, with her eye-glass in one hand, and the morning paper in the other. On the leather cushion of an old arm chair, by the sunniest window, sat her confidential, a black dog with a white face, named Benjamin. This dog had a great deal more consideration, and many more privileges, than her brother's children; and it was into his pointed ears Miss Disbrow, who had not another weakness in the world (unless in the matter of a front tooth or so), had the habit of dropping everything she thought, knew, or guessed. And the dog Benjamin, as the man Benjamin might not have done, always listened without interruption, and never repeated a thing she said.

"Benjamin!" cried Miss Disbrow, so suddenly the dog jumped upon his feet, "as true as you are born, Mrs. Baby has only just this moment come to help about clearing up after the church social. Well, now, I do say, that is not real mean! Just come! When she is there, *beard*ing, with nothing under the stars to do, not even to make her own bed; and poor, little Mrs. Grelling, with her six children, and all her housekeeping cares, has been here hard at work full half an hour. I cannot stand such shirking, lazy ways—I declare, I can't!"

Benjamin yawned, and stretched himself; and Miss Disbrow moved her chair nearer the window, and looking out at the clouded sky, the brown-touched trees, and the wet walk, she saw presently the figures upon the two piazzas of the square stone-house at the corner.

By that time the ladies were through with their work of clearing up at the vestry, and had gone clattering home in their high-heeled boots; the scrub-women and the boys had done all their running out and in, and slopping about with pails of water; and the old white-bearded sexton, in his round, steel bowled glasses, that made him look like a gray owl, had locked the door, and gone to his day's work, saving wood, at one of the grand houses on the avenue. So Miss Disbrow had plenty of time to turn her observation and her eye-glass toward her neighbors' balconies.

To tell the plain truth, between you and me and Benjamin, Miss Disbrow had for some time felt that the Whiting family needed more looking after than they got from the sun, moon, and stars, and the city watchman, and she had been trying to act the part of the good Samaritan, and go with the oil and the wine, when she should have discovered the nature of the family wound. So, whenever one of the Whitings came in sight, she put down her paper and put up her glass.

"Benjamin," said she, presently, dropping her glass, and rocking till her dress rustled like an oak tree in a north wind—"Benjamin you cannot guess what has happened now!"

Benjamin did not want to try, the task being so hopeless, and Miss Disbrow went on. "That Bridget Geokas—she is a reckless thing—I've long seen that, and wondered Mrs. Whiting kept her so—she has been and left a pillow on the balcony railings. Went off and left it! Of course the wind took it, and so there it lies, ruffling, embroidery and all, right down in the gutter, liable to be stolen by every passer-by. Now, Benjamin, would you, or wouldn't you, go over and tell them?"

Benjamin's face, about one eye, was black, and the rest of the face being entirely white, this gave him a peculiarly knowing expression when he cocked up that eye, as he had a way of doing. And now he turned this black eye upon Miss Disbrow, with quite the appearance of winking at her. Perhaps, indeed, he did. Anyhow, there was evidently some invisible freemasonry between them, for Miss Disbrow instantly responded, just as though he had spoken.

"Well, then, I will, Benjamin. Why are we put in this world together if not to help each other?" said she, with an air of virtuous responsibility she threw a little maize-colored rigolette over her weather-beaten curls, and a white breakfast shawl over her shoulders. Then putting on her gloves, with the dignity

of a circumnavigator, she started across the street.

One might fancy she would pick up the unfortunate pillow upon the way; but no—I hope she was above meddling with her neighbor's things. Certainly! She walked impressively to the door, and rang the bell, which was instantly answered by Mr. Whiting himself, with a carpet-bag in his hand, and his hat upon his head.

"Going away, are you?" said Miss Disbrow, diverted, for the time, from her original errand, by an opportunity of inserting the wedge of inquiry.

"Ah! Miss Disbrow! Yes, I am going to Chicago on a little business trip. Won't you come in?"

"Thank you Mr. Whiting, not this morning. Does your wife accompany?"

"No she doesn't. She is going to Cincinnati for a few days," replied Mr. Whiting, who was guiltless as a spring chicken, and not much more of a mouthful for the managing black fox, who always found a great deal more flavor in anything she had first unearthed by skillful digging. "You had better come in," continued he cordially. "Mrs. Whiting is busy packing, but she will be glad to see you." And the deluded man really believed so; for, although he had lived in such close relation with Mrs. Whiting for five years, he was only a man after all.

But Miss Disbrow was a woman and so she knew a great deal better than to be persuaded a person is glad to see callers when packing. "Oh, no indeed, Mr. Whiting! Thank you; but I just ran over, in a neighborly way, to tell you of a little accident I happened to observe from my window. A pillow fell from the balcony where your chambermaid very carelessly left it; and is now lying upon the sidewalk. I was fearful it might come to grief before any of the family missed it. Good morning." And so speaking, Miss Disbrow bowed and rustled away.

"Benjamin," said she, mysteriously, when she reached her own rocking-chair again, "I cannot see why Mrs. Whiting takes the time to go to Cincinnati when her husband is away. It would be my choice not to leave the house with that flighty Bridget Geokas. Or then, why not Mrs. Whiting go to-day, while her husband is here to see her off? I can't understand it."

And with this, Miss Disbrow fell into a fit of musing, and mused so long and silently that Benjamin fell asleep, and dreamed he knew where there was a woodchuck's hole with the woodchuck in it.

Meantime Mr. Whiting kissed his wife (probably, took his valise, and went off, happily unconscious of a cloud no bigger than a man's hand already coming up in his domestic sky. He thought of no shadow darker than the bank of heavy dampness, hanging above his head in the heavens. And that very evening those vaporous clouds, having sucked long enough over the wretched condition of the muddy streets, made up their mind, and expressed it by coming down in an empanate fall of snow, that glided from umbrellas and drifted against windows, like a slipping-off of great white blankets. By day-dawn the streets, and roofs, and steeples, were white as a miller's cat, and the air rang with the scraping of shovels, and the jangling of sleigh-bells.

"Of course Mrs. Whiting won't think of starting after such a snow, with every prospect of the roads being blocked. Of course not, Benjamin," said Miss Disbrow, seating herself to the occupation of looking upon the things of her neighbors with all the eyes of her own, and all the eyes of her glasses. Watching them so intently, that actually a pair of pigeons flew into the belfry of the church, and a pair of ragged boys peeped into the vestry window without her knowing it. But her watch was rewarded, for at precisely a quarter past eleven, a close carriage came up to Mrs. Whiting's door.

"As sure as you are born, Benjamin, she is going!" exclaimed Miss Disbrow, apparently so violently astonished as though she had not been looking all the morning for a sight of this very carriage. "And two trunks! What can the woman want of two trunks, just to go down to Cincinnati for a few days?" she continued, appearing to suspect the old trick of the Trojan horse. "Well, now, I can't see why she takes so much baggage. And as sure as you are made, Benjamin, she has a new travelling suit throughout, hat and all. A suit of silver-gray poplin, with a muff and a collar of Astrachan wool, and an Alaska hat. She looks as girlish as you please," added Miss Disbrow, bringing her opera-glass, which always lay conveniently near on a table, to bear upon the small figure of her neighbor, who was turning back at the door for a last word to Bridget; seeming, as she stood there, to the untired eye, as cheerful and innocent as a Burgundy rose. But, alas! things are not what they seem!

"If that woman is ever dissected, I want to see her heart, Benjamin. I believe she has no more than you could put on the point of a needle. I do so," resumed Miss Disbrow, putting down her glass as the carriage slowly ploughed its way along the snowy street, and taking up the book-mark she was embroidering for the pulpit Bible.

The sun shone, the pigeons whirled past the windows, the school-boys snow-balled, the engine screamed, and the cars rumbled, and disappeared around the long curve, out beyond the city limits, and so away into the limitless somewhere of the wide world. And with them went little Mrs. Whiting, blithe as a bluejay, and charming as a June morning. But although she looked so, what if, after all, she was not simple-hearted as a daisy?

"Did you know Mrs. Whiting over here had gone away, Aunt Alma?" cried out her niece Moraretta, bursting into the room that afternoon in her usual abrupt way.

"Certainly niece. Take care, child! Don't upset that pot of primroses."

Miss Disbrow always enjoyed a call from Moraretta, something as one would to see a calf taking his morning walk among one's verbenas.

"Moraretta, a little more and you would have thrown down the shade over my wax-flowers! Did you want anything?"

"Why, no, Aunt Alma. I just came in; that is all. But I was wondering who Mrs. Whiting went off with, and I thought perhaps you knew."

"Why, did you see any body with her?"

What do you mean!" asked Miss Disbrow suddenly, so interested that she forgot to chide Moraretta for swinging a pair of scissors by their ribbons, to the imminent peril of Benjamin's eyes and a pier-glass.

"Yes I saw somebody. And so did Bella Mosier. We were coming through the depot, on our way home from school, like we always do, when we saw Mrs. Whiting. I saw her, and so did Bella; and just as we said, both together, 'There is Mrs. Whiting, a gentleman came up and kissed her very affectionately, and she looked all in a flutter, and so did he; and then they took the cars for Cleveland!'"

"For Cleveland? Moraretta, are you sure?" exclaimed Miss Disbrow, in vestal horror.

"Yes ma'am, sure. That was what Bella and I thought, so sure, for her trunks were marked Cincinnati; we stood right by them and saw the cards. You may ask Bella if it wasn't so. There she is, going by this minute. Bella! Bella! Come in!" she cried, running to the window, tapping on it and nodding and beckoning.

Miss Disbrow's sense of outraged propriety was so much shocked by the scandal of Moraretta's story, that she permitted this breach of decorum and insult to the dignity of her window without a word, though the window itself shook all over under the mortification. But Bella came in, as like Moraretta in girlish life and hoydenism as one bramble-bush is like another. And then out of the mouth of two witnesses Miss Disbrow was forced to believe.

"Did you ever see the man before? How did he look and how did he appear?" she asked.

"Oh, he was perfectly splendid, and he was dressed elegantly!" cried the enthusiastic school-girl. "But I never saw him before; neither did Retta. But don't think he lives here; he came from the Cincinnati cars. You saw him, didn't you Retta?" said Bella Mosier.

"Yes of course I did. And then he looked around as though he expected to see somebody, till he saw Mrs. Whiting, and she was just standing like she was waiting, wasn't she, Bella?"

"Well, there, Benjamin, what do you make of that?" said Miss Disbrow, after the girls had chattered themselves out of the room and out of the house. "Don't you recollect I suspected all was not right when I saw those two immense trunks, and little Mrs. Whiting herself dressed up like a doll? I do wish I knew what to think!"

All day long Miss Disbrow sat putting this and that together until the opposite house grew fairly hideous under its shadow of evil; and all night long she lay awake upon her great old-fashioned mahogany bedstead, still putting this and that together.

By day-dawn the next morning, Miss Disbrow was looking out to see if it had fared with the gray mist, over night, as with the cities of the plain. But no; sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily; and there it stood, massive and square, against the reddening eastern sky. And at that very moment, she saw Mr. Whiting, with the general look of unkempt luggardness belonging to a traveler just out of a sleeping-car, going in through the stately but disheveled doorway.

"Benjamin!" cried Miss Disbrow, nervously—"he has come home! Perhaps she has left him a note! Perhaps—oh! perhaps, he is reading it now! Oh, Benjamin! Ought I to go over and tell him what we know! Ought I?"

Benjamin did not reply, but he looked thoughtful, which was more satisfactory to the inquirer; and Miss Disbrow sat down and rocked, with her face toward the church, as the Jews in exile turned their faces toward Jerusalem.

"Benjamin," said she presently, "I will go. It is my duty. The next train to Cleveland leaves at seven-forty; and there is not a moment to lose."

So she went.

Mr. Whiting answered her ring this morning as before, and though he looked a little surprised at the untimely call, he seemed no wise agitated or under a cloud.

"Mrs. Whiting has not returned?" began the spinster.

"No, ma'am. I do not expect her before the last of the week. Is there anything I can do for you, in her absence, Miss Disbrow?" returned the wronged husband.

"Nothing, Mr. Whiting—nothing for me. Where did I understand you to say Mrs. Whiting had gone? Could it be Cleveland?"

"No, Cincinnati. She has gone to her sister's, Mrs. Geokas; perhaps you know her?" replied the unconscious man, wondering to the tips of his boots, Miss Disbrow was there.

"Another pillow gone over, maybe, or perhaps she has seen Bridget giving cold pieces to a beggar at the back-gate," mused he, listening with a hungry ear for the breakfast-bell.

But his wonder and musing were cut painfully short.

"Mr. Whiting," said Miss Disbrow, solemnly—"I am afraid I have bad news for you. Your wife did not go to Cincinnati, as you suppose; she went to Cleveland. And she did not go alone."

Mr. Whiting stared helplessly at the speaker, unable on the instant to take in such dreadful tidings.

"What do you mean?" he asked, stupidly, at last.

"What I say is true, Mr. Whiting. I have it from parties who saw her go. She has gone to Cleveland, and she did not go alone," repeated Miss Disbrow, nodding so wisely, she might have been an aunt of Solomon's.

Mr. Whiting was as innocent as a cup of new milk, but he had as many nerves as a woman; and if he had not been born a man he would certainly have been a blue-bottle fly, bumping about, restless and distracted. Therefore, as soon as he had fairly comprehended Miss Disbrow's disgraceful story, he was nearly wild.

He took it harder than I could wish, Benjamin. Harder than I could wish. Poor man! I don't know when I have pitied anybody so before, and truly, Benjamin, I am afraid I shall have no appetite for my breakfast; and you know it is fish-balls to-day, and I am more partial to fish-balls than anything. It is too bad! so it is."

And Miss Disbrow sighed, partly for her own loss, and partly for the loss of her neighbor.

"Yes, Benjamin! There he goes. Yes—going to find her; and when he finds her—what then? What then, I ask you, Benjamin?"

Benjamin did not know—he had no means of knowing—so he did not tell.

And after smelling at a bottle of camphor, Miss Disbrow went on—"It does seem to me, and always has, that if Mr. Whiting had not been a born idiot, he might have known better than to marry such a pretty bunch of lace and feathers. But a man is always a fool about a woman until he marries her."

While Miss Disbrow, full of wisdom and of sympathy, talked thus behind her glasses and her window-curtains, Mr. Whiting went down the avenue to the depot, half frantic with haste and horrible fancies, blaming himself miserably, as he went on his miserable way, for his blindness and carelessness, while a thousand things, overlooked and forgotten before, straightened and explained themselves in the light of this shameful light.

Once in the car, the train, at its swiftest, seemed to crawl like a sick caterpillar; and oh, how tediously often and long they stopped at every woodpile and hamlet of shanties! Suddenly they stopped, not much of anywhere, and never started again.

"What is up now?" cried out Mr. Whiting, impatiently.

"Nothing is up. A bridge is down," answered somebody, in such a provokingly cool tone, Mr. Whiting felt like asking him to fight. "We have to go around three miles in a sleigh, and take the train on the other side. Fine chance for a sleigh-ride," added the contented soul, whose wife sat in the seat beside him, crocheting a very minute pink saucer.

Sure enough! First an hour of ignominious waiting, then the crowded, tedious transportation of five hundred men and women, and each of their five hundred trunks, over and back. A cycle of time to a man with a swarm of bees in his heart.

But "all things come round to him who waits," and at last they steamed off beyond the broken bridge, slower, though, than ever; for the road was washed, and the train was heavy. Yet at last the ride ended also, although it was away through the night, and finally daybreak, and even broad morning, before the train reached Cleveland.

It was too early for the street-cars and being off-time, there were no coaches in waiting; so Mr. Whiting started at once to walk to the house of his wife's father.

The day had broken rough and windy, as it always does in the beautiful Forest City, and the clouded sky frowned upon the miserable husband as well as the smoky-stained shops and sloppily sidewalks. Even Commodore Perry, upon his pedestal in the park, seemed to look stonier than ever as he gazed off upon the icy lake, with a hard sort of pity that forbore to look down upon the human wretchedness he had himself done with years ago and ago.

Mr. Whiting hurried on, hardly comprehending his errand, or what he feared, until he came to the house of his father-in-law—a pretty gothic cottage, set far back on a lawn, behind lindens-trees. The house was shut up and silent; but Mrs. Whiting was always a lark at rising, and as her husband involuntarily looked up at the window of the room they had so often occupied, he saw her just looking back the curtains, as cheerful and bright as a buttercup. And before he was half way up the walk, she was through the doorway and down to meet him, smiling like a morning-glory.

"I didn't expect you before to-morrow," she cried, in girlish joy. "I thought you wouldn't get my letter in time. Nobody is up but me; isn't that splendid? Nobody in the whole house! We will go down to breakfast before they know you are here. Why, how delightful! I could just hug that old mail-carrier for taking around my letter in time! But wasn't it magnificent that Theodore happened to see me? He said it was all luck and chance he did not go out the other side of the depot. And we were just in time to catch the Cleveland train."

"Theodore" was Mrs. Whiting's eldest brother, just on his way home from India. And directly at the mention of his name, a stone as many as twenty tons burden fell from Mr. Whiting's heart, which, in consequence, felt lighter than sponge-bread.

"So you thought you would come right home with Theodore, instead of going to Cincinnati to see Sarah Gageon," said he.

"Why yes; Sarah is here, you know. Didn't I write you that? All of us, brothers and sisters are together, now you have come," answered Mrs. Whiting, growing sweeter, with every word she spoke, in the eyes of the happy husband.

Mr. Whiting never told his wife his comical and tragical mistake, and she never suspected the embroidered velvet cloak and ermine furs he bought for her that very day were, in sober reality, thank-offerings.

VINELAND EXPERIENCES.

What Industry and a little Ambition will do. How two horses and one fifty-dollar bill, with steady work for four years will make a man worth twelve thousand dollars.

VINELAND, Landis avenue,

Messrs. Editors:

I have thought that a truthful record of my farming and "getting along" experiences generally in Vineland would be of some importance, especially as bearing on the prospects of success which have hitherto opened, and still continue open here, to an industrious person of small capital. To that effect I hereby treat you to the following "fireside talk," which can be any day fully verified by the closest investigation.

I have resided in Vineland for four years. I came here with my family, consisting of my wife, one son, who lost an arm at Gettysburg, and two grown up daughters, from Canaan, Maine. My occupation there was the manufacturing of bedsteads and general teaming, with some little farming. This brought me in, during six years, an average of \$100 clear annually; but I must say that my ambition was not very poorly satisfied with such small "pay" for very heavy work.

As it happened, my daughter came across a "Vineland Rural." We all perused it attentively, and after careful deliberation, unanimously decided that we would give a fair trial to Vineland, more so on account of our health than anything else, as we had for some time come to the conclusion that a milder latitude than that of Maine would be decidedly beneficial to all of us. And I would here say that I was then a comparative cripple, and have been for a long time constantly suffering from a most annoying chronic disease, which all people, professional and otherwise, naturally pronounced incurable.

Well: I came and saw Vineland, travelled some over the tract. Investigated, thought, pondered, and finally made up my mind to settle. After paying my debts in Maine and moving my family here, I found that we had left in all two horses and one fifty-dollar bill. But we had made up our minds not to feel discouraged, come what will. I went at once to work with my horses, stump-pulling, at \$4 per day. After a while, and by pretty strict economy, I bought the machine, improved it somewhat, and pulled all the stumps put in my way, "on my own hook." As we had, in the meantime, (as well as for some time after) no house to go in, I hired two rooms at two dollars a week; bought a small cook stove and a few other necessary utensils; kept house in a "small way" and got along pretty comfortably on the whole. In comparatively a short time, I was enabled to pay one-fourth cash down, namely, \$125, for 25 acres of wild land, 5 acres on Landis avenue, on which I reside, and 20 ditto on Chestnut avenue. Then I bought me another machine, continued to stump for my neighbors and to clear my own land, bought another pair of horses, and also a pair of mules. From then till now I "kept at it" pretty closely. We all of us lived well enough, got supremely satisfied as to the capacities of the soil, raised excellent truck and fruit, and this day I have all my land cleared, 13 acres thoroughly stumped, 3 acres set to grape vines, 3 acres in blackberries, 2 acres in strawberries, 2 acres in black-eyes raspberries, half an acre in Philadelphia raspberries, besides 425 apple trees, 876 pear trees, 50 peach trees, with some currant and gooseberry bushes, all in fine growing condition. From what I have tested in the cultivation of sweet and Irish potatoes I have determined to set 4 acres in each. I also raise every year lots of garden vegetables, onions, beets, carrots, parsnips, cabbages, &c., and with this garden produce we are highly satisfied.

My dwelling-house, which I intend to enlarge and trim up generally as we go along, is of wood, 16 by 28, main building, with an L 13 feet by 23, all one story and a half. The stables are 36 by 28. And by the by this leads me to state that I intend going into raising grass and hay at no distant day, having already duly deliberated on that subject, as a thing which, by proper attention will pay and pay well in Vineland. The nearest calculation I can make, as to what I have done in Vineland, and what Vineland has done to me, is simply this: I know full well from comparison, and the offers which have at times been made to me, that my land and buildings in their present state, show a market value of at least Ten Thousand Dollars (10,000), and that my machines, teams and farming implements are worth at least two Thousand Dollars (\$2,000), making up the total of Twelve Thousand Dollars (12,000) which I call my Vineland Industrial Luck. In fact, we would not by any means sell out at a much higher figure.

I have never found any place like Vineland for an industrious man to get along in. Besides, it has proved itself, to my experience and knowledge, to be a very healthy place, particularly in lung diseases. I am myself, for all my hard work, in a much better condition than I have been for long years before moving here. I need not praise our pure, sweet, soft water. The working season, as compared to that of Maine, is just this; you can work out from May to October, or November, at farthest in that "upper region;" here you can, on a fair average, improve your land from February to Christmas, and sometimes even to New Year's Day.

My son and daughters have helped me considerably in work; but they were all well paid. In fact, except a little during my summer here, I have had no work whatever done for me which has not been strictly paid for.

My family has not had one single fit of home sickness since we arrived. They are so highly satisfied with Vineland, that none of them would leave on any account. Besides all my children have been well married in Vineland.

There are no two ways about it. A man that has a mind to work and has some ambition in him, will surely get rich, even if partially crippled, and quite as poor as I was when commencing operations here. But if a man will put his little all in a house to begin with, and will not keep up his industry and ambition, why then, he deserves not to get rich anywhere, and he has only himself to blame.

Respectfully yours,  
CHAS. E. WASHBURN.

cial to all of us. And I would here say that I was then a comparative cripple, and have been for a long time constantly suffering from a most annoying chronic disease, which all people, professional and otherwise, naturally pronounced incurable.

Well: I came and saw Vineland, travelled some over the tract. Investigated, thought, pondered, and finally made up my mind to settle. After paying my debts in Maine and moving my family here, I found that we had left in all two horses and one fifty-dollar bill. But we had made up our minds not to feel discouraged, come what will. I went at once to work with my horses, stump-pulling, at \$4 per day. After a while, and by pretty strict economy, I bought the machine, improved it somewhat, and pulled all the stumps put in my way, "on my own hook." As we had, in the meantime, (as well as for some time after) no house to go in, I hired two rooms at two dollars a week; bought a small cook stove and a few other necessary utensils; kept house in a "small way" and got along pretty comfortably on the whole. In comparatively a short time, I was enabled to pay one-fourth cash down, namely, \$125, for 25 acres of wild land, 5 acres on Landis avenue, on which I reside, and 20 ditto on Chestnut avenue. Then I bought me another machine, continued to stump for my neighbors and to clear my own land, bought another pair of horses, and also a pair of mules. From then till now I "kept at it" pretty closely. We all of us lived well enough, got supremely satisfied as to the capacities of the soil, raised excellent truck and fruit, and this day I have all my land cleared, 13 acres thoroughly stumped, 3 acres set to grape vines, 3 acres in blackberries, 2 acres in strawberries, 2 acres in black-eyes raspberries, besides 425 apple trees, 876 pear trees, 50 peach trees, with some currant and gooseberry bushes, all in fine growing condition. From what I have tested in the cultivation of sweet and Irish potatoes I have determined to set 4 acres in each. I also raise every year lots of garden vegetables, onions, beets, carrots, parsnips, cabbages, &c., and with this garden produce we are highly satisfied.

My dwelling-house, which I intend to enlarge and trim up generally as we go along, is of wood, 16 by 28, main building, with an L 13 feet by 23, all one story and a half. The stables are 36 by 28. And by the by this leads me to state that I intend going into raising grass and hay at no distant day, having already duly deliberated on that subject, as a thing which, by proper attention will pay and pay well in Vineland. The nearest calculation I can make, as to what I have done in Vineland, and what Vineland has done to me, is simply this: I know full well from comparison, and the offers which have at times been made to me, that my land and buildings in their present state, show a market value of at least Ten Thousand Dollars (10,000), and that my machines, teams and farming implements are worth at least two Thousand Dollars (\$2,000), making up the total of Twelve Thousand Dollars (12,000) which I call my Vineland Industrial Luck. In fact, we would not by any means sell out at a much higher figure.

I have never found any place like Vineland for an industrious man to get along in. Besides, it has proved itself, to my experience and knowledge, to be a very healthy place, particularly in lung diseases. I am myself, for all my hard work, in a much better condition than I have been for long years before moving here. I need not praise our pure, sweet, soft water. The working season, as compared to that of Maine, is just this; you can work out from May to October, or November, at farthest in that "upper region;" here you can, on a fair average, improve your land from February to Christmas, and sometimes even to New Year's Day.

My son and daughters have helped me considerably in work; but they were all well paid. In fact, except a little during my summer here, I have had no work whatever done for me which has not been strictly paid for.

My family has not had one single fit of home sickness since we arrived. They are so highly satisfied with Vineland, that none of them would leave on any account. Besides all my children have been well married in Vineland.

There are no two ways about it. A man that has a mind to work and has some ambition in him, will surely get rich, even if partially crippled, and quite as poor as I was when commencing operations here. But if a man will put his little all in a house to begin with, and will not keep up his industry and ambition, why then, he deserves not to get rich anywhere, and he has only himself to blame.

Respectfully yours,  
CHAS. E. WASHBURN.

WATERVILLE MAIL.

THE PROGRESS OF REPUBLICAN IDEAS.

And thus the whirlwind of time brings in his revenge. (Shakespeare.)



cease their admonitions; they are ever suggesting better things to the imagination, for

Talent convinces, Genius but excites:  
Talent shows the reason, that the soul delights,  
Talent from sober judgment takes its birth,  
And reconciles the pinion to the earth;  
Genius unsettles with desires the mind,  
Contented not till earth be left behind;  
Talent, the sunshine on a cultured soul,  
Ripens the fruit by slow degrees for toil;  
Genius, the sudden "Iris of the skies,  
On cloud itself reflects its wondrous dyes,"  
And to the earth, in tears and glory given,  
Clasp in its airy arch the pomp of heaven;  
Talent gives all that vulgar critics need—  
From its plain horn-brook leads the dull to read;  
Genius, the Pythian of the beautiful,  
Leaves its large truths a riddle to the dull—  
From eyes profane a veil the Iris screens,  
And fools on fools still ask "What Hamlet means?"

[Bulwer.]

and though bound hand and foot in the chains of despotism, that one idea will remain; that innate principle of right and wrong is ever at work in the breasts of the people, urging them to rise in their might, and break the oppressor's chains. Then with some master Genius of their own plebeian origin at their head, assert the right of the people to rule.

Up to the time of the American Revolution despotism was rampant, the nations were bound hand and foot with the chains of despotism. England alone could boast of anything that had the slightest resemblance to a free government. France had made a little progress under Napoleon toward the acquisition of popular institutions. Russia was a grinding despotism and rapidly extending its power. Austria was the child and champion of aristocratic pretensions, and with her mighty army defied the world. Prussia was helpless at the feet of a profligate court. Italy and Spain, ignorant, bigoted and intolerant, upheld the Pope of Rome and his dissolute priesthood. The "successful establishment of the experiment of free government in America," however, opened the eyes of the nations and a longing desire for freedom sprung up in the breasts of the people. That desire day by day "grew and gathered strength" with the increasing power of the great Republic of the North—the fountain head of all civil and political liberty—yes, the child and champion of republican equality.

The successful termination of the war of 1812 gave a vigorous impulse to the growth of republicanism. It was a stunning assertion of the ability of self governed people to resist oppression, and guaranteed the stability of the Republic beyond all peradventure. Its immediate influence was to soften the rigors of despotism in monarchial countries. This capped the climax. Republicanism was now invested with a glorious military and naval prestige, at home and abroad. "Freedom's grand march" was now irresistible; a free press, boundless resources, and a constantly augmenting population invested it with gigantic power. The Mexican war augmented its reputation. The subsequent annexation of Texas and California by which the Republic came into possession of boundless resources of the precious metals

— "the sinews of commerce on every shore,"—rendering her independent of foreign nations, firmly and finally established the cause of freedom on a permanent basis among the great powers of the earth.

But great and glorious as the cause of Popular Progress had become, perils were fast accumulating on every side. Impartial as the spirit of popular freedom was, it had never decried equal justice to the man of color, and now the slave power had waxed strong and great in the land. The slaveholder, reeling in the spoils of office from year to year, plotted the overthrow of freedom—treason was to play its part as it has ever done as far back as the annals of history carry us into the dominions of the past. No cause, no faith, no army but has had its traitors. Among the twelve Apostles of Christ there was a Judas. "There was a traitor among the Spartan band of Leonidas. Our Revolutionary army had its Benedict Arnold. The cause of Hungary had its Gregory who betrayed it at Vilagos. The cause of Henry VI., and Warwick was lost by the devotion of Clarence. Harold, the Saxon was betrayed by his own brother, Tosti. Maximilian had his Lopez; so the cause of popular freedom raised up two traitors, Calhoun and Jefferson Davis, followed by a host of others. But though the partricial arm of rebellion lifted the knife and struck at the heart of Popular Progress when none were prepared for it, the blow was averted by the "plebeian crowd" who had struck down the prestige of Monarchical oppression. Fearful was the shock of the conflict. Nothing now could stay the "grand march" of Republican ideas which swept every thing before them. The intemperate cause of treason and rebellion have gone down in everlasting night—the spirit of rebellion, it is true, is not dead yet, but freedom's strong right arm holds it down, and freedom's escutcheon, cleansed from its one foul blot, shines brighter and brighter. The cause of Republicanism—purified by the fearful baptism of blood—is become perfect in strength, and a perfect pattern for the nations at large.

The emancipation of 5,000,000 slaves struck dead the very life of the slave system throughout the world. Schools are springing up throughout the South and soon the masses will emerge from the thick darkness of ignorance into the noontday light of knowledge and power. These masses, educated, will become the worst foes of despotism and Democracy. The emancipation of 25,000,000 serfs in the great Russian Dominions is one of the most auspicious events of this Republican age. That mighty empire is now making tremendous strides in civilization and christianity, and her people, free and equal before the law, are rapidly becoming an enlightened and educated nation.

Everywhere the spirit of Republican Freedom is burning brightly. Already England is agitating the necessity of reform and the cause enjoys the favor of the first minds of the Kingdom. In France—la belle France, the people are fully roused. Germany is moving uneasily beneath the yoke and sighing for a union of the States. Hungary is bound hand and foot in the chains of despotism and Kosuth has been gathered to his Fathers, but the brave Hungarians are only crushed not annihilated; they will rise in the glory of their strength and overturn the despot's throne. On its ruins they will build up a temple of liberty and Republican Institutions. Italy—classic Italy, has made a grand uprising and arrayed herself under the banner of popular progress. The struggle is not yet ended but she has a glorious galaxy of names arrayed under her banners—Garibaldi—Durando—Della Marmora—Cialdini—Della Rocca—and last but not least Victor Emanuel, King of Sardinia—"not the King of nobles, but the King of the people." Everywhere—throughout Europe the spirit of Liberty is moving, and threatens every moment to burst forth like the pent up fires of a volcano—fear and trembling pervade the palaces of the "Aristocratic few;" with gloom and foreboding they watch the progress of events. They see the handwriting on the wall—"Icha-bol!" "Where is the glory?" written over despotism; already the coming dawn of a bet-

ter day for the common people is lighting up the horizon.

In America—here at home—the battle goes bravely on. It is true a traitor—an accursed traitor—perjurer—and villain has usurped the place of the chief magistrate for the nation and to-day occupies the same chair that, but three short years ago, was filled by that bravest, noblest, truest champion of Republican equality ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

But the voice of the people will soon be heard and Andrew Johnson, elected by an assassin's bullet, will retire into everlasting infamy. May a chaplet of persimmon leaves ever rest upon his brow, a fitting emblem of his unhallowed lips.

Down South—the spirit of rebellion is still defiant and unsubmissive; four years of war and defeat has not crushed the demonic pride of the Southern people, and to-day they witness the humiliating spectacle of their former despised slaves voting at the polls and controlling the elections. It is a bitter pill—but down it must go, grimaces and wiggling to the contrary notwithstanding. After all they can only blame themselves, it is their own fault. The truth of this remark is easily confirmed; there is the State of Missouri, her people laid down their arms in good faith, drove the rebels out, and returned to her place in the union. She is now on a career of prosperity and growth—unexampled in the history of the Republic. The other rebellious States persisted in their evil ways, they must take the consequences—the armed legions of Freedom with fixed bayonets and drawn swords are keeping them down in the dust—while the freed men trample them under foot. Republicanism is lifting up the poor, oppressed and degraded people of the South and placing books in their hands; Schools are being constructed for them, and soon a new era will be inaugurated in the New South, an era, such as the warmest friends of Freedom wot not of. Difficulties may stand in the way, but the champions of Republican Equality will trample them down to the level of the plain.

The hell born pride of the South shall be humbled to the dust, rebellion and slavery still live in the hearts of the Southern people, but they shall be driven down to hell. They are warned that the second time they rebel there will be no mercy; utter annihilation will be their fate. The South shall be overrun with yankees—the very quint-essence of Republicanism. The infernal prejudice against the black man, alias "God's image carved in ebony;" alias the "nigger;" alias the "culd puse;" alias "the imp of Satan;" alias the "irrepressible nigger;" alias "the nigger;" alias "the colored person;" alias "the faithful darkie;" alias "the obony gentleman;" and last but not least, alias "the naggar;" and several other alias-es must give way, and soon he will take his place in the common brotherhood of man.

The Republican party has much to do, almost too much. The load it has to carry is a fearful one, what with the momentous questions of reconstruction, pardon for traitors, the elective franchise for the negro, and others of similar character referred to it for settlement, it has almost more than it can carry, and a few temporary reverses have occurred in consequence. But God is with the right—the cause of human freedom, grows and gathers strength every day and soon its legions will sweep every opposing foe from the arena of conflict—in the name of God—amen, the Banner of Progress will be set up on Freedom's loftiest height.

ON THE ECACHTTA RIVER, ARKANSAS.  
July 17, 1868.

A BANK FOR LOSINGS.

BY REV. T. L. CUYLER.  
On the chief thoroughfare of this city I often pass a stately Savings Bank, built of freestone, and I see groups of working people going in to deposit their hard earned money. Some are mechanics; some are Irish domestics; some are poor widows laying by a few dollars for their fatherless children.

But on the same street the tempter has opened more than one Bank for Losings. In some parts of the city they are on nearly every corner. In almost every rural hamlet, too, is there a similar institution. New York contains six thousand of them. In each of these banks for losings is a counter on which old men and young, and even some wretched women lay down their deposits in either paper or coin. The only interest paid on the deposits is in redness of eyes, foulness of breath, and remorse of conscience. Every one who makes a deposit gains a loss. One man goes into the bank with a full pocket and comes out empty. Another goes in with a good character, and comes out with the word drunk, written on his bloated countenance. I have seen a mechanic enter in a brand new coat, and come out again, looking as if the mice had been nibbling at his elbows. I have known a young clerk to leave his "situation" behind him, in one of the Devil's Banks of Losings. Several prosperous tradesmen have been known to reel out from these seductive haunts trying to walk straight, but backsliding at every step. What is worst of all, thousands of people go in there and lose their immortal souls!

If the cashiers of these institutions were honest, they would post on the door some such notice as this; "Bank for Losings, Open at all Hours."

"Nothing taken in but good money; nothing paid out but disgrace, and disease, and death. An extra dividend of delirium tremens will be paid to old depositors." A free pass to Perdition given to those who pay well at the counter; also tickets to Greenwood and other cemeteries, entitling the holder to a drunkard's grave. All the children of depositors sent without charge to the orphan asylum or the almshouse.

Young men! beware of the Bank of Losings. Some bait their depositors with champagne; some with ale or bourbon; some a pack of cards and others with a billiard table. If you wish to keep character keep out.

Young ladies! never touch the hand that touches the wine-glass. Never wear the name of a man who is enrolled on the deposit list of the Devil's bank. Never lean on that arm that leans on the bar-room counter: it will be a rotten support.

The best savings bank for a young man's money is a total abstinence pledge. The best savings bank for his time, is honest industry and a good book. The best savings bank for his affections is a true woman's heart. The best savings bank for his soul, is a faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

But if you do not want your greenbacks turned into black eyes and red noses; if you don't want your pockets emptied, and your character worm-eaten and your soul dragged with the poisons of the pit, then keep outside of the National Brandy Bank for Losings. [Nat. Temp. Advocate.]

A SHORT PRAYER.—At the opening of an important meeting Tingle was called upon to offer prayer. He bowed before God and in

the presence of his brethren, and prayed as follows: "O Lord, teach us to feel the need of thy grace, and seek it; to know thy will, and to do it; to find our place, and keep it. Amen." The language and sentiment of this short prayer were decidedly appropriate, and no one could have grown weary while listening to it. But this could not in truth be said of long prayers which we sometimes hear.—[Advent Review.]

## Waterville Mail.

WATERVILLE... OCT. 9, 1868.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 40 State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York; S. H. Niles, Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. P. Howell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 10 Park Row, New York; and T. J. Evans, Advertising Agent, 129 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the WATERVILLE MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

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

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT,  
**ULYSSES S. GRANT,**  
OF ILLINOIS.  
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,  
**SCHUYLER COLFAX,**  
OF INDIANA.

With the Junior away down in Vineland among the grapes, and the Senior at the State Fair with the Merinoes, the Mail begs pardon for any short-comings it may be accused of this week.

LETTER FROM THE STATE FAIR.

Tuesday P. M.—To this time I have had only glimpses at confusion. I can comprehend a county fair, but a State fair is beyond my measure. Horses are faster and patchwork better—of course they are. So far, I only know what is here from Secretary's entries, though I have met many Kennebec faces.

Waterville is well represented in the stock department—so are some of the neighboring towns. Indeed, take Kennebec out of the show and the loss would be fatal. Mr. Lang's and Mr. Gilbreth's horses, and the neat stock of Warren Percival, L. A. Dow, Henry Taylor and Geo. E. Shores fill many of the most attractive stalls. Mr. Dillingham, now of Augusta, has his fine Jerseys, and some Suffolk swine. Mr. James A. Hamilton, Waterville, has a grade Durham heifer and calf. Mr. Wm. P. Blake, of the firm of Hubbard, Blake & Co., has several Herefords, which I have not seen. N. Merrill, of our town, has a fine pair of Durham steers. Geo. E. Shores shows the entire Hereford family with his splendid bull, "Sherman." So much—and perhaps more—for Waterville.

Sheep are scarce, and I only see from the Secretary's entries that the veteran "fine wool man" Mr. Ladd, of Starks, enters some Spanish Merino bucks, and that Mr. Geo. F. Moore, of Anson, makes several entries in the same class. "Green Mountain Boy" is here somewhere. One pen of Cotswolds and two pens of South Downs complete the list of an exhibition about a tenth part of the number presented at our fair last year.

The fair at the City Hall opens richly this morning. One of the Trustees told me that in some three hours they took about \$350 for admissions. The spacious hall is filled on all sides, with things with and without names. When I have time I shall note them further. In the picture gallery the display is of a very choice class. Hardly a cheap or second-class picture can be found. Among the very best, and attracting marked attention, are several by Geo. W. Seavey, of our place. But among such artists as Beckett, Brown, Hart, Codman, Shattuck, Sonntag, and others, who are here represented by their best efforts, Mr. Seavey has to bide his chance for notice. Even Hill's famous picture of "Yo Semite Valley" comes into the competition. I venture my own poor judgment that Seavey's view on the Sebastacook, taken from the old burying ground in Winslow, will be pronounced one of the very choicest in the catalogue.

But I must go over to "the Ground," and shall then write more.

Senior.

Wednesday—At the Hall.

I spent some hours at the grounds yesterday, after I wrote, and saw more or less of what I had only found on the books. Secretary Boardman is a pillar there; and with good weather and his help the Trustees will find their enterprise a success. The chairman of the board, Hon. Warren Percival, is making a week's work in earnest. He is the trustee, as the chairman should be. The show here at the Hall is particularly honorable to the City from the stores, shops, manufactories and households of which the splendid and beautiful display is

largely made up. Nothing has been regarded as too choice or sacred to be brought here for the benefit of the public. I should love to go into details if I had time; but if I begin I shall not know where to leave off. Everything is living eloquence in praise of the refinement, culture and enterprise of the people of Portland—the city so recently humbled, blasted, rejuvenated and glorified by fire. It does me good to praise a city whose whole history is living praise of itself, and whose marked advantages give it so much to hope.

But this is no place to write letters; and there is no occasion for almost everybody is here. Indeed, I am going to jump into the cars to-morrow and hurry home, with just the above in my pocket—because the Mail must go to press. Next week we will post up the State Fair.

Senior.

PAINFUL ACCIDENT.—We hear of a sad accident on Snow Pond, on Saturday last, near the residence of Mr. Charles Sawtelle. Mr. and Mrs. Sawtelle and Mrs. G. W. Pressey and Mrs. Henry B. Pressey, of Hammon, N. Jersey, were out upon the pond in a small sail boat, when a flaw of wind capsize the boat. With help from the shore all were saved except Mrs. Sawtelle, whose clothing became so entangled with the boat that she was kept under water till dead. The other two women were much exhausted, but not beyond restoration. The two ladies from New Jersey were visiting at Mr. Sawtelle's, and the three were sisters by marriage; Mrs. S. being a daughter of the late Geo. W. Pressey, Esq., of this town. The accident has excited deep and melancholy sympathy in a large circle of friends and relatives, by whom the deceased was held in high esteem.

THE ELECTIONS.

Pennsylvania, whose State election occurs on Tuesday next, has stood as follows for the few past years—

	Rep.	Dem.
1864, President	298,331	276,316
1865, State	287,907	215,981
1866, Governor	307,274	290,096
1867, Judge	266,824	267,746

Ohio elects on the same day. Her vote for four years has been—

	Rep.	Dem.
1864, October	287,210	182,439
1864, President	265,154	205,568
1865, Governor	263,633	193,697
1866, State	236,802	213,606
1867, Governor	243,605	240,622

Indiana's history for a few years is shown by the following table.

	Rep.	Dem.
1860, Governor	130,735	129,968
1860, President	139,033	115,509
1862, State	118,617	128,160
1864, Governor	162,084	135,101
1864, President	150,452	130,283
1866, State	159,561	155,399

The country looks with great interest to the votes of these three states, which will be taken as an indication of what other States are going to do.

Officers of Waterville Section, No. 5, Cadets of Temperance:

Stephen F. Bran, W. A.; Eddie D. Boothby, V. A.; Eddie I. Lowe, S.; Fred M. Britt, A. S.; Willie F. Dodge, T.; Bertha A. Knight, A. T.; Emma R. Westcott, Chaplain; Henry W. Runnels, P. W. A.; Lizzie E. Paul, 1st Visitor; Annie E. Jewell, 2d Visitor; J. Everett Towne, Guide; Melbie B. Maxwell, Usher; Frank K. Shaw, S.; Perley L. Leslie, W.

While Mr. Vallandigham was involuntarily within the rebel lines in 1863, he wrote a letter to Colonel Inshall of the Eighth Alabama regiment, the principal portion of which we copy. It was captured by the Eighteenth Ohio Regiment, while on reconnaissance, with other papers belonging to the Alabama regiment, and sent home to his brother by a private of the Ohio regiment—

"You surmise correctly when you say you believe me to be the friend of the South in his struggle for freedom. My feelings have been publicly expressed in my own country in the quotation from Lord Chatham—'My Lords, you cannot conquer America.' There is not a drop of Puritan blood in my veins. I hate, despise and defy the tyrannical government which has sent me among you for my opinions' sake, and shall never give it my support in its crusade upon your institutions. But you are mistaken when you say there are but few such in the United States north. Thousands are there who would speak out but for the military despotism that strangles them. Although the contest has been and will continue to be a bloody one, you have but to persevere and the victory will surely be yours. You must strike home! The defensive policy lengthens the contest. The shortest road to peace is the boldest one. You can have your own terms by gaining the battle on your enemy's soil."

"Accept my kind regards for your personal welfare, and sincere thanks for your kind wishes in my behalf, hoping and praying for the ultimate success of the cause in which you are fighting, believe me, as ever, your friend,"

"C. L. VALLANDIGHAM."

MR. EDWIN S. SHALL, of this village a graduate of Colby University at the last Commencement, has been appointed an assistant teacher in the Portland High School.

All the papers say—and possibly it may be true—that Hon. Lewis Barker recently gave twenty-five dollars to some good object of charity. Wonder whether it was his right hand or his left that told of it? And has Lewis got any more to spare?

Old Fell Base Ball Club of Kents Hill played a match with the Delphis, of Waterville on the grounds of the former, Saturday Oct. 31, the Old Fellows winning the game by a score of 84 to 19.

See Misses Fisher's advertisement.

KIR BURN, who keeps the noted dog-pit in Water Street, New York, makes an argument in favor of his rat-killing sport, that reminds one of the arguments of the democrats on the negro question. Listen!—

Kit says that Mr. Bergh, the irrepressible President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, is doing much injury to the sports of Water-st. Mr. Burn does not charge Mr. Bergh with any malice. He ascribes his hostility to the recreations of the rat-pit to ignorance. "Mr. Bergh," says Mr. Burn, "calls a rat an animal. Now, everybody of any sense knows that a rat is a vermin. Bergh takes up for the rat, and won't let us kill rats, because he thinks they are animals. Wouldn't he kill a rat if he found one in his cellar? Wouldn't he kill a rat if he found one in his cupboard? Of course he would. But would he kill a horse if he found one in his yard, or even in his parlor? Of course he wouldn't. Why? Because a horse is an animal, but a rat ain't. I know rats. I know they are vermin, and they ought to be killed; and if we can get a little sport out of their killing so much the better."

OUR TABLE.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY for October has two fine steel engravings—At the Spring, and a life-like portrait of a faithful missionary, Marie Antoinette Banne. The reading matter, as usual, is most excellent, embracing a great variety of interesting articles in prose and verse.

Published by Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati, at \$2.50 a year—John P. Magee, of Boston, being the agent for New England.

EVERY SATURDAY for the present week has the commencement of a new story by Anthony Trollope entitled "He Knew he was Right;" a well written critique on "Nathaniel Hawthorne," from the North British Review; the conclusion of "The Stockbroker at Dinglewood," from "The Cornhill Magazine;" "A Jug of Ale," from "All the Year Round;" and "Foreign Notes."

This popular Journal of choice reading selected from foreign current literature is published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$5 a year.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW for September has the following table of contents:—

Restoration of the Gospels; The Greek, Gnostic Poets; On the Education of the Imbecile; Zwilling, the Reform; France in Europe and in Africa; The Four Ancient Books of Wales; Nathaniel Hawthorne; Possibilities.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 87 Walker Street, New York, the terms of subscription being as follows:—For any one of the four Reviews, \$4 per annum; any two of the Reviews, \$7; any three of the Reviews, \$10; all four Reviews, \$13; Blackwood's Magazine, \$4; Blackwood and one Review, \$7; Blackwood and any two Reviews, \$10; Blackwood and any three of the Reviews, \$13; Blackwood and the four Reviews, \$15—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works will be delivered free of postage.

New volumes of Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works under the new rates will be but 56 cents a year.

THE UNITED STATES MUSICAL REVIEW.

The October number of this valuable musical Monthly contains thirteen pages of reading matter, and the following choice new music: Jessie Dean, Song and Chorus, by Will S. Hays—Smile To-day and Frown To-morrow, Ballad, by P. D. Panks—A Beautiful Waltz, by E. Mack, entitled Perpetual Rose, and the Cinnamon Rose Polka, by Ch. Kinkel.

Sample copies, 25 cts., or \$2 per year. Address J. L. Peters, P. O. Box 6429, New York.

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

One of the most provoking things which mortal man can encounter is that of taking a vast deal of trouble to provide against a danger which never arrives. Yet nothing is more common than to see people laying up treasures which they never live to enjoy—providing against exigencies they never happen—and, sacrificing present comfort and pleasure and enjoyment, only to guard against the wants of a period they may never live to see.

"Sir," said an old Scotch woman to her minister "I didna ken a part of your sermon yesterday." "Indeed, where was it?" "You said, 'Apple as the fig for circumlocution;' and I dunna ken what it means." "It is that!" "It is very plain. The figure of circumlocution is merely a periphrastic mode of diction." "Oh! all! it is that!" said the good woman; "what a poor fool I were not to understand that!"

A gentleman who applied at the central telegraphic office in Paris to have a message sent to Dayton Ohio, was considerably incensed to be asked, "Where is Ohio? Who's the king of Ohio?"

It was a good taste which the on-looker at the Dhadham cattle show gave at the dinner table recently. After dining pleasantly to the dining room put forth by the "women's rights" people, and expressing his satisfaction with woman as she is, he gave: "The Coming Woman—may it be a long time before she arrives!"

A lively game of base ball was played here the other day, by a small boy—occasionally by his father and mother—swearing, and shouting, and crying, "base," and "small boy scored a home run!"—[Port. Press.]

One issue of the Little Rock Republican contains accounts of the murder of no less than ten freedmen, while peacefully at work, by the rebels. The democrats can carry Arkansas if they adhere to this policy.

When Jones was at college he was a most excellent fellow, and only had one enemy—soap. He was called "fat Jones." One day the Virgin, Brown, went into his room, and remonstrating with him on the untidy, slovenly, and dirty state of everything, said, "Upon my word, Dirty, it's too bad, the only clean thing in your room is your towel!"

The possession of wealth does not improve a man's character, and this makes a South American proverb. It is evident that it has a tendency to spoil character. It seldom makes a man more generous; too often the increasing weight in the bag draws the strings still tighter.

On a railroad train in Pennsylvania a vote of the passengers was taken which resulted for Grant 69 for Seymour 10. An old lady stopped the canvassers and remarked, "I can't vote, gentlemen, but I am going to keep one Seymour man at home."

The Baptist church in Thomaston, having recently called Mr. Charles M. Emery late graduate of Newton Theological Seminary to become their pastor, his ordination took place Tuesday, September 29th.

Seymour said during the war, "Better divide the Union than abolish slavery." Lincoln said, "Better abolish slavery than divide the Union." Which was right?

A Vermont teacher asked his primary class what makes sea salt. A bright little urchin replied: "Because it's full of codfish, sir."

Poverty is bad, but the worst kind of poverty is poverty of the heart; this makes a South American proverb. It takes away his strength, courage, and energy; but enrich the blood with its vital element, iron, by taking the Peruvian Syrup (as proteoxide of iron), and you will feel rich and "as good as anybody." Try it.

WHAT MAKES YOUR HAIR SO BEAUTIFUL? Mrs. S. A. Allen's Improved (new style) Hair Restorer or Dressing, (in one bottle). Price One Dollar. Every Druggist sells it.

ROBBERY.—Mr. Sanborn, who keeps a second-hand furniture store on the corner of Federal and Market streets, was knocked down and robbed about 9 o'clock last evening. He was looking up his store when some dirty thief stole up behind and knocked him down. When found he was lying prostrate near the entrance to the store perfectly unconscious, his memorandum book on the floor and his pocket book gone.—[Portland Argus.]

We learn from the Portland Argus that Monday night the 21st ult., Mr. Geo. Bradley of York had a fine pair of cattle taken from his pasture by some unknown person, who was met by two young men returning home about four miles East from the village at 2

o'clock, P. M. Since then the owner has traced the cattle to Biddeford where a butcher had purchased and putched them.

Watson's Art Journal tells an incident in regard to the musical taste of the Chinese ambassadors displayed during their stay at Washington. Mrs. Clara M. Brinkerhoff was asked by Mr. Burlingame one evening to sing for the Chinese, but was in doubt what style of music would suit them best. Accordingly, by way of experiment, Mrs. Brinkerhoff tried a brilliant Spanish Bolero, at which the Celestial nodded approvingly, as though he had been used to it all his life; but when she sang in a touching manner the simple melody of "Home, Sweet Home," the Celestial became human, and paid the tribute of a few involuntary tears. It was a genuine triumph of nature over art.

THE ELITE GRECIAN BEND SKIRT.—We have found out all about that monstrosity, the "Grecian bend." We saw it in all its nudity at Stewart's one day last week. It is a "crinoline," petit panier, and wears the astounding title of the "Elite Grecian bend Skirt." The thing is made thus: Immediately in the rear and just below the waist the steel hoops are combined into a broad belt, which, when covered, looks like a pillow lunched. This is the hump. To give the hump due prominence on every possible occasion a steel combination tongue of about three inches in length is fastened in a peculiar manner to the belt or waist of the skirt. This tongue rests on the small of the back, and is an admirable contrivance for causing spinal disease. Altogether the petit panier crinoline, for the encouragement of medical science, should be introduced into every family—worn by every woman.—New York Herald.

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