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Maxham & Wing

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There is an unseen battlefield
In every human breast,
Where two opposing forces meet,
But where they seldom rest.

The field is veiled from mortal sight;
'Tis only seen by One,
Who knows alone where victory lies,
When each day's work is done.

One army clusters strong and fierce,
Their chief of demon form,
His brow is like the thunder cloud,
His voice the hurrying storm.

His captains are the passions fierce,
Whose troops watch night and day
Swift to desert the weakest point,
And thirsting for the fray.

Contending with this mighty force,
Is but a little band,
Yet there, with an unquelling front,
The warriors firmly stand.

Their leader is of God-like form,
Of countenance serene,
And glowing on his naked breast,
A simple Cross is seen.

His captains are the Virtues fair,
Beneath that wondrous sign,
They fear no danger, for they feel
A courage all divine.

They feel it speaks a glorious truth,
A truth as great as sure:
That to be victors they must learn
To love—confide—endure.

And when they win the battle-field,
Past toil is all forgot;
The plain where battle once had reigned
Becomes a hallowed spot.

A spot where flowers of joy and peace,
Spring from the fertile sod,
And breathe the perfume of their praise,
On every breeze to God.

MUCH FROM A LITTLE.

Shut the door please; the air from without is bitter. Mrs. Granger drew a shawl round her thin shoulders and shuddered as she spoke. Bitter? I think it is sweet. Pure and delicious as ice-cream, and melting in the lungs as that melts in the mouth. But to enjoy it you want clothing, rich blood, and fuel without stint. I wish you had more of all three. And Harvey Granger sat down by his wife at the window, laid his hand kindly upon hers, and looked out upon the gathering twilight.

The night was just closing in, all the earlier that the air was full of snow flakes which fell silently as their brothers had done through many preceding hours. The dark outline of the trees were feathered with white, dimly visible against a sky of gray. The only contrast was in the faces of the pair at the window, the husband with his fair face and merry blue eyes, the wife thinner, darker, more sensitive, a strong heart in a fragile frame. She was not much past thirty, and yet the hair put back from her ears showed more than one white thread in its raven folds. Granger saw them and smiled.

Only one dollar a bottle, said he; why don't you buy, and keep your beauty?

Only a dollar, Harvey. There are so many onlies that I wonder where the dollars are to come from.

Granger held out a pair of well-kempt hands open, warm and clean. They are to come from these, said he, and from the skill that lies behind them.

Place your fingers near together as you can, said Mrs. Granger, smiling. There, don't you see the gaps between? Your fortune is in small change, and the dimes and half dimes are always dropping through.

That might have been, while the dimes were silver, but now they are of paper I shall save them and grow rich!

Let us hope so returned the wife; but I am not sanguine.

How could she be that? She had lived with the good fellow for ten years, and seen him more than once in prosperous business, but somehow in spite of her modest economies, he was so liberal to himself and others that the year's income never met the expenses and the business utterly failed. Just now he was agent for a lumber-dealer and had located himself for the winter at a convenient distance between the hills that were being stripped of forests on the one hand, and the railway station where their produce were delivered on the other. It was a temporary engagement, not very lucrative, as the limitations of the household showed.

The sharp sound of sleigh bells stirred the laden air, and a fine horse, wearied with travel, struggled heavily to the doorway, through the deepened snow. Granger lighted a lamp and went at once to the door, but he did not show his guest to the tidy winter kitchen where wife and children were sitting. He gave him a seat in the parlor, and excusing himself for a moment ran back to say: It is our old friend, Squire Perkins, Lucy. He has no time for tea, as he takes the next train, but he has just looked in on business. I'll report in half an hour.

You look radiant, Harvey, the last time you met him you asked him to lend you a hundred dollars and he refused.

Perhaps he has called to say that he had thought better of it, returned Granger, and throwing a kiss to his wife and bairns he hurried back to his waiting friend. The interview was not a long one. In half an hour the Squire went on his way to the depot and the yeoman returned to the bosom of his family.

Did Mr. Perkins call to lend you money? asked Master Granger, with young America's usual freedom of inquiry.

He did that, my boy. And the father half showed a greenback.

Cold! No; the fuel was already to light in the stove; and when it burned freely I dropped in from the top that garbled maple log that you found too large for the kitchen. The room is warm as toast and you had better all come in and enjoy it. I have something to tell you.

All four were soon basking in the genial warmth, the mother in an arm chair in the corner and the children in front, one on each side of the father, who began as follows:

When my mother married, her father, your great-grandfather, was very angry with her and refused to own her as a daughter.

What for? asked both children at once.

Because the man she married was poor.

The children expressed their abhorrence of such mercenary conduct.

He said he would not speak for her again, and he kept his word. She had always had fair health and limited means, and died, you know, Lucy, just before we married. Her father lived to a ripe old age. Last Monday he was eighty-five years old. On Tuesday he died.

Is your grandfather dead? asked Mrs. Granger in surprise.

Why don't you cry father? said little Harvey. I know, promptly, returned the daughter. Cause great-grandfather was a bad man.

He died suddenly of apoplexy, and without a will; said Harvey the elder.

It is possible! exclaimed Mrs. Granger. The children tried to look surprised, but were simply puzzled.

He had will enough while he lived anyway, said the boy at last.

That's true Harvey. He never meant we should have a dollar of his property, but was so strong that he put off settling his affairs from

year to year. He thought death wouldn't dare come for him till he was ready and he made an appointment with Squire Perkins for Wednesday last. Just one day too late. My mother was his only child, and I am here; so it all comes to me.

Mrs. Granger brushed the tears from her eyes. The children were outspoken in their emotions. Oh! father, you are rich? Won't you buy us lots of things, both exclaimed at once.

I am rich enough to be comfortable but not to spoil you. If anybody is to be spoiled it is mother's turn first. To-morrow is Saturday and I have promised Perkins to be at his place early in the week. It seems best that he should take out letters of administration, but he wants to consult me about the house and furniture and some other things.

Is the house one that we shall like to live in? asked the mother.

I don't know dear. I never was inside, but it looks grand and gloomy. In any case we shall stay here until the spring opens, according to agreement. And now, chicks go and finish up your playing for the night. Your mother and I want to talk over business matters, so that our minds may be quite at rest.

The children left the room and Mrs. Granger closed the open front of the stove which till this time had revealed glorious glimpses of the warm heart of the maple-log.

O Lucy, why have you shut in that splendid prospect? I was going to put out the lamp that we might enjoy it more fully.

We shall wait the lamp, because you have papers to look over, and while we have our backs to the fire it may as well burn a little more slowly. You have long since forgiven me for saving in little things.

That was in the old times when we had only little things to save. You know I was always prudent on a large scale; mine was only a homoeopathic profusion; the half-dimes slipped through my fingers, as you said just now. I always felt that to dwell on such trifles was narrowing to the mind, and don't mean to do it any more.

The narrowness of your mind was never caused in that way, returned Lucy, smiling but the smile covered some thing like a sigh.

The wind had risen and the snow went down. All night long it pelted the falling snow in shapless drifts, and moaned over the trouble they would cause. The morning was gray and bitterly cold. It was rather late when Harvey Granger, neither gray nor cold, left his room with the kindly purpose of building a fire in the kitchen stove. In the excitement of the night before he had neglected to prepare the kindlings as usual, and he could find nothing that was a more or less damp.

Light a lamp Harvey said his wife, who watched him from the open door. It saves matches wonderfully in a damp morning.

I don't care for the matches. Didn't I tell you I wasn't going to have my mind narrowed by petty savings after this?

But really, Harvey, there are very few in the house, and if we are to be snow-bound we must be prudent till the roads are open.

Just so my dear. There goes the last one in the box, and I don't grudge it a particle for I think I have started a fire at last.

Just then a wild blast swept down chimney, rushed through the stove pipe and out at the door, puffing smoke and cinders in the good humored face of the speaker. Then the wind died away with a sigh and the new born fire died away. Granger turned toward his wife with a look of comic despair.

Tell me where to find another match and I'll light a lamp ma'am said he meekly.

There are a few left in the parlor.

Never a match my dear. There was one last night, and I happened to drop it in the stove after the fire was kindled.

Then I don't believe there is one in the house. Lucy rose as she said this, and throwing a shawl over her night dress, joined her husband in searching in possible and impossible places. In vain.

There is no joke, said Harvey, at last. We are indeed a matchless pair. Get back to your seat, while I look up something edible and then start for the station. What's the bill of fare for breakfast. Here are several covered dishes.

This is baking day, replied Lucy, ruefully. There are beans in soak for dinner, and batter stirred up for buckwheat cakes, and a bowl of yeast to raise the bread; and that's about all.

Well, you can't eat raw beans or buckwheat batter, and I beg you to let the yeast alone as I don't want you to rise. There must be something more on hand.

There is nothing in the house, Harvey, except a few fragments under a napkin in the pantry hardly enough for the children.

She was quite right. The entire stock of edibles in the menage was barely enough for the two young mouths now ready for it. Granger divided the food between the children, bade them get into their mother's bed for warmth and society, and then protected by overcoat and gloves and armed by a shovel he set out to break his way to the station.

The distance was a quarter of a mile, and he bade his wife feel no surprise if he did not return in an hour. The mother told stories and the children thought it great fun, asking with a touch of their father's humor, if that was the way rich folks lived. At length when the hour had expired, the boy wrapped in his mother's shawl went to look for the good man's return. He was just in time. Granger was at the door, changed almost beyond recognition. Covered from head to foot with snow, partially frozen and wholly exhausted, he reeled as he entered, and caught at a chair for support. They were all around him in a moment, but he waved them back to their rest, assuring them he would be all right when he recovered his breath. Then he shook the snow from his feet and sat down upon the stairs. We are surrounded by impossible drifts, said he. I didn't get more than a dozen rods, and when I found I must come back, my tracks were filled and I had to cut my way back.

The coldness of the house was in his favor. His stiffened ears and fingers changed slowly from red to white and from torpor to that of a burning glow. But the faintness was that of hunger.

Have we any stimulants in the house? he asked desperately.

Nothing but camphor, was the reply.

I don't know about taking camphor and cold water upon an empty stomach. I think I could swallow a raw egg if one could be found.

I wish we had dozens of them, but we are quite out. I have been waiting till they were cheaper.

Ah, Lucy, your economy is likely to be the death of me, pleaded Harvey, who would have been humorous in extremities. Lucy thought, it is rather your want of economy.

At dinner time Harvey emptied a bottle of tomato catsup, and Lucy and the children chewed a quantity of crushed wheat, with manifest relief. They then got up a blooded flag, made of an old curtain which rigged at half mast was displayed from the window as a signal of distress. It was seen and commented upon, but all the available muscles of the roadside village were a mile away upon the snow plough, making effort to clear the railroad track, and there were none who could come to the rescue.

The early twilight began to fall, and the children, having supped frugally on a mixture of sugar and ginger, moistened with water, (what their father called gingerbread with the bread left out) had taken refuge in sleep. Granger sat down in the parlor to consider the situation and be out of hearing of his wife's cough.

How long was the blockade to last? Would his neighbors come to his relief to-morrow, or would they think it their duty to clear the railroad first? Would it be possible to break a road through the drifts before the wind went down? The distance was not in length, but in depth it was appalling. It was to be computed not in linear but cubic measure, and growing more so at that. Their supplies for the siege were meat and vegetables and a stock of meal and flour; these might sustain life for some time; but surely not health in one so frail as Mrs. Granger. She had some tendency to consumption. Would it not in this interval be fatally confirmed? Granger had been right in saying earlier that their condition was no joke, but his brain turned with half comical images, prospective of ghastly glee. I don't wonder, he soliloquized, that soldiers are urged to strike their altars and their fires. I would fight with an Irishman for the coal in his pipe. He rose and walked up and down the room with hasty strides, but turn which way he would, the same facts stared him in the face.

He thought he had exhausted; but a faint one had occurred to him, and he tested it less in hope than despair.

Suddenly he looked in upon his wife, his face lighted with a glow of joy. I have better news to tell you than I had last night, he said in a suppressed but jubilant tone.

What is it, have you found a match?

No, but what is better, a pile of hot coals. That maple log, bless its obdurate heart—is all alive under white ashes in the parlor stove.

Is it possible? I never knew that stove to keep fire before, but then it has not often been tried.

Well you know the damper is rather loose, the wind closed it last night.

Yes, and I shut the register in front.

You did, Lucy, and that bit of economy has saved us more than you can guess.

In ten minutes fires were roaring in parlor and kitchen, and in another the coffee simmered and cakes grew brown. The cloth was laid and the lamps lighted, but before rousing the children to their unlooked for supper, Granger detained his wife to say to her, I do not intend to let you do all the moralizing. I am not so dull that I cannot take a lesson from what has happened. I admit the importance of little things. Rich or poor, we cannot afford to be wasteful.

The glow of gratitude brought back the youth to Lucy's face. Oh, Harvey, I am delighted, she said fervently. Now I hope we shall be able to keep your grandfather's fortune. But for this experience, it was not a question of time.

"WHAT ANSWER?"

Miss Anna E. Dickinson's novel with this title, published by Messrs. Tignor & Fields, will attract unusual attention from the prominence of its author in another field of labor. We select from its pages a single passage as a specimen of the manner of the book. It will be seen that the author appropriates an historical event of the war, substituting her fictitious characters for the real actors in the scene.

Through the whole afternoon there had been a tremendous cannonading of the fort from the gunboats and the land forces; the smooth, regular engineer lines were broken, and the fresh-sold d. embankments torn and roughened by the unceasing rain of shot and shell.

About six o'clock there came moving up the island over the burning sands and under the burning sky, a stalwart, splendid appearing set of men, who looked equal to any daring, and capable of any heroism; men whom nothing could daunt and few things subdue. Now, weary, travel-stained, with mire and the rain of a two day's tramp; weakened by the incessant strain and lack of food, having taken nothing for forty-eight hours save some crackers and cold coffee; with gaps in their ranks made by the death of comrades who had fallen in battle but a little time before, under all these disadvantages, it was plain to be seen of what stuff these men were made, and for what work they were ready.

As this regiment, the famous Fifty-fourth, came up the island to take its place at the head of the storming party in the assault on Wagner, it was cheered from all sides by the white soldiers, who recognized and honored the heroism which it had already shown, and of which it was soon to give such new and sublime proofs.

The evening, or rather the afternoon, was a lurid and sultry one. Great masses of clouds, heavy and black, were piled in the western sky, fringed here and there by an angry red, and torn by vivid streams of lightning. Not a breath of wind shook the leaves or stirred the high, rank grass by the water-side; a portentous and awful stillness fell by nature before a devastating storm. Quiet, with the like awful and portentous calm, the black regiment, headed by its young, fair-haired, knightly colonel, marched to its destined place and action.

When within about six hundred yards of the fort it was halted at the head of the regiments already stationed, and the line of battle formed. The prospect was such as might daunt the cour-

age of old and well-tried veterans, but these soldiers of a few weeks seemed but impatient to take the odds, and to make light of impossibilities. A slightly rising ground was raked by a murderous fire, to within a little distance of a ditch holding three feet of water; a straight lift of parapet, thirty feet high; an impregnable position, held by a desperate and invincible foe.

Here the men were addressed in a few brief and burning words by their heroic commander. Here they were brought to glorify their whole race by the lustre of their deeds; here their faces shone with a look which said, "Though men, we are ready to do deeds, to achieve triumphs, worthy the Gods!" here the word of command was given:—

"We are ordered! and expected to take Battery Wagner at the point of the bayonet. Are you ready?"

"Ay, ay, sir! ready!" was the answer.

"And the order went pealing down the line. 'Ready! Close ranks! Charge bayonets! Forward! Double-quick, march!'"—and away they went, under a scattering fire, in one compact line till within one hundred feet of the fort, when the storm of death broke upon them. Every gun belched forth its great shot and shell; every rifle whizzed out its sharp-singing, death-freighted messenger. The men wavered not for an instant; forward—forward they went; plunged into the ditch; waded through the deep water, no longer of muddy hue, but stained crimson with their blood; and commenced to climb the parapet. The foremost line fell, and then the next, and the next. The ground was strewn with the weeks of humanity, scattered prostrate, silent, where they fell, or rolling under the very feet of the living comrades who swept onward to fill their places. On, over the piled-up mounds of dead and dying, of wounded and slain, to the mouth of the battery; seizing the guns; bayoneting the gunners at their posts; planting their flag and struggling around it; their leader on the walls, sword in hand, his blue eyes blazing, his face aflame, his clear voice calling out, "Forward, my brave boys!"—then plunging into the hell of battle before him. Forward it was.

They followed him, gathered about him, gained an angle of the fort, and fought where he fell, around his prostrate body, over his peaceful heart, shielding his dead silence by their living, pulsating ones,—till they, too, were stricken down; then hacked, hewn, battered, mangled, heroic, yet over-ruled, the remnant was bent back.

Able sustained to their supporters, Anglo-African and Anglo-Saxon vied together to carry off the palm of courage and glory. All the world forgets this and them in contemplating the deeds and the death of their compatriots. Said Napoleon at Austerlitz to a young Russian officer, overwhelmed with shame at yielding his sword, "Young man, be consoled; those who are conquered by my soldiers may still have titles to glory." To say that on that memorable night the last were surpassingly the first is still to leave ample margin on which to write in glowing characters the record of their deeds.

As the men were clambering up the parapet their color-sergeant was shot dead, the colors trailing stained and wet in the dust beside him. Ericldoune, who was just behind, sprang forward, seized the staff from his dying hand, and mounted with it upward. A ball struck his right arm, yet ere it could fall shattered by his side, his left hand caught the flag and carried it onward. Even in the mad sweep of assault and death the men around him found breath and time to hurrah, and those behind him pressed gallantly forward to follow such a lead.

He kept in his place, the colors flying,—though faint with loss of blood and wrung with agony,—up the slippery steep; up to the walls of the fort; on the wall itself; planting the flag where the men made that brief, splendid stand, and melted away like snow before furnace-heat.

Here a bayonet thrust met him and brought him down, a great wound in his brave breast, but he did not yield; dropping to his knees, pressing his unbroken arm upon the gaping wound, bracing himself against his dead comrade,—the colors still flew; an inspiration to the men about him; a defiance to the foe.

At last when the shattered ranks fell back, sullenly and slowly retreating, it was seen by those who watched him,—men lying for three hundred rods around in every form of wounded suffering,—that he was painfully working his way downward, still holding aloft the flag, bent evidently on saving it, and saving it as flag had rarely, if ever, been saved before.

Some of the men had crawled some had been carried, some had stily caught up and helped by comrades to a sheltered tent out of range of the fire; a hospital tent, they called it if anything could bear that name which was but a place where men could lie to suffer and expire, without a bandage, a surgeon or even a drop of cooling water to moisten parched and dying lips. Among these was Jim. He had a small field-glass in his pocket, and forgot or ignored his pain in his eager interest of watching through the progress of the man and the flag, and reporting accounts to his no less eager companions. Black soldiers and white were alike mad with excitement over the deed; and fear lest the colors which had not yet dipped should at last bite the ground.

Now and then he paused at some impediment; it was where the dead and dying were piled so thickly as to compel him to make a detour. Now and then he rested a moment to press his arm tighter against his torn and open breast. The rain fell in such torrents, the evening shadows were gathering so thickly, that they could scarcely trace his course, long before it was ended.

Slowly, painfully, he dragged himself onward,—step by step down the hill, inch by inch across the ground,—to the door of the hospital; and then, while dying eyes brightened,—dying hands and even shattered stumps were thrown back their souls from the eternities, to cheer him,—gashed out, "I did—but, do—my duty, boys,—and the dear—old flag—never once—touched the ground!"—and then, away from the reach and sight of its foes, in the midst of its defenders, who loved and were dying for it, the flag at last fell.

Meanwhile, other troops had gone up to the encounter; other regiments strove to win what these men had failed to gain; and through the night and the storm, and the terrible reception, did their gallant endeavor—in vain.

The next day a flag of truce went up to beg the body of the heroic young chief, who had so led that marvellous assault. It came back without him. A ditch, deep and wide, had been dug; his body, and those of twenty-two of his men found dead upon and about him, flung into it in one common heap; and the word was sent back, "We have buried him with his niggers."

It was well done. The fair, sweet face and gallant breast lie peacefully enough under their stately monument of ebony.

It was well done. What more fitting close of such a life,—what fate more welcome to him who had fought with them, had loved and believed in them, had led them to death,—than to lie with them where they died?

It was well done. Slavery buried these men, black and white, together,—black and white in a common grave. Let liberty see to it, then, that black and white be raised together in a life better than the old.

NOBILITY OF BLOOD.—Grant in his *Saxo-History*, tells us of an Earl of Alsatia, summoned on account of his great strength, the lion; who was a favorite of Edward the Third of England, and was much envied, as favorites are always sure to be, by the rest of the courtiers. On one occasion, when the king was absent, some nobleman maliciously instigated the Queen to make trial of the noble blood of the favorite by causing a lion to be let loose upon him, saying that according to popular belief that if the earl was truly noble, the lion would not touch him.

It being customary with the earl to rise at break of day, before any other person in the palace was stirring, a lion was let loose during the night, and turned in the lower court. When the earl came down in the morning, with no more than a night gown, east over his shirt, he was met by the lion bristling his hair, and growling destruction between his teeth. The earl, not in the least daunted, called out with a stout voice, "Stand you dog!" At these words the lion crouched at his feet, to the great amazement of the courtiers, who were peeping out at every window to see the issue of their ungenerous design. The earl laid hold of the lion by the mane, turning him into his cage, and placing his night cap on the lion's back, came forth without casting a look behind. "Now," said the earl, calling out to the courtiers, "let him amongst you all, that standeth upon his pedigree, go and fetch my night cap."

Mrs. Phebe A. Hanford, of Hingham, Mass., and Olympia Brown, of Weymouth, both of them ordained ministers, took part, two weeks since, in the ordination of Rev. William G. Haskell, at Marblehead.

Mrs. Hanford read the hymn, and read the Scriptures to the candidate; both ladies, with two male clergymen, performed the laying on of hands, and Miss Brown made the concluding prayer. In delivering the charge Mrs. Hanford described herself as "Phebe, servant of the church of Hingham," and declared it as her belief that "there is neither tribe, nor caste, nor sex in the religion of Jesus." As a whole, her charge is said to have been masterly, womanly, and impressive.

HOW TO QUIET A HORSE WHEN BEING CLEANED.—First, contrive so that the horse shall not hurt you, then teach him that you are not going to hurt him. It is almost always this—skinned horses that become savage while being cleaned. Make out of four inches of a spade handle, or a rolling-pin, a bit so large that the horse cannot close his mouth; common brass rings screwed into each end of the wooden bit, will enable you to fasten it to the head-stall. This will generally make a horse quiet; it was Larry's plan, and seems to occupy the horse's attention. But if he is very restive, put on knee caps, strap up one leg, and clean him on deep litter, so that if he falls he may not hurt himself. Then take a sponge and wash him all over with or without soap, according to his condition; dry him with a coarse cloth; after washing a hard brush is necessary.

If he will stand it, use the usual hay wisp, but if he is very tender skinned be content with the cloth and a very soft brush, which will be quite enough for a horse with a fine silky coat. Washing in hunting stables is made a great ceremony, performed by two grooms with hot water and soap, while a boy stands ready to clothe each part when finished, but I am convinced that all horses in condition may be safely washed in cold water.

Messrs. Saugers, the circus proprietors, have a set of eighty horses, including several thoroughbreds; for some of these they have refused offers in three figures. Two purchased at General Angers's sale cost each, unbroken, over 100 guineas.

These horses are all washed with cold water twice a day, frequently after a journey of twenty-five miles, and they are more healthy than any stud I ever saw. Yet as they never stop more than two days at any place for nine months of the year, they are always at work. Since seeing this example I have treated my own horses in the same way, even after driving fifteen miles at best pace, and with most satisfactory results. It must be remembered the circulation and power of reaction in a horse is much greater than in a man.

KEEPING FOWLS IN ORCHARDS.—The public has yet to learn the full advantages of keeping poultry. Few seem to appreciate the service they may do among the trees in an orchard. Let any one try them in an orchard of a quarter or half an acre, where they may be kept by picket fence four or five feet high, putting in say one hundred and twenty-five fowls, and observe the result. He will avoid the annoyance in the garden of which so many complain, while they will work among the trees, doing just what is needed, keeping the ground well cultivated, and destroying everything that can injure the fruit trees in the shape of bugs, worms, or other insects, and lay a large number of eggs, which are a cash article, to say nothing of the chickens which pay well for raising, at the present time.

I have tried it, and I know it is so. I have about one hundred fowls, which have worked admirably among my trees, keeping the ground in good condition, keeping off the insects, and promoting the growth of the orchard. I am satisfied that we have yet to learn the full benefits which may be derived from the proper management of fowls, and it is quite possible

the method I have suggested may offer the best way of getting our ample orchards into bearing condition again.

CORN HUSKS.—There are but few farmers who know the value of corn husks. In the large cities, or wherever there are manufacturers of mattresses, they are worth from \$50 to \$70 per ton. This is four to six times the value of hay. To prepare them for market it only needs to split them once or twice and bale them. Suppose our farmers were to jerk their corn from the stalk, husk and all (they could do so much more quickly than they could husk it, and thus avoid bad weather's) then, having it safely housed, they could employ the entire force under cover during the stormy days of winter, in husking their corn, and at the same time utilizing their husks—a most important portion, and one which has hitherto been almost entirely wasted.

EVERY DAY RELIGION.—We must come back to our point, which is not to urge all of you to give yourselves up to mission work, but to serve God more and more in connection with your daily calling. I have heard that a woman who has a mission makes a poor wife and a bad mother; this is very possible, and at the same time very lamentable; but the mission I would urge is not of this sort. Dirty rooms, slatternly gowns, and children with unwashed faces, are swift witnesses against the sincerity of those who keep others vineyards and neglect their own. I have no faith in that woman who talks of grace and glory abroad and uses no soap and water at home. Let the buttons be mended, let the roast mutton be done to a turn, let the house be as neat as a new pin, and the home be as happy as home can be; and then, when the cannon balls, and the marbles, and even the grains of sand, are all in the box, even then there will be room for those little deeds of love and faith which in my master's name I seek of you who look for His appearing. Serve God by doing common actions in a heavenly spirit, and then, if your daily calling only leaves you cracks and crevices of time, fill these up with holy service. To use the Apostle's words, "As we have opportunity, let us do good unto all men."—Spurgeon.

An assurance upon any life, effected in any office," says Professor De Morgan, "is not only private but a public benefit." Amidst the corroding cares, and bustling activities of this work-day world, how few consider the importance of life insurance! Though it has been greatly extended within the past few years, there is not now more than one person in every hundred in this country, who has taken this "bond of fate," and it may hence be inferred, that there are few who are acquainted with the subject, or who justly appreciate the blessings life insurance is capable of diffusing.

To the young, its advantages are inestimable; as for an annual payment, in itself most trifling, a young person may secure himself against poverty and want in old age; or even in middle age, may obtain an amount that shall surely place him in comfort and independence.

To the aged or the middle aged, life insurance is the surest and most profitable mode of providing for those they may leave behind them; and by a small additional premium, they may realize for themselves a future independence, or at least protect themselves from the icy grasp of poverty.

To the married, of every age and rank in life, life insurance is a positive and absolute duty. Poverty is no plea for inability to make provision for one's family; for the trifling sum of a dime a day will place them above want, and a trifling additional sum will secure a moderate competency.—News Letter.

The Philadelphia Bulletin tells a story of General Grant, while he was in the cabinet, to the following effect:—At one of the cabinet meetings, Mr. Johnson was indulging in some of his characteristic self-glorifications over the "sacrifices" he had made for the country and one or more of his cabinet joined in the same strain of self-praise. General Grant said: "Well, gentlemen, so far as I am concerned I have never made any sacrifices for the country. The country has always done more for me than I have done for it. I suppose I would be ready to make sacrifices, but I have never had the opportunity; and I think that,

Waterville Mail.

WATERVILLE, OCT. 16, 1868.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

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

NORTH KEN. AG'L. SOCIETY.

The annual exhibition of this Society, on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week, has been one of the most attractive and successful ever held. It is the opinion of several who attended the State show that the number and quality of neat cattle have excelled what they saw there. Certainly the Kennebec stock contributed the best features of the State Fair, and a large portion of the same animals were shown here.

Among the horses, of course the Knox stock stood prominent, and justly too, as nobody doubts. "Gen. Knox" and "Gilbreth's Knox" had taken the first and second premium for stock horses at Portland; and with the addition to their stock, which would gather here, they must almost necessarily bear the palm over all others. This part of the exhibition was truly splendid, and nothing but the accident that happened to "The General" marred the pleasure derived from it by the audience.

The absence of Jersey stock and Merino sheep was owing to the plan of the Trustees, which did not give them separate classes, as has been the custom heretofore, and as was given at Portland and at the N. England fair. We believe the Society will hereafter take a broader and more generous platform, on which all may have an equal chance to present their favorite breeds and classes of animals. In everything but this—mistake, we feel obliged to call it—the very marked success of the festival is highly honorable to the energy and good management of the officers of the Society—men whose unquestioned aim it is to advance all the varying interests committed to their charge.

When pork is so much below all other kinds of meat in price, we look for but few "porkers" at this festival. Those presented were honorable samples, as the committee will no doubt testify.

The show of poultry was small but very attractive—of which we shall say more after the committee have been heard from.

We speak of the festival under some embarrassment, from the bad condition of the reports—reflecting perhaps the only positive disgrace the Society has to encounter. We have no right to speak freely of rival animals or articles till Committees are heard; and in the absence of Secretary Wing, who always has a good week's labor to bring the reports into shape, we are obliged to defer almost everything till next week—possibly longer. The hurry in which these reports are made, at the time, is some apology; but those who make them should take opportunity to revise and improve them afterwards. There is no reason why the newspapers should be expected to bring light out of darkness, or perform a week's labor that belongs to others.

We thank Mr. Bray Wilkins, an enterprising young farmer of Fairfield, for a choice sample of the famous "Rose" potato. This is one of 90 lbs. of these potatoes raised by Mr. W. this season, from a single potato. The yield is enormous, and these potatoes are said to be 10 or 12 days earlier than any raised in this section. Mr. W. finds them very choice in quality. He offers a few for sale—such as he exhibited at the fair.

APPLE PICKER.—One of the good inventions exhibited at the State Fair was "Dine more's Apple Picker." There may be other machines that do the work as fast, and that possibly cost less, but we never saw one that does it as well. It avoids the possibility of bruising the apples; and this is the main point when it is considered that at least one third of the value of our best winter fruit is lost by being bruised. We hope some one will secure the right for Kennebec county, or even for the State—which the patentee offers at a very low figure. Some good machine for this work ought to be in general use, here and elsewhere. Those who feel interested may learn further particulars by inquiry at this office.

ACCIDENT TO "GEN. KNOX."—A very singular accident, resulting in serious injury to Mr. Lang's favorite horse, Gen. Knox, occurred at the Park on Tuesday. Mr. Goodspeed had driven him round the course, and turned to go back to the stand, when he saw Mr. Gilbreth coming down inside, close to the pole. At the same time a wagon was standing on the track at his left. To go into Gilbreth or the wagon, was his only choice, and he took the latter. Striking the wagon, the sulky went over, throwing Goodspeed out; and a man who caught the reins probably aided in forcing Knox astride the pole, on which he slid forward some two rods. He got off without help, and trotted away to his stall—injured and bleeding, but apparently not frightened. A bad wound was found between the breast and fore-arm, some fifteen inches long by eight wide—the skin torn entirely through. Dr. Boutelle, assisted by other surgeons who were present, sewed up and dressed the wound, and Knox started for home without limping.

It was truly touching to witness the sympathy which the venerable favorite won from his human friends and admirers, as they gathered round him in his misfortune. Standing quietly for the operation, as though he felt that courage in distress was a virtue, and necessary to his noble reputation, his expressive eyes seemed to beam with gratitude for words of pity and admiration. In the words of one who saw it, "There seemed to be a noble human soul in the form of a beautiful horse."

Knox has since appeared to be doing well and unless severe inflammation should take place—which is hardly probable in so healthy a horse—he will doubtless entirely recover. It may not, unlikely, permanently injure the grace of his movements, without impairing his value.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW IN NEW YORK.

By Matthew Hale Smith. Illustrated: 724 pp. Hartford, Conn.: J. B. Burr & Co. 1868.

Great cities which are the hearts of great nations, are always fruitful topics for the pen of a skillful writer; but probably no city in the world centers in herself more material of varied interest than does New York. So, no work which could come to the hands of our readers, who love to know "what's going on in the world," and "how p'ople live," would be apt to be found so intensely interesting as the one whose title we quote above. J. B. Burr & Co., the sagacious publishers of the work, certainly knew what they were about in giving it to the public. It must have a vast sale, and they must reap a large and deserved harvest therefrom; for "everybody and his neighbor" cannot but find in the book a great deal to excite and interest him, to say nothing of the thousand valuable matters of solid information which it affords. Nobody from the country should ever visit New York without having first read this book; and the old frequenter of the city will find scattered here and there throughout its pages, hosts of things which may have escaped his attention, and will rise from the perusal of the interesting book with that sort of pleasure which one feels in revisiting in manhood the scenes of his childhood, or in wandering back to the "father-land." The high and the low; moral truth and craft and cunning; joys and sorrows; smiling fortune and frowning penury; the home and alters of devotion and purity, and the interior views of the homes of debauchery and crime, etc., etc., are here painted in their true colors. The publishers deserve the public's most practical thanks for this work, from which we take a few paragraphs:

HARRY HILL'S DANCE-HOUSE—INSIDE VIEW.

The hall is a curiosity. It is very low studied. It was originally composed of many quite small rooms. But partition after partition has been knocked away, and room added to room, till the hall is very large. The ceilings are of different heights, and remain as originally built. A more homely room cannot be found in New York. The walls are covered with pictures, and not one indecent or objectionable one can be seen. The rules of the house are hung up in conspicuous places, and are put in the form of poetry. The pith of these rules is, "No loud talking; no profanity; no obscene or indecent expression will be allowed; no one drunken, and no one violating decency, will be permitted to remain in the room; no man can sit and allow a woman to stand; all must call for refreshments as soon as they arrive; the call must be repeated after each dance; and if a man does not dance, he must leave." The profits of the concern are connected with the bar, and that must be liberally and constantly patronized. There is no bar in the hall, but a longer counter occupies one side. After the dance, the man takes his partner to the counter. Here he orders what he will, and the refreshments are sent up from below. The rules are quite rigidly enforced, and the penalty for neglect is summarily inflicted.

A DARK PAGE TO READ.

A sadder story of New York life cannot be written than that connected with this place. Girls of great promise and education; girls accomplished, and fitted to adorn any station; girls from country homes, and from the city; missing maidens; wives who have run away from their husbands; girls who have eloped with lovers; girls from shops and factory, from trade and the saloon, can here be seen in the dance. The only child of a judge, the wife of an eminent lawyer, showy, flashy and elegantly dressed, and women of a lower degree, all mingle. They come confiding husbands, girls whose mothers know not where they are, and would rather bury them than know that they went in such company, are at this hall. The quantity of liquor these women drink is astonishing. After each dance the company go to the bar and drink. They drink champagne when their partners can afford it. Strong liquors are in demand at all times. It is no uncommon thing to see a young miss take a half tumbler of undiluted liquor, and toss it off without winking. At midnight the doors close, and the company depart. It is the rule of Mr. Hill not to keep open on the Sabbath, and he plumes himself greatly on his piety. But the dance is merry till midnight on Saturday. The men who here meet are a sight to behold. They crowd the centre of the floor, and

jostle each other for want of room. Men of all grades and all degrees—officers in uniform; sergeants and officers of police without uniform; judges of courts, and leading men of the bar; merchants, jewellers, book-men, and bankers; politicians, and candidates for the high honors in the State and nation; clerks, men, boys, with all classes and kinds. These men join in the dance, drink at the bar and flirt with the women, and pay the bills.

A STARTLING CASE.

A young man in this city represented a New England house of great wealth and high standing. He was considered one of the smartest and most promising young men in New York. The balance in the bank kept by the house was very large, and the young man used to boast that he could draw his check any day for two hundred thousand dollars and have it honored. The New England house used a great deal of paper, and it could command the names of the best capitalists to any extent. One gentleman, a member of Congress, was reputed to be worth over half a million of dollars. He was accustomed to sign notes in blank and leave them with the concern, so much confidence had he in its soundness and integrity. Yet, strange to say, these notes, with those of other wealthy men, with nearly the whole financial business of the house, were in the hands of the young manager in New York, who, with none to check or control him, did as he pleased with the funds. Every one thought him honest. Every one confided in his integrity. All believed that he was doing the business of the concern squarely and with great ability.

In the mean while he took a turn at Harry Hill's "to relieve the pressure of business." Low amusements, and the respectable company he found, suited him. From a spectator he became a dancer. From dancing he took to drinking. From the bar he entered those paths to which Harry Hill's saloon is the entrance. He tried his hand at light play. He then went into gaming heavily, was stripped every night, drinking deeply all the while. He became enamored with fancy women, clothed them in silks, velvets, and jewels, drove them in dashing teams through Central Park, secured them fine mansions, and paid the expenses of the establishments—all this while keeping the confidence of his business associates. His own, jaded, and dissipated look went to his devotion to business. Men who met him daily had no idea that he was bankrupt in character, and had led the great house with which he was connected to the verge of ruin. The New England manager of the house was the father of the young man. His reputation was without a stain, and confidence in his integrity was unlimited. He had the management of many estates, and held large sums of trust money in his hands belonging to widows and orphans. In the midst of his business, in apparent health, the father dropped down dead. This brought things to a crisis, and an exposure immediately followed. The great house was bankrupt, and everybody ruined that had anything to do with it. Those who supposed themselves millionaires found themselves heavily in debt. Widows and orphans lost their all. Men suspended business on the right hand and on the left. In gambling, drinking, in female society, and in dissipation generally, this young fellow squandered the great sum of one million four hundred thousand dollars. He carried down with him hundreds of persons whom his vices and dissipation had ruined. And this is but a specimen of the reverses to which a fast New York life leads. He may be seen any day reeling about the street, lounging around bar-rooms, or attempting to steady his steps as he walks up and down the hotel entrances of the city; a sad wreck! a terrible warning!

PORTLAND, Oct. 14, 1868.

Dear Mail:—Now that the Fair is over we are again devoting ourselves to business, although the week we gave to entertaining our friends was not the dull business week we have seen lately. But affairs have resumed the old channels and all is quiet with us.

Some of our visitors, among whom our friend of the Lewiston Journal is conspicuous, have given but a sorry report of the condition of the Forest City, and have represented the morals of the community as at rather a low ebb; but the quiet and good order which prevailed while so many hundreds of strangers were here, is the best answer to these charges.

Our people having repaired the devastation caused by the fire, are now reaching out in all directions, and seeking to extend their trade and increase the business of the city. Of course railroads figure largely in the list of means by which this is to be done. The Portland and Rochester road has been completed as far as Alfred, the friends of the Portland and Rutland Railroad working with vigor for their scheme; but our hopes of future growth are now mainly dependent upon the success of the Ogdensburg project. Municipal aid has been given, and all that is now wanting is a stock subscription, for which the city is being canvassed.

I have not space to tell you of the dreams in which we indulge with reference to our future, after the completion of this road, but viewing it as a link in the great Northern line across the continent, its importance can hardly be over-estimated.

The city presents rather a busy appearance at present, as gangs of men are at work in almost every street digging trenches and laying down the pipes for the Sebago water, which is to be introduced into the city in a few months. Building also is still lively. Four churches are now in progress of erection, together with blocks of stores and dwelling houses innumerable, and the papers daily chronicle new projects.

We are to have rather a lively winter judging from present prospects. The Mercantile Library Association announce a course of lectures, with Gough, Chapin, and the usual celebrities. The Grand Army of the Republic announce a series of entertainments, embracing lectures by Lieut. Gov. Woodford, of New York, and others, and concerts by well known artists. These, with the usual amount of balls, &c., and the travelling shows which never fail to make their customary rounds, will keep us well supplied with amusements. S.

The "Green Mountain Boy" took the first premium of \$15 at the State Fair.

THE STATE ELECTIONS.

Which took place on Tuesday in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Nebraska, have settled the question of the next presidency, so that nobody can now entertain any reasonable doubt of the election of Grant and Colfax. These several results are only in harmony with the signal given by Vermont and Maine, and indicate the firm and unmovable adherence of the great majority of the voters of the country to those doctrines of the republican party which have thus far seemed destined to save the country from dissolution, and advance its progress towards the establishment of impartial freedom.

Latest reports indicate about 10,000 republican majority in Pennsylvania; about 20,000 in Ohio; some 2,000 in Indiana, and 2,000 in Nebraska. Returns are not complete in either State, and the result may differ a little from the above.

The Earthquake in South America Official Dispatches to the State Department.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 4.
LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
LIMA, Peru, Sept. 14, 1868.

To the Honorable William H. Seward, Secretary of State of the United States:

SIR: In my dispatches Nos. 144 and 145, dated the 22d and 28th of August respectively, I gave you a single account of the terrible earthquake which, on the 13th ultimo, laid desolate a large part of Peru, and now, again, it is my painful duty to inform you that a large and the most prolific part of the Republic of Ecuador is in ruins, caused by a similar shock at half-past one o'clock on the morning of the 16th of the same month. This earthquake seems to have had its centre in the province of Imbabura, near the volcano of Ocampo, about sixty miles north of the city of Quito. Eight towns, with the adjoining haciendas and populations, are said to have been destroyed, numbering from forty to fifty-four thousand inhabitants. The cities of Otavaco and Cotacachi, containing respectively about twelve and eight thousand inhabitants, and both situated on the shores of the lake Mojanda, are said to have been swallowed up, with their entire populations, and their sites have become a part of the lake. The city of Ibarra, with a population of thirteen thousand of the inhabitants escaping, and the town of Atuntaque leveled with the earth, burying all its inhabitants in its ruins. Nor is the injury confined to the cities and towns, but all of the haciendas of the province, the richest in Ecuador, growing sugar and grain, and producing large numbers of cattle and sheep, have as it were, been swept out of existence. Quito did not suffer in the same ratio, in the loss of life, but its walls and houses are destroyed, the most of its inhabitants, including the English Charge d' Affaires, Mr. Hamilton, with his large family, were driven to the open square, or plaza in the centre of the city, and he, more fortunate than the others is now enjoying the great luxury of a tent, while thousands of the best citizens are without shelter. To heighten the gloom, despondency and misery of all, the terrific thunder storms of the tropics seem to have redoubled their forces, and have literally deluged the whole country. The losses in Imbabura will cause great suffering in Quito, as nearly all the necessities of life for that city were drawn from that province. The difficulty of conveying food from Guayaquil will be very great, as the journey requires twelve days severe travel with mules carrying small burdens, over rugged and precipitous mountains, deep and narrow gorges. If relief in some form is not speedily given, many of the sufferers will be compelled to reach the seashore or perish.

Indeed, these shocks have almost ruined the Republic of Ecuador. The mentioned representations have been fully corroborated by the statements of his Excellency Don Antonio Flores, Plenipotentiary of Ecuador in Peru.

In Peru also, as I have heretofore informed you, proud and rebellious Arequipa is leveled with the dust, Africa swept from sea-shore, with but one solitary house remaining, whilst the district and city of Moguegua, with its rich villages, vineyards and haciendas, are but the wrecks of things that were. Had the earthquake in Peru taken place at night time, as it did in Ecuador, the loss of life would have exceeded one hundred thousand souls.

Want, hunger and famine in these now unhappy countries, are striding through all classes in the midst of the unbursed dead, and a general paralysis of thought and action seems to pervade the land. This is no doubt caused by the continuous shocks since, and the great fear of other calamities, and to add to the consternation of the weak, fearful and helpless, robbers in some localities are said to be seeking and pillaging everything within their reach.

I most earnestly urge and entreat, that you appeal to the good men of our country to aid, by charity, the suffering people of Peru and Ecuador. Let those who give bread to starving Ireland, repeat their generosity; and let Protestant and Catholic men join and vie with each other in showing by their works, that the Christian's creed means good will and charity toward their fellow men; and let all others who have a heart that can feel for the suffering of their fellow beings, aid by sending a mite from their riches, to the hungry, starving, naked and desolate people of these two countries. Money, clothing, food or any other necessities of life, would be bread cast upon the waters, but the supplies to do good, must come quickly. The people are too much terror stricken to act with vigor, and the Governments of Peru and Ecuador cannot now give the aid the necessities of the people imperatively demand.

Your obedient servant,
ALVIN P. HOVEY.

A SHOCKING TRAGEDY.—A Washington dispatch says that on the 27th ult. a lamentable affair occurred at Ashpole, North Carolina. A bridal party had assembled at the house of a Republican, named Roderick Hill, whose daughter was to be married to a young man who was also a Republican. A gang of desperadoes of the opposite party fired into the window instantly killing the bridegroom and seriously wounding the bride.

NEW YORK WOOL MARKET.—Domestic wool has been fairly active, though somewhat restricted by the indisposition of holders to meet buyers, except on the basis of full prices for all desirable lots. Manufacturers are beginning to turn their attention more to the finer grades for clothing purposes, and hence a slight widening of the range is apparent, XX being held at 56 to 60c. The scarcity of Western

wool has led to considerable purchases of Southern at much higher prices than could have been realized three or four weeks ago. Foreign is quiet but an improved demand is anticipated, as the result of the rise in domestic. The stock of foreign medium and fine grades is very light, and was reduced about 400 bales (Cape) during the week by the destruction of a ware-house in Brooklyn. The sales are 550,000 lbs. State and Western (part to arrive) at 46 to 57c for fleeces, and 40 to 48c for pulled—the inside price for unwashed.

We learn with much pleasure—and we confess with a little surprise—that Geo. H. Seavey's picture, a Scene on the Sebasticook, took the first prize at the State Fair. We are not surprised that the judges should think it worthy of this honor; but we doubted, after looking at the splendid pictures there, and from distinguished artists, that the merit of this picture, or any other, could be justly weighed against so many competitors. It is a very marked triumph for so young an artist.

Among the many promising young horses—Knox especially—that came to notice at the State Fair, was a 2 year old stallion colt, owned by B. E. Townsend, of Norridgewock, which attracted more than ordinary attention. He resembles the sire in marked degree, and has a free, open gate that promises to be fast; while his stylish form and elegant motion render him exceedingly beautiful. He will be one of the notable horses sometime, if he lives and does well.

Messalonskee Lodge of Free Masons, No. 113, at West Waterville, will dedicate their new Hall on the 22d inst., services commencing at 10 1-2 o'clock A. M.

Mr. L. A. Dow, of this place, sold a beautiful heifer at Portland, at a pretty high figure—one of the fine herd of Short Horns he had on exhibition there. His stock took high rank with the best judges—as it does with all who see it.

At the State Fair the Knox stock of horses took nearly all the honors. Mr. Lang's General Kdox took the first premium for stock horses, and Gilbreth's Knox the second. The latter was greatly admired by horse men.

Friend Joseph Taylor's exhibition of fruit and other articles at the State Fair was a leading attraction.

Shipping hay is quoted in Portland at \$14—loose 15 to 18 dollars, according to quality. In Boston, first quality is quoted at 23 to 24 dollars, and second quality at 16 to 18.

The fashion reports indicate a kind of compromise between long and short dresses, so that either may be counted "good style." Ladies with feet and ankles decently trim, so that they are no disgrace to their owners, wear short dresses, just exposing the foot and ankle; those whose pedals are too clumsy to be exposed can conceal them with long dresses without violating fashion. The compromise is a very proper one when fully understood.

They are trotting out "The Wickedest Woman in N. York." Lord save us!—the "Wickedest Man" has been only the means of exciting wickedness in others. What will the "Wickedest Woman" do? The world is wicked enough without the aid of samples.

Referring to Mr. Seavey's pictures at the State Fair, the Portland Transcript says—"He manifests an ability that will at some day not far in the future give him eminence as an artist."

Mr. John L. Seavey, of Waterville, favorably and widely known as proprietor of the Elmwood Hotel, before the loss of that house by fire, has leased the Augusta House, of which he is to take immediate possession. The experience and success of Mr. Seavey, formerly at Unity and several years in Waterville, warrant the expectation that the Augusta House will be well kept. We only regret, in common with many others, that this arrangement will take him and his family from Waterville, and disappoint the hope that at some time the Elmwood would be rebuilt under his management.

Four murderers, eleven persons shot, and numerous arrests for riotous assaults, make the catalogue for Philadelphia on election night. The importation of hundreds of roughs from the infernal city of New York explains the strange chapter.

The Maine Grand Lodge of Good Templars closed their semi-annual session at Rockland on Wednesday. They report 308 Lodges and 28,000 members—300 delegates present. There was an emphatic expression in favor of prompt measures towards strict prohibition.

Mr. Winthrop Morrill, of Waterville, attracted special attention with his two pairs of Durham steers, at the State Fair. We wait for the Farmer to report premiums.

BOSTON MARKET.

TUESDAY, Oct. 13.—The following are the prices obtained by commission houses for produce in good condition subject to a commission for selling.

Butter.—The market is very quiet, and there is but little doing from first hands, inferior grades are full 2c lower than the first of last week, but good lots sell readily and are scarce. We quote prime at 43 to 44 cents for straight lots 44 to 45 cents for good grocery lots, and 48 to 50 cents for family tubs. Canada store packed 32 to 35 cents; do dairies 33 to 41 cents. Western 33 to 40 cents.

Cheese.—Receipts to day 844 boxes 14 casks. The market is quiet and prices without material change, we quote prime factory at 15 to 16 1-2 cents; Worcester county at 13 to 16 cents, and farm dairies at 13 to 15 1-2 cents.

Beans.—The market is weak, with prices trending downward. We hear of sales to-day of prime Vermont Pea Beans at \$3.75 and of

sales at \$4 per bushel. We quote prime Pea at \$3.75, and yellow eyes at \$3.50 per bushel. Vegetables.—With heavy receipts the market is dull; prime, Jackson Whites sold to-day at railroads at 75 to 80 cents per bush. Onions are firm at \$6.25 to 6.50 per bbl.

Fruit.—We quote common Apples at \$2 to \$2.50; Sweet Apples at \$3 per bbl. Cape and Vineyard Cranberries \$15.50 per bbl; State \$10 to 13.50 per bbl. Concord Grapes 10; Isabella 12 1-2 per bush.

Poultry.—The market is dull and some inferior birds have sold as low as 15 to 18 cents; choice well fattened Turkeys and Chickens sell well. We quote choice Turkeys and Chickens at 25 to 28 cents per lb; common Fowls and Turkeys at 20 to 22 cents; Geese 25 to 26 cents; Patridges \$1 per pair; Black Ducks 87 cents to \$1.12 per pair.

Hay.—There is a very good demand at railroads at \$23 to 24 for prime, and \$16 to 18 for inferior qualities.—Boston Adv.

MONTPELIER, Oct. 8.—The Vermont Legislature began its annual session to-day. Both Houses promptly and harmoniously organized. In the senate, Henry Clarke of Rutland, was elected Secretary, Maj. James S. Peck of Montpelier, Assistant Secretary, and Rev. D. C. Roberts of Montpelier, Chaplain, all unanimously. In the House Hon. George W. Grandey was chosen Speaker, J. H. Flag of Bennington, Clerk and Rev. Isaac McAnn of Montpelier, Chaplain.

Grandey received 195 votes to 11 for Waldo Bingham, (Dem) and 10 scattering.

The Patton Voice tells a good bear story, to the effect that three weeks ago the dog of Capt. J. C. Merry drove a couple of bears up a tree, and that Mrs. Merry—a very industrious woman—took her knitting work and sat down under the tree to watch the bears until her husband, who was at work on another part of the farm could be called.

BANGOR PRODUCE MARKET.—Saturday, October 10th. Loose hay on our market is selling from \$14.00 to \$16.00 per ton for the best quality, and the poorer grade from 10.00 to 13.00; straw from 6.00 to 8.00; oats, from 80, to 83 cents; potatoes, from 65 to 70 cents; yellow-eyed beans, 3.00; white pea beans, 4.00—coming plenty and selling slow. Good solid butter from 40 to 42 cents; lump butter, 42 to 47 cents; round hogs, 13 cents; quash, 1 1-2 to 2 cents per pound.—WHIG.

MAINE PEANUTS.—Mr. B. T. Reed, of Vassalboro', sends the Farmer samples of peanuts, raised by him the past season.

BOSTON, Oct. 8.—George L. Richardson, of Page, Richardson & Co. of this city, residing at Longwood, arose from his bed at one o'clock this morning, while laboring under temporary insanity, and deliberately cut the throats of two of his children.—The eldest, a boy of 13 years is dead.—The other may recover.

Mr. Richardson was found in the morning in his barn. He has been sent to the insane Asylum at Somerville. The elder brother did not long survive, but hopes are entertained that the life of the younger may be saved. Last summer Mr. Richardson was sun-struck and has had trouble with his head ever since.

NEW YORK, Oct. 9.—At half-past 10 o'clock this morning Howell Cobb, of Georgia, formerly Secretary of the Treasury under Buchanan, and more recently General in the Confederate army, dropped dead in the Corridor of Fifth Avenue Hotel.

UNRELIABILITY OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.—On Friday afternoon, says the Hartford Times, the engineer of the New York express train, while running between North Haven and Wallingford, Ct., saw a barefooted man, in his shirt sleeves, dart out of the woods and place something wrapped in a newspaper on the track. It was too late to stop the train and the pilot struck the obstacle, which proved to be a heavy railroad iron bar, with great force, knocking it fifty feet and breaking the pilot. The Hartford police set to work to discover the perpetrator, and arrested a man whose dress in every particular corresponded with the description, and whose bare foot exactly fitted the track left by the would-be destroyer. He was taken to Hartford and committed for examination. On Saturday, as the same train, came along again, the same man who placed the bar on the track Friday, again darted out of the same place, and throwing his arms above his head, stood and let the engine strike him! He was badly hurt, but not killed. He proved to be crazy. But for this circumstance, the evidence against the man would have sent him to State Prison for life.

STATE FAIR.—The Portland Press says that the number of tickets sold at the door for admission to the Ladies' Department averaged 4000 daily; this of course does not include the season and membership tickets.

HUNTING AND TRAPPING IN MAINE.—The number of tourists from the large cities who seek recreation in the wilds of Maine, is annually on the increase. During the past summer parties from New York and Philadelphia have been attracted to the Pine Tree State, where they found sport for anglers such as they never dreamt of before. There is a retired locality called the Bustis Plantation, near the Canada line, which is as wild a section of country as one would desire to see. Bigelow Mountain affords fine views to those who are fond of nature in its wildest aspect. The residents live in log huts and are mainly engaged in logging. They are hospitable and receive strangers with kindness, and what is worthy of note, entertain them a week at the same cost that a fashionable hotel would charge for a days sojourn. It is so healthy that there is not a doctor within 30 miles, and the people are so good or so scattered that the nearest church is over 25 miles distant. A party recently tarried for some days with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mayers. They returned, bringing to Boston three hundred pounds, two cubs, eleven foxes, and partridges without number. Two of the bears were trapped and the third was shot. All the smaller kinds of game abound, and trout and pickerel are so plenty that seventy pounds were caught by the party in forty minutes.

"They say" is a fool. Don't mind it. It can't hurt you. If you are a truthful, correct, honest man or woman, what does talk and talk concern you? "They say" this, that and "other." Very well, let them say. Truth isn't made out of falsehood. The thing can't possibly injure you. In the long run—and every thing runs as long as it can—the good and true triumph. Gossip—large and small—never does any real injury except that it subjects take up in earnest; and no true man or woman ever wants to wade in the filthy water. Don't let "they say" have the slightest influence over you. If it's true and bad, correct yourself; if it's false let it go.

