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Maxham & Wing

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HOLD THE LIGHT.

Ho! thou traveller on life's highway
Moving carelessly along—
Pausing not to watch the shadows
Lowering o'er the mighty throng!
Stand aside, and mark how feebly
Some are struggling in the faint,
Turning on thee wistful glances—
Bidding thee to hold the light!

Look! upon thy right a brother
Wanders blindly from the way;
And upon thy left a sister,
Faint and erring, turns astray;
One kind word, perchance, may save them—
Guide their wayward steps aright;
Canst thou, then, withhold thy counsel?
No, but fly and hold the light!

Hark! a feeble wail of sorrow
Bursts from the advancing throng;
And a little child is groping
Through the darkness, deep and long.
Tis a timid orphan, shivering
With a blind desire—
"Neath misfortune's withering light;
Friends, home, love are all denied her;
Oh! in pity hold the light!"

Not alone from heathen darkness,
Where the pagan bows the knee,
Worshipping his brazen image
With a blind idolatry—
Where no blessed Gospel teachings
Ere illumine the soul's dark night,
Comes the cry to fellow mortals,
Wild and pleading, "Hold the light!"

[New Orleans Advocate.]

[From Ballou's Monthly.]

THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

BY N. P. DARLING.

"NINA."
She had her hand on the bookshelf, but
turned her face towards me:

"Well, Charlie?"
I was standing beside the sweet creature,
enduring torments, for I couldn't say it, now
that the long-wished-for opportunity had ar-
rived. I looked up at the portrait of the late
Malachi Jonschmidt, grandfather of the be-
loving Nina, to calm my feelings, but the
old gentleman's gimlet eye, which I must con-
fess the artist had rendered so piercing that it
seemed to bore through my soul, had anything
but a quieting effect upon my nervous system.
I fancy that my face reflected the agony of my
mind, for Nina seemed horror-stricken.

It was only the breeze that saved me. It
was just the most roguish wind that ever blew.
It was a wind that had no respect for persons
—a wind that had no sense of propriety—a
wind that had no regard for private feelings—
a harum-scarum whirlwind! It tore up the
main street of Ellendale, carrying off the min-
ister's hat and doctor's wig, and throwing dust
in everybody's eyes. It whisked off into Mrs.
Alexander Jonschmidt's flower-garden, scatter-
ing the rose leaves here and there, in the great
confusion, and then whirling in a giddy
vortex, it danced in through the open window of
the library, and catching one of Miss Nina's
long, dark ringlets, it brushed it into the button-
hole of my coat with a diabolical snicker, and
against all rules of propriety, left it there in the
most provoking tangle imaginable.

I laughed, and Nina blushed. Then I tried
to disentangle it; and Nina tried, and all the
while it seemed to grow worse instead of better.
How eagerly I worked, you may guess from the
great drops of perspiration that broke out
upon my forehead.

"Plunge take it!" said Nina.
"Confound it!" said I.
Just then our lips came very near together.

"We can never get apart!" cried Nina, in
despair.
"Don't let's try, dear," said I; and before
you could say Jack Robinson, I had kissed
her rosy lips sixteen times by actual count.

"Mr. Willibilly!" exclaimed Nina, blushing
like a peony.

"What, darling?" looking my tenderest.
"I am surprised, sir!"
"At what, Nina?"
She cast down her eyes, blushed charmingly,
and then looking up into my face, with a timid,
"White Fawn"-like expression, asked in a
whisper:

"Why don't you, Charlie?"
"What, dear?"
"Ki—kiss me ag'in," she answered, with
the most bewitching simplicity.

O, sugar of lead! I leave the reader to
guess whether I did or not. But such scenes
are too sacred to be shared to the public eye,
and so I draw the veil, leaving several things
for your imagination to fill up.

Shortly after I left the house, with Nina's
promise that she would love me always, and
marry me upon three weeks' notice.

What the dear creature saw in me to love I
am blest if I can make out. Perhaps my lady
readers can. Behold my picture:

I am twenty-five years of age. My actual
length from crown to heel is five feet nine inches.
I have a sort of military air about me, my
gait being a stately march. Digging says I
step out just like the bass drummer in a brass
band. My hair and whiskers are of a Bismark
brown; eyes cerulean; nose curly; teeth pearly;
chin square, very (corners being quite dis-
tinct) hands small and delicate; arms beauti-
fully rounded (I don't wear bracelets) foot
small and genteel in shape; ankles—ravishing!

I never was very good at pen-portrait, but
if the reader has a lively imagination, I fancy
the above will do very well.

I reside in the village of Ellendale. At a
very early age I was left an orphan, and, like
"Mr. Pip" in "Great Expectations," was
"brought up by hand," by my Uncle Jason
Hykokorum's housekeeper, Miss Elvira
Scrimp.

My Uncle Jason was a bachelor, and very
wealthy. I am his sole heir. I have never
lost any sleep on that account. The fact is,
wealth has no terrors for me; but I confess
that poverty has, and for that reason I consid-
ered it necessary to obtain my uncle's consent
to my union with the beautiful Nina Jonsch-
midt.

"Uncle Jason," said I, "I have found a
wife!"

"Now my uncle is very excitable. He never
did keep cool more than half an hour at a time.
"Found a wife!" he cried, jumping out of
his chair, rubbing the short, fussy hair on his
partially bald head, and staring with wide open
eyes at me. "Whose wife?"

"Why, uncle, I've found a wife for myself."
"The deuce you have!"

"Is it strange?"

My uncle considered a moment and then re-
sumed his seat.

"Well, I don't know that it is strange, but—"
"Well, uncle?"

"You aren't married?" with a wild expres-
sion in his eye.

"No, no, uncle, not so bad as that," I re-
plied.

"Well, who is the lady?"

"Miss Nina Jonschmidt."

"Who!" thundered Mr. Jason Hykokoro-
rum, jumping up and confronting me. "I con-
fess to feeling pale."

Waterville Mail.

VOL. XXII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE. . . . FRIDAY, NOV. 13, 1868.

NO. 20.

"Nina Jonschmidt, uncle."
"Alexander Jonschmidt's daughter?"
"Yes sir."

"St. George and the Dragon! And you
dare to tell me, you scamp?" roared my uncle
Jason, stamping his foot till his little blue eyes
fairly jingled in their sockets, while his short
hair flew in all directions. "Marry a Jonsch-
midt! No! by Saint Bride of Bothwell! not
if I know myself, boy."

"Tis a fearful thing to behold a man in such
a passion, particularly when said man is your
uncle, and is very wealthy, and you are his
sole heir. I trembled like an aspen leaf. (I
don't know whether this is a good simile or not,
but I'll risk it. N. B. It isn't original.) Yes,
I trembled so that you could hear the coppers
jingle in my pocket several rods off. Already
the perspiration, that streamed from every pore,
had set me fairly afloat in my boots.

"Boy!" It was like the roar of artillery, or
the explosion of a powder mill. I waited in
awful suspense. My feelings can only be im-
agined by a man who has stood upon the gal-
lows, with the fatal rope around his neck wait-
ing for the drop to fall. The sentence came.
"Never let me hear that woman's name again,
on pain of my everlasting displeasure."

Here my uncle sank into his chair, and I
sank into mine. I tremble when I think, even
now, what might have happened but for the
entrance of the housekeeper at this moment. I
gave a sigh of relief, and my uncle did like-
wise.

Miss Scrimp, the housekeeper, was a maiden
lady of fifty summers. She might have been
handsome in her youth, but she wasn't troubled
that way now. She was very tall, very straight,
and very stiff. She was also exceedingly thin
and sharp pointed in nose and chin. Her eyes
were of a cold blue, and so were her lips. No
smile ever lighted her countenance. Thirty
years ago, the barque "Elvira Scrimp," named
for her, had gone down at sea, in a terrible
gale, with all hands on board, and, metaphori-
cally speaking, Miss Scrimp had gone down too,
for, had that barque returned, she would have
been the happy wife of Captain John Plimpton,
instead of washing her life out with tears, in
the service of Jason Hykokorum, Esquire, of
Ellendale.

"Take a seat, ma'am," said my uncle, hand-
ing a chair.

"Thank you, Mr. Hykokorum," said Miss
Scrimp, shutting half up like a jackknife, as
she came down to my uncle's level.

"I've only a word to say, Mr. Hykokorum,"
began the housekeeper, taking a pinch of snuff,
"but I don't know how to say it. You have
been very kind to me, sir, and it is hard to
think of leaving."

"Who the deuce is going to think of your
leaving?" cried my uncle, jumping out of his
chair. And then, remembering that he was in
the presence of a lady— "Beg pardon, ma'am,
I—I forgot myself. But your meaning, if you
please, Miss Scrimp?"

"Well, sir, my niece, who has lately mar-
ried, has offered me a home with her. She is
the only relative I have in the world. I am
getting old, and as she seems very anxious that
I should come, I think it my duty to go to her."

"Very true, ma'am. It does seem so."

"Therefore, I have come to ask you to get
some one to take my place in your household."

My uncle stared at Miss Scrimp's canoe
bosom-pin, which, owing to his short stature
was directly in range of his vision, while Miss
Scrimp gazed off ("taking sight" over my
uncle's bald crown) down the tear-stained
years of her own life, that lay like a vast ex-
panse of roaring waters, spread out before her,
in which the barque "Elvira Scrimp," Captain
John Plimpton, was going down in a terrible
gale with all hands on board.

"You can't be persuaded to stay?" inquired
my uncle.

The forlorn maiden, still looking over the
weary past, as though she was speaking to
Captain John Plimpton (and to judge from her
nasal tone, had made a speaking trumpet of
her nose), answered:

"No, I must go."

Watching the expression of Miss Scrimp's
countenance, I half expected to see her spring
into an imaginary life-boat, seize the oars, and
put off over the tumbling billows of the main,
but she remained immovable with her eyes still
fixed upon the remorseless sea.

"You have been my housekeeper for a long
time, Miss Scrimp," said my uncle, "and now
this comes upon me so suddenly, so unexpect-
edly—that I—really, ma'am, I don't know what
to say. I never dreamed of your leaving us;
but if you must— and here he drew a long
breath—"you must. I'll endeavor to get a
housekeeper as soon as possible, if you are
anxious to go, ma'am."

"I am anxious to go, I confess; and yet it
grieves me."

"We shall miss you very much," said my
uncle, wiping his eyes with a stiff corner of his
pocket handkerchief until a tear moistened the
fishes.

"Thank you, Mr. Hykokorum. You have
been very kind to me in the years I have been
in your house," nodding at my uncle's bald
crown. "I have been as happy here as it was
possible for any one to be whose heart has been
wrecked—whose hopes went down at sea in a
terrible gale, with all hands on board." And
so, with a courtesy, she left the room.

My uncle having thus disposed of her, as
well as his nephew, soon after left the house,
and as I didn't know what else to do, I took
my hat and started for the abode of the Widow
Jonschmidt and her beautiful daughter.

To say that I was crushed don't half express
it. I felt so reckless that I think if I had been
nominated to represent the district, I should
have run for Congress. I shudder when I
think of the dire extremity to which I was
reduced.

But what puzzled me was this: What could
my uncle have against the Jonschmidt family?
I knew it could not be Nina's self; for I defied
any sane man to look upon her and not love
her. Yes it must be her family; and now I
remembered hearing Mrs. Jonschmidt say, that
though living in the same town she had not
seen my uncle in several years.

The dear girl wasn't at home when I arrived
at the house; but her mother was, and to her
I told the whole story begging her to ex-
plain my uncle's singular conduct, if she could.

"Really, Mr. Willibilly, I don't know that
I can," she replied.

"I conjecture that the late Mr. Jonschmidt
and my uncle were not friends, ma'am."

"Very true, they were not."

"I will remark here that Mrs. Jonschmidt was
quite a handsome woman for one of her age,
and it was quite remarkable, or seemed so to
me, that she had remained a widow so long,
the late Alexander Jonschmidt having taken
his departure from North America some seven-
teen years before."

Well, as Nina's mother could give me no
help, nothing seemed to remain for me but to
marry Nina in spite of my uncle, and leave him
to forgive me when he found it most conven-
ient. Of course I might be disinherited—I
expected to be; but then what is wealth when
weighed in the balance with the woman you
love? Not that I loved my uncle's money-bags
less, but Nina more, as Mr. Brutus would un-
doubtedly have said, had he lived at a later
period of the world's history, and been a resident
of the town of Ellendale.

However, Mrs. Jonschmidt advised me to
wait patiently for a time. Mr. Micawber wait-
ed long for "something to turn up," and he
did not wait in vain. I would emulate Micaw-
ber.

Meantime my uncle advertised for a house-
keeper, but for several days it remained un-
answered. My uncle grew restless. I thought
once of telling him that with Nina as my wife,
he would need no other housekeeper; but as I
had no particular desire to be annihilated upon
the spot, I held my peace.

At last, one morning as we were at break-
fast, the servant announced "a lady, wishing
to see Mr. Hykokorum."

"Show her into the parlor, Jennie," said my
uncle, "and I'll be there directly."

The door between the parlor and break-
fast-room being ajar, I saw the lady as she en-
tered. Her hair was gray, almost white; but she
was a fine-looking old lady, and, but for her
hair, would have passed easily for a woman of
forty-five. As it was, she looked to be sixty,
at least.

"Good-morning, ma'am," said my uncle, with
his most affable smile, entering the room.

"You wish to speak with me I believe?"

"Yes sir. You have advertised for a house-
keeper."

"Very true, ma'am," seating himself. "And
you have called to make some inquiries in re-
lation to it—perhaps for the situation?"

"Perhaps," with a smile that I could see
touched my uncle's feelings, being a sensitive
man.

"And you have references, of course, ma'am?"

"No sir."

"O, the deuce! Beg pardon, ma'am! I—really
—well, you understand me, I hope?"

The lady hoped she did.

"I wished to tell you my story, sir, and then
you can do as you think best. This may seem
singular—"

"Slightly so I must confess," put in my un-
cle.

"But," continued the lady, not heeding the
interruption, "I assure you it is not so unrea-
sonable as you may imagine."

"I dare say not, ma'am. You're a widow,
I presume?"

"Yes sir."

"Ah! Well, ma'am your story is—"

"I will tell it in as few words as possible,"
answered the lady. "And my uncle, who isn't
particularly fond of stories of any description,
I fancied was about to express a wish that she
would abridge it as much as possible, when she
continued:

"It is almost a love story, Mr. Hykokorum,
and perhaps you are not fond of such?"

My uncle, though evidently very ill at ease
at this commencement, made no reply, but
braced back in his chair, and assumed a very
resolute air, as though he were about to have
a molar extracted.

"Was you ever in love, Mr. Hykokorum?"

"No, by thunder!" cried my uncle, very
excitedly. And then, perceiving the lady's
surprise, and thinking, perhaps, that he had
used rather too choice language in his answer,
he begged her pardon; and then she said:

"I have."

"With your late husband, I presume, ma'am?" said my uncle.

"No sir."

"O! the dev—" whistling the last syllable.

"I loved a young man of your acquaint-
ance—"

"Some years ago, I fancy," put in my un-
cle.

"Yes sir; and he loved me, but—"

"Ah! somebody objected."

"Yes sir—his father. He threatened to
disinherit his son if he married me, for I was
only a poor girl."

"Just where the old gentleman was ri-
wrong, ma'am, of course," said my uncle.

"What an old sinner!"

"At last they made a compromise, sir. The
son was to spend a year in Europe. At the
end of that time, if we still loved each other,
no objection should be made to our marriage.
We sojourned ourselves with the thought that
a year would soon pass away, and with bright
hopes for the future my lover left me, prom-
ising to write often and to never forget me. But
it was a sorrowful parting to me."

"Yes," was rather tough, that's a fact," said
my uncle, sympathetically.

"My lover had a very dear friend," contin-
ued the lady, "and through his hands our let-
ters were to pass; for, though he had not prom-
ised his father that he would not write to each
other, we thought it would be as well to keep
our correspondence from the gossip."

Here my uncle became quite attentive, and
I fancied—though it may have been only my
fancy—that the rosy glow on his nose grew a
shade paler.

"I received three letters from my lover in
quick succession, immediately after his arrival
in England; but after that a long time elapsed
without a word from him. I wrote regular."

"You did?" my uncle asked, musingly.

"Yes sir. I was true to him, though I
feared he would prove false to me; and I had
good reasons for my fears; for now, when he
did write, his letters were short and unsatisfac-
tory. At last they ceased altogether."

"I went to our mutual friend, and asked
him if he could explain my lover's conduct. He
answered that he thought he could. He said he
was really sorry for me, but he could not
conceal the truth any longer. He had re-
ceived letters from his friend, in which there

was a great deal said about an American lady
whom he had met in Paris—in truth, to be
candid with me, his friend was about to marry
her; they were betrothed."

"Mr. Hykokorum, I am a proud woman.
What my feelings were at that time no one ever
knew; but I resolved my false lover should
never know how he had hurt me."

I noticed here that my Uncle Jason appeared
to be sitting on needles, though he was evident-
ly trying hard to keep his seat.

"Three months after," continued the lady,
"I married the man who had pretended to be
my friend. My married life was not happy,
though my husband did everything to make it
so while he lived; but that was not long, for he
died within a year of our wedding day. On his
death-bed he made a confession."

"Eh?" from my uncle.

"He confessed that he had kept back all my
old lover's letters, as well as my own, with the
exception of the first half dozen. After that
he had written letters to my lover, disguising
his hand, and—"

"Low-cin-da!" shouted my uncle, unable
to contain himself any longer, springing from
his chair as though a torpedo had burst beneath
the seat, "Lucinda, is it you?"

"Yes Jason," murmured Mrs. Jonschmidt,
throwing off her gray wig and falling into my
uncle's arms. "I was too proud to tell you
before. I could not have done it now, but for
the sake of the dear children."

"Bless 'em!" said my uncle, looking the
very picture of a fat cherub.

As I was evidently one of the dear children
referred to, I immediately left the young and
blooming couple to make up their slight differ-
ence, and hurried to the home of my beloved.

Half an hour later I returned to the scene, and
entered the parlor with lovely Nina hanging
upon my arm.

"O, you scamp!" said my uncle, who was
seated upon the sofa with one arm encircling
the plump form of Mrs. Jonschmidt.

"O, you rogue!" cried I, presenting Nina.

"Was you ever in love, Mr. Hykokorum?"

"No, by thunder, ma'am! Ha, ha! A
good joke, Charlie. Bless you, my chickens!"

taking Nina's hand and mine, while a tear
trickled down his nose. "Charlie, my boy, I've
been an old sinner, and—well, never mind it
now; but as Mrs. Jonschmidt and I are to be
married next month, all I can say to you and
Miss Nina is this: Go and do likewise."—We
did.

JUICY TRUTH ABOUT HOMES.—Among all
our acquaintances, scarcely a half dozen stand-
ing at the head of families seem to appreciate
the moral bearing of the right sort of homes and
the high influences of every name which come
from them. Home to a good many men is the
place wherein to eat and sleep and lo! and
snarl and order children about, and put into
practice generally, their small views of the
rights of a husband and father. And then,
something higher than these, stand a more in-
telligent and genial class who have a warm,
social side, and are void of tyranny, and cher-
ish every noble hope for their children, and
yet do not quite see that home and its influ-
ences should be a main thing in the thoughts
and plans of every father, instead of being held
greatly subordinate to business and politics and
out-door pleasures.

To provide abundantly and keep the home
warm in cold times, and send the young ones
to school punctually and have family prayers
once or twice a day, are not all the things that
need doing, but home should be made a really
bright and happy place in every way. It should
meet the wants of the whole nature of the
young. Games should be devised, and a wise
man or a careful mother is doing a good thing
in spending time to invent and diversify these
things, with a view to keep the household in good
nature and cheer. Festivals should be institu-
ed. Returning birth days should be celebra-
tized and made memorable. Little expeditions
of the household to this place and that, should
be sought and read and talked over altogeth-
er.

Indeed, scarcely anything helps a home so
much as general and cheerful conversation.
Music should be brought in. The taste of the
children should be cultivated. Decorations are
excellent in a merely moral view. Flowers
should be made to assist in the general culture.
And if time is consumed and some money spent
on these things, there is no folly in it, but best
wisdom. For boys and girls are blessedly
guarded when they find all their faculties well
met and exercised at home. They do not care
to roam and so they are detained from a thou-
sand outside dangers. Their passions are kept
quiet. They lie open to celestial influences.
This easy, comparatively, for such to be Chris-
tians. Indeed we expect them to be. Solo-
mon's "Train up a child," etc., is likely to be
fulfilled in this case. Tippling houses do not
draw their pay from youths who have been
made to love their homes heartily. Wayward
girls are bred in unhappy homes.

SACRIFICE.—A German correspondent of
the Freischuetz says: "What a pity that the
beautiful Danish Princesses should be married
to such men as the Prince of Wales and the
Grand Duke hereditary of Russia. The former
is an incorrigible rake, and the latter a
scrofulous youth. There are no finer, nicer,
and better educated young ladies in Europe
than the daughters of King Christian IX.
They would grace any household, and would
make the best of husband in deservingly happy.
And now doomed to such a lot which, brilliant
as it may seem, is at the bottom but gilded
wretchedness. Providence, too, seems to set
the seal of his disapproval on these unions."

Look at the way in which young Fredericka,
of Wales, is pining away in London. Six years
ago she was the embodiment of health and
beauty, and now she is but a wreck of her
former self, and yet not twenty five. And that
sweet, bright girl, Dagnar, who was admired
by everybody who saw her in Copenhagen, is
reported to be consumptive, a prey to the mis-
erable climate of St. Petersburg, and perhaps,
also, to disappointed hopes of happiness. The
good mother of these girls is said to be profound-
ly melancholy, and well she may be when she
looks upon what has befallen her lovely daugh-
ters, linked as they are to men to whom, if they
were of private extraction, no honorable man
would intrust his daughter.

A young woman's fancy is like the moon which changes
continually, but always has a man in it.

OUR TABLE.

FREAKS OF FORTUNE or Half Round the

World. By Oliver Optic.

MAKE OR BREAK, or The Rich Man's Daugh-

ter. By Oliver Optic.

Here are two more of those delightful juvenile stories,
which have charmed the readers of "Our Boys and
Girls," Oliver Optic's weekly magazine for the young.
In his preface to the first, the author says that he "is
not disposed to apologize for the exciting element—as
some have been pleased to denigrate it—of this and
other stories. If goodness and truth have been cast
down, if vice and sin have been raised up, in the story,
an explanation would not, and ought not to, atone for the
crime. The writer degrades no saints, he canonizes no
villains. He believes that his young friends admire
and love the youthful heroes of the story because they
are good and true, because they are noble and self-sacrif-
icing, and not merely because they engage in stirring
adventures. Exciting the youthful mind in the right
direction is one thing; exciting it in the wrong direction
is quite another thing." And in his preface to the other
he says—"The heart may be warmed and the blood
may be stirred, without corrupting the moral nature."
Both volumes are illustrated, and will make very ap-
propriate gift books for the young.

For sale at Matthews's.

HOURS AT HOME.—The November num-
ber, the first of a new volume, contains chapters one to
four

current, and of course, discharging a large volume of water.

The climate of Vineland is of course mild. But little snow falls there, and the farmers can plow every month in the year but one, and they generally take this season to clear the land. Invalids suffering from asthma, and throat and lung troubles generally, find great relief.

The facilities for education must be good, for there are 16 district schools on the tract, 4 private schools, a classical institute, and a young ladies and gentlemen's academy, and the Methodists are building a large and handsome Seminary.

They raise large quantities of beautiful fruit in Vineland, and one man, we were told, sold the produce of his vineyard of 1200 vines for a dollar a vine. Their grapes, too, are not merely colored, they are ripe, and of course rich and luscious to the taste. Even their tomatoes, having an opportunity to get dead ripe in the open air, lose the wildest flavor they have with us, and we picked them from the vines and ate them raw with great relish. We were shown a pear that weighed 23 1-2 ounces, which the raiser said he had beaten last year.

Most of the Waterville people who have gone to New Jersey have settled in Hammoncton; but Mr. Hobart, formerly of the Maine Central Railroad Machine Shop, is well located on Oak Road, in Vineland, and the brothers Lasselle, Frank and John, own farms nearly opposite, and so does Mr. Merrill, on the same road. Mr. Geo. Lasselle, now of Boston, but formerly of our village, has a beautiful improvement on Main road, and owns several other lots.

"What is the cost of living in Vineland?" Rents are high, but houses can be bought there as cheap as in Waterville. Dry goods and groceries are about as with us, but generally a trifle lower; meats are a little higher, and not quite as good, the animals being smaller and not so well fattened; flour is cheaper, good being sold there now for \$10 a bushel; potatoes, both kinds, \$1 per bushel; hay, from \$16 to \$20 a ton; shorts, \$2 a hundred; butter, 40 to 50 cts. a pound; corn meal \$2.65 per hundred; milk, 10 cts. a quart; oysters, large and luscious ones they are, 25 cts. a quart. Milk, it will be noticed, is high, for very few cows are kept there. Occasionally you will see one tethered on a man's front or upon the lawn of some handsome improvement; but there are no broad pastures in Vineland for cattle to roam in as they do in Maine. The small Jersey stock would no doubt be just the kind for that locality, but we did not see a single specimen there. Of course there are no oxen to be seen in Vineland, the work all being done with horses and mules.

"And here we are reminded to mention some other things that a Maine man would also miss in Vineland. With the cold and snow, which he goes to avoid, he will lose the exhilaration of the clear, frosty mornings, and the delights of sleighing by moonlight. In that flat country, he will sometimes long for a sight of the hills upon whose slopes he "coasted" gleefully in youth; and listen in vain for the music of the brooklets that so joyously leaped adown their rocky sides. He will miss the luxuriant forest growth—the towering oak, the graceful elm, the majestic maple, and the lofty pine—and he will especially miss the gorgeous autumn foliage, with its variegated display of brilliant hues.

In conclusion, we may say that we were disappointed in Vineland in only one particular. Previous descriptions had prepared us to look for just such a soil, just such a native growth, just such a landscape, just such a people; but the enterprise is further advanced than we supposed. We did not expect to see five large and handsome churches in the village and several others on the tract; nor two large papers with well appointed offices; nor so many large and well filled stores; nor so large a post office; nor so many fine halls; nor so many elegant houses, especially out of the village; nor so many beautifully improved gardens and farms; nor such good roads; nor so many flourishing trades and industries—steam mills, planing mills, saw and blind factories, bakeries, butcher shops, &c., &c. They had certainly got ahead of our calculations.

After a stay of a little more than a week, we took our leave of the kind friends whose hospitality we had enjoyed, and made our way to New York, going up the east side of the Delaware, and connecting with our old route at Trenton. This afforded us some beautiful views of the river as we rode along, and some tantalizing glimpses of several beautiful towns. This time we knew how to do it, and so we committed our baggage to the care of Dodd's Express, and taking the Desbrosses street ferry landed close to the pier of the Norwich boat. In the course of the afternoon we penetrated into the city as far as Broadway, (which in that latitude is broad only in the scriptural sense;) but we spent the most of our leisure on the deck of the boat, watching the shifting panorama in the harbor. At five o'clock, in company with two other Sound boys we started, and remaining on deck for a long while as we steamed around City point and up past Brooklyn, Blackwell's Island, and through Hellgate, and so on, we thought we had the full worth of our passage money in sight-seeing.

At one o'clock we arrived at Norwich where we took the cars and rode to Worcester, through an interesting country, no doubt, but with nothing visible to us outside but the big, black dark. We reached Worcester at four o'clock, when we switched off and waited for two hours in a well warmed and lighted depot, with plenty of recuperating material at hand, in the shape of hot coffee, oysters, cake, &c. At six o'clock we started out, in a damp, cloudy morning, and winding up through the hills, (which somehow had a pleasing look,) we rode into Fitchburg in the midst of a driving snow storm, singing, while our teeth clattered with cold,

"Hurrah! for old New England,
With her cloud-capped granite hills!"

We thought it a rather cold reception for a returning son; but a warm shelter was close at hand and kind friends to welcome us to their hospitable home, from whence we could look out and snap our fingers at the driving snow.

JUNIOR.

The State Educational Convention will be held at Augusta, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of Thanksgiving week. It will be held in the representatives' hall at the State House. The railroads will carry for half fare, the hotel charges will be lowered, and ladies will be entertained free. Lecture and discussions will make it instructive and interesting.

SUPERINTENDENT Rice of the Maine State Prison, says that nineteen-twentieths of all the convicts sentenced to that institution are brought there directly or indirectly by intoxicating liquors. Judges Kent and Walton of the Maine Supreme Court, unite in testifying that more than three-fourths of all the crime which has come under their jurisdiction, is caused by rum.

Waterville Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, NOV. 13, 1868.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

M. PITTENGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 40 State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York; S. H. Niles, Advertising Agent, No. 1 Bechley's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 129 Park Row, New York; and T. C. Evans, Advertising Agent, 120 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the WATERTVILLE MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office. ATWELL & CO., Advertising Agents, 7 Middle Street, Portland, are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisements abroad are referred to the Agents named above.

LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS

relating either to the business or editorial departments of the paper, should be addressed to 'MAXHAM & WING,' or 'WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE.'

Some of the panic papers have started the suggestion of an increase of the President's salary. We do not think any such thing is contemplated by any prudent or sensible republican. It was a suicidal policy in Congress to raise their own salaries a few years ago—a measure from which the republican party sustained more real injury than from the failure to impeach Mr. Johnson; and a measure that has not met the emphatic condemnation it deserved. It was narrow and selfish, in times that needed better counsels. The republican party carried the whole burden of just odium, though the democrats sustained the act; and we can hardly suppose that mere avarice will prompt President Grant to approve another trial of the forbearance of his friends. The party is now strong enough to be true to the country as well as to itself, and we trust its leaders will be wise enough to hold it to a broad and magnanimous policy. If they fail to do so we have sadly misjudged them.

VERY WELL DONE!—The report of premiums awarded at the late State fair shows that Mr. Levi A. Dow, of Waterville, took no less than five premiums, on different animals in his herd, of Durham Short Horns, notwithstanding he had to compete with Hon. Warren Percival, of Vassalboro', who is probably the most extensive breeder of this class of stock in Maine. Mr. Dow took the second premium for best herd, 2nd for his bull "Matador Jr.," 1st for yearling heifer "May Queen," 2d for heifer "Waterville Lady," and 2d for a heifer calf. When it is known that the contest for the 1st premium on bulls was a very close one, as well as on some other animals, this is doing very well for a young breeder. Mr. Dow has the foundation for a noble herd of Short Horns; and with a fine farm for their development, and no lack of pluck for the work, he will in due time come out ahead.

In addition to the above, the following premiums came to Waterville—Henry Taylor 3d on Short Horn cow, 1st on best herd of grades, 1st on grade heifer, and 1st on Jersey calf; Geo. E. Shores a medal and 1st premium on Hereford bull; Winthrop Morrill a gratuity of \$15 dollars on two pairs 3yr. old steers; Jos. Mitchell 2d on 2yr. old stallion; and Eph. Maxham 1st on Merino buck. Certainly Waterville did her part, this once.

The very pleasant seat known as the Col. Scribner place, more recently owned by Mr. Merrill, a little way above the University, has lately been purchased by Mr. A. J. Alden, and fitted up in a manner that renders it one of the most attractive residences that adorn the skirts of our village. This house was built by the late Col. E. H. Scribner, on land that previously belonged to the Dr. Thayer farm. The place contained some fifteen acres of choice land, and with an addition of ten acres from an adjoining owner, makes a very pretty place for a young man to "set up house-keeping." We hope the enterprising owner will live to be counted "an old settler."

Incidentally, in writing of other matters, a friend says in a letter—

"I should like to try to raise the stock, (a part in Waterville,) if I had the influence to do it, to build up a nice business of my kind on your new dam."

Very well, come and do so. We can hardly doubt that under a leader of your well known capacity and integrity the measure could be accomplished. Go to the Agent, Mr. Phillips, and talk it over. Two men like you and him—honest, cautious, experienced, industrious, young, and ambitious to do something—can hardly fail to mature a good plan, that other men would have faith in. Try it!—you are wanted in Waterville.

We verily believe our neighbor the Lewiston Journal has made itself the banner paper of the State in the fullness, promptness and fine's of its election returns in the late canvass. It has met the various questions that might be asked, directly and indirectly bearing upon the election, in a manner that ought to satisfy the most particular. The Journal is a very industrious paper.

Ground has been broken at Augusta, for a new cotton mill, by the Spragues. It will be 205 feet long and 75 feet wide.

N. K. AG. SOCIETY.—We believe the following completes the list of reports for this year.

FINE ARTS.

The labors of this committee might be fully represented by a hen with one chicken. A dozen entries barely gives one each to a committee of ten. Luckily for our dignity, only two of us are on duty, one of whom has been in this department often enough to be prepared for an emergency. In a village full of good pictures, and rich in nice works of art and mechanical ingenuity, we see no reason why we have not the right to protest, in the Society's behalf, against a degree of neglect that brings censure from such members as are in the habit of doing their share of the work faithfully, according to their means. We may at least venture to put on file our petition to the ladies of Waterville village that they next year loan to the Society, for one day, some of their beautiful paintings, for the entertainment of the audience.

Of the fine oil paintings exhibited, four at least were charitably presented by Miss Sarah Allen, one of the accomplished young lady artists of the village, to whom we are indebted for most of the attention given by the audience to this corner of the hall. This is by no means the first of her favors to the Society; and it may be in response to this kindness that her beautiful pictures adorn so many parlor and library walls, to her pecuniary profit. [Miss Allen declines a gratuity.]

Three pencil drawings—one good, another better, and a third best—are entitled to a gratuity of 50 cts. each—presented by Misses Caddie Dyer and C. P. Lowe, and Fred H. Caffrey.

Julia Dunbar, for two bouquets of dry flowers—one arranged with much taste, and the other with less—50 cts.

A little oil painting, No. 6, Autumn Leaves, was at least spoken of in kind terms by the only one of the committee really qualified to judge it. Presented by Mrs. C. K. Matthews.

Mr. C. G. Carleton, one of the best photographic artists in the State, beyond question, contributed a good show of his pictures.

A fine picture of Gen. Grant, another of the capital at Washington where he is soon to reside, and a neat little Masonic square and compass, were a part of the household gods of E. R. Drummond.

To Miss Ada Smith, for two Chinese pictures that indicated much ingenuity and taste—either Chinese or Yankee—and a worsted picture, more difficult to make than beautiful when made—\$1.00.

And yet, small and cheap as has been this class of the exhibition, compared with what it ought to have been, we very cordially thank those who indicated their kindness towards the Society and the audience by contributing their mite.

E. MAXHAM, for Com.

A class in elocution, young gents and misses in Waterville Classical Institute, who had just closed a course of instruction by Mrs. Miller of Concord, N. H., gave a very pleasant exhibition on Friday evening. It was confined to prose and poetical recitations. As a whole it gave very marked evidence of the skill of the teacher in this department of instruction. Even the faults of the pupils showed what she aimed to do, and what they would now be able in time to accomplish by effort. The exercises were evidently very much beyond the expectations of the audience. Several of the young ladies, and nearly as many of the young gentlemen, deserve to be mentioned in terms of very high praise. Mrs. Miller has evidently put them in the way of improving and managing their voices; and having among them several rare subjects for her skill, the audience were literally thrilled with some of the recitations. The instructions given by Mrs. Miller, in the few weeks she has been engaged at the Institute, will give new life to a department of education which the Principal regards as highly important. We believe that to him, as well as to the pupils and their parents, her engagement here has given very marked satisfaction.

According to the Argus there is a slight manifestation of a forward movement in executing the liquor laws in Portland. In proof the Argus cites two fines, \$50 dollars each, and one unlucky fellow, in jail. We are glad to notice similar symptoms in Waterville, and hope to be able to record tangible facts soon.

BIG CALVES.—Mr. Amasa E. Shores, of Waterville, has a pair of steer calves, grade Hereford and Durham, six months old the last of Sept., that weighed at that time just 1400 pounds. He says he will give \$200 for as good a pair. Wonder who has got them to sell? We doubt whether their equal, for size and beauty, can be found in New England.

THE PRINCE OF HEREFORDS.—Many who saw the beautiful bull calf of this breed exhibited at the late fair by Mr. Wm. P. Blake, of West Waterville, pronounced him the best calf they ever saw. For perfection of color and marks, which are precisely Hereford, as well as for size and elegance of form, his equal can rarely be found. He promises to take a leading place among the Herefords—which, by the way, seem to be gaining favor with good farmers.

One of the Jersey cows exhibited by Dr. Boutelle last week died on Monday. She had a calf but a few weeks old. She ate well in the morning, and was found dead at noon, bloated badly. Examination revealed a large quantity of potatoes and other undigested and fermenting food. No doubt the Doctor would say, "Careless in diet."

THE MAINE FARMER'S ALMANAC for 1869, formerly edited by Daniel Robinson—well do we remember him—comes to us from Masters, Smith & Co., of Hallowell. Its astronomical information is as reliable as of old, but we miss the quaint utterances of one who now "lies food for worms," and also the old familiar pictures.

NATHANIEL R. BOUTELLE, of our village, has been appointed Justice of the Peace and of the Quorum.

GRANT'S majority in this State will probably be about 27,000.

OUR TABLE.

ADELPHI DUBOIS, a Story of the Lovely Miramichi Valley in New Brunswick. Loring, Publisher Boston.

Another good volume of "Loring's Railway Library," containing an interesting story charmingly told. For sale at Maxham's.

THE GALAXY for this month is received. In it that excellent story the Beechdale Romance is completed. Among its table of contents we find the following of great interest. The Story of a hero (by E. A. Pollard;) London Beggars, The Picture of the World, A talk with Mr. Burlingame about China, Democratic Deities, By Rail to the Rocky Mountains. Published by Sheldon & Co., 498 and 500 Broadway New York, at \$4 per year.

"OLD FARMER'S ALMANAC"—We have received from Messrs. Bailey & Noyes of Portland, a copy of this decidedly popular Almanac which contains much new, useful and entertaining information.

THE HOUSEHOLD, an elegant monthly devoted to the interests of the American housewife, will enter upon a new volume with the January number. It is published at Brattleboro', Vt., by George E. Crowell, at \$1 a year, and is well worth the money.

"HEARTH AND HOME."—Pettengill, Bates & Co., of New York City announce that on or before January 1st, they will commence the publication of a weekly rural and family paper with the above title, "to be devoted to all that pertains to country life in its broadest sense." It will be under the general editorial charge of Donald G. Mitchell, "The Maypole;" while its home and fireside departments will be under the supervision of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who will also be a regular contributor. The "Pettengill" in the publishing firm, is S. M. Pettengill, Esq., of the well known advertising agency, and his name is a sufficient guaranty that the enterprise will be well managed.

We are glad to hear that Prof. C. D. Robinson, a well known elocutionist and public reader, proposes to visit Waterville early in the coming week, and to give one or more public readings. Probably the entertainment will be at the Institute. Mr. Robinson's reputation, with a choice programme, ought to secure a good audience.

TEACHERS of the Winter Schools in Waterville will do well to read and heed the notice of the S. S. Committee, in our advertising columns.

Some of the Wall Street gamblers have been hard up for money for some days past, so that they tried out lustily to Secretary McCulloch to lend them a helping hand. The Secretary at once announced that he had a right—not a moral right—to do so, and this assurance answered these men of golden shadows all the purposes of ready money; so that they have been enabled to go on with their betting—bad luck to them!

The president of the Y. M. C. A. of Lewiston in his annual report, says that only twenty per cent, of the people of that moral, religious and good city "frequent the sanctuary." If by this he means to say, that only twenty per cent, or one in five, of the people of Lewiston are in the habit of going to meetings, we are sorry to hear "the soft impeachment."

Mr. A. W. Jackson of the Senior class of Colby University has been appointed Principal of Augusta High School. He is spoken of as a fine scholar, teacher and gentleman.—[Ex.] We endorse all that.

CLASS OFFICERS.—The officers chosen by the Senior class of Colby University for the following year are as follows:

President, Isaac Britton; Marshal, E. W. Norwood; Chaplain, N. N. Atkinson; Orator, G. C. Fisher; Poet, A. W. Jackson; Historian, W. A. Smith; Prophet, C. H. Kimball; Addresser at the Tree, C. W. Chase; Odish, H. C. Rowe; Com. of Arrangements, J. K. Richardson, Isaac Britton and C. W. Chase.

Here is a pleasant paragraph from a Waterville friend who we are glad to see represented in just this way. It is just like him. Mr. Jordan's house is in Waterville, though he does business at North Wayne.

The W. C. T. of Eastern Star Lodge, of North Wayne, informs us that the gratuitous use of the hall occupied by the Lodge for a year past, has been again tendered for the present year by Wm. Jordan, Esq., a friend to every good work; may heaven bless him. In a note to the Lodge Mr. Jordan says: The good influence exercised upon our community by you as a body and as individuals, entitles you to the gratitude of all, and I am happy to have the opportunity of furnishing a hall free. The W. C. T. adds: In behalf of the members of our noble Order, I tender Mr. Jordan our sincere thanks for this act of kindness, which is characteristic of the man.

The prospectus of the Atlantic Monthly for 1869 contains the news that Col. T. W. Higginson's serial story will be entitled "Mallone: an Oldport Romance;" that Hon. J. L. Lottrop Motley is to contribute some historical articles; that Professor James Russell Lowell will have both an essay and a poem in the January number; that Dr. H. I. Bowditch will write a series of articles on "consumption;" and makes a variety of other announcements which promise a brilliant volume.

CATTLE MARKETS.—Large receipts and unfavorable weather depressed the markets at Brighton and Cambridge this week, and trade, particularly in sheep, was unfavorable to the drovers.

It is whispered that there is a movement of filibusters for the liberation of Cuba.

They have no snow in Portland, but oceans of mud instead.

The Whig says that the City Marshal of Bangor, under the orders of the Mayor, has notified keepers of drinking houses to close up their bars and quit selling "fighting fluid" under penalty of being prosecuted to the extent of the law.

Mr. Russell Prescott of South Noridgewood, committed suicide by hanging himself from the collar beam in his barn, on Friday afternoon, 30th ult. Deceased was about 55 years of age, and leaves a wife and son.

EXHIBITION OF JERSEY STOCK.

The undersigned, a committee of those interested, report that a volunteer Exhibition of Jersey and grade Jersey stock, was held at Waterville Village on Thursday, Nov. 5, 1868. Forty head of pure and grade Jerseys were present, as follows:

Dr. B. Porter, one 2-yr-old Heifer, 3-4 blood; Joseph Percival, one 2-yr-old Bull, full blood; one 2-yr-old Heifer, full blood; one 2-yr-old Heifer, 7-8 blood; one Cow, 1-2 blood.

H. Percival, one 3-yr-old Cow, full blood; one 8-yr-old Cow, 1-2 blood.

Nathan Stiles, one 2-yr-old Heifer, 7-8 blood.

R. I. Lewis, one grade Cow.

Prof. S. K. Smith, one 5-yr-old Cow, full blood; one Heifer Calf, full blood.

Henry Taylor, one Heifer Calf full blood; one Heifer Calf 7-8 blood; one 2-yr-old Heifer 15-16 blood; one Cow, 3-4 blood; one 1-yr-old Bull 7-8 blood.

Dr. N. R. Boutelle, one 8-yr-old Cow full blood; one 3-yr-old Cow full blood; one 3-yr-old 1-2 blood; two yearling Heifers 3-4 blood; four yearling Heifers 1-2 blood; one Bull Calf full blood.

C. H. Redington, one Bull Calf 7-8 blood; one Heifer Calf 1-2 blood.

Joshua Nye, five grade Cows from 1-2 to 7-8 blood, and from 2-yr-olds upwards.

R. W. Pray, one yearling Heifer—blood not known—looked like full blood.

C. M. Barrell, one 3-yr-old Cow full blood.

L. A. Dow, one yearling Bull full blood.

Barrell & Dow, one Bull Calf full blood.

Robt. Austin, one 2-yr-old Heifer 7-8 blood.

William Dyer one 5-yr-old Cow full blood; one Heifer Calf 7-8 blood.

As will be seen, there were about a dozen full blooded animals present, and among them were some as good as we have ever seen in the State, if not as any that we have ever seen anywhere.

The grades, as a whole, were good—some of them, particularly the higher grades, were very fine. Showing that the Jersey blood crosses well with our common stock, at least for dairy purposes.

Many other full bloods and grades are known to be in our village, and vicinity, which were not brought out, owing to the lateness of season, want of notice, and other causes.

As to the character of this kind of stock, and its fitness for our purposes, the Com. wish to say a few words.

First—for village cows, and for those who wish to keep one or two cows for the purpose of supplying their families with rich milk, cream and butter, we think they are the best of any breed at present within our reach; because of the rich quality, and long continued flow of their milk, and because of their docility.

Secondly—for the dairy farmer, or the farmer who wishes to make the dairy a leading thing, they are the best, because of the richness of their milk, the superior quality of their butter, and the ease with which the cream is made into butter.

Thirdly—for the stock farmer, or the farmer who wishes to raise cattle for beef, wool, or early market, they are not to be recommended, because of their lack of size, and of a readiness to take fat—though, upon this point, there is a difference of opinion among breeders; some contending that they do fatten readily when not in milk. There are some other breeds among us better adapted to these last purposes.

Fourth—as to full blood, and grades. In the first place we must have full bloods in order to get grades. Then, for the present, and for some time to come, the stock which we get from full blood cows and bulls will be of much greater value to put into market than grades.

And again, for our own purposes, they will breed with greater uniformity as to their good qualities than grades.

But if one does not regard, particularly, the value of the progeny, a grade may be selected which will serve his purpose for a cow as well as a full blood; though it will not do to take any grade simply because she is a grade Jersey. There are many very fine cows among the grades which we have seen—more, we think, than among an equal number of cows of our common stock—though they are not all good.

So much is respectfully submitted to the public.

EPH. MAXHAM,
S. K. SMITH,
Wm. DYER, } Committee.

The house of A. W. Doe, near China village, was destroyed by fire on Saturday afternoon, 31st ult. There was no insurance on the building, and the generous citizens of China are contributing towards the erection of a new house.

A call has been issued for a "woman suffrage convention," to be held in Boston, Nov. 18th and 19th. The Maine signers are John Godfrey of Bangor, Miss Arthur Hall of Augusta, and John Neal, Benjamin Kingsbury, Jr., and Newell A. Foster of Portland.

SETTLEMENT OF THE ALABAMA CLAIMS.—LONDON, Nov. 10.—The London Times has an editorial article giving the basis of the settlement and the present status of the questions at issue between the United States and Great Britain. A mixed commission, consisting of two members from each nation, will be appointed to adjudicate all questions arising since 1853, the date of the last commission. England's responsibility in the matter of the Alabama claims will be referred to Prussia for arbitration. If the decision is in favor of America the commission will then investigate the claims. America has withdrawn the question of the recognition of the southern States by Great Britain during the war. The San Juan business will be referred to the President of Switzerland for arbitration.

GEN. GRANT treats office-seeking bores with true military courtesy. All office-begging letters are read by a member of his staff, torn up and thrown into the waste-paper basket. Two hundred or more letters of this sort are disposed of daily.

A NOVEL GEOLOGICAL SPECIMEN.—Professor Johnstone was one day lecturing before the students on mineralogy. He had before him a number of specimens of various sorts to illustrate the subject, when a roughish student,

for sport, slyly slipped a piece of brick among the stones. The professor was taking up the stones one after the other, and naming them. "This," he said, "is a piece of granite; this is felspar," etc. Presently he came to the brick-bat. Without betraying any surprise, or even changing the tone of his voice, "This," he said holding it up, "is a piece of impudence."

According to the latest returns Grant appears to have the votes of twenty seven States, and Seymour seven. The States voting for Grant have 217 electoral votes; for Seymour 76. The majority for Grant in the popular vote is about 265,000.

At this season when green plants are becoming daily more desirable, the following suggestion is timely. If the top of a carrot, cut off at this season, or later, is placed in a saucer of water, with a few bits of charcoal to sweeten it, it will form a radiated feathery plant by no means unworthy to grace a lady's table.

Coal has recently been discovered in vast quantities in Russia, so that it is estimated that the beds will continue to yield an ample supply for the whole world two hundred years after the English mines have been exhausted. Within four years the discoveries are estimated at eighteen billions of tons.

On the prairies they have abandoned the spade and lost auger in setting fence posts, and adopted the pile driver, similar to that employed on wharves. The machine costs about \$25, two men and a team will drive three-fourths of a mile of posts per day. The posts are sharpened and are usually sent to the proper depth by two blows of the wooden driver or monkey.

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

Lieut. Gov. Woodford of New York believes that old "Miles Standish," as he stood on Plymouth Rock, was the grandest old carpet-bagger this country ever saw.

Nathan Dane of Alfred, James A. Milliken of Cherryfield, and Dennis L. Milliken of Waterville, have been appointed commissioners to equalize the municipal valuations of Maine.

Once when Father Taylor in preaching to his audience of seamen, found himself entangled suddenly in a thicket of accumulated clauses, he exclaimed himself by exclaiming, "I have lost track of the connection to my verb, but my brethren, one thing I know—I am bound for the Kingdom of Heaven!" That was, oratory superior to rhetoric! It was getting the wine of eloquence by crushing the grapes of style.

It is mentioned as a remarkable fact that a son of American parents, who was born in California, has attained his majority and voted at the recent elections. He is believed to be the only case of the kind. California has thus but one voter who is not a "carpet-bagger."

Seven hundred and sixty-one murders and one execution have taken place in Texas since the close of the war.

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.

Dr. Lugal of Paris, one of the most eminent chemists of Europe, says, when Iodine can be dissolved in pure water the most astonishing results may be anticipated. Dr. H. Anders' Iodine Water is Iodine dissolved in pure water, and the most astonishing results have followed its use in cases of scrofula and all chronic diseases.

The Atlantic Monthly for December will have a long poem by Swinburne, the title of which is "Watchman, What of the Night?" It is a prophetic poem, picturing the future of Europe, and unsparing in its denunciations.

The fall of Asuncion, the Paraguayan capital, was hourly expected in Rio Janeiro at the latest advices.

Carriage Repository

THE subscriber has on hand, for sale, at his Repository, Cor. Main & Temple-sts., Waterville, ME.

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Waterville Mail.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO THE SUPPORT OF THE UNION.

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one square, one year,	12.00
For one-fourth column, three months,	22.00
one-fourth column, six months,	35.00
one-fourth column, one year,	50.00
For one-half column, three months,	35.00
one-half column, six months,	55.00
one-half column, one year,	80.00
For one column, three months,	65.00
one column, six months,	100.00
one column, one year,	125.00

Special notices, 25 per cent. higher; Reading matter notices, 10 cents a line.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.—WATERVILLE.

DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

Western Mail leaves daily at 10 A.M. Close at 9.45 A.M.

Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.

Not. per. discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

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A DELICIOUS AND PLEASANT REMEDY IN

Catarrh, Headache, Bad Breath, Hoarseness, Asthma, Croup, Cough, Whooping Cough, &c.

Head, Throat, and Vocal Organs.

This Remedy does not "Dry up" a Catarrh but loosens it, breaks the head of all offensive matter, quickly removing bad breath and head aches, and soothes the inflamed membrane, so mild and agreeable in its effects that it is positively

Cures Without Sneezing!

As a Trochee Powder, is pleasant to the taste, & never nauseates; and when allowed, instantly gives to the Tonsils

Delicious Sensation of Coolness and Comfort.

Is the best Voice Tonic in the World!

Try it! Safe, Reliable, and only 35 Cents

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COOPER, WILSON & CO., Prop'rs.

Wholesale Agents—Geo. C. Goodwin & Co., East Brothers

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The Great New England Remedy.

DR. J. W. POLAND'S

WHITE PINK COMPOUND

Cures Sore Throat, Coughs, Pulmonary Affections,

Croup, Spitting of Blood, and Difficulties of Breathing,

generally, and is a successful remedy for Catarrh of the

Bladder, Hematuria, Difficulty of Voiding Urine,

Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel and other

complaints.

Prepared at Boston, Jan. 20, 1868.

Poland's White Pink Compound—After having given it a

thorough trial we can confidently recommend Poland's White

Pink Compound as a reliable remedy for the cure of all the

above mentioned complaints generally. In several cases we

have known it to give prompt relief when all other remedies

have failed. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and one

which we can recommend to all who are afflicted with any of

the above mentioned complaints. It is a fair trial, will not

thereafter be willing to be without it.—(Boston Journal.)

A VALUABLE MEDICINE.—Dr. Poland's White Pink Compound,

advertised in our columns, is a successful remedy for Catarrh

of the Bladder, Hematuria, Difficulty of Voiding Urine,

Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel and other

complaints. It is a fair trial, will not thereafter be willing to

be without it.—(Boston Journal.)

The White Pink Compound is now sold in every part of the

United States and British Provinces.

Prepared at Boston, Jan. 20, 1868.

New England Botanic Depot, Boston, Mass.

PHYSICIANS AND CLERGYMEN

Testify to the merits of

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN

HAIR RENEWER.

In restoring GRAY HAIR to its original color and

promoting growth. It makes the hair soft and glossy.

The old impurities are made up, and it is the best

HAIR DRESSING

ever used. It removes dandruff and all Scurfy Eruptions.

It does not stain the skin.

Treatise on the Hair sent free by mail.

Be aware of the numerous preparations which are sold

under our reputation.

R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H., Proprietors.

For sale by all Druggists.

Prepared at Boston, Aug. 26, 1867.

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SCRATCH! SCRATCH! SCRATCH!!!

In from 10 to 48 hours

Whitman's Ointment cures Salt Rheum

Whitman's Ointment cures Tetter

Whitman's Ointment cures Barbers' Itch

Whitman's Ointment cures Old Sores

Whitman's Ointment cures Every kind

of Ham or Itch

Price, 6 cents a box; by mail, 60 cents. (Address WEEKS

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