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Maxham & Wing

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BY LOUISE M. ALCOCK.

Queen of my tub, I merrily sing
While the white foam rises high;
And sturdily wash and wring,
And fasten the clothes to dry;
Then out in the free fresh air they swing,
Under the summer sky.

I wish we could wash from our hearts and souls
The stains of the week away;
And let water and air, by their magic make
Ourselves as pure as they;
Then on the earth there would be indeed
A glorious washing day!

Along the path of a useful life
Will heart's-ease ever bloom;
The busy mind has no time to think
Of sorrow or care or gloom;
And anxious thought may be swept away,
As we busily wield a broom.

I am glad a task to me is given
To labor at day by day;
For it brings me health and strength and hope,
And I cheerfully learn to say,
"Head you may think, Heart you may feel,
But Hand, you shall work away!"

MAJOR PARRIFER.

[BY THE AUTHOR OF "SHAVING THE PONIES' TAILS."]

[CONTINUED.]

From that time the feud grew between Major Parrifer and George Reed. Not openly, not actively. There could not well be either. The relative positions in life were so different. Major Parrifer was a wealthy proprietor, a county magistrate (and an awfully overbearing one), and George Reed a poor cottager who worked for his bread as a day laborer. But that the Major grew to abhor and hate Reed; that the man, inhabiting the place at his very gates in spite of him, and looking at him independently, as if to say he knew it, every time he passed, had become an eyesore, was easy to be seen.

The Major resented it on us all. He was rude to Mr. Brandon when they met; he struck out his whip once when he was on horseback, and I passed him, as if he would like to strike me. I don't know whether he was aware of my visit to Mr. Brandon. But the cottage was mine, I was friendly with Reed, and that was enough. Months, however, went on, and nothing came of it.

One Sunday morning in winter, when the bells were going for service, Major Parrifer's carriage turned out with the ladies all in full fign. The Major himself turned out after it, walking, one of his daughters with him; a young man on a visit there, and a couple of servants. As they passed George Reed's the sound of work being done in the garden caught the Major's quick ears. He turned softly down Piefineh lane, stole to the high hedge on tip-toe and stooped to peep through it.

Reed was doing something to his turnips—hoeing them the Major said. He called the gentleman to him and the two servants, and bade them look through the hedge. Nothing more. The party went on to church then.

On Tuesday the Major rode out to take his place on the magisterial bench. It was bitterly cold January weather, and only one magistrate besides himself was on it: a clergyman. Two or three petty offenders were brought before him, who were severely sentenced—as prisoners always were when Major Parrifer was the presiding Judge. Another magistrate came in afterwards.

Singular to say, Tod and I had gone to the town that day about a new saddle for his horse; singular on account of what happened. In saying we were there I am telling the truth; it is not an invented fiction to give color to the tale. Upon turning out of the saddler's which is near the justice-room, old Jones was coming along with a handcuffed prisoner, and a tail after them.

"Halloa!" cried Tod. "Here's fun!" But I had seen what Tod did not, and rubbed my eyes, wondering if they saw double. "Tod! it is George Reed!"

His face was as white as a sheet, and he walked along, not to say unwillingly, but as one in a state of sad shame, of awful rage. Tod made only one bound to the prisoner; and old Jones, knowing us, did not push him back again.

"As I'm a living man, I do not know what this is for, or why I am paraded through the town in disgrace," spoke Reed in answer to Tod's question. "If I am charged with doing wrong I'm willing to appear and answer for it, without being made a felon in the face and eyes of folks, beforehand."

"Why do you bring Reed up in this manner—with handcuffs on?" demanded Tod of the constable.

"Because the Major told me to, young Mr. Todhelly."

Be you very sure Tod pushed after them into the justice-room; the police saw him, but he was a magistrate's son. The crowd would have liked to push in also, but were ignominiously sent to the right-about. I waited and was presently admitted surreptitiously. Reed was standing before Major Parrifer and the other two, handcuffed still; and I gathered what the charge was.

It was charged by Major Parrifer, who had his servants there and a gentleman as witnesses: George Reed had been working in his garden on the previous Sunday morning—which was against the law. Old Jones had gone to Mr. Sterling's and taken him on the Major's warrant, as he was thrashing corn.

Reed's answer was to the following effect: "He was not working. His wife was ill—her little boy being but four days old; and Mr. Duffham ordered her some mutton broth. He went to the garden to get the turnips up to put in it. It was only along of her illness that he didn't go to church himself, he and Cathy. Ask Mr. Duffham."

"Do you dare to tell me you were not hoeing turnips?" cried Major Parrifer.

"I dare to say I was not doing it as work," independently answered the man. "If you looked at me as you say, through the hedge, you must have seen the bunch of turnips I had got up lying near. I took the hoe in my hand, and I did use it for two or three minutes. Some dead weeds had got thrown along the bed, by the children, perhaps, and I pulled them away. I went indoors directly: before the clock struck eleven the turnips was on boiling with the scrag of mutton: I peeled them and put them in myself."

"I see the bunch of turnips," cried one of the servants. "They was lying."

"Hold your tongue sir," roared his master; "if your further evidence is wanted, you'll be asked for it. As for this defence"—and the Major turned to his brother magistrates with a scornful smile—"it is quite ingenious; one of the clever ones we usually get here. But it will not serve your turn, George Reed. When the sanctity of the Sabbath is violated

"Reed's not a man to say he did not do a thing if he did," interrupted Tod.

The Major glared at him for an instant, and then put out of hand a big gold pencil he was waving majestically.

"Clear the room of spectators," said he to the policemen.

Which was all Tod got for interfering. We

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had to go out; and in a minute or two Reed came out also, handcuffed as before; not in charge of old Jones, but of the county police. He had been sentenced to a month's imprisonment. Major Parrifer had wanted to make it three months; he said something about six, but the other two thought there were slightly extenuating circumstances in the case. A solicitor who was intimate with the Sterlings, and knew Reed very well, had been present towards the end.

"Could you not have spoken in my defence, sir?" asked Reed, as he passed him in coming out.

"I would had I been able. But you see, my man, when the law gets broken—"

"The devil take the law," said Reed savagely. "What I want is justice."

"And the administrators of it are determined to uphold it, what can be said?" went on the solicitor eagerly, as if there had been no interruption.

"You would make out that I broke the law, just doing what I did; and I swear it was no more; that I can be legally punished for it?"

"Don't, Reed; it's of no use. The Major and his witnesses swore you were at work. And it appears you were."

"I a-keed them to take a fine—if I must be punished. I might have found friends to advance it for me."

"Just so and for that reason of course they did not take it," said the lawyer.

"What is my wife to do while I'm in prison?"

"And the children? I may come out to find them starved. A month's long enough for it this weather."

Reed was allowed time for no more. He'd not have been allowed that, but for having been jammed by the crowd at the doorway. He caught my eyes as they were getting clear.

"Master Johnny, will you go to the court for me—your own place, sir—and tell the master that I swear I am innocent? Perhaps he will let a few shillings go to the wife weekly; tell him with my duty I'll work it out as soon as I'm released. All this is done out of revenge, sir, because Major Parrifer couldn't get me away from my cottage. My the Lord repay him!"

It caused a commotion, I can tell you, this imprisonment of Reed; the place was ringing with it between the court and Dyke Manor. Our two houses seemed to have more to do with it than other people's; first because Reed worked at the court; secondly, because I, who owned both the court and cottage, lived at the Manor. People took it up pretty warmly, and Mrs. Reed and the children were cared for.

Mr. Sterling paid her five shillings a week; and Mr. Brandon and the squire helped her on the quiet, and there were others. In small country localities gentlemen don't like to say openly their neighbors are in the wrong; at any rate, they rarely do anything by way of remedy. Some spoke of an appeal to the Secretary of State, but it came to nothing, and no steps were taken to liberate Reed. Bill Whitney, who was staying a week with us, wrote and told his mother about it; she sent back a sovereign for Mrs. Reed; we three took it to her, and went about saying old Parrifer ought to be kicked, which was a relief to our feelings.

But there's something to tell about Cathy. On the day that Reed was taken up, it was not known at his home immediately. The neighbors, aware that the wife was ill—for old Duffham thought she was going to have a fever, and said she must be quiet, said nothing. For one thing, they did not know what there was to tell; except that Reed had been marched off from his work in handcuffs by Jones the constable. In the evening, when news came of his committal, it was agreed that an excuse should be made to Mrs. Reed that her husband had gone out on a business job for his master, and that Cathy—who could not fail to hear the truth from one or another—should be warned not to say anything.

"Tell Cathy to come out here," said the women, looking over the gate. It was the little girl they spoke to, who could talk well; and she answered that Cathy was not there. So Ann Perkins Mrs. Reed's sister was called out.

"Where's Cathy?" cried they.

Ann Perkins answered in a passion—that she did not know where Cathy was, but should uncommonly like to know, and she only wished she was behind her—keeping her there with her sister when she ought to be at her own home! Then the women told Ann Perkins what they had been intending to tell Cathy, and looked out for the latter.

She did not come back. The night passed and the next day passed, and Cathy was not seen or heard of. The only person who appeared to have met her was mother Picker. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon, and Cathy had her best bonnet on. Mother Picker remarked upon her looking so smart, and asked where she was going to. Cathy answered that her uncle (who lived at Evesham) had sent to say she must go over there at once. "But when she came to the two roads, she turned off quite on the contrary way to Evesham, and I thought the young woman must be daft," concluded Mrs. Picker.

The month passed away, and Reed came out, but Cathy had not returned. He got home on foot, in the afternoon; with his hair cut close, and seemed as quiet as a lamb. The man had been daunted. It was an awful insult to put upon him; a slur on his good name for life; and some of them said George Reed would never hold up his head again. Had he been cruel or vindictive, he might have revenged himself on Major Parrifer personally, in a manner the Major would have found it difficult to forget.

The wife was about again, but sickly: the little ones did not at first know their father. One of the first questions he asked was after Cathy. The girl was not at hand to welcome him, and he took it in the light of a reproach. When men come for the first time out of jail, they are sensitive.

"Mr. Sterling called in yesterday George, to say you were to go to your work again as soon as ever you came home," said the wife, evading the question about Cathy. "Everybody has been so kind; they know you didn't deserve what you got."

"Ah," said Reed carelessly. "Where's Cathy?"

Mrs. Reed felt herself obliged to tell. No diplomatist, she brought out the news abruptly: Cathy had not been seen or heard of since

the afternoon he was sent to prison. That aroused Reed: nothing else seemed to have done it, and he got up from his chair.

"Why, where is she? What's become of her?"

"The neighbors have been indulging in sundry speculations on the same question which they had obligingly favored Mrs. Reed with; but she did not think it necessary to impart them to her husband."

"Cathy was a good girl on the whole, George; putting aside that she'd do no work, and spent her time reading good for nothing books. What I think is this—that she heard of your misfortunes and wouldn't come home, to face it. She's close upon eighteen now, you know."

"Come from where to?"

Mrs. Reed had to tell the whole truth. That Cathy, dressed up in her best things, had left home without any of them seeing her; she had been met in the road by Mrs. Picker, and told her what has already been said. But the uncle at Evesham had seen nothing of her.

Forgetting his shorn hair—as he would have to forget it, or, at least, to ignore it until it should grow again—George Reed went tramping off there and then the more than two miles of way to mother Picker's. She could not tell him much more than he already knew: "Cathy was all in her best, her curls 'iled, and her pink ribbons as fresh as her cheeks, and said in answer to questions that she had been sent for sudden to her uncle's at Evesham; but she had turned off quite the contrary road." Mrs. Picker particularly enlarged upon the "iled curls." From thence he walked on to his brother's at Evesham; and learnt that Cathy had not been sent for, and had not come.

When Reed got home, he was dead-beat. How many miles the man had walked that bleak February day, he did not stay to think: perhaps thirty. When excitement buoys up the spirit, the body does not feel fatigued. Mrs. Reed put supper before her husband, and he cat a bit mechanically, lost in thought.

"It fairly mazes me," said he, presently in the local phraseology. But for going out in her best things, I should think some bad accident had come to her. There's ponds about, and young girls might slip in unawares. But the putting on her best things shows she was going somewhere."

"She put 'em on, and went off without letting none of us see her," answered Mrs. Reed, snuffing the candle. "I should have thought she'd maybe gone off to some wake—only there wasn't one agate within range."

"Cathy had no bad acquaintance to lead her astray," he resumed. "The girls about here are decent, and mind their work."

"Which Cathy didn't," thought Mrs. Reed. "Cathy held her head above 'em," she said, aloud. "She didn't seem to make acquaintance with nobody but that young Parrifer. She'd talk to him by the hour together, and I couldn't get her indoors."

Reed lifted his head. "Young Parrifer! what—his son?" turning his thumb in the direction of Parrifer Hall. "Cathy talked to him!"

"By the hour together," repeated Mrs. Reed. "He'd be on that side the gate, a talking and laughing and leaning on it; and Cathy, she'd be in the path by the tall hollyhocks, talking back to him, and fondling the children."

Reed rose up, a strange look on his face. "How long was that going on?"

"Ever so long; I can't remember just," responded Mrs. Reed. "But young Parrifer is only at the hall by fits and starts."

"And you never told me, woman!"

"I thought no harm of it. I don't think harm of it now," emphatically added Mrs. Reed. "The worst of young Parrifer that I've seen is that he's as soft as a tomit."

Reed put on his hat without another word, and walked out. Late as it was, he was going to the hall. He rang a peal at it, more like a lord than a laborer just let out of prison. There was some delay in opening the door—the household had gone up stairs, but a man came at last.

"I want to see Major Parrifer."

The words were so authoritative; the man's appearance so strange, with his burly frame and his clipped hair, as he pushed forward into the hall, that the servant momentarily lost his wits. A light in a room on the left guided Reed; he entered it and found himself face to face with Major Parrifer, who was seated in an easy chair before a good fire, spirits on the table, and a cigar in his mouth. What with the curling smoke from that, what with the faint light—for all the candles had been put out but one—the Major did not at first sight distinguish who his late guest might be. When the bare head and the resolute eyes met his, he certainly paled a little, and the cigar fell on the carpet.

"I want my daughter, Major Parrifer."

To hear a demand made for a daughter when the Major had possibly been thinking the demand might be his life, was undoubtedly a relief, and brought back his courage.

"What do you mean, fellow?" he growled, stamping out the fire of the cigar. "Are you out of your mind?"

"Not quite," you might have driven some out of theirs, though by what you've done. We'll let that part be Major. I've come to-night about my daughter—where is she?"

They stood looking at each other. Reed stood just inside the door, his hat in his hand; he did not forget his good manners even in the presence of his enemy; they were a habit with him. The Major stared at him; he really knew nothing whatever of the matter, not even that the girl was missing; and he did think Reed's imprisonment must have turned his brain. Perhaps Reed saw that he was not understood.

"I come home from the prison into which you put me, to find my daughter Catherine gone. She went away the day I was taken up. Where she went or what she's doing heaven knows; but you or yours are answerable for it whichever way it may be."

"You have been drinking," said Major Parrifer.

"You have, may be," returned Reed, glancing at the spirits. "Either Cathy went out on a harmless jaunt, and is staying away because she can't face the shame at home which you have put upon her; or else she went out to meet your son, and has been taken away by him. I think it must be the last; my tears tell me; and if so you can't be off knowing something of it. Major Parrifer I must have my daughter."

Dresses are good things for the shoemakers and bad for the doctors. The ladies buy and wear better shoes, and the doctors report a noticeable decline in the diseases among women coming from cold damp feet. When long garments prevailed women were very careless in this respect, often wearing thin and broken shoes, and this, together with the dampness always clinging to their long skirts, brought on illness which not unfrequently terminated fatally.

According to Prof. Newton, of Yale College, the meteoric displays of the last two years are occasioned by the earth passing through the tail of a comet. The display this year indicates that the stream of meteors has been running by for at least two years, and probably very nearly three years, the flow being at the rate of over 2,000,000 of miles a day. The comet, which is probably near the head of the stream, passed in January, 1866. The stream is broader where we crossed it this year than it was where we crossed it last year or year before last.

Whether the hint given about his son alarmed the Major, causing him to forget his bluster for once and answer civilly, he certainly did it. His son was in Ireland with his regiment, he said; had not been at the Hall for weeks and weeks; he could answer for it that Lieutenant Parrifer knew nothing of the girl.

"He was here at Christmas, I saw him."

"And left two or three days after it. How dare you, fellow, charge him with such a thing? He'd wring your neck for you if he were here."

"Perhaps I might wring his first. Major Parrifer, I want my daughter."

"If you do not get out of my house, I'll have you brought before me tomorrow for trespassing, and give you a second month's imprisonment," roared the Major, gathering bluster and courage. "You want another month of this one does not appear to have done you the good it ought. Now—go!"

"I'll go," said Reed, who began to see the Major really did not know anything of Cathy—and it had not been very probable that he did.

"But I'd like to leave a word behind me. You have succeeded in doing me a great injury, Major Parrifer: you are rich and powerful, I am poor and lowly; you set your mind on my bit of a home, and because you could not drive me from it, you took advantage of your magistracy's post to sentence me to prison, and so be revenged. It has done me a great deal of harm. What good has it done you?"

Major Parrifer could not speak for rage.

"It will come home to you, sir; mark me if it does not. God has seen my trouble and my wife's trouble and I don't believe He ever let such a wrong pass by unrequited. It will come home to you, Major Parrifer."

George Reed went out, quietly shutting the hall-door behind him, and walked home through the thick flakes of snow that had begun to fall.

I'm sorry I can't get it all in here. There's no more room.

JOHNNY LUDLOW.

Mr. C. Edwards Lester contributes to the December number of Harper's Monthly some interesting reminiscences of the artist Elliott. The following extract from Mr. Lester's journal, it will be noticed, is dated but a few months before Elliott's death:—

April 17, 1863.—Called to see Elliott by appointment to talk about the new art of coloring marbles through the entire mass, and if it were a lost art. Found him down in the saloon. He had been drinking more than usual. But his head was clear, and his heart overflowing with the richest and most generous humanity. He was alone. He listened for a few moments, and then putting his hand on my shoulder, said with a deep and tender voice:—"My dear L., I don't want to talk art today—I want to speak of something a great deal bigger than that. I must stop drinking. I have thought it all over. You know all about this business. I want to take the pledge. Can't you give it to me as a friend? it will be better so!"

"I can, my dear fellow."

"Well; then, come up to the bar, and write it out here while I take my last drink. Mind L., write it strong."

I wrote it. He came to the table, and slowly taking the pen and holding it a while, as he turned on me his deep, earnest gaze, said:—"Friend L., this is a big thing. Think of my giving this up at my time of life? Now in my old age! And yet it must be done!"

He deliberately signed his name.

"Now," he continued, "You witness it—put your name there right under mine. Now make a duplicate of this; which we both signed."

Putting his copy carefully in his memorandum-book, and buttoning up his coat, he drew a deep breath, and, as large, generous tears rolled, one by one, down on his breast, he said:—"It's done. Now, L., stand by me and it will all be well."

And so he began his new life. After a brief visit to his home at Albany he resumed his painting, and with almost incredible rapidity dismissed from his easel that series of his last priceless portraits, working hard till his work was done.

How TO LIVE.—Dr. Marcy, has published in the first number of "The Homoeopathic Sun," a new journal recently issued an article on "Popular Faults and Practices," in which he treats of some of the more evident errors and vices of the American character. These he considers may be briefly summed up as follows: First. An inordinate passion for riches. Second. Over-work of mind and body to the pursuit of business. Third. Undue hurry and excitement in all the affairs of life. Fourth. Intemperance in eating, drinking, and smoking. Fifth. A general disregard of the true laws of life and health, and a wanton abuse and perversion of our organs. He is especially heavy on the frequent prescriptions of alcoholic stimulants by medical men. To this he attributes much of the dram-drinking of to-day. How far he is right in this particular it is difficult to determine, but the administration of stimulants in fever cases of a certain type has many advocates in Europe. Suggesting some simple laws for the preservation of health, he recommends eight hours to sleep, six hours to mental and physical rest, ten hours to prayer, and the affairs of the world, and of the individual. Sir William Stone's division of the day was,

"Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven, ten to The world allot, and all to heaven."

Dresses are good things for the shoemakers and bad for the doctors. The ladies buy and wear better shoes, and the doctors report a noticeable decline in the diseases among women coming from cold damp feet. When long garments prevailed women were very careless in this respect, often wearing thin and broken shoes, and this, together with the dampness always clinging to their long skirts, brought on illness which not unfrequently terminated fatally.

According to Prof. Newton, of Yale College, the meteoric displays of the last two years are occasioned by the earth passing through the tail of a comet. The display this year indicates that the stream of meteors has been running by for at least two years, and probably very nearly three years, the flow being at the rate of over 2,000,000 of miles a day. The comet, which is probably near the head of the stream, passed in January, 1866. The stream is broader where we crossed it this year than it was where we crossed it last year or year before last.

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OUR TABLE.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for December opens with a poem, "A Pilgrimage on the Rhine," by John D. Sherwood, illustrated by Charles Parsons, printed enough in appearance to make a gift book if bound and bound by itself. Mr. Ross Browne has his third paper on his lower California explorations, and a series is begun, we believe by Mr. M. D. Conway, of illustrated descriptions of "South Coast Santerings in England." Mr. C. Edwards Lester has the paper of reminiscences of the artist Elliott, from which we have already quoted an anecdote; "The Woman's Kingdom," which we have reviewed in its complete form, is concluded; Major De Forest has another of his agreeable South Carolina contributions, entitled "Report of Outrages"; that intermittent but clever story, "The New Timothy," is represented by several chapters; and the inevitable Planchette article appears among the miscellany. To add to the attractions of this exceptionally bright number, Lord Lytton's new play "The Rightful Heir" is given entire. Published by Harper Brothers, New York, at \$4 a year. The present number begins a new volume, and now is the time to subscribe.

THE GALAXY for December has the following notable articles:—

"The Confederate Congress," a Chapter in the History of the Late War," by A. E. Pollard, who seems to be devoting himself to contributions to northern magazines; "Poe and Hawthorne," by Eugene Benson; stories by T. A. Dodge, Caroline Cheselbrough and Jane G. Austin; an anonymous essay on Mrs. Kemble, with an unrecognizable portrait drawn by Mr. Hennessy; the necessary paper on the woman question, under the title of "Women as Physicians," by Mary E. Wager; Mr. White's lecture on words; poems by C. P. Cranch, R. H. Stoddard, and others; and a review of Mr. Hope's "Book About Boys," by Mrs. Spofford.

Published by Sheldon and Co., New York, at \$1 a year.

CHRISTMAS comes as usual once a year in the "RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE" for December. The frontispiece is an original design by La Farge on the Wise Men of the East—a fresh treatment of an old subject. Then a Christmas fancy, "The Vision of John the Watchman," leads off, and there are some verses on "How a Mouse kept Christmas," and some called "Beside's Walk," with a pretty picture by M. L. Stone. "Two Lives in One," "Hunter and Tom," "A Year among the Indians," are three serials which are brought to an end, so as

plates in layers not quite an inch thick; dry it down in the stove oven, kept at a low temperature as not to scorch it. In about a day it will become dry and crisp. The sheets thus made can be stowed away in a dry place, and they are always ready for use for pies or sauce. Soak the pieces over night in a little milk, and they will return to a nice pulp, as delicious as the fresh pumpkin—we think much more so. The quick drying after cooking prevents any portion from slightly souring as is always the case when the uncooked pieces are dried; the flavor is much better preserved, and the after cooking is saved. This plan is quite as little trouble as the old mode, to say nothing of the superiority in the quality of the material obtained. Try it, and you will not return to the old method we are sure, and you will also become a great lover of pumpkin pie, "all the year round."

Waterville Mail.

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

WATERVILLE... NOV 27, 1868.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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

AT WELLS & 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.

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

Shall we Redeem our Pledges?

Political parties are presumed to stand upon principles, and to act honestly. This is perhaps the lawyer's view of the matter, but the great mass of the voters accept it,—they intend to act accordingly. The party teachers, or leaders, pass the lesson to their pupils, with more or less intention, according to circumstances, of regarding it themselves. They may be said to "believe and tremble." But party principles are none the less true when party leaders prove false. Men who make politics a trade are apt to forget that the best road to promotion leads over honest ground. They manage and manage—and wiggle and wiggle—and fish and fish—till by-and-by they begin to cheat and cheat, and lie and lie; and, it may be said there is no political truth in them. All parties are full of such men, and sooner or later suffer the consequences. If allowed too much control they bring ruin—like Jeff Davis and Wade Hampton. If held to close accountability they are made guideboards to wisdom—like Andrew Johnson and Horatio Seymour. They are let alone in their corruption. There is more real honesty in politics than most men admit, and more widely distributed; but on the other hand many who claim the most of it have less even than they get credit for. Truth is mighty, to be sure, but it doesn't always prevail over political managers; indeed it too often fears to cope with them.

We as honestly believe that the present republican party has a higher, nobler, purer platform than was ever before constructed in the name of freedom, as we do that its antagonist was the most false that ever met defeat in the same field; and yet men have stood upon it, gaining honor in its defence, whose hearts never had a throb in harmony with its utterances—men who understood as little of its deep meaning as did the men of '76 of what they uttered in the declaration that "all men are created equal." The agonies of civil war have driven them to the true interpretation, as the earthquake brings the infidel to his knees. Now that the nation is safe and the party triumphant, will they be able to stand the test?

So we come to the question, will the republican party redeem its pledges? In the late canvass it has reviewed the situation,—digested the lessons of the trial,—detailed its confession of faith,—tendered its pledges to the country and to the world. All this by its leaders. The result is the endorsement, the bond, of the party. (Notes are endorsed because the principal is doubtful.) The party comes into power with an immense working majority. In the popular vote, in congress, and in most of the state legislatures, it has majorities that should make it strong enough to be righteous. It is able to meet all just claims that can be brought against it.

Now, is the slave free indeed, and is the colored man to enjoy all the rights of the white man? Is the pledge of "equal political and civil rights to all" to be kept in its full meaning?—at the ballot box, in the courts, in the legislatures? In Maine shall the negro have all the rights of the white man—even to the marrying a wife whiter or blacker than himself, and bestowing his own property by will? Our legislature recently said no, virtually, because they thought it "inconvenient to agitate the subject." Do the majorities mentioned change the line of expediency? We shall see? Shall we have order and peace in the late rebel States? The party is everywhere pledged to this; it has been proclaimed from our president's own mouth. May northern

men safely go there and enjoy the rights of citizens and freemen?—and how long shall we have to wait for this?

Shall a rigid system of national economy be pursued, cutting even at the edges of official salaries and family perquisites, and holding a tight rein against the outrageous speculations and frauds that nobody dares deny? And will the whole party watch to redeem this pledge as zealously as they have labored to promulgate it? This is too much to hope for, but an honest effort will do no harm.

Shall the soldiers be remembered, in the distribution of office, according to promise? When their votes were wanted they were told that under republican rule the government would be arms and legs and health to them, by giving them the salaries and perquisites of office when they were found qualified. This was their due, without pledges; but having been distinctly promised these favors as the results of party success, they will naturally look for them, and demand them. Are the holders of office, or those whose whole souls hunger and thirst for it, going to stand aside for them? Not they. What then? Nothing at all—except that all honest voters must bear in mind that such pledges were made, and that they endorsed them. But—will there be many crutch borne soldiers that enter in at the doors of fat offices!

Finally, are "the great principles laid down in the Declaration of Independence" to be the helm and anchor of the party, according to the recorded articles of their platform? If so, then may the friends of civil freedom rejoice through all the earth. Its foes that remain unbowed shall go out of sight, and its progress be onward and upward so long as majorities are honest and true; redeeming all their pledges, and standing firmly upon the principles by which they have secured power.

[For the Mail.]

Messrs. Editors:—Will you allow me space in your paper to call the attention of those interested to an evil which has been almost intolerable in almost all of the churches in town? We have among us a class of young persons of both sexes, but especially of boys and young men, who attend the Sabbath evening meetings, apparently for no other purpose than to get together and have a "good time" in their own way. The consequence is that all those who go for better purposes, who happen to be seated near these young people, are annoyed out of all enjoyment and benefit of the proper exercises of the occasion.

Last Sabbath evening this evil was carried to such an extent at the Unitarian church as to call for special notice and reproof. About a dozen young men, whom we should expect would know and do better, took possession of some of the rear pews, out of sight of most of the audience, but not out of hearing, and occupied themselves in such a way as to disturb greatly all those in their vicinity, for nearly the whole time of service.

The names of some of these young men are well known to the writer of this, and several of them have been guilty of the same impropriety, at the same place, upon repeated occasions. I take this method of giving them to understand that the evil, so far as they are concerned, must cease, and for the present, I withhold their names from parents and friends, and from the public.

It seems strange that young persons such as are here referred to, can so far forget their self respect as to demean themselves in such a manner as they did upon this occasion; and especially, as was true of the larger part of them, at a church where they cannot call themselves at home, but are strangers and guests.

I believe the parents of some of these young men, whom I know well, would feel greatly grieved if they knew in what manner their sons had appeared at a church not their own. It is earnestly hoped that there will not be further cause for complaint with regard to this matter, or that it will not become necessary to take more unpleasant measures for putting an end to the evil.

C. C.

WATERVILLE, Nov. 25, 1868.

CATTLE MARKETS.—Prices were without material change this week, but the Boston Advertiser reports an improved tone in the market.

The prize for the best article prepared for the Senior Exhibition at Colby University, has been awarded to Mr. Ephraim Wood Norwood, of Camden, Me.

The Kennebec Journal advocates the establishing of a line of freight steamers between the Kennebec river and New York city.

REV. W. A. DILLINGHAM has gone to Chicago to enter upon his labors in connection with the ministry of the New Jerusalem Church.

A most horrible case of murder in high life has just come to light in Philadelphia.

The Erie railroad war has broken out with renewed fury.

A railroad from Pittsford to St. Albans is petitioned for.

CLIFTON HARRIS has been reprieved until the second Friday of February.

The cars have commenced regular trips between Newport and Dexter.

E. F. WEBB Esq., of our village, has been appointed gauger of the Third Maine District.

The Maine Central Railroad has been in operation now for over twenty years, and no passenger has been injured upon it. Its line is one hundred miles in length.

Miss Cornelia Keene, of Kendal's Mills, fell into a tank of scalding water last week, and received severe but not dangerous injuries.

[For the Mail.]

A FEW REASONS WHY.

There is much complaint among farmers that they cannot get men to work for them, especially young men, and they naturally inquire for the reason. Many reasons are suggested,—that young men are too indolent, or are getting above such employment, and so on. But to my mind there are other and obvious reasons. First, farmers expect too much of their hired help. There is no good reason why a farm-hand should work from sunrise till dark that is not equally good for the journeyman mechanic to do the same; for are not the farmers, as a class, as prosperous as any other? A mechanic, however unprosperous, pays more for ten hours of labor, than the farmers for from twelve to fifteen hours. Now why this disparity? The farmer says, I cannot make a decent living, unless I work from sunrise till dark. Well, let him work thus if he chooses; but there is no justice in requiring his hired man to do the same, and if a man has a farm that will not pay for working upon reasonable hours, he had better hire no help at all. I know a prosperous farmer in my town who considers much of his land worth one hundred dollars an acre, and yet who was unwilling to pay a young man a dollar a day through the season, for working upon it early and late. But I find no fault with him in comparison with others. I think the farmers will find their men more profitable to them in the course of the season if they do not require so many hours of labor per day, for they will be more fresh and vigorous in the morning, and better able to perform the labors devolving upon them.

Again a young man feels that he is too much confined on a farm; he can enjoy none of the benefits of society outside the farm-house, and if it chances to be a little secluded, he hardly sees any one from spring till autumn. Can a young man under these circumstances become intelligent? It may be said in answer to this, that he has recourse to books and papers; but what are they worth to him with no time to read? for a hired man and a farmer has no time to read or study, unless he takes it out of his sleeping hours. If a young man had only his physical requirements to supply,—to eat, drink, and sleep,—it might do very well to work as farmers require; but even then he has no time to attend to one of the first laws of health, personal cleanliness.

A person who works hard every day in the summer season, ought to bathe the whole body every night; it is essential to perfect health. What time has the farm-hand to do this unless after dark? and as a consequence it is generally left undone. But a young man has other than mere natural wants; even the brutes have these; he has intellectual wants and abilities to be supplied and cultivated. If they are not they become dwarfed, and he will never be half a man. Therefore can a young man, consistently with duty to himself, deprive himself from year to year of all opportunity for improvement? The man who works for a mechanic, or at almost anything else except farming, has time for these things in the summer, and also in the long autumn and winter evenings; but the farmer, unless he is unusually liberal, will after a hard day's work have his hired man in the barn husking corn, or picking over potatoes in a damp cellar, in order to get as many hours work a day, as in June.

The idea of a young man making much intellectual advancement on a farm is all a delusion. Young men who have no such desires may work there if they choose, but as long as the present custom prevails among farmers, they will be able in general to secure only an inferior class of help, whose greatest object is to get their pay, caring nothing for their employer's interests, in a word mere eye servants. Intelligent young men, who desire the benefits of the lyceum, the lecture, and other means of improvement, in order that they may become well informed on the great questions of the day, moral, social and political, will give the farmers a wide berth; and will seek those employments which are more lucrative, and which at the same time offer better advantages.

I speak of these things because I have felt their influence, and know of their practical bearings, having worked out on a farm more or less, the past three years. SEBASTIOOK.

WATERVILLE, Nov. 23, 1868.

To the Editors of the Mail:

Having just learned that my name is being falsely used in an advertisement of the Eastport shark, I wish to state that as soon as I had leisure to consult works on the classification of Fishes, I easily and at once identified the specimen as the *Selachius maximus*, or *Basking Shark*.

CHAS. E. HAMLIN.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?—See, in another column, notice of an application to the legislature for a charter of a railroad from West Waterville to Augusta: Truly our neighbors in the west parish are growing bold in their enterprises. With the proposed contribution of "eighty thousand dollars" from Waterville to build a railroad from Somerset to Augusta, running by their own doors, and leaving this village out in the cold, their plan must commend itself very heartily to somebody, though we can't tell who. Or does the notice squint at high freights?—or does it aim to scratch the backs of two railroads at the same time?—or, what does it mean?

H. Rives Pollard, editor of the Southern Opinion, was shot in Richmond, Va., on the 24th inst., by James Grant, brother of a young lady whose elopement had called forth some remarks in the Opinion. The murderer was arrested.

The democratic majority in New Jersey was whittled down to 4547. The republicans will redeem the State next time.

OUR TABLE.

HILLSBORO' FARMS. By Sophia Dickinson Cobb. Boston: Lee and Shepard. We cannot better characterize this story than by copying the author's modest preface:—"This little book does not claim to have any special moral or mission. Its author has not aimed, through it, to teach anything, or to prove anything. She has but looked on nature and life in some of their quiet and little noticed phases, and loving what she saw there, has tried, upon her modest canvas to paint it. If her readers shall find the picture true, her object will be gained." It is much better than a sensational book, full of highly wrought scenes and improbable incidents.

For sale at Matthews's.

THE ECLECTIC.—The frontispiece in the December number is a portrait of Baron von Bunsen, in a diplomatic costume of amazing splendor. The number abounds in articles of great interest and the editor announces that he has "so far yielded to what he considers the demands of the age," as to begin the serial publication of Mr. Trollope's new novel, promising that none but the very highest order of fictitious literature will ever find a place in the magazine.

Published by E. R. Pelton, New York, at \$5 a year.

PACKARD'S MONTHLY for December contains another number of "The Shady Side of Metropolitan Life," by Oliver Dyer, in a most interesting and very interesting article, calculated to set people to thinking. A new volume will commence with the January number, at which time the form will be changed to large octavo. It is a live work, and we commend it especially to young men.

Published by S. S. Packard, New York, at \$1 a year.

HOURS AT HOME for December begins a series of papers by Prof. Noah Porter on "Books and Reading," and has a lively anonymous essay on "Our College Ministry," and a graphic description, by James Greenwood, of "The London Money Market." There is also much other good reading.

Published by Charles Scribner and Co., New York, at \$3 a year.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for December contains a great variety of interesting matter, illustrated and otherwise, of which the following is a sample:—Henri Rochefort, editor of the Paris Lanterne; Dr. Francis Williamson; Frau Marie Simon and her work on the battle-field; Archbishop Manning, the English Roman Primat; Rev. Dr. Stockton; Phrenology in the School-Room; The Body, what is its King? Earning a Wife; Notes on the Inhabitants of Brazil; Retrospection; Do as others do; Fair Haven Harbor; Miraculous Healing; An Ideal Child; Religion and Nature; The Mink; Progress in Co-operation; A Reading solicited. A new volume, the 40th, commences with the next number. Subscribe now. Terms, \$3 a year, or 30 cents a number. Address S. R. Wells, 389 Broadway, New York.

THE NURSERY for December closes the fourth volume of this charming monthly magazine for young readers. Two engravings, by a new female artist, Miss L. B. Humphrey, appear in this number, which is full of good things for the little ones. No better holiday present can be found for young children than a volume of "The Nursery."

Published by John L. Shorey, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for December—the best number of this best of monthlies ever issued—comes to us from the New England News Co., of Boston, through C. A. Hendrickson. And this reminds us to say that on Hendrickson's counter will be found, at the earliest moment possible after publication, all the magazines, pictorials, and literary novelties.

To show how the college code of morals appears to a sensible man, as he looks back from the distance of only a few years from his graduation, we copy the following well timed and judicious strictures from the Portland Press:—

THE WANT OF MANLINESS IN COLLEGES.—College boys are naturally "good" boys. As a general rule, in fact, they are, in the United States, the best boys collected into the fold of numerous cherishing mothers from the district schools and academies. It is unfortunate, however, that there is a tradition almost universally prevalent that they must be rowdies. They do not as a general rule venture to contradict the popular impression. They are insubordinate, rude and noisy, much given to boyish pranks, to midnight howlings, to the blowing of tin horns and to the robbing of hen roosts.

The boys are the victims of certain traditions, the influence of which is felt to a greater or less extent in all academic institutions in the country. It is the "common law" of Universities that an antagonism shall exist between the faculty and undergraduates, that students co-operating with the college authorities shall be dubbed "faculty dogs" and universally contemned, that a student vindicates his manliness by "cutting" recitations and prayers, makes himself a hero by stealing a turkey, and that students going in a body to any entertainment are bound to make a disturbance.

These are facts. The boys have a good many friends, and we desire to be counted among them, but if they choose to behave themselves we shall be proud to acknowledge it. They have had an undue amount of toleration for their laziness, their "initiation" rites, their midnight howls and their raids upon the property of citizens, and at last they have come to believe that a code of manners and of morals differing from that of the "common people" properly governs their conduct. They have even enlisted a degree of public sympathy for their capricious, and when they annually turn Worcester into a pandemonium, and rebel, as at Williams, the other day, against the authorities, grave journalists tickle their vanity by writing them down as "waggish fellows" who are determined to enjoy life.

All this toleration is nonsense. There is not a word to be said in extenuation of the lawlessness of the young men whose opportunities for knowing the rules of elementary ethics are better than those of others who are held to a strict observance of them. The purpose of university education is to make gentlemen and scholars and not cultivated roughs who put on comical airs of offended dignity when their unmanliness is rebuked.

LAZARUS & MORRIS, oculists and opticians will have a member of the firm at the store of Alden Brothers, in our village, on Tuesday, Dec. 16th, to attend personally to any difficult cases. Those persons who have found any trouble in fitting their eyes with glasses, will do well to attend at that time. The same member of the firm will be at E. H. Evans's, Kendall's Mills, on Wednesday, the 17th.

ON THANKSGIVING DAY religious services were held at the Unitarian and Congregational churches in our village—sermon at the former by the pastor, Rev. Dr. Sheldon, and at the latter, by Rev. True Whittier, pastor of the M. E. Church.

THIRTEEN MONTHS IN NEXT YEAR.—Not exactly according to the common Almanacs, but in the Calendar of the Publishers of the American Agriculturist. That is, they offer to receive subscribers now, and all through November, for 1868, and throw in the month of December without charge. The offer is worth looking at merely on account of the odd month, for we consider any number of that paper richly worth the cost for the whole year. We advise every man, woman, and child, whatever his or her calling, to be sure and obtain the reading of the Agriculturist. It is of large size, packed full of valuable, reliable and interesting information. No one can read it a year or even a single number without gathering some practical hints that will, in the end, far more than repay the cost. It also contains every year hundreds of beautiful, interesting, and instructive Engravings, which are alone worth the price, if not a word of reading matter were given. Fifteen cents will secure a post-paid copy for November, or \$1.50 will secure the paper from now to the end of 1869, and a good investment it will be—our word for it. Address the Publishers, Orange Judd & Co., 245 Broadway, New York.

Seven criminals, convicted of various offenses, were tied to a post in the jail yard at Newcastle, Delaware, on Saturday, and whipped. Two boys, about seven years of age, were flogged with twenty lashes each, for petty offenses. One man was placed in the pillory until he was totally helpless from the cold, and was then whipped with twenty lashes. Another of the men whipped was seventy years of age.

Delaware, our readers will be pleased to remember is an intensely democratic State.

THE NEW ENGLAND EXPRESS Co., has failed in consequence of bad management.

J. L. Seavey, Esq., has taken leave of Waterville, and gone to Concord N. H., to run the noted old Phoenix Hotel. Mr. Seavey has been extensively and very favorably known as a hotel keeper in Maine, several years of which experience was in the popular Elmwood Hotel at this place; and if he succeeds as well in the Granite State we can wish him nothing better.

THE MAINE EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION held an interesting session in Augusta this week. The following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:

President—A. P. Stone, Portland.
Vice President—J. H. Hanson, Waterville.
Secretary and Treasurer—C. B. Stetson, Auburn.

Executive Committee—C. B. Rounds, Farmington; J. E. Littlefield, Bangor; J. P. Gross, Brunswick; G. T. Fletcher, Castine; M. C. Fernald, Orono; J. B. Webb, Yarmouth; L. D. Carver, Hallowell.

We have at length made full and faithful trial of the "Florence Soda Soap," manufactured at N. Vassalboro', by Lincoln & Son. In the hands of a laundry woman of great experience, it proves "better than any she has ever used." So at our house we find it unequalled for all uses.

A press despatch from St. Louis gives some interesting particulars regarding the expedition now fitting out against the Indians. General Sheridan will command in person, and his whole force will number about 300 men well armed, equipped and supplied. He will begin active operations in about four weeks.

Gen. Grant owns a \$60,000 house at Washington, and a farm of thirty-eight acres, worth \$200 per acre, within the city limits. His real estate at St. Louis, at Galena and Philadelphia is worth \$100,000 more, \$300,000 is said to be a fair estimate of his "total valuation." He is also interested in business through other parties, and altogether is in a fair way to have a comfortable living.

TIMOTHY TITCOMB writes from Switzerland that so far as he has observed cheap wine does not promote temperance and sobriety, and recounts his former belief. On the other hand, he says the intoxication of the Swiss, caused by wine drinking, has few of the brutal characteristics of alcoholic drunkenness.

William H. Wheeler, Esq., senior editor and proprietor of the Bangor Whig, has retired on account of his health. He has acted as editor of that and other papers twenty-two years. Mr. John H. Lynde, the junior partner, will manage the business hereafter.

The Maine Central Railroad Company has lately made great improvements at its station in Bangor.

An observing and practical grower of fruit trees advises those who would have good trees for their orchards and gardens to plant the seeds and at the end of the second year to select about one in ten of those which are of strong growth, have withstood best the climate and are symmetrical in form. These only to be planted out in the soil and location to which they are familiar, and grafted with such varieties as are desired. An orchard thus selected and set would be enduring and probably a crop of fruit could be obtained in a shorter time than by the usual methods of buying trees of all sorts and grown in different localities. More attention should be given to the cultivation of small fruits by the people of Maine. These are being constantly improved and increased in variety and excellence. Their cultivation yields a handsome profit and they come early into bearing.

LIQUORS SCIENTIFICALLY MIXED.—There may be seen daily on Chestnut street, Philadelphia, a man clad in faultless apparel, with a great diamond upon his breast, vainly endeavoring to outglitter the magnificent solitaire upon his finger. In a German university he learned chemistry, and not even Liebig knows it better. His occupation is the mixing and adulteration of liquors. Give him a dozen casks of doroized alcohol, and the next day each of them will represent the name of a genuine wine or a popular spirit. He enters a wholesale drug store bearing a large basket on his arm. Five pounds of Iceland moss are first weighed out for him. To raw liquors this imparts a degree of smoothness, of oleaginousness, that gives to imitation brandy the glossiness of that which is best matured. An astingent called catechu, that would almost close the mouth of a glass instead, is next in order. A couple of ounces of strychnine, next called for, are quickly conveyed to the vest pocket, and a pound of sulphate of zinc (white vitriol) is as silently placed in the bottom of the basket. The oil of cognac, the sulphuric acid, and other articles that give fire and body to the liquid poison, are always kept in store. The mixer buys these things in various quarters. They are staples of his art.

NEW ENGLAND TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.—The following call has been signed by Gov. J. L. Chamberlain, Rev. President Harris, Brunswick, Hon. Woodbury Davis, Portland, Enoch Pond, D. D., Theo. Sem, Bangor, Wm. H. Shailer, D. D., Portland, Rev. Dr. Webster Kent's Hill, Rev. A. Dalton, Portland, Rev. Wm. H. Fenn, Portland, Rev. S. P. Fay, Bangor.

Regarding temperance, with the customs which lead to it, as one of the chief enemies of the church of Christ, hindering her work among men, whose bodies, defiled by strong drink, are not meet "temples of the Holy Ghost," we invite ministers and church members, to assemble in a NEW ENGLAND TEMPERANCE CONVENTION, at the Meiganoon, Tremont Temple, Boston, on Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 10 o'clock, A. M., to consider the religious aspects and spiritual bearings of the subject, and send forth such utterances as may seem to them wise and timely, tending to the purity and activity of the churches and the ministry, in a matter so vital to the safety of the young and to the interests of patriotism, morality and duty through the land.

The Portland Press of Saturday announces the sudden death in Boston, by apoplexy, of Newell A. Foster, Esq., who has been a proprietor and chief business manager of the Press since it was first established in 1852. He left home Wednesday, with his wife, in his usual health, to attend the woman's suffrage convention, and died at 4 P. M. Friday. He leaves a wife and two children to whom death will be a crushing blow, nor will grief be confined to his own household. The employees of the Press office feel as if they had lost a parent instead of an employer; and the flag at half mast on the City Hall of Portland, was no merely formal recognition of a public servant, but a genuine expression of profound and general regret.

Captain Lackey, master of schooner Freight, of Freeport, was rescued from a dock in Portland on Friday night, where he was floundering waist-deep in the mud, the tide having gone out, and must have perished soon if he had not been discovered. He states that he was assaulted in his berth by three unknown men, one of whom struck him with a heavy weapon and stunned him. When he recovered his senses he found himself overboard, and on returning to the vessel discovered he had been robbed of \$130, which he had had in his pocket. His head was bruised and cut in three places. No clew has been obtained to the rogues.

A SAD CASE.—The Farmington Chronicle states that a young lady employed as a telegraph operator at Livermore Falls, disappeared in August, and no clue could be obtained to her whereabouts until last week, when her corpse was received by the afflicted parents. It was accompanied by a hypocritical letter from a man in Massachusetts, stating that she died of consumption, and a certificate of the attending physician to the same effect. A post mortem examination revealed the fact that her death was occasioned by abortion, and every effort will be made to bring the guilty party to justice.

His many friends in Maine will regret to learn the death of Mr. Charles Taber, son of our venerable friend and correspondent, Moses Taber, formerly of Vassalboro', but for the past twelve years a resident and active business man of Salem, Ohio. He was highly esteemed for his labors in the cause of education, and his participation in every moral and philanthropic enterprise. He died on Saturday, Nov. 7th, at the age of forty-one years, universally lamented by the community in which he resided.—[Me. Farmer.]

The protocol for a settlement of the Alabama claims, arranged by Lord Stanley and Mr. Johnson, has been received by Mr. Seward, who is said to be dissatisfied with some of its provisions.

OFFICIAL OPENING OF THE SUEZ CANAL.—The imperial schooner Levrette has left Toulon for the Red Sea. She is to pass through the Suez Canal, and her trip is to be considered in some sort as the official opening of that route. She is to head a procession of yachts and pleasure boats to the number, it is said, of a thousand. The luxury of the decorations—a large number are already collected at Port Said—and the richness of the fittings will make it a veritable royal fleet, and to add to the splendor of the scene the viceroy is expected to be present.

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

An old bachelor thinks that the trains of the ladies are formal machines, from the fact that a blowing up took place directly after he put his foot on one.

Model views formerly took a "stitch in time" now with the aid of a sewing machine they take only an hour.

It is stated that "Dr." Young, one of the robbers of the Norway Savings Bank, who is now serving out a term of nine years at Thomaston, wants to compromise matters by offering to restore the money and help secure the non-complicity in the business.

A French photographic artist has discovered the means of taking pictures, by photographic process, upon silk. They are very durable. A gentleman can have his wife's portrait on the end of his cravat.

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

Professor Brooks went up in a balloon from Memphis, and at the height of 3,000 feet accidentally dropped a dog. The animal is supposed to have sustained internal injuries, as no external marks were found, or injuries of the dog.

The worst thing out—is the following atrocity which we clip from the Boston Advertiser:—Grant's Secretary is in Balaclava-dor with office-seekers.

A rather disagreeable clergyman was a candidate for the chair of Hebrew in one of our New England institutions of learning. A gentleman who was asked if he thought the candidate was a suitable person for the professorship, replied, "Certainly, he is one of the best hebraists in the country."

The republican party in Spain appears to be gaining ground, though it is yet hopelessly in the minority. The canvass for the approaching election will be very lively, and it will be very strange if the present harmony between the different parties and their leaders is maintained.

A country paper remarks that Ann Dante the composer of so many popular but rather solemn pieces of music, is not a descendant of the poet bearing the same surname.

The Christian who has put aside religion because he is in worldly company, is like a man who has put off his shoes because he is walking among thorns.

It is reported that Sheriff Loughton is now at San Francisco. He had formerly resided there about four years, and was much pleased with the State.

The legal voters of Lewiston have decided that the city should not subscribe for \$50,000 stock in the Somerset railroad. The vote stood 276 yeas, 502 nays.

This season a million tons of hay, the same number of bushels of corn, and two hundred thousand pounds of wheat have been raised in the State.

Fourier states that, in the progress of the world, it is to lose its saltness, and acquire the peculiarly flavored lemonade.

BOOTHBY'S Insurance Agency.

Office at Express Office, Main-St., Waterville.

HOME INSURANCE COMPANY.
Cash Capital and Surplus \$9,516,406.

SECURITY INSURANCE COMPANY.
Cash Capital and Surplus \$1,600,000.

PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY
OF HARTFORD.
Cash Capital and Surplus \$1,284,106.

SPRINGFIELD FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE CO.
Cash Capital and Surplus \$781,067.90.

NORTH AMERICAN FIRE INS. CO.
OF HARTFORD.
Cash Capital and Surplus \$401,274.73.

Write Policies on Live Stock, and against Accidents of all kinds. It is safe to be insured.

L. T. BOOTHBY, Agent.
Waterville, June 1, 1868.

BOOT AND SHOE STORE.
Old Stand opposite the P. O.

I have this day bought the interest of

F. W. HASKELL

in business recently carried on by us, and shall continue to be manufacturer and sale of

Boots and Shoes.

the old store directly opposite the Post Office. All accounts due the late firm of Haskell & Mayo being included in the above sale. I would request an early payment. I shall keep constantly in store a full assortment of goods of

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S WEAR.

the best manufacture. Particular attention will be given to

Custom Work.

on Gentlemen's. Repairs of all kinds neatly done.

O. F. MAYO.
Waterville, Jan'y 22nd, 1867.

Fall Goods!

HEALD & WEBB'S.

We have just Received

A carefully selected Stock of

Fall Goods,

To which we are constantly making additions.

CONSISTING OF

THE FINEST GRADES OF AMERICAN & FOREIGN WOOLLENS.

Which we are prepared to sell or manufacture at the lowest cash prices.

REMEMBER, that we are paying special attention to getting up **Fall Dress Suits,** or **Fall & Winter Business Suits.**

In all the latest styles. Special attention is also given to

CUTTING

Men's and Boy's Clothing, in which we guarantee perfect satisfaction.

We have also on hand a good Stock of

Ready-made Clothing

and

Gent's Furnishing Goods

In every variety. . . . We are also agents for

THE WATERVILLE DYE HOUSE.

CALL and see us before purchasing elsewhere.

HEALD & WEBB,

Sign of the Big Shears, Main Street.

WATERVILLE.

Imported Thoroughbred Stallion

ANNFIELD.

INVERT the attention of breeders to the above named horse, which may be seen at North Yarmouth, where he will be in service for the season of 1868.

ANNFIELD

was bred in England by Mr. Hewson, in 1860. Dam, "Rugby" sire, "Confederate General." (See Book, vol. 10, page 407.) "Rugby" Annfield's dam, was bred by Lord Waterford, in 1860, got by "Barbarian." "Rugby" dam, "Allegretto," by "St. Luke," out of "Alba," by "Danby."

ANNFIELD

was a successful runner in England, winning the Goodwood and Newmarket stakes, and running second in the Derby. Having met with an accident he was placed in the stud, and sold to the government of Nova Scotia for \$20,000 in gold. In offering this highly bred horse to my patrons in New England, I feel sure that he will meet a well-deserved success by breeders—sires, colts, and pure bloods. I have never had a horse in my stable so well adapted to breed Carriage and Gentlemen's horses or pairs.

ANNFIELD has no pretensions as a trotter, having never been harnessed. He stands steady hands high; is bay with black marks and points, and a beautiful figure.

For the sake of introducing the stock, and to improve the class of breeding mares, I offer his services for this season at \$10 per season. Season: \$10 to Warrent.

THOS. S. LANG.

North Yarmouth, May, 1868.

AN EXCELLENT PIANOFORTE

FOR SALE, VERY LOW.

NEW—SEVEN OCTAVE.

SMALL MELODIA to let at \$2.50 to \$5.00 per quarter. Melodians and Organs, to suit the most desirable instrument on the market. Orders received for

TUNING AND REPAIRING.

Call at his house, Winter Street.

Address: G. H. CARPENTER.

WINTER IS COMING.

Now is the Time to Get your Carriage

Repaired.

HAYING taken the Shop known as the STYLON STAND, on East Temple Street, I would inform my friends and the public generally that I am prepared to do all kinds of

CARRIAGE AND SLEIGH work in a manner to suit custom.

Call and see.

A. J. BARFORD.

March 5, 1868.

Y CATALOGUE OF HYACINTHS,

Tulips, Crocuses and other Hardy Bulbs.

Sent Free! Free!! Free!!!

Address: Wm. H. LYMAN.

9w 14

WINTER IS COMING.

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HAYING taken the Shop known as the STYLON STAND, on East Temple Street, I would inform my friends and the public generally that I am prepared to do all kinds of

CARRIAGE AND SLEIGH work in a manner to suit custom.

Call and see.

A. J. BARFORD.

March 5, 1868.

REPAIR SHOP.

THE subscriber, having opened a Repair Shop, is prepared to do all sorts of

JOBBING AND REPAIRING.

All kinds of Repairing neatly done, such as Parrots, Umbrellas, Scissors, Broom Pins, Pins, Locks, Keys, etc., &c., &c.

A. M. DUNBAR.

In the room over the Lockup, one door south of the Post Office.

Satin Ribbons.

VINELAND. TO ALL WANTING FARMS.

New Settlement of Vineland.

A Rare Opportunity, in the best Market and most delightful

climate, in the State of New Jersey, only 30 miles South of Philadelphia, on a railroad; being a rich soil and very productive wheat land; among the best in the Garden State of New Jersey.

It consists of 50 square miles GOOD land, divided into farms of different sizes to suit the purchaser—From 20 acres and upwards.

PRICE AND TERMS.

The land is sold at the rate of \$25 per acre for the farm land, payable one fourth cash, and the balance by half-yearly instalments, with legal interest, within the term of four years, upon farms of 20 acres and upwards.

Five-acre lots sold at from \$150 to \$200; ten-acre lots, at from \$300 to \$500, and twenty-acre lots from \$600 to \$1000. The balance of the purchase money is to be paid in five years, at 5 per cent interest.

The whole tract, with 17 miles front on the railroad, is laid out with fine and spacious avenues, with a town in the centre.

THE SOIL.

is, in great part, a Rich Clay Loam, suitable for Wheat, Grass, Potatoes, and other crops, and is rich in all kinds of vegetables for corn, sweet potatoes, tobacco, all kinds of vegetables and root crops, and the finest variety of Fruit, such as Apples, Peaches, Nectarines, and other fruits. The soil is rich in all kinds of minerals, and is expected to yield before doing so, and finding these statements correct—under these circumstances, unless these statements were untrue, it would be no use in their size.

THE BEST FERTILE SOIL IN THE UNION.

(See Reports of John Robinson, Esq., of the N. Y. Tribune, and of Dr. C. T. Jackson, State Geologist of Mass., which will be furnished to inquirers.)

THE MARKETS.

By looking over the map the reader will perceive that it enjoys the best Market in the Union, and is in direct communication with N. York and Philadelphia twice a day, being only thirty miles from the latter. Produce in this market brings double the price that it does in locations distant from the cities. In this location it can be put into market in the morning, and it is expected to yield before doing so, and finding these statements correct—under these circumstances, unless these statements were untrue, it would be no use in their size.

ADVANTAGES.

It is within a few hours' railway, of all the great cities of New England, and is in direct communication with N. York and Philadelphia twice a day, being only thirty miles from the latter. Produce in this market brings double the price that it does in locations distant from the cities. In this location it can be put into market in the morning, and it is expected to yield before doing so, and finding these statements correct—under these circumstances, unless these statements were untrue, it would be no use in their size.

THE CLIMATE.

is delightful; the winters being salubrious and open, whilst the summers are no warmer than the climate of the North. The location is upon the line of latitude with Northern Virginia. Persons who have a Change of Climate for Health, would be much benefited in Vineland. It is in a location distant from the cities. In this location it can be put into market in the morning, and it is expected to yield before doing so, and finding these statements correct—under these circumstances, unless these statements were untrue, it would be no use in their size.

CONVENIENCES AT HAND.

Building material, Potatoes, Fish and oysters are plentiful and cheap.

WHY THE PROPERTY HAS NOT BEEN SETTLED BEFORE.

This question the reader naturally asks. It is because it has been held in large tracts by families not disposed to sell, and being without railroad facilities, they had no ready sale.

The railroad has been opened through the property but a short time.

It is now open over the land in a carriage, free of expense, and afforded time and opportunity for thorough investigation.

Those who come with a view to settle, should bring money to secure their purchases, as locations are not held upon refusal.

POPULATION.

In the autumn of 1861, the population of Vineland consisted of four families. It now (1868) consists of ten thousand thriving and industrious people. The town plot in the centre has a large population of 10,000 people. At present the population of the whole tract is 10,000 people. Improvements are going on in all directions. New buildings, stores and manufactories are being erected, and new farms and orchards cleared and planted.

PRESENT IMPROVEMENTS.

Upon the Vineland tract are eighteen public schools and three private seminaries. The Methodist Conference is building at present time one of the largest churches in the United States. The building will be 142 feet long, 56 feet wide, and four stories high. There are

CHURCHES.

consisting of Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopal, Unitarian and other denominations—Masonic and Odd-fellow lodges, a Lyceum, Public Library, and various societies for intellectual improvement.

PUBLIC ADVERTISEMENTS.

Vineland is the first place in the world where a general system of public advertisement has been adopted. All the roads are planted with shade trees, and the roads are under a general system of public advertisement. The houses are set back from the roadsides, with flowers and shrubbery in front, making Vineland already one of the most beautiful places in the country.

MEASURES TO INSURE THE PUBLIC WELFARE.

Vineland is the first settlement in the world where decided measures have been adopted to secure the interests of the settler against the speculator. The property is sold upon the express condition that it shall be built upon within a year. By this provision every part of the country is improved. The improvements of one year are the value of the neighboring property. In this respect the influence is co-operative in its character. This provision accounts for a great extent for the remarkable success of Vineland, and the prosperity of the place.

THE TEMPERANCE PRINCIPLE.

Every year it is submitted to a vote of the people whether any tavern shall be licensed to sell liquor. It has never been carried, and no liquor is sold in Vineland. At the last election there was not one vote cast in favor of liquor. A thing that has never occurred before.

This is a great protection to families, and to the industrial habits of the new settlers.

TO MANUFACTURERS.

The town affords a fine opening for various manufacturing business, being near Philadelphia, and the surrounding country has a large population, which affords a good market.

This settlement is now one of the most beautiful places in the country, and agreeable for a residence.

It is intended to make a

FRUIT AND VINE

growing country, as this culture is the most profitable and the best adapted to the market. Every advantage and convenience for settlers will be introduced which will insure the prosperity of the place. The land has been sold in large tracts, and the settlers are now settling in the country. The houses are set back from the roadsides, with flowers and shrubbery in front, making Vineland already one of the most beautiful places in the country.

HEALTH.

The settler here incurs no danger of losing his family by those dreadful fevers which in some places, are as regular and as fatal as the seasons, and which require years to become what is termed acclimated, generally at a loss of one-third of a family among the women and children. Good health in an unsettled place is the profitable cultivation of the soil, and the richest soil in the world may yield very little if the settler is unable to expend upon it his labor or account of his shiver with the ague, or if compelled to take shelter in a heavy charge for his grain. Here, the evidence of refinement and cultivation are at hand. It is not necessary to ride fifty miles to a four mill, over a rough road and through a wilderness country; nor are the winters cold—they are short and open. The seasons commence very early in April, and the snowing is finished (frequently commencing in March), and the seed is in.

WHAT VISITORS WILL SEE.

The visitor will see as good crops growing in Vineland as in any other place in the Union, no exception of the West. The soil is highly productive. Hundreds of farms are under cultivation. It will see hundreds of orchards and vineyards, and the most beautiful scenery in the State. The houses are set back from the roadsides, with flowers and shrubbery in front, making Vineland already one of the most beautiful places in the country.

THE WHITE MOUNTAIN.

Known in this market for Twenty Years, and recognized as one of the best common Cook Stoves ever introduced.

The Iron Clad.

viest Cook Stove made. Warranted to last Twenty years.

The Farmer's Cook.

With extra large fire for Farmer's use.

SOAP STONE STOVES.

Both open and close, of Elegant Style and finish.

Also a very large assortment of Parlor, Cook, and Heating Stoves, and Sheet Iron Air-tights. All on hand and for sale at the very lowest prices. Call and see.

ARNOLD & MEADER.

DAVIS, BERRY & CO.,

Wholesale Dealers in

GROCERIES, FLOUR & PROVISIONS,

NO. 59 COMMERCIAL ST.

(Formerly occupied by Matthews & Thomas.)

PORTLAND.

Consignments of Country Produce Solicited.

Kennebec County.—In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the second Monday of November, 1868.

SHER H. BARTON, Administrator on the Estate of ERAS.

A. T. S. PIPER, late of Benton, in said county, deceased, having presented his account of administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance; and also, his request to be discharged from that trust.

Ordered, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of the next, in the Mail, a newspaper printed in Waterville, that all persons interested may stand at a Court of Probate there to be held on the 11th day of December, at which time the same shall be argued and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed, and he be discharged.

H. K. BAKER,

Attorney.

RAGS! RAGS!

At 31st, and the highest price paid for anything with

the name of Rags!

ARNOLD & MEADER.

DAVIS, BERRY & CO.,

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H. K. BAKER,

Attorney.

Kendall's Mills Column.

REMOVAL.

DR. A. PINKHAM.

SURGEON DENTIST,

KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

Has removed to his new office,

NO. 17 NEWHALL ST.

First door north of Brick Hotel; where he continues to execute all orders for those in need of dental services.

J. H. GILBRETH,

KENDALL'S MILLS,

Has a splendid assortment of

HARDWARE, BUILDING MATERIAL,

Paints, Oils, Varnishes,

Farmers' and Mechanics' Tools, Tin Ware,

&c., &c.

All at sale as low as can be bought on the river.

May, 1867.

F. KENRICK, JR.,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

CARRIAGES AND SLEIGHS.

KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

DR. GRAY'S

Magic Blood Bitters.

VALDE REVE.

FOR SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS

of every kind. And all Diseases arising from Impurities of the blood,

Syphilitic and Mercurial Diseases.

A certain cure for the various

Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels; and an admirable Tonic in General Debility and frequent Emaciation arising from Derangement of the Digestive and other Organs.

And often misrepresented as Consumption. An immediate relief for Loss of Appetite, Sinking at the Stomach, Acidity, Flatulency, &c. A renovating and revitalizing alternative in Cachexia or shattered conditions of the system.

Dose:—A tablespoonful three or four times before eating.

PRICE, ONE DOLLAR.

Wholesale Agents: G. C. Goodwin, 88 Hanover Street

M. S. Burr & Co., 22 Tremont Street, Boston.

Prepared and Sold Wholesale and Retail, by E. C. Low, Apothecary, Kendall's Mills, Me.

Buy your Hardware

at

GILBRETH'S, Kendall's Mills,

and get First Class Goods at the lowest market price.

Fresh Arrivals—Latest Styles—New and Elegant—Lowest Prices.

W. A. CAFFEY,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

FURNITURE

OF ALL DESCRIPTION

Looking Glasses, Spring Beds, Mattresses,

children's Carriages, Willow Ware,

Picture Frames &c.

Rosewood, Mahogany and Walnut Burial Caskets

Black Walnut, Mahogany, Birch and Pine Coffins, constantly on hand.

Cabinet Furniture manufactured or repaired on

ATWOOD CROSBY, M. D.

with

DR. BOUTELLE,

WATERVILLE, ME.

Residence on West Temple Street.

DR. G. S. PALMER,

DENTAL OFFICE,

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