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Maxham & Wing

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"I SHALL DIE ALONE."

When the rich gold and purple of life's sunset  
Lies in its beauty on the silent sea;  
When on the shore I see the white-capped angel,  
And hear his whisper, "God has called for thee!"—  
Eyes lit with love will watch me on the sea-shore,  
Warm human hands will fondly press my own;  
But can I bear them with me on my journey  
Out through the dimness of the world unknown?

And this great beauty of the earth and heavens,  
The holy night whose beauty fills the soul,  
The softened mystic of fading twilight,  
The gleaming stars on night's emblazoned scroll—  
The rosy light of morning on the mountains,  
The tender purple of the distant sea,  
Things I love now, from henceforth all forgotten,  
What of their beauty can I bear with me?

"Alone, alone," sighed gentle-hearted Pascal,  
And yet I think that not alone we die;  
Though all this earth is dimly fading from us,  
Are we alone if one kind friend is nigh?

One who hath said, "Lo, I am with you always,"  
The way-worn man who sat by Galilee,  
Speaking good words and healing all the people,  
Who lived and died for love of you and me.

Oh, not alone, for this our Friend and Brother,  
Though Heaven's great angels bow before His throne,  
Shall stand with us upon the silent sea-shore,  
His hand shall guide us to the world unknown.

OLD NICK HAWKER.

A BAD NAME.

"I called about the place, to drive a carriage  
and do odd jobs. I am Nicholas Hawker. May-  
be, if you've heard of me, you've heard me  
called Old Nick."

And the man stood back, fumbling with his  
tagged cap, as the clergyman's fair-haired wife  
turned her benignant face upon him.

"Have you references?" she asked.  
"No, m'."

"But I especially stated that applicants must  
bring them."

"I said I must have references."  
"I can't read. I heard of it by mouth. If  
you must ma'am, I can't get the place. I'd like  
to."

"Why? Are you a stranger here? Do you  
know no one?"

"I wish I was. Too many knows me, not  
knowing any good of me. That's the worst."

He fumbled with his old cap again, looking  
into it as though he hoped to find references  
there. It was one, in a certain way. The  
kind of cap no steady man ever wears. It spoke  
of the tipsy slumbers on cellar doors and in  
gutters. It was jammed and mashed and greasy  
and torn. Yet, even understanding that, as  
she did, and marking the incomplete washing  
of the unaccustomed face, and the untidy comb-  
ing of long neglected hair, and the strange  
pitiful attempts to spruce and look respectable,  
Mrs. Harrow read a wistful something in the  
fellow's face that attracted her.

"I don't quite understand you," she said.  
"Why, if you knew that, did you come at all?"

"I thought, mebbe—being a clergyman's la-  
dy, you know—mebbe 'twarn't all talk about  
helpin' sinners to repent—"

There he paused. Some thought of the tal-  
lying of Christian precept and practice was  
plainly in his mind; but he did not know how  
to utter it without giving offence. He spoke  
the next moment very, very humbly.

"You see, ma'am, I've been drinking for a  
good many years. I've had trouble. Wife—  
but she is dead and gone now; I hope she's  
forgiven for her share of it. All you'd care  
for is, I've had trouble enough to kill a man,  
and I haven't cared to be respectable. But the  
other day I saw my girl, my only child, Lizzie.  
She's growing up good and smart and pretty,  
and she's promised to keep a little room for me,  
somewhere, if I'll try to be decent again; and  
I want to try, I'd work hard, and work hard,  
—God hears me—I'll keep sober; but referen-  
ces—bless ye, ma'am, there's Smith at the tav-  
ern could tell you I was drunk in his bar-room  
every night for five good years, and there's  
Brown, at the Grocery, could tell you all the  
odd jobs I've done for the last three years were  
paid for in glasses of grog. That is the only  
reference Old Nick is likely to get. I deserve  
it; but it is hard, now I want to try; for I am  
strong yet, and know all about horses and the  
like."

Again looking at the man, Mrs. Harrow, who  
studied people as some men and women do  
pictures, saw, amidst those ruined features and  
watery eyes, that wistful look which had touched  
her before, and her heart yearned to prove to  
the man that Christian charity and kindness  
were not 'all talk.' She believed the poor fel-  
low was in earnest, and that by hiring him she  
might save him; but then what would Mr.  
Harrow say? Mr. Harrow the clergyman, of  
Marsh Mallow, and her husband, whose pre-  
conceived ideas of what a servant should be  
were exemplified in the persons of the Scotch  
gardener, Rufus Ferguson, who had in his white  
cravat and black coat, more than once been  
taken for Mr. Harrow himself by strangers, and  
Betsey Ball, the prim and highly respectable  
female domestic of the household. Mr. Har-  
row, his wife knew, could not but disapprove.  
It is all very well to go to India to save the  
souls of heathens; but Mrs. Harrow felt sure  
that, zealous as he was in such a cause, Mr.  
Harrow could not think of taking any one  
heathen into his own house for the same pur-  
pose.

"It will never do, I know, she said to herself,  
with a sigh.

But just then the man spoke again.  
"If you could only see Lizzie, and know  
about her, ma'am."

And she saw his rough hands clutch them-  
selves in a despairing way that decided her to  
risk Mr. Harrow's disapproval.

"I'll take you on trial," she said, with a smile.  
Never mind the reference. If you really love  
your child you'll not make me repent it, and I  
think you do."

And the man with a face all aglow, ruined  
as it was, made what he meant for a bow, and said  
only:

"Thank ye, ma'am."

Reading him as she did, Mrs. Harrow could  
not have understood his gratitude better had he  
kneled and kissed the hem of her robe.

"James told me not to trouble him—to choose  
a man for myself," so she tried to comfort her-  
self; but she knew just what would come after  
all—the astonished elevation of the eyebrows,  
the frigid disapproval, the quiet censure, so  
much harder to bear than any scolding; and  
though the Rev. James Harrow never guessed  
it, she took up her cross in the cause of Christian  
duty, when he resolved to bear it, for the sake  
of trying to save one poor soul and body. She  
did not presume to say why she had hired this  
man, instead of one of a dozen reputable sober  
persons, with characters and savings, who ap-  
plied for the position, and no one fathomed the  
motive. She had prided herself a little on be-  
ing considered a sensible woman, especially by  
her husband, and gave up with a sigh, and  
heard that muttered, "I fancied I could entrust  
an important matter to your charge, Elizabeth.  
I find I am mistaken," in silence. Only this  
man should keep his word, she should be re-  
warded.

Hawker came in to fill his place next day,  
and a hard place he found it for a while. The  
gardener scorned him; the housemaid was or

pretended to be afraid of him; and the very  
dog barked at him with that ferocious bark that  
dogs in respectable families keep for vagrants;  
but he bore it all humbly, as he bore the speech-  
less disapproval of his master. Mrs. Harrow,  
crushed under the same disapproval, watched  
him and comforted herself with the thought:  
"He is thinking of his daughter Lizzie."

Those who have been drunkards speak of the  
agonies endured by men who leave off drinking.  
Probably Hawker passed through all these, but  
for all that he remained sober, and drove Mrs.  
Harrow's little pleasure wagon, and did the odd  
jobs confined to him carefully.

A bushel of recommendations could have  
been productive of nothing more, but still he  
did not win on the clergyman. The gardener  
continued to scorn him, and the woman servant  
counted the spoons and forks and shook her  
head over their probable fate, as persistently as  
on the first day of his arrival.

Folly inevitably brings its own punishment,  
my dear, said the clergyman, and the respecta-  
ble Scotch gardener had, in effect declared the  
same opinion, when he hoped that Hawker  
wouldn't drive over the edge of the cliff some  
day in a drunken frolic, and kill the bonnie la-  
dy and the high priced beastie. While Betsey,  
more privileged cautioned her mistress to take  
off watch and purse, for 'drunken Hawker' was  
known to be none too honest, and she, for her  
part, did not believe in 'these here sudden re-  
pentences.' It was the opinion of the house-  
hold that Mrs. Harrow was not able to take  
care of herself, after such a token of weak in-  
tellect as engaging 'drunken Hawker,' and the  
lady knew it. Yet, as the time passed on,  
Hawker wore a better hat and neater coat, and  
had his hair cut, and his features began to be  
features again, and his voice became clearer,  
and the little room had been hired for Lizzie,  
and the humble housekeeping had begun, and  
on Sundays, the horses never being taken out  
on that day, father and daughter sat in a back  
parlor and listened to the sermon. All this  
was regarded as a mere flash in the pan by  
everybody but Mrs. Harrow, and all the wise folk  
of the household were on the lookout for some  
sudden and terrible relapse into sotfulness and  
dishonesty. Indeed, if they had not been such  
good folk, one might have fancied that they  
desired some such sequel to this highly disre-  
putable engagement for the first six months.

Nevertheless, Hawker had been coachman  
at the parsonage all this while and had grown  
quite sleek-headed and smooth-faced, when, one  
day, Mrs. Harrow sent for him, and with some-  
what of a low-spirited air, ordered the little  
carriage at once precisely.

"She looked as if she didn't want to order it  
at all," said Hawker to himself, and he was  
right. Only a strict sense of duty sent Mrs.  
Harrow out at all that day. A fair was in  
contemplation and funds were necessary, and in  
virtue of her position as the clergyman's wife,  
Mrs. Harrow had been appointed a committee  
of one to call upon a certain miserly member  
of the church, to solicit a donation. Mrs. Har-  
row had said, "I hate to do it, James," and Mr.  
Harrow had replied, "then it is so much the  
more your duty, Ann," and there remonstrance  
ended. She stepped into her little conveyance  
with quite a cross face, however, a drizzling,  
misty rain, and a sharp, unpleasant air, making  
her no more cheerful.

"You know where Mr. Hough's place is?"  
she had begun to say to Hawker, when Betsey  
ran out with a paper of pins.

"Please let me loop your dress, ma'am," she  
said. You'll have it all spilled, if I don't. There  
is half a mile to walk through Mr. Hough's  
grounds where no carriage can go, and every-  
body knows what a muddy place his is. 'That  
purty dress, that you've had such a bother  
trimming.'"

Mrs. Harrow was open to reason, even ut-  
tered by an inferior. She allowed her old ser-  
vant to climb into the vehicle, and fustion her  
skirt in a manner which rendered it impossible  
that it should be injured by muddy road, and  
then dismissed her with a pleasant nod. But  
her face grew grave again, as she looked out  
upon the uncomfortable landscape, lying under  
the drizzling sky, and she unfurled her um-  
brella at last, and made her way along the ill-  
kept garden paths to old Hough's house, with  
no thankfulness to the committee in her heart.

Yet, as it happened, she came at a lucky  
moment. Old Hough was ill, and having  
neither friend nor relative to part from or mourn  
for him, and being of no use in the world, ter-  
ribly afraid that he should be called upon to  
leave it. He received her, in his easy chair,  
in dressing gown and slippers, and to her utter  
astonishment produced a 20 dollar bill. "And  
tell the dominie to call, if you please, he said,  
I don't think I shall last long." And he spoke  
and felt as though he had just paid his fare to  
heaven.

Mrs. Harrow proposed to send the clergyman  
down at once, and went her homeward way in  
a more pleasant frame of mind. The object  
had been gained without any begging, and the  
disagreeable task was over. She gave a smile  
as Hawker touched his hat.

"Beg pardon, ma'am," said he.  
"Well, Hawker," said Mrs. Harrow.  
"Would you mind telling me the color of that  
dress?"

He stopped as he spoke, and lifted a breath-  
er of it in a reverential way and stood looking at it.

Mrs. Harrow laughed. "They call it gar-  
net, I believe," she said.

Garnet color—it's a purty dress, and ye look  
like new in it," said Hawker. "Thank ye,  
ma'am," and bowed and stepped back; while  
Mrs. Harrow composed herself in her seat with  
an amused look on her face, wondering whether  
the man really had begun to take an interest in  
dry goods, or whether it was only a little bit of  
flattery. But then, a dozen times on the way  
home, she saw his lips form the word garnet,  
as though he were trying to learn it.

The Scotch gardener was amongst the newly  
planted beds when she drove up and gave ut-  
terance to his usual thanksgiving that 'Mistress  
was na rin awa wi yet, and Betsey appeared to  
take the umbrella with the same sentiment ex-  
pressed in all her movements; but for once  
Hawker took no notice of either of them. His  
mind was evidently full of something else—for  
with his eyes fixed on vacancy, he kept repeat-  
ing over and over again, *garnet, garnet, garnet* color."

Mrs. Harrow ran into her husband's study  
with a light step, proud of the success of her  
embassy.

"What do you suppose Mr. Hough gave?"  
"Nothing?" queried the minister:  
"Guess again."  
"Five dollars?"  
"No."  
"One?"  
"Twenty, James. Look!" and Mrs. Harrow's  
hand was plunged into her pocket; lightly at  
first, then deeply and eagerly, as hands grope  
into pockets which are empty of what should be  
there. Her face turned pale, and she sat down  
seeming faint and ill. "I'm sure I put it in my  
pocket, and put it in my pocket," she said.  
"I'm sure of that. I must have dropped it in  
the carriage, or on the stairs."

And she flew out of the room and down stairs,  
examining every inch of the ground she had  
passed over, and watching while the cushions  
were taken from the carriage and looked behind  
and shaken. All in vain; neither pocket book  
nor money were to be found. Hawker was not  
to be found either. He had gone some-  
where as soon as the horse was put up; and  
heads were shaken and eyes exchanged glances,  
and public opinion was soon expressed in very  
plain terms.

"I feared some such end to your misplaced  
confidence, my dear," said Mr. Harrow.

"I had my doots o' the mon a' the while," said  
the gardener; and Betsey capped the climax  
with "The only wonder is we're not all mur-  
dered in our beds into the bargain."

But Mrs. Harrow still refused to doubt her  
protégé.

"As well accuse me of taking the money for  
my own use; as well suspect Ferguson or Bet-  
sey," she said. "Because the man has struggled  
to reform himself so long, shall we suspect him  
of dishonesty? I have been careless. He had  
no opportunity."

And then a chill ran through her heart, as  
she remembered that Hawker had absolutely  
held her dress, on the pocket side, too, in his  
hands.

"I have been careless," she repeated, arguing  
down her outspoken thought.

"I will, of course, be responsible, and I will  
not have Hawker charged with theft on no bet-  
ter grounds."

Betsey went down to the store that evening,  
and returned having been seen of Hawker, and  
bringing grimly triumphant, followed by the  
store keeper, Mrs. Jones. Mrs. Jones had  
something to say to Mrs. Harrow, and appeared  
to be very glad to have it to say. The sub-  
stance of the communication was this:

Hawker had been to her store that very even-  
ing, and purchased a dress for his daughter.  
"Garnet merino, with fringe and buttons to  
match; a dress for Liz Hawker, you may say,"  
said the woman. "I'd go to church in it my-  
self."

"He is a sober man now and employed at  
good wages," "He is fond of his daughter, and  
probably has been careful in order to make her  
a present."

"Yes, ma'am," said the woman. "I hope it's  
so, I'm sure."

She started and uttered a cry just then, for  
there at the door stood Hawker himself white,  
trembling, despairing. He clasped his hands  
above his head.

"There ain't no chance for me," he said. "I  
thought the Lord gave folks a chance when  
they wanted one. He won't give me none. I  
never took yer money, mum."

"That bill—God knows that hears me—I  
found two weeks ago. 'Twas on the bridge.  
I'd been for coats, master, and I seen something  
red in a crack. I picked it up—'twas a spec-  
tacle case. (And he took one from his pocket.)  
'And I thought nothing of it. There was noth-  
ing in it I thought; but a few days after I found  
there was—a bit of paper rolled up—and come  
to look, 'twas a twenty dollar bill. I looked  
in the papers and 'twas advertised, and I looked  
on the walls and fences, and nothing was post-  
ed up there about it; and so says I; who should  
have it but me? And I'll buy a trock for  
Lizzie, such as she's never had before, for her  
birthday, if I hear nothing of it before. It's  
awful against me, but I never touched your  
m'ney—nobody can prove it, not even Lizzie,  
for I kept it for a surprise for her."

And Mrs. Harrow before them all crossed  
the room, and put her hand on the old man's  
head—and bent down in despair.

"I believe you," she said.

But Mr. Harrow stood stern and cold.

"You are encouraging crime, Annine," he  
said, in tones as measured as though he had  
been delivering a sermon. "You have no right  
to do so; no sensible person can refuse to  
positive proof. I do not believe you, Hawker, and  
it is my duty to deliver you into the hands of  
justice. I will give you every chance to prove  
your innocence."

"I've none but God Almighty," said Hawker,  
passionately; "and I have called on Him."

"Betsey, send Ferguson for an officer. It is  
not the value of the money, but the principle  
of the thing. I must place you under arrest."

And the next morning the clergyman ap-  
peared before the justice of the peace to make  
a charge against his servant. His wife went  
with him, determined to the last to maintain  
her protégé's honesty; and the woman from the  
store was there, and Betsey also, and the little  
court room was crowded with people who had  
a certain satisfaction in the fact that Hawker  
had 'turned out bad' at last, as they always  
said he would. He stood there pale and trem-  
bling, with a hopeless look on his face. But  
he denied his guilt, in words as solemn as he  
had at his command.

"I can't prove it, sir," he said, in answer to  
the charge. "But the money I spent I found  
on the old bridge in a red spectacle case, two  
weeks ago. They say God sees everything, and  
if there's any way to do it as solemn and  
reverent as if I was in church!"

Then every one saw a strange change come  
over the face of the Justice. He bent forward  
eagerly.

"In a spectacle case—on the old bridge?" he  
cried.

"Yes, sir," said the prisoner.

"Have you the case? Let me see it," said  
the Judge.

And Hawker drew it from his bosom.

There was a solemn silence, as the old gen-  
tleman turned with glistening eyes to the pris-  
oner.

"You prayed that God might interfere in  
your behalf," he said. He done so. This is my  
spectacle case. I can wear it to. My initials  
are upon it, and when I dropped it from my  
hand, as I thought into the water, as I rode ov-

er the bridge a fortnight ago, it had a twenty  
dollar bill in it. My pocket book was strapped  
up with important papers in it, and this note,  
which I had intended for a certain purpose, I  
had put into the case to avoid any troublesome  
search for it. I fancied both gone forever, but  
my eyes are poor, and I must have overlooked  
the crack in the bridge. Your possession of the  
money is accounted for to the satisfaction of the  
court—as for that which has been lost or  
stolen—"

But just then Mrs. Harrow gave a cry.

She had started up as the judge claimed the  
spectacle case, and had taken a step forward,  
and in the act the loops of her dress, so care-  
fully fastened by Betsey's hand, had caught in  
a bench, and one of them had come unfastened.  
The folds of the garnet poplin fell to the floor,  
and from them dropped, shimmering and gleam-  
ing the pearl portmanteau in which old Hough's  
donation had been consigned.

It had dropped into the festoons instead of  
the pocket, and had been there all the while.

It was a little country place, and every one  
in the room knew the parties concerned, and  
listened to the words which fell from Mrs. Har-  
row's lips as she made the statement of the  
facts. And when with tears in her eyes, the  
lady gave her hand to old Hawker, and even  
the clergyman condescended to follow her ex-  
ample, there was heard such a shout as had  
never been before heard in that court room and  
despite of all the cries of silence, the audience,  
as one man, united in three cheers for old Nick  
—and flocked about him as a hero.

The dog lost his bad name, and from that  
day thereafter nobody in Marsh Mallow was  
believed in as implicitly as was Dick Hawker,  
who lived long in the clergyman's service, and  
if he is living at all; probably lives there still.

ROME AND ROMANCE.

An artist tarrying at Rome writes home to  
N. York to express his disappointment, and  
incidentally records one of the most delicious  
bulls ever spoken or written:

"We find ourselves, one way and another,  
considerably taken down in Rome. T..... was  
out riding the other day, and as a sculptor he  
was much struck with the picturesque way in  
which the peasants wear their 'cloaca-maxi-  
mus.' My studio is not in a palace. I thought  
before I came here that it was impossible to  
live in any other tenement. I fully expected  
to see a crowd of princes to greet me at the  
railway station on the arrival of the train, and  
no end of places to be had at ruinous prices—  
to the owners. I expected to have my wife  
hang over a marble balustrade, and gaze down  
the Corso for ten dollars a month, including a  
cheap and lively time during the carnival.

My dreams are dissipated! Wood costs  
four dollars an arm-full, and a good deal of it  
has to be consumed if you don't want to freeze.  
Rent is regulated on a similar scale, according  
to damp rooms and the number of steps one  
has to climb to get at sunrise. 'Suppose that  
oranges do grow down in the back yard, and  
roses bloom on the Pincio—I care not. I am  
cold. Let 'em bloom if they choose—it would  
be more sensible to take a winter nap, as they  
do in America. Besides, I want something  
else. I want broiled salt mackerel for break-  
fast, and sigh for one of the Studio Building  
beef steaks. Just think of it, that in this clas-  
sic and artistic land they know not the juicy  
beef-steak!"

"..... met a western man at a hotel in Paris,  
who asked him with a growl, 'How do you  
like your potatoes without butter?' I confess  
to a fellow feeling with that chap. I met the  
same man here in Rome in a state of deep dis-  
tress. He could not speak a word of Italian,  
and had a courier with a devouring him. He  
was eager to get back to America. He inform-  
ed me one day at the Pincio, in a low whisper,  
and looking carefully around him, that 'he'd  
like to put a keg of powder under it and blow  
the whole thing to'—I need not say where.

He left me in a state of fearful speculation as  
to whether he meant Rome in general. But,  
as I stated above, I want something simple to  
eat. I used to be fond of French cookery,  
when it was introduced, as a pleasant episode,  
among American dishes, but now I shudder  
at trifles and shake at mushrooms, and would  
crawl willingly up and down the Scala Santa  
for a half dozen Shrewsbury Oysters. As for  
the Lucerne Oysters, did I not partake of a  
peck of them at Bain, with the satisfaction of ex-  
periencing only a slight briny taste in my mouth?  
They may have answered old Horace and Luc-  
ullus well enough; but they, poor fellows, had  
never heard of Shrewsbury!"

A ROMANCE OF THE CUBAN REBELLION.—  
An American citizen, who was in the Theatre  
of Villandeva on the evening of the 22d ult.,  
and witnessed the riot and massacre in the  
streets of Havana that evening, says that the  
origin of the outbreak was the shooting of a  
young woman. He says:

"A very beautiful girl, the daughter of Al-  
dama, one of the wealthiest and most noble of  
all Cubans were upon her left breast the Amer-  
ican flag, with the inscription, 'Long live the  
Republic of Cuba,' upon it. When that stir-  
ring song was being sung, the whole audience  
rose to acknowledge the salute—all eyes were  
now bent upon her—a low, mean, cowardly  
Spaniard shot her with a revolver, killing her  
instantly. Two American gentlemen occupied  
the box adjoining Senorita Aldama, whose  
names I do not know, but one of whom seeing  
the pistol pointed at the young lady's breast,  
drew his revolver, and a second after the Span-  
iard had fired, blew the top off the head of the  
cowardly assassin. Instantly the whole theatre  
was the scene of the greatest confusion, and the  
Spanish troops rushed in and began firing up-  
on the masses of huddled, unarmed, innocent  
men and women."

HIGH-HEELS.—The Scientific American  
tells its readers what every physician and stu-  
dent of physiology knows about the silliness  
and harmfulness of wearing high-heeled shoes.  
When the heel is raised, as is the prevalent cus-  
tom, the bones of the thigh, pelvis, and leg, as  
well as the foot, are in an abnormal position,  
and while the bones maintain their plasticity,  
the effect of such unnatural tension is sure to  
be perpetuated in the shape of crooked shins,  
bandy legs, elephantine toe joints, and a  
cramped, ungainly gait.

OUR TABLE.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for March has  
the following table of contents:—

Yathone, an Old Port Romance, part third, by T. W.  
Higginson; A Thrush in a Gilded Cage, by Christopher  
P. Cranch; The Small Arabs of New York, by Charles  
Dawson Shanty; Co-operative Housekeeping (fifth pa-  
per); Little Captain Trot, by Mrs. Harriet Beecher  
Stowe; A New Chapter of Christian Evidences, by Jas.  
Freeman Clarke; Consumption in America (third paper)  
by Dr. Henry L. Bowditch; The Fox in the Household  
(1); Our Painters (second article), by John Neal; The  
Fatal Arrow, by Alice Cary; Popularizing Art, by Jos.  
Parton; The New Education (second paper), by Charles  
Whitier; Howard at Atlanta, by John G. Whittier; The  
Slave and the Slaveholder, by Bayard Taylor; Our New President,  
by Charles G. Case; Seaside Birds, by J. Eliot Cabot; Re-  
views and Literary Notices.

Whittier's Poem, Mrs. Stowe's sketch, and Parton's  
survey of the chivalry business, will attract special at-  
tention, and so will Freeman's Christian Evidences.  
Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$4 a  
year.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for March con-  
tains a fine full page illustration and several other em-  
bellishments. Prominent among its contents are a con-  
tinuation of "Beyond the Breakers," by Hon. Robert Dale  
Owen; "Judas Britannia as a Politician," a three page  
poem by Charles G. Leland; "The Boston Public Library,"  
by Mr. L. C. Davis; "My Grandmother, that  
Might Have Been," by Miss Alice Cary; and "The  
Foundling Hospital in London," by N. S. Dodge. "Our  
Provincialisms," by Rev. Henry Reeves, and part 2 of  
"Over Yonder," by a popular writer, will also secure  
attention. There are not many magazines in the coun-  
try that are more thoroughly relished by readers than  
this. A novel by Anthony Trollope will be commenced  
in the July number.

Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, at  
\$4 a year.

THE GALAXY for March has a lifelike por-  
trait of M. Gounod, the eminent musical composer, and  
the number contains sixteen extra pages, for the accom-  
modation of Mrs. Austin's story, "Cypar," which will  
be completed next month. The leading attraction of the  
number is the commencement of Charles Reade's new  
story, "Put Yourself in His Place," but the number is  
a rich one, as being a partial enumeration of its contents  
will show:—Is Even Doze, a chapter of "Words and  
their Uses," by Richard Grant White; Women as Vo-  
ters, by Julia Ward Howe; The English Politicians, by  
Justin McCarthy; Will Murder Out? by Edward Crap-  
sey; Carlotia, by John S. C. Abbott; Tea and Its Ad-  
aptations, by John C. Draper, M. D.; Among Our Great  
Farmers—The Horse Growers, by Chas. Wyllys Elliott;  
New York Journalists—George William Curtis, by Eu-  
gene Benson; with "Drift-wood," "Nebulae," Poetry,  
Literature and Art, etc. It is confidently predicted that  
this number will command the greatest sale on the re-  
cords of this or any other magazine.

Published by Sheldon & Co., New York, at \$4 a year.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for March contains two  
full page illustrations and many smaller engravings.—  
The Story of a Bad Boy, by T. B. Aldrich, is continued  
in J. T. Townbridge contributes another of his useful and  
instructive articles on Glass-Cutting and Ornamenting,  
and Mrs. Professor Agassiz one of a similar character on  
The Physical History of Florida; there is another pack-  
et of the amusing William Henry Letters; James Parton  
tells who First Used the Compass; Elijah Kellogg con-  
tributes a declaration, Hannibal at the Altar; Edward  
Everett Hale begins his series of papers on matters of  
great practical importance to all young people with an  
article on Talk.

Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$2 a  
year.

The publishers give notice that they will send four  
numbers of their Magazine, from January to April of  
this year, as specimens, to any persons who will send  
their address. We trust this very liberal offer will bring  
this really valuable Magazine to the notice of all our  
readers and be the means of introducing it into all the  
families where it is now unknown.

VELOCIPEDE RHYMES.

The Boston Transcript having called for "a rhyme for  
velocipede," among others received the following:—  
You wish to rhyme velocipede?  
The motto lends the bossy feed,  
The swallow skins the mossy mead,  
The baby likes to toss a reed,  
The apple bears a glossy seed,  
The rindster takes a mossy feed,  
The male results from cross o' breed,  
The donkey pines from loss o' feed,  
Let these not make you cross or lead.



## Waterville Mail.

B. M. MAXHAM, I. D. L. R. WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . FEB. 26, 1869.



## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

B. M. PETTRELL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 41 State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York; S. R. Allen, Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. P. Howell & 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.

ATWELL & CO., Advertising Agents, 7 Middle Street, Portland, are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by law.

Advertisements abroad are referred to the Agents named above.

## ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS

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

## GOING TO THE POOR-HOUSE.

It used to be looked upon as a terrible calamity to go to the poor-house. There was an awful foreshadowing of Indian bread and cod-fish in the apprehension. We speak rather from hearsay than experience,—though the making of newspapers is but slender security for wheat bread and roast beef. But even in Waterville, where it is said comfort is more sought than riches, poverty is becoming every day less and less a matter to cry over. Some don't even lay awake nights for it,—though it is confessed they have to keep pretty wide awake in the day time. Even the bible has been charged with saying that poverty is no disgrace,—though it may be argued that Waterville was not settled till some years after this was written. No matter—we digress.

As our "March Meeting" is close at hand, the Town Farm comes into view. One of our voters who never owned a yellow hen, boasts very justly of "his farming interest" whenever "the old Dr. Thayer farm" is the subject of comment. And we have a friendly feeling for the same institution, though conceding to all yellow-hen men the advantage of priority of occupancy. "No man knows what may happen to him," is as true in English as in Greek. An ex-mayor of Gardiner helped to make the poor-house respectable. A. T. Stuart can never do that.

We went to the Town Farm a few days ago, taking advantage of the presence of selectman Boothby, auditor Nye and overseer S. W. Berry, to save asking questions. Remembering that last year the town authorized some improvement of the buildings, the purchase of a wood-lot, and other good deeds,—indicating an increasing cautiousness for the future comfort of those who have got the town debt to pay—we were prepared to find signs of progress. If the few gentlemen who have in years past urged the sale of the farm and a return to the old way of supporting the poor, could be put upon a committee of inspection before the next annual meeting, it would do them good. They could not fail to see the propriety of making such appropriations as will from time to time be needed to make the concern "pay," in both its agricultural and charitable features. An old man whom misfortune had taken from affluence to the poor-house, said, "If I had sent my religion here years ago, I should not have had to come myself." Somebody else, whose judgment of Christian duty ought to pass with light criticism, made flat objection to "grinding the face of the poor." This was in old times, but our former pauper system was a modern grindstone. Happily we are out of danger of returning to it.

Certainly we have never seen the Farm in so good countenance before. The barns and sheds have been painted and otherwise put in snug repair, so that a well-to-do farmer might exhibit them without blushing. The stock looks well; the hogs are in good condition and of good blood; the woodpile indicates comfort and thrift; and the occupants speak well of the new superintendent and his family. The orchard, which is old and one of the starved-to-death kind, has been trimmed and otherwise renovated, so that some three hundred bushels of apples were gathered last season. But the annual report must tell the rest,—for the cost of all this is an item yet to be disclosed. We cannot doubt that the Selectmen made good security of this point by putting Mr. Berry in charge. He is emphatically a live farmer, as his own farm, adjoining, proves; industrious, determined, mechanically ingenious, and ambitious to improve an interest in which his townsmen all share. He is well sustained in the household department, on which so much depends. Economy and kindness are invaluable there.

But we would forestall nobody's convictions. We do, however, earnestly counsel such voters as would think and act right towards this institution in its various relations,—to the poor, to the town, to the officials in charge, and to themselves,—to go and examine the whole establishment, as they rightfully may, and where they will be courteously welcomed.

The Unitarian Society are making arrangements for a levee, to take place soon. The plan contemplates dramatic and musical; exercises, with refreshments, &c. &c.

## TRIP ON A ST. JOHNS STEAMER.

I have read with much interest letters "On the Wing." How much good would be accomplished if each of the many travellers capable of writing interesting letters would take notice of what they see, and write for some newspaper! Many persons are obliged to stay at home, and if those who travel would publish what they see, such might know much about other places and things,—different towns and counties, churches and sabbath schools, cities and villages, manufactories, soil, water-power, &c. But first—if a man travels he must remember that his eyes are not the only members he must use. He wishes to gain knowledge, but he cannot gain a great deal with his eyes only. Eyes and ears must both be used. But to look and listen is wholly selfish. He must talk himself; and then while he is gaining more knowledge in the use of the third member, he is imparting some (even if it be but little) to others. Three important members are now used, but they are not enough. The traveller is gratifying himself. He must use other members, namely, his fingers; which with the senses of seeing, hearing and remembering, enables him to commit to paper what his eyes have seen and his ears have heard.

Then thousands travel the same road, see the same objects, and hear the same relations, all at their homes.

It is not my intention to describe Vineland or Fitchburg, for I have never been in either place; but, in my own way, I will give a description of some places lying in an opposite direction.

Taking the downward train of the S. & K. Railroad, nothing of special interest occurred in the brief journey to Portland. Of the towns we passed through, Augusta, Hallowell, Gardiner, Richmond, Topsham and Brunswick have been steadily growing. (Hallowell excepted,) and no doubt very deservedly, for many years. Hallowell is like a stone—finished. Still it may be a question whether it will stay finished; for we saw signs of life,—the factory was in full blast. If Augusta grows Hallowell must; but Augusta must always be the larger city, for reasons obvious to all. A good deal of lumber is manufactured at Gardiner, where there is also an extensive manufactory of stone ware. At Richmond there is some ship building, &c. Topsham and Brunswick seemed to be very quiet; perhaps the students at the latter place were preparing for a perfect recitation. Other towns showed but little change till we got to Portland. Here the great fire had been the agent of transforming the old wooden buildings we had seen when last here into brick and stone.

After rambling over the city for a few hours, and noticing its improved condition, present and prospective, I took the steamer New England for Eastport, with a cabin berth at \$4.00. Familiar faces were few, as this was a new route to us. We walked the deck, went up stairs, went down stairs, walked out on the open deck, though it was cold, and saw the lights of the city disappear, and lights spring up in the distance from friendly light-houses,—occasionally talking with a stranger or listening to conversation in which others were engaged.

Suddenly a boy walked from deck to deck, making an earthly kind of sound, as much as to say, "Please come to supper." Now there was some scampering for the supper table, but as it was "tea time" before we left Portland, those who voted themselves hungry were hardly enough to be missed.

After supper the company seemed at home. Nearly all were seated. Some were reading, others talking, and a good many doing nothing. Being a great talker myself, I was not at a loss to find persons to converse with. A merchant from Calais gave me information of former acquaintances. Another from St. Johns expressed his opinion very freely on the unstable nature of our government, predicting a despotism under Gen. Grant. He advised the funding of our national debt at once, and a return to specie currency. It was not difficult to determine that he belonged to John Bull's government. Another, venerable in years, living seven miles above St. Johns, was interesting in describing his country; evidently thinking his government the best on earth. He said he was 85 years old, had lumbered forty-one years, and had now been to Boston to purchase supplies preparatory for going into the woods this winter. He also said he was the father of 13 children, who, with the exception of one who died at the age of 52, were living, and well settled with families. His grand-children numbered seventy-one and his great-grandchildren eight. His wife died several years since, forty-nine years after their marriage. With his wife and family he said he was "as happy as a prince," he possessing a competency of this world's goods. Now he felt alone, he said, and as he had always been a stirring man, he could not be idle. His step was firm as that of a man of fifty, and his mind as clear. Noticing in the forward cabin some card players, he remarked that he never played cards in his life, never used tobacco, and I think he said he never drank any spirituous liquors. I was much pleased with his conversation, and I hope his last days will be peace,—which I cannot doubt, as he said his trust was in God.

A large portion of the passengers resided in the Provinces, and appeared intelligent. I noticed little signs of immorality among them. The night was very calm. Old ocean seemed to slumber, and no passenger was sick. At sunrise rocky coasts of islands met our view, all inhabited by fishermen. At 9 o'clock A. M. Grand Menan was seen, looking much like an elongated brick, though of different color. This island is 18 miles long, and is settled by farmers and fishermen. K—

Rev. True Whittier, pastor of the Methodist Society in Waterville for five months past, is about to leave for S. Carolina, where he has the appointment of presiding elder of Greenville district, in the western part of that State. He will preach his farewell sermon at Town Hall next Sunday afternoon—subject, "The Truthfulness of the Bible." Mr. W. is an earnest worker, who has been growing in the esteem of his people and of all who have made his acquaintance; his society having been richly prospered under his care. Their earnest wishes for his happiness and usefulness will go with him to his new field of labor.

The Methodist Society here are expecting Rev. John Allen, known as "Camp-meeting John," to preach a part of the time till the Conference makes a new appointment in May.

The Androscoggin railroad was frozen up—or down which is it?—for several days after the storm of last week, and was unable to move a train until the pickaxe had removed the ice from the rails.

MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD.—The annual meeting at Town Hall, on Wednesday last, was much smaller than usual, the extra train from the west having cut off by the Trustees.

The following gentlemen were elected Directors: R. B. Dunn, J. H. Drummond, George L. Ward, F. W. Hill, J. W. Palmer, A. D. Lockwood and A. P. Morrill. Subsequently R. B. Dunn was elected President and J. H. Drummond Clerk.

It was decided to issue bonds to the amount of two millions of dollars bearing seven per cent interest for the purpose of building the road from Danville Junction to Portland and providing for maturing bonds. It was also voted to subscribe seventy thousand dollars to the capital stock of the Somerset Railroad.

The Directors report a year of prosperity, and an increase of the gross receipts from traffic. They also make the gratifying announcement that the trains have been free from accident or casualty, and no injury to persons or material injury to property has occurred. They say, too, that while the gross receipts from traffic have been increased, the expenses of management and repairs have been reduced; thus showing a net gain, in all, of \$33,006.26 over the results of the year's business in 1867. Although the expenses have been reduced, the directors have kept in view, and maintained the policy indicated in their previous annual report, of constantly improving the condition of their track and rolling stock, and maintaining both in first class condition.

The Superintendent says that "very few delays have occurred to any of the trains during the year. No engine has escaped from the track during the year, and but one passenger and smoking car, and that without material damage, and no injury to any person."

Hon. Thomas S. Lang, just before resigning his place on the board of trustees of the Agricultural College, made a most eloquent appeal for that institution, in his place in the senate. We regret that we have not room for it—and extracts would but mutilate it. It must have nerved the friends of the school to earnest measures for its prosperity. Mr. Lang can hardly be spared from the board; and we more than fear that his resignation hints at his removal from the State.

Our young friend and former correspondent, ALMOND F. NASON, ("Esquire" Nason, we suppose he must now be styled, for Governor Claflin has just commissioned him as Justice of the Peace in the County of Suffolk,) is the junior member of the firm of Lyon & Nason, 55 State Street, Boston, through whose business energy and tact the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Co., of Newark, N. J., is largely indebted for its success in the old commonwealth, of which they are general agents. The city papers speak in high terms of this new firm.

We refer with pleasure to Mr. Perley's advertised classes in Penmanship and Book-keeping. His reputation commends him to such patronage as cannot fail to reflect great credit to our schools, and to such young persons as may see fit to enter his classes. Long experience has made him familiar with the best modes of teaching, and his earnest care for the success of his pupils always insures it. We cannot do parents a better favor than to advise them to send their children to Mr. Perley's classes; and we assure those who attend that if they are not well profited it will be their own fault.

HAY is quoted at 10 to \$15 in Bangor, according to quality; from 13 to \$14 in Augusta; from 15 to \$21 in Boston; from 13 to \$16 in Portland; from 12 to \$15 in Waterville.

GOOD.—The editor of the Maine Farmer has taken a ride on the velocipede, and says "the sensation is very much like that of working his passage on the Grand Trunk Railroad."

The "velocipede School" at Appleton Hall closed on Wednesday evening, with a match race on time, for a silver cup. The contest was a good one, the winner being Wm. Percival. He made but one second over Melvin Marston. At a previous race, last week, the cup was taken by James Pray. Several of our young men have already become skillful riders. In due time the velocipede will find a good market in Waterville.

Professor E. W. Hall, of Colby University, at Waterville, has the reputation of being one of the most skillful velocipedists in that region.

Some are born great; some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. We hardly know on which of these three horns our neighbor has been impaled.

THE PATENT BRICK, which were rapidly coming into use, do not seem to justify the confidence placed in them. A large building made of them fell in Washington recently, and now we notice that the tower of church in Morrisania, N. Y., just completed of these same bricks and imitation freestone, fell last Sabbath morning, the loss being nearly \$40,000. The building committee of the Methodist Seminary at Vineland N. J., in view of these facts, have directed a suspension of operations on their building, which was to be constructed of the same materials.

WOOL continues to rise—the first quality of picklock being quoted at 67 cts.; choice and XX at 55 to 60; fine 50 to 53; coarse 48 to 50. The markets are nearly bare of coarse wool, and as fine is largely concentrated in few hands, it is held very closely for higher prices.

COOL.—In view of the legislation petitioned for by the Doctors, a correspondent of the Bangor Whig coolly suggests to the doctors that if they are so anxious for dissection, every M. D. shall, before his death, "donate" his remains to his surviving brethren for scientific purposes.

The Augusta Daily Journal says.—Mr. Lambert, a new high school teacher, has entered earnestly upon his work, and is liked both by scholars and parents.

## OUR TABLE.

THE SCHOOLMATE.—The March number contains another installment of "Rough and Ready, or Life among the New York News Boys," by Horatio Alger, Jr.; more of "Travels among the Mountains of Massachusetts;" George Conant's Terrible Adventure; A True Ghost Story; Hints and Helps, etc., etc., with a Declaration, a lively Dialogue, and Tangled Threads. The number contains several embellishments, that give the narrative additional charms for the boys and girls. Published by Joseph H. Allen, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

THE NURSERY.—The March number of this Monthly Magazine for Youngest Readers contains among other beautiful embellishments, a fine picture of Moses in the Bulrushes, and six more of those inimitable sketches by Oscar Pletsch, illustrating "Learning to be Useful, or the Young Housekeeper." This little magazine is unapproachable in its particular department, and deserves patronage for the following among other reasons:—It is a much needed work; it is surprisingly cheap; it is most carefully and ably edited; it is a great educator; it is a joy and a help to every bright child, and an incentive to the backward ones; it is charming to young and old. It should be in every family.

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

HENRY WARD BEECHER, as everybody will rejoice to learn is very much improved in health. He was able to be present in Plymouth Church last Sabbath, and announced that he would resume his pulpit next Sunday.

Owing to the continued ill health and consequent straitened circumstances of Rev. Henry Giles, his library was put into the market and sold this week.

THE LANCY HOUSE, at Pittsfield, a new hotel, with accommodation, by good storage, for 400 guests, has just been opened to the public.

THE JEFFERDS CONFESSION.—The story of the New York World in regard to the confession of young Jeffers, that he was the murderer of Dr. Burdell, is thus disposed of by Mr. Robert D. Holmes, the lawyer, who was one of the counsel for Jeffers in the Matthews murder case:—

"Charles Jeffers scarcely knew Mrs. Cunningham; he was a mere child at the time of the murder of Dr. Burdell; and strange as it may appear, was not the murderer of Walton or Matthews. The present Mayor, Mr. A. Oakey Hall, my deceased friend Mr. James T. Brady, and I were his counsel; and I made the last argument in his behalf in the Court of Appeals. I think that Mr. Hall knows that he was innocent of the Matthews murder, and consequently of the murder of Mr. Walton. I am sure that Mr. Brady knew it, and he frequently so expressed himself to me. Indeed, in view of the facts confided to us under the seal of professional secrecy, we could come to no conclusion except that he was innocent, and was wrongfully convicted. I feel confident of this, and know that Jeffers suffered his imprisonment like a hero, and not like a felon, Justice to a poor dead convict dictates these lines."

Those who wish to obtain Grape Vines or Strawberry Plants, according to Mr. Hathaway's advertisement, will oblige by giving in their orders early in the season. His object is not to make any money in this business, but simply to accommodate friends and the community.

The neat little barber shop next to Ticonic Bank has gone into new hands, as will be seen by referring to advertisement in another column. The new proprietor will not keep the shop open on the Sabbath.

The Spanish Government is bending all its energies to the suppression of the Cuban rebellion.

CATTLE MARKETS.—The markets were well supplied this week, and both prices and quality favored the buyer.

GEN. GRANT AND FAMILY.—B. B. Russell, 52 Cornhill, Boston, has just issued a very fine steel engraving of Gen. Grant and his family, by E. B. Bensell. It is a charming picture, and the likenesses are said to be very accurate. It will probably be found with all picture dealers. John Hankerson, Portland, is general agent for the State of Maine.

A correspondent informs us that on Saturday last an explosion took place in one of the buildings of the Oriental Powder Mills, at Gorham, containing over three tons of powder in process of manufacture. Every vestige of the building was demolished and the strong white oak frame-work of the machinery torn to pieces. Charles Charles, a native of Prussia, a careful workman of years of experience, was at work in the mill at the time, and was thrown into the air with the wreck of the building. He fell in to a canal whence he was taken out alive, and perfectly conscious of the terrible explosion. He saw the spark between the rolls that ignited the mighty charge, and was conscious of his journey in the air. That he came out alive seems little short of a miracle. His leg was broken and he received internal injuries which render his recovery doubtful. Thirty lives have been lost at these Mills in as many years, and yet plenty of workmen are found at low rates of wages as in most branches of manufacture. [Portland Transcript.]

At the Protestant service which was celebrated in the Spanish capital on January 31, hundreds of persons were unable to obtain admission for want of room. The owner of the house where worship is performed had been anonymously threatened with assassination. There was a great demonstration in Madrid on the same day in favor of freedom of worship, and a procession of republicans to the government took place. The government still states that it will refer the subject to the Cortes.

Michael Schwartz's saw factory, at Bangor, was entirely burned on Saturday morning. It caught from the hardening furnace of the factory. Another factory on the same site, and used for the same purpose, was burned about three years since. Loss \$7000.

The Legislative Committee have agreed to report an act creating a State Police, consisting of a chief and an assistant in each county, to be appointed by the Governor. The details of the bill are not fully agreed upon. So far as we can learn there is a probability that the bill will pass the house. The opponents of the measure claim, however, that it will be defeated in the Senate.

## MAINE LEGISLATURE.

On Friday, Feb. 19, in Senate, an act relating to the compensation of the County Commissioners of Kennebec County was passed to be enacted; resolve relating to the action of the State vs. B. D. Peck et. als. was finally passed. The Senate refused to concur with the House in refusing to pass the interest bill, and insisted on its former vote, 19 to 11. The com. on railroads, being evenly divided on the question of allowing the Somerset and Kennebec railroad to extend its track from Skowhegan to Carratunk Falls, asked to be discharged. A bill to secure the same object was then presented by Mr. Stevens. Petitions continue to come in to both branches for a State Police.

In the House the Committee on Education be and they are hereby directed to inquire into the expediency of changing the location of the State Normal School now at Farmington. Petitioners for repeal of law regulating agencies for sale of intoxicating liquors had leave to withdraw, also petitioners for appointment of Commissioner on the subject of intemperance; on order relating to the propriety of abolishing State and town liquor agencies, committee reported legislation inexpedient. Bill an act to establish schools in Madawaska territory was reported. Bill relating to capital punishment was debated.

On Saturday, in Senate, militia bill passed to be engrossed; petitioners for an act to protect citizens of this State from injury by incompetent dental practitioners, were referred to the next Legislature; a bill an act to provide for the reformation and mental improvement of convicts while in State Prison, and for aiding them after their discharge was presented.

In the House, bill an act to give the Supreme Judicial Court jurisdiction in matters of divorce was reported; an act to incorporate the Pittsfield, Hartland and St. Albans railroad Co. was passed to be enacted; also act to regulate the sale of milk. Resolve authorizing the publication of the final report of the Superintendent of the Hydrographic Survey, was finally passed.

On Monday, in Senate, resolve relating to the establishment of mail steamship connections between the United States and Liberia was read and assigned; an act to incorporate the Pittsfield, Hartland and St. Albans Railroad Co. was passed to be enacted; also act to regulate the sale of milk; resolve authorizing the publication of the final report of the Superintendent of the Hydrographic Survey was finally passed.

In the House, resolve relating to the Maine Educational Association was read and assigned; also act to secure harmony of action between the Board of Agriculture and the State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts; an act to incorporate the Athens Railroad Co. was ordered to be printed; the act to increase the stock of the Somerset Railroad Co. was passed to be engrossed; the Militia bill was passed to be enacted.

On Tuesday, in Senate, on motion of Mr. Lang the Committee on Agriculture were instructed to inquire into the propriety of appropriating a sum not exceeding two hundred dollars, to be joined by not less than three hundred dollars subscription by the friends of Dr. Holmes towards erecting a monument to his memory. Resolve in favor of the Agricultural College was taken from the table and after an able speech by Mr. Lang, was passed to be engrossed.

In the House, Gardner and Pittston were authorized to raise money to purchase the toll bridge between the two places; bill to extend the time for completing the European and North American Railway Co. was passed to be engrossed; bill to secure harmony between the Board of Agriculture and the State College of Agriculture was passed to be engrossed. An act to continue in force an act authorizing pensions for disabled soldiers and seamen was passed to be enacted; also act to incorporate the Waterville Savings Bank. The House took a recess of five minutes for the purpose of welcoming Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby, Postmaster at Condit X Roads.

On Wednesday, in Senate, bill for the promotion of medical science was passed to be engrossed; an act to incorporate the Waterville Savings Bank was passed to be enacted.

In the House, the following were read and assigned:—an act to authorize the towns of Hartland and St. Albans to raise money to aid in the construction of the Pittsfield, Hartland and St. Albans Railroad; resolve in favor of the State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts; an act to establish a State Industrial School for Girls; an act to give the Supreme Judicial Court further jurisdiction in matters of divorce; an act to authorize the formation and regulation of Railroad corporations. Resolve in favor of the State Agricultural Society was passed to be engrossed; an act to increase the capital stock of the Somerset Railroad Co. was passed to be enacted.

A LADY IN THE WOODS.—You have already been informed of the visit of Senator Sprague and wife to the logging camps some thirty miles beyond civilization. I met a man a few days since who was at the camp where the Senator and wife spent the night, occupying an apartment in common with some thirty men, the principal furniture in which was three cooking stoves and utensils. He said the Senator's wife was as happy as a young girl on a Maying party. One occurrence was as good as a play and was enjoyed hugely by the entire party. Mrs. Sprague rode out on a common logging sled to see the manner of felling trees; dressed in a lady's apparel—not particularly gaudy, but exhibiting a variety of colors. A team of oxen that had never seen the fashions, discovering something unusual, became frightened to such an extent as to become entirely unmanageable and started off at a 2.40 gait snorting and throwing up heads, and for a long time were as wild as the untamed animals of the forest. I doubt if ever Judge Chase's daughter will be able to get up more excitement in any fashionable circle than was created on that occasion. [Cort. Port. Press.]

Guizot, in his "History of Representative Government," well says: "Liberties are nothing until they have become rights—positive rights formally recognized and consecrated. Rights, even when recognized, are nothing, so long as they are not entrenched within guarantees. And lastly, guarantees are nothing so long as they are not maintained by forces independent of them in the limit of their rights. Convert liberties into rights, surround rights by guarantees, intrust the keeping of these guarantees to forces capable of maintaining them—such are the successive steps in the progress toward a free government."

N. G. HITCHCOCK of Stockton, late State Treasurer, has been elected President of the Penobscot Bay and River Railroad which has a charter for a line extending from Bangor down the Penobscot to Rockland, thence to connect with the Knox and Lincoln road.

## NEWSPAPER LICENSE, NEWSPAPER DUTY.

—These observations of the New York Advertiser are especially timely, forcible, just: "It is undeniably true that unprincipled men prostitute a noble profession to gratify personal aims, and commit great wrongs upon individuals and society with their barbed pens. They are, however, the exception, and are looked upon by their fellow journalists in the same light that the legal profession regard the Toombs Shyster, or the medical school a quack. Against such characters the press would rejoice in seeing the law of libel enforced. The honest journalist however, regards it not only as his province, but his duty, to hold up to public odium and censure those proven to be scoundrels and swindlers, those who are laboring to defraud the rich and poor alike, and to hoard their coffers with ill gotten gains. Of what value are public journals if they do not expose fraud, corruption, chicanery and robbery, and seek to render nugatory the schemes and combinations of rascals and robbers? You are disposed to find fault with the freedom sometimes exercised by an upright press; reflect what would be the condition of society, financial circles, courts of justice, &c., &c., were there no such channel for bringing the engine of public opinion to bear upon the knave, be he clothed in judicial robes, a leader in society, or be he a manipulator of financial rings."

BOSTON.—L. Clarke Davis, in his article on The Boston Public Library, in March No. of Lippincott's Magazine, says: "It seems to us that the time has come when we can afford to be just to the old Tri-mountain City: to acknowledge that its spirit is the heaven that has leavened the loaf; that we can all, East and West, North and South, not grudgingly pay respectful duty to the one city of the republic in which Literature has a permanent abiding-place and is held in great honor among men—to the city that erects statues of marble and fountains of bronze to IDEAS; that protects even its old historic trees with girdling bands of iron; that when it builds a temple to one art, as to Music, calls in all the other arts to insist to honor it, that diverts large sums to maintain public gardens, which bloom through summer sweet as Eden to the citizen's weary sense; that founds a library second to few in its extent and value, and throws it open to the humblest and poorest. A great city, though its greatness may be dim to us sometimes, seen through its mote of isms and our beam of prejudice."

A SIMPLE CURE FOR DEAFNESS.—A gentleman who, for some years, was so deaf as to be utterly unable to hear conversation in an ordinary tone of voice, called upon us the other day, and requested us to publish the method by which his cure was effected, for the benefit of all who may be afflicted with this infirmity, whether arising from catarrh or other cause. After trying the remedies prescribed by his physician, this gentleman—now over sixty years of age was recommended to inject into the diseased ear a mixture of Castile soap and tepid water; may be made as hot as the part will bear. By this simple and entirely innocent preparation, used daily for about two weeks, the hearing of the gentleman who recommends it was completely cured. The addition of a few drops of pure olive oil or glycerine is also of advantage, as it softens the wax of the ear when it becomes hardened; or if the deafness is accompanied with the sense of uneasiness or pain, the addition of a few drops of laudanum will be of advantage in relieving the pain. A very large number of people are afflicted with partial deafness, and it can, we trust, do no harm to try so simple a remedy—a remedy which our informant assures us, is a certain cure in many cases.—[Exchange.]

Advices from Rio Janeiro to the 26th of January say that the Paraguayan war was considered ended. It was believed that President Lopez had gone to Bolivia on board an American man-of-war. Asuncion was occupied by the allied troops on the fifth of January.

If people soaked themselves half as often outwardly as they do inwardly, they would be infinitely better off. A majority of men, however, would no more dare to bathe their skin with what they habitually pour into their stomach, than they would expect to jump over the moon if they tried.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT.—As Mr. Ira Atwood of St. Albans was sawing wood at his door with a circular saw, about a fortnight ago, the driving wheel broke and it is supposed the pieces struck him, by which he was thrown across the saw, and when discovered he was saved almost entirely through the lower portion of his body. He lived but a few minutes after the accident. Mr. Atwood was about 52 years of age and leaves a family to mourn his sudden and shocking death. Mr. Atwood was a native of Fairfield, a brother of Mr. Calvin Atwood, of Kendall's Mills.

THE CLEVELAND MURDER TRIAL.—Close of THE EVIDENCE.—The evidence in the Cleveland case closed on Wednesday night after occupying an entire week. Some of the evidence last introduced by the government was of a very damaging character. The case against the prisoner seems quite clear, the attempt to break down the evidence for the government having entirely failed. The case will be given to the jury on Friday afternoon.

The Lewiston Journal says that the Methodist Chapel at the north part of Norway, fell in on Sunday afternoon. The accident was caused by a large quantity of snow which had accumulated upon the roof. The Adventists held a meeting that day in the house, and it was but a short time subsequent to the conclusion of the services that the roof fell in.

The Farmington Chronicle says that Mr. Hollis Turner has put in operation the present winter at Livermore a saw mill, with a circular saw with which he claims that he can saw a thousand feet of lumber per hour. It has now been running about a month. The work is done in a very neat manner. The machinery cost about \$1000.

The snow blockade in the Western States a week or two since was the worst since 1864. The average time occupied in clearing the railroads was from four days to a week.

The testimony before the legislative Committee shows that farms sometimes pay forty and even fifty dollars per ton for an article called a fertilizer which is made up of coal ashes, a little pulverized bone, and some traces of decomposed animal substances.

The Piscataquis Observer says work on the railroad is being vigorously pushed. The grade between Dover and East Dover, the heaviest on the road, is nearly completed. The laying of rails will be commenced in the spring, and before October the engine is expected at the terminus of the road.







BOOTHBY'S Insurance Agency.

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

HOME INSURANCE COMPANY.

Cash Capital and Surplus \$3,965,282.30

SECURITY INSURANCE COMPANY.

Cash Capital and Surplus \$1,706,611.01

PHOENIX INSURANCE COMPANY

Cash Capital and Surplus \$1,446,835.60

SPRINGFIELD FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE CO.

Cash Capital and Surplus \$901,057.00

NORTH AMERICAN FIRE INS. CO.

Cash Capital and Surplus \$449,850.65

I will write Policies 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 his business recently carried on by us, and shall continue

to manufacture and sell of

Boots and Shoes.

the old store directly opposite the Post Office.

All accounts due the late firm of Haskell & Co. being

included in the above sale, I would request an early payment

I shall keep constantly in store a full assortment of

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S WEA

(the best manufacture). Particular attention will

be given to

Custom Work.

Gentlemen. REPAIRING of all kinds neatly done.

O. F. MAYO.

Waterville, Jan'y 22nd, 1867.

Rubbers, Rubbers.

MEN'S, BOYS', & YOUTH'S

RUBBER BOOTS.

Women's & Misses'

RUBBER BOOTS.

Just what every one ought to

wear in a

Wet and Stormy Time.

Also Men's, Women's, and Children's Rubber Overs,

For Sale at MAXWELL'S,

as low as can be afforded for cash.

Keep your head cool and your feet warm, and you are

all right. What is the use of going with cold, damp feet

when you can get such nice Overshoes at MAXWELL'S,

to keep them dry and warm.

If you don't want Overshoes, just call and see the

VARIETY OF

BOOTS & SHOES,

FOR OLD AND YOUNG,

which you can have at a very small profit for cash, as

that is what tells in trade.

Don't mistake the old place—

at MAXWELL'S.

N. B.—Those having accounts with W. L. MAX-

WELL, will oblige him by calling and settling.

Imported Thoroughbred Stallion

ANNFIELD.

[INVITE the attention of breeders to the above named

horse, which may be seen at New Vassboro', where he

will be in service for the season of 1869.

ANNFIELD

was bred in England by Mr. Hewston, in 1850. Dam, "Eu-

gene," by "Confederate General." (See Stud Book, Vol.

10, page 407.) "Eugene," Annfield dam, was bred by Lord

Waterford, in 1840, got by "Barbarian." Eugene's dam,

"Allegre," by "St. Louis," out of "Alba," by "Danby."

ANNFIELD has no pretensions as a trotter, having never

been harnessed. He stands sixteen hands high; is bay with

black markings and a beautiful figure.

For the sake of introducing the stock, and to improve the

breed of horses in this section, I offer his services for the season at

\$10 for season service; \$15 to warrant.

THOS. S. LANG.

New Vassboro', May, 1868.

HOUSE, SIGN AND CARRIAGE PAINTING.

Having taken the Shop at the

Old Stillson Stand on Temple Street,

recently occupied by Mr. S. D. Savage, we shall be

pleased to receive orders for House, Sign and Carriage

PAINTING, GRADING,

PAPER HANGING,

GLAZING, &c.

CARRIAGE REPAIRING

will also be promptly and faithfully done.

All work entrusted to us will be warranted to give sat-

isfaction, and prices will be reasonable.

E. K. BLANCHARD & CO.

Waterville, Dec. 1, 1868.

AGENTS WANTED

FOR THE PEOPLE'S EDITION OF

Conybeare & Howson's Life and Epistles of

SAINT PAUL.

With an Eloquent and able Preliminary Dissertation by

Rev. LEONARD BACON, D. D.,

OF YALE COLLEGE,

OVER 1,000 LARGE OCTAVO PAGES.

An Extra Review of the latest English "PEOPLES EDITION"

and other books, by the author, in place of

the usual quotations and notes in foreign languages.

Combines the results of accurate scholarship, antiquarian

research and personal observation—learned and popular.—Pres

Hopkins, Williams College.

A handsomely illustrated book.—Pres. W. C. Wood, Esq.,

of Cincinnati.

The most complete and satisfactory treatise in modern lit-

erature.—Editorial Review.

A perfect Magazine of facts.—Philip D. W. Clark, of

Cincinnati.

It is the only book upon the "New Testament" which

every Sunday School teacher should have, to procure and

study.—Prof. Porter, of Yale.

A rich mine of information.—Prof. Edwards, A. Park,

Andover Theological Seminary.

It is interesting, I had almost said fascinating, to common

minds.—Prof. Porter, of Yale.

It is invaluable to the student and general reader.—Bishop

Williams, of Conn.

One of the most interesting and instructive works of the

age.—Prof. Porter, of Yale.

I regard it as one of the best books ever written.—Prof.

Porter, of Yale.

Send for descriptive circular, giving full particulars

and terms to Agents. Address, S. S. BURTON & CO.,

Publishers, Hartford, Conn.

Agents, J. BURTON, Register.

LINEN SEIS—Lace Collars & Handkerchiefs for sale by the

Misses Field.

VINELAND.

TO ALL WANTING FARMS.

New Settlement of Vineland.

A Rare Opportunity, in the best Market and most de-

lightful and healthful Climate in the Union. Only 30

miles South of Philadelphia, on a railroad; being a

rich and very productive wheat land; among

the best in the Garden State of New Jersey.

It consists of 60 square miles GOOD land, divided into

large and small tracts 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 town lots 50 feet front by 150

feet deep, at \$150 to \$200—payable one-half cash and the bal-

ance within a year. It is only upon farms of twenty acres

or more that four years time is given.

The whole tract is 7 1/2 miles front on the railroad, is

laid out with fine and spacious streets, with a town in the

centre.

THE SOIL.

is, in great part, a rich clay loam, suitable for Wheat,

Grass, and Potatoes—also a dark and rich sandy loam,

suitable for corn, sweet potatoes, tobacco, all kinds of vegeta-

bles and root crops, and the finest variety of Fruit, such as

Grapes, Peaches, Apples, Nectarines, Blackberries,

Strawberries, and other fruits best adapted to the Philadelphia

and New York markets. In respect to the Soil and Climate,

there can be no mistake, as visitors can examine both, and none

are expected to buy before doing so, and finding these state-

ments correct—under these circumstances, the State of New

JERSEY, and the State of New York, and the State of New

MADE.

THE CLIMATE.

(See Reports of Solon Robinson, Esq., of the N. Y. Tribune

and of Dr. Chas. T. Jackson, State Geologist of Mass., which

will be furnished to applicants.)

THE MARKETS.

By looking over the map the reader will perceive that it

enjoys the best Market in the Union, and has direct com-

munication with New York by a daily train, being only

thirty-three miles from the latter. Produce in this mar-

ket brings double the price that it does in locations distant

from the cities. In this location, it can be put in market

the same day it is gathered, and for what the farmer sells

he gets the highest price; whilst groceries and other articles he

purchases in great quantities at the lowest rates. Visitors

will notice a difference in a few days. Cattle and Horses

are unknown.

CONVENIENCES AT HAND.

Building material is plenty. Fish and oysters are plenty

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 the Government, and the

land has been in the hands of the Government for many

years, and the Government has been slow to dispose of it.

The railroad has been opened through the property, and

visitors are shown over the land in a carriage, free of ex-

pense, and afforded time and opportunity for thorough in-

vestigation.

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 consist-

ed of four families. It now (1868) consists of ten thousand

thriving and industrious people. The town plot in the cen-

tre has a population of three thousand people. At the pre-

sent rate of increase, Vineland will have a population of twenty

thousand people by 1875. Improvements are going on in

all directions. New buildings, stores and manufactories are

being erected, and new farms and orchards are being plant-

ed.

PRESENT IMPROVEMENTS.

Upon the Vineland tract are sixteen public schools and three

private seminaries. The Methodist Conference is building at

the 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.

Unitarian and Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopal,

and other denominations—Masonic and Oddfellows

Lodges, a Lyceum, Public Library, and various societies for

intellectual improvement.

PUBLIC ADORNMENTS.

Vineland is the first place in the world where a general

Kendall's Mills Column.

Fairfield Mills.

We have purchased the well known

Grist and Plaster Mills,

AT KENDALL'S MILLS,

And shall continue the business of Custom Grinding and

the sale of

FLOUR, CORN, RYE, MEAL

FEED AND GROUND PLASTER.

We shall buy our Flour and Corn direct from the West, and

shall sell first class goods

At prices which defy competition.

Our Mills will be kept in the best possible condition, to

which all improvements will be added as they become known.

All we ask is a FAIR TRIAL, and shall expect no credit

which we do not earn. The old patrons of Daniel Allen & Co.,

and the public generally may rest assured that their interests

shall not suffer in the hands of the new firm.

LAWRENCE, BLACKWELL & CO.

Kendall's Mills, Jan. 17, 1869.

REMOVAL.

DR. A. PINKHAM.

SURGEON DENTIST,

KENDALL'S MILLS, N.E.

Has removed to his new office,

NO. 17 NEWHALL ST.

First door north of Brick Hotel, where he continues to ex-

ecute 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 for 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 RENNE.

FOR SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS

of every kind. And all Diseases arising from Impurities

of blood.

Syphilitic and Mercurial Diseases.

A certain cure for the various

Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels, and an ad-

mirable Tonic in General Debility and frequent

Emaciation arising from Derangement of

the Digestive and other Organs.

And often misrepresents Consumption. An imme-

diate relief for Loss of Appetite, Sinking at the Stomach,

Acidity, Flatulency, &c. A renovating and revitaliz-

ing 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, 35 Hanover Street

M. S. Burdett, No. 26 Tremont Street, Boston.

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.