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Maxham & Wing

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"WITHIN YOU."

BY MISS E. M. JOHNSON.

O prize of all that struggle,
O hope of all that wait,
O home for all the homeless,
Swing wide thy glowing gate!

O pardon for the sinning,
O refuge for the tried,
O safety for the tempted,
Let us in thee abide!

Though eyes grow dim with watching,
We'll seek that safe retreat,
With toil and stain of travel,
But untroubling feet.

But let its walls draw closer,
Its voices clearer speak,
Nor frowning are its portals,
Nor very far to seek.

For every patient longing,
For every strife with sin,
They open wide with blessing—
The kingdom is within!

[From The Advance.]

MR. WHITING'S MISTAKE.

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

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

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

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

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

But Miss Alma had eyes as sharp as a brass pin; the better to see with, my dear; so, beside the high stone church, she perceived a great many things. And upon this particular morning she sat in her Parker rocker, rustling and rocking, with her eye-glass in one hand, and the morning paper in the other.

On the leather cushions of an old arm-chair, by the sunniest window, sat her confidential, a black dog with a white face, named Benjamin.

This dog received a great deal more consideration, and many more privileges than her brother's children; and it was into his pointed ears that Miss Disbrow, who had not another weakness in the world, (unless in the matter of a front tooth or so) had the habit of dropping everything she knew, or thought, or guessed. And the dog Benjamin, as a man Benjamin might not have done, always listened without interruption, and never repeated a thing she said.

"Benjamin," cried out Miss Disbrow, so suddenly that the dog jumped upon his feet "as true as you are born, Mrs. Haly has only just this moment come to clear up after the church social."

Well, now, I do say, if that is not real mean! Just come! When there she is, boarding, with nothing under the stars to do, not even to make her own bed; and poor, little Mrs. Greeling with her six children, and all her house-keeping cares has been here hard at work fully half an hour. I cannot stand such shirking, lazy ways—I declare I can't!

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

By that time the ladies were through with their work of clearing up the vestry, and had gone clattering home in their high-heeled boots, the scrub-women and the boys had done all their running out and in, and slopping about with pails of water; and the old white-bearded sexton, in his round, steel-bowed glasses, that made him look like a gray owl, had locked the door and gone to his day's work, sawing wood, at one of the grand houses on the avenue. So Miss Disbrow had plenty of time to turn her eye-glass toward her neighbors' balconies. To tell the pl. in truth, between you and me and Benjamin, Miss Disbrow had for some time felt that the Whiting family needed more looking after than they got from the sun, moon and stars and the city watchman, and she had long been trying to act the part of the good Samaritan, and go with the oil and the wine, when she should have discovered the nature of the family wound. So, whenever one of the Whitings came in sight, she put down her paper and put on her glass.

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

Benjamin did not seem inclined to try, the task being so hopeless, and Miss Disbrow went on—

"That Bridget Geokes—she is a reckless thing—I've long seen that, and wonder Mrs. Whiting kept her so—she has been and left a pillow on the balcony railing. Went off and left it! Of course the wind took it and so there is flies, rustling, embroidery and all, right down in the gutter, liable to be stolen by every passer-by. Now, Benjamin, would you, or wouldn't you, go over and tell them?"

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

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

One might suppose she would pick up the unfortunate pillow on the way; but no—I hop

she was above meddling with her neighbor's things! Certainly! She walked impressively to the door and rang the bell, which was instantly answered by Mr. Whiting himself, with a carpet-bag in his hand, and his hat upon his head.

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

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

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

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

But Miss Disbrow was a woman, and so she knew a great deal better than to be persuaded that a person is glad to see callers when packing.

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

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

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

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

Of course Mrs. Whiting won't think of starting after such a snow, with every prospect of the roads being blocked. Of course no, Benjamin, said Miss Disbrow seating herself to the occupation of looking upon the things of her neighbor with all the eyes of her own, and all the eyes of her glasses—watching them so intently that actually a pair of pigeons flew into the belfry of the church, and a pair of ragged boys peeped into the vestry windows without her knowing it. But her watch was rewarded, for at precisely a quarter past eleven a close carriage came up to Mrs. Whiting's door.

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

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

The sun shone, the pigeons whirled past the windows, the school boys snow-balled, the engine screamed, and the cars rumbled and grumbled and glided out from the depot, disappearing around the long curve, out beyond the city limits, and so away into the limitless wilderness of the wide world. And with them went little Mrs. Whiting, blithe as a bluejay, and charming as a June morning. But although she looked so, what if, after all, she was simple hearted as a daisy?

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

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

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

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

"Why, no, Aunt Alma. I just come in; that's all. But I was wondering who Mrs. Whiting went off with, and I thought perhaps you would know."

"Why, did you see anybody with her? What do you mean?" asked Miss Disbrow, suddenly so interested that she forgot to chide Moraretta for swinging a pair of scissors by their ribbons, to the imminent peril of Benjamin's eyes and of a pierglass.

"Yes, I saw somebody. And so did Bella

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Benjamin!" cried Miss Disbrow, nervously, he has come home! Perhaps she has left him now! Oh! Benjamin! Ought I to go over and tell him what we know? Ought I?"

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

"Benjamin," said she, "I will go. It is my duty. The next train to Cleveland leaves at seven forty, and there is no moment to lose."

So she went.

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

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

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

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

"No, Cincinnati. She has gone to her sister's, Mrs. Gaegon; perhaps you know her?" replied the unconscious man, wondering to the tips of his boots why Miss Disbrow was there. "Another pillow gone over, maybe, or perhaps she has seen Bridget giving cold pieces to a beggar at the back gate, mused he, listening with a hungry ear for the breakfast-bell.

But his wonder and musings were cut painfully short.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

While Miss Disbrow, full of wisdom and sympathy, talked thus behind her glasses and

her window-curtains, Mr. Whiting went down the avenue to the depot, half-frantic with haste and horrible fancies, blaming himself miserably as he went on his miserable way, for his blindness and carelessness, while a thousand things overlooked and forgotten heretofore, straightened and explained themselves in the light of this shameful sight.

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

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

"Nothing is up. A bridge is down," answered somebody in such a provokingly cool tone that Mr. Whiting felt like asking him to fight.

"We have to go around three miles in a sleigh, and take the train on the other side. Fine chances for a sleigh-ride," added the contented soul, whose wife sat in the seat beside him, crocheting a very minute saque.

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

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

It was too early for the street cars, and being off-time there were no coaches in waiting; so Mr. Whiting started at once to walk to the residence of his wife's father. The day had broken rough and windy, as it always is in the beautiful Forest City; and the clouded sky frowned upon the miserable husband, as well as the smoky-stained shops and sloppy sidewalks.

Even Commodore Perry, upon his pedestal in the park, seemed to look down upon the human wretchedness he had himself done with years ago and ago.

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

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

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

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

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

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

WHITTING AND LUCY LARCOM.—The Boston Journal says: "We have lately heard this capital incident related and can vouch for its authenticity: One day when Miss Larcom happened to be on a visit to the family of John G. Whittier in Amesbury, a stranger, an admirer of the Quaker poet, knocked at the door of the cottage, to pay his respects to the man whose works had for so many years afforded him special delight. As usual on such occasions, Whittier sat silent, while the visitor poured out his tribute of admiration and thanks."

"The piece I like best of all your poems," said the gentleman, "is one called 'Mannah Binding Shoes'; that seems to me very beautiful." "Yes," rejoined Whittier in noddingly; "that is a beautiful piece, and I agree with you in all the praise you can bestow upon it."

The stranger looked surprised to hear the tactful poet warm up at such a rate over one of his own poems, when Whittier added in his own quiet manner: "But let me introduce you to the author of that poem, Miss Lucy Larcom, the lady sitting opposite to you."

THE FAST YOUNG MAN.—I must pity that young man who with a little finery of dress and recklessness of manner, with his coarse passions all daguerrotyped upon his face, goes whooping through the streets, driving an animal much nobler than himself, or swaggering into some haunt of show, and calls it "enjoying life." He thinks he is astonishing the world; and he is astonishing the thinking part of it who are astonished that he is not astonished at himself. For look at that compound of flash and impudence, and say if on all this earth there is anything more pitiable! As well say that the beauty and immensity of the universe were all enclosed in the field where the prodigal lay among the husks and swine!—Chapin.

It is a creditable circumstance to the principal sufferers by the Berwick accident, that they received their injuries while attending to their duties. The three brakemen and the engineer and fireman might have escaped unharmed by abandoning their posts before the crash, but preferred as many brave men have chosen before them, to do, up to the last moment, all that lay in their power to save the lives and limbs of the passengers for whose safe carriage they were partly responsible.

OUR TABLE.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for June is out with an attractive bill of fare. Hon. Robert Dale Owen's story, "Beyond the Breakers," is continued; a new one by Mrs. A. L. Winter, entitled "Only No Love," is begun; Mrs. Jane G. Austin has one entitled, "Harney-bow's Hammer!" and Mrs. Elliot one entitled "The Maiden Soldier." There are two new versions of "Diss Ired." Hon. Amasa Walker contributes an article on "The Prospect of Trade;" Walter Wells one on "Using Strength with Economy;" and Hugh Davids one on "On Expression in Architecture." Some of the other articles are—The Englishman on the Continent; A Lost Chapter in History; Rubbish at the Patent Office; and there are several poems, and the usual spicy Monthly Gossip, and Literature of the Day.

In the July number of this magazine will appear the opening chapters of "The Vicar of Rotherham," a new novel of great interest by Anthony Trollope. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, at \$4 a year.

TILTON'S JOURNAL OF HORTICULTURE AND FLORAL MAGAZINE for May presents the usual elegant mechanic finish, while its contents are such as will delight all in the higher walks of horticulture and floriculture. This number is beautifully embellished and is full of valuable and timely information. Published by Tilton & Co., Boston, at \$3 a year.

"PRACTICAL PAINTER."—This is the title of a little monthly, published by Willis, MacDonald & Co., New York City, at 50 cents a year. It is full of hints and suggestions for painters in all departments.

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD ADVOCATE is the name of an excellent monthly published at Newburgh, N. Y., at 75 cents a year. The five numbers of the first year which have come to hand, please us much, for they are full of interesting reading of a good quality. The present form is quarto and sixteen pages are given; but in July the Advocate will appear in octavo form, giving forty-eight pages in each number. Address S. S. Wood, Newburgh, N. Y.

THE NATIONAL PEACE JUBILEE AND MUSICAL REPERTORY is the title of a weekly magazine, to be published 10 weeks, containing reliable information concerning the National Peace Jubilee, together with choice miscellaneous reading matter, Dramatic and Art notes, &c. Price 10 cents. On receipt of \$1 the ten numbers will be sent as they are published. The first number is just out and for sale by all news dealers.

Agents wanted in every Town in the Country, to sell this magazine, to whom extra inducements will be offered.

Send 10 cents for the first number and all the necessary information to secure an agency will be furnished by J. M. Usher, Nation Office, No. 21 Cornhill, Boston.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW for April is an unusually interesting number, as will be seen by the following list of contents:—

South Africa: The Gladstone Government; Liberty and Light; Domestic Frequentation; After the Masses; Mr. Mill's Speech on Capital Punishment; The Philanthropy of the Age in relation to Social Evil; Prisons; Educational National Duty; and over forty pages of Contemporary Literature.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by the Loomard Scott Publishing Company, 37 Walker Street, New York, the terms of subscription being as follows:—For any one of the four Reviews, \$4 per annum; any two of the Reviews, \$7; any three of the Reviews, \$10; all four Reviews, \$13; Blackwood's Magazine, \$4; Blackwood and one Review, \$7; Blackwood and any two Reviews, \$10; Blackwood and any three of the Reviews, \$13; Blackwood and the four Reviews, \$15—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works will be delivered free of postage.

New volumes of Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works under the new rates will be but 50 cents a year.

"GOOD HEALTH, a Journal of Physical and Mental Culture," is the title of a handsomely printed monthly, of forty-eight pages, the first number of which has just appeared. There is no similar publication in the country, and it promises to be a valuable addition to hygienic literature. Published by the New England News Co., of Boston, at \$2 a year.

Judge W. has his law office close by a certain doctor—in fact they were separated only by a plank partition with a door in it. The judge was at his table busy with briefs and bills in chancery. The doctor was writing a letter, and pausing for a moment, called out "judge, isn't e-q-u-i the way to spell equinomial?" "Yes, I think it is," said the judge; "but here's a Webster's dictionary—I can soon tell you." He opens the book and turns over the leaves, and, repeating aloud, "e qui nominal—e qui nominal." Finding the proper place he runs his eye and finger up and down the column two or three times, until he is thoroughly satisfied that the word in question is not there. Closing the book with a slam, the judge laid his spees on the table, and rising slowly breaks forth: "Well, sir, I've been a Daniel Webster man, and I voted for him for President; but any man that will write as big a dictionary as this, without putting as common a word as 'e qui nominal' in it, can't get my vote for anything hereafter!"

Mr. Justin McCarthy, formerly of the London Star, but now residing in New York, publishes a letter explaining how England comes to be so excited, so vehement so unanimous about the Alabama business, on the following theory:—

"Mr. Sumner is looked upon in England as the most pacific, the calmest, the most enlightened of American Senators, and the warmest friend of England. When, therefore, this declaration came from him, of all men, English public opinion at once accepted it as the most moderate utterance any American could make, and naturally assumed that when Charles Sumner hoped the question could yet be settled without war, the vast mass of American people must have determined to settle it at once even if needs be at the cost of war. England is just now convinced that General Grant's government means to put a pistol to her head at once, and then demand the settlement of the Alabama claims."

It has just been decided in the Supreme Court of New York that travelers must withdraw their baggage from the keeping of railroad companies upon arrival; that the companies are under no obligation to store the baggage and are not liable for its loss if not removed within a reasonable time.

There is a story of an amusing instance of how Gen. Grant was flanked by an applicant for a position a short time since. A gentleman called on him, asked him for an office, was desired by the President to produce his recom-

mendations, and drew from his pocket a letter written some three years ago to President Johnson strongly urging him for a place, with the significant signature at the bottom, "U. S. Grant." The result we do not know but can imagine.

PARENTS IN THE PARLOR.—One of the most reprehensible practices of modern young ladyhood is that which banishes father and mother from the parlor. There is perhaps no other objectionable feature of American society which receives less of the attention and consideration of social reformers. Indeed, it is generally overlooked, and seldom recognized as one of the evils of our domestic institutions. Such, however, it is.

We have a class of young ladies—many of them among the most intelligent and accomplished in the land—whose parents have not enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education, and have grown prematurely old under the toils and privations which were necessary in order to bequeath to their children that of which they have so sorely felt the need; or have allowed their requirements to fall into disuse, while they were laboring, early and late, denying body as well as mind, that they might fit their children for—well, who knows what, unless it be filial contempt!

But you, whose daughters are not yet grown; or you, whose promising sons are not the objects of my righteous indignation; or you, whose lovely children make the exception which proves the rule; you may urge that the evil of which I complain exists only in my imagination.

But you call to morrow evening on any half-dozen of your young lady acquaintances, and see if in any of those six parlors you find father or mother. My word for it, neither father nor mother of the fair one will greet you.

Of course it would be needless to ask whether this is a right state of society, and useless to answer the question. But, to look at it in the light of a religious obligation, how accounts this practice with the precept which says, "Honor thy father and thy mother?"

Do you honor your guests by entertaining them in the basement, or leaving them up-stairs to entertain themselves? Do you honor your friends by omitting to invite them when others are bidden to your feasts? Do you honor your companions by seeking your own pleasure without reference to their enjoyment? Do you honor your parents by treating them as you would in no case treat a mere acquaintance? I tell you may!

But to descend from the consideration of the divine law to the question of human expediency. Comparatively few men, had they any satisfactory means of

Waterville Mail.

PUBLISHED BY DANIEL WING, PROPRIETOR.

WATERVILLE... MAY 21, 1869.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. H. PATTEN, & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 27 Park Row, New York; S. R. Niles, Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. P. Howell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 40 Park Row, New York; and T. O. Evans, Advertising Agent, 129 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the WATVILLE MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office.

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

Advertisements abroad are referred to the Agents named above.

LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS

relating either to the business or editorial department of the paper, should be addressed to DANIEL WING, of WATVILLE, by MAIL OR BY POST.

"FATHER HILLS."—The labors of this venerable gentleman closed in Waterville on Thursday evening—it being the ninth evening, besides an afternoon lecture to the children. One evening lecture was exclusively to women, and two exclusively to men. During his whole course he has secured large audiences and given the most marked satisfaction. The children's lecture took all the public schools—in accordance with the design of Mr. Nye in engaging it for the Cadets of Temperance. A few gentlemen who were invited to be present before the lecture to be eminently useful. Sixty-five of the boys joined "Father Hills, Army," pledging themselves to live up to the instruction he had given them. To live, as this good man surely will, in the kindest memories of three hundred of the boys and girls of Waterville, is to be a part of the reward of his labors. The many hundreds of all classes and ages who have heard him here will join us in commending him to respect and favor wherever he goes, as one who is "going about doing good" by Divine command. He asks us to express his thanks for the kindness he has met in Waterville, of which he is deeply sensible. He goes to West Waterville, where we feel sure he will find a cordial welcome.

What tyrannical bodies these trade cliques are. The Typographical Union in Washington has voted that a son of Frederick Douglass cannot be permitted to work in the Government Printing Office because he is not a member of the Union and have refused to admit him to membership because a union in the Rocky Mountains once rejected him. These are the ostensible reasons, only; the real one being the color of his skin. In refreshing contrast to this contemptible narrowness, of which we did not believe a respectable association of the disciples of Faust could be guilty, is the action of the Irish Republican Association, by whom the following noble resolution was unanimously passed:—

"Whereas, colored citizens constitute the main body of the republican party in the city, and whereas they have invariably discharged the duties of all offices of honor and trust to which they have been appointed with marked ability and integrity, therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the Irish Republican Association, favor the appointment of a colored man on the general ticket. The president, in speaking of the resolution, said that "all the lives which were lost and the blood which was shed for the freedom of the colored people and for the preservation of the Union, amounts to nothing unless we vote as we fought for freedom and the union."

There was a pleasant gathering of the young and little folks, slightly tinged with "streaks of gray,"—of the Universalist society and Sunday school on Tuesday evening, at Town Hall. There was just enough of nothing in particular, to make an easy social evening,—into which the children introduced a few plays and a great deal of enjoyment, and their seniors a few cups of coffee and a variety of good things to eat. There was to have been a "nice little dance," which the naughty fiddlers defeated by breaking their engagement; but the disappointment was so well healed by the charming songs of the sweetest of singers, Miss Addie Smith, that everybody went home happy.

While enjoying the good time with the rest, we thought of the last interview of this school with their late pastor, Mr. Magwire. He was an earnest and good man, and deeply interested for the Sabbath School; and they all met him to hear his good parting words. He charged them to be faithful and keep up the school till they got another minister. They have done so,—and now if each one does his part, what a show of new life and interest we shall see in this Sunday School! Don't let it flag, boys,—and girls,—and members,—and minister! The Sabbath School is the nursery of the church.

We are indebted to our young friend, J. F. Libby, now one of the live men of Chicago, for a copy of the Times, containing an account of the celebration of the completion of the Pacific Railway. Like everything in which the Chicagoans have a hand, it was done up with a big bang.

The Anson Advocate thinks their town is getting quite civilized, as two or three stores there have been recently broken open and other evidences of thieving abound.

WATERVILLE SAVINGS BANK.

This institution, well organized and officered, is now in successful operation, under the following code of by-laws:

OBJECT OF THE INSTITUTION.—The Savings Bank is intended specially to encourage the people to form habits of economy, and save what they might spend uselessly or injuriously, and to aid all who wish to lay by safely, and on interest, that which may be of great benefit in future time of need.

MEMBERS AND OFFICERS.—The Corporation is composed of fifty members, of good standing in the community, who annually elect from their number a President, and also elect a Treasurer, who acts as Secretary, and an Assistant Treasurer if needed.

MANAGEMENT, &c.—The Trustees attend to the investment and safe keeping of deposits and property of the Institution. They are to loan funds with great care, on Bonds, Mortgages, &c., but not on the security of names alone. No officer can obtain a loan of the Bank for himself or his firm; and all the members of the Corporation, with the exception of the Treasurer, perform their services for the Bank without pay.

PROFIT AND SAFETY.—It will be seen from the preceding article that the safety of the funds of the Institution is as great as in the nature of earthly things can be; and that the expense of management is the lowest possible.

DEPOSITS AND INTEREST.—Any sum from one dollar upwards will be received, and be put on interest when amounting to five dollars.

Deposits made on the first of the month will immediately be placed on interest; otherwise, the interest will commence on the first of the succeeding month.

DIVIDENDS.—Dividends will be payable on the first Tuesday of May and November of each year, of all the net earnings, except a small reserve. No large amount will be kept back for an extra dividend in the course of five years, as in most other banks.

INTEREST ON DIVIDENDS, &c.—The dividend due each depositor is added to his principal, and immediately put on interest, if not withdrawn. No sum will bear interest after one dividend, if withdrawn before another.

WITHDRAWING FUNDS.—Deposits may be withdrawn at any proper time, if the funds invested at or by the Trustees may require, if needful, a notice of ten days for the payment of one hundred dollars or under, and one month for over one hundred dollars.

FORM OF WITHDRAWAL.—Depositors must present their book when they wish to withdraw any of their deposits or dividends, or send with it, by their representative, a written order, by which a form is given in the book. Upon the death of a depositor, the money due will be paid to his legal representative, on a satisfactory voucher.

ASSENT TO THE BY-LAWS.—Each depositor, on making his deposit, is held thereby as giving his assent to all the rules and By-Laws of the Bank, as they stand or may be amended.

CAUTION.—If a depositor lose his deposit book, he should immediately give notice thereof at the Bank; otherwise the Bank will not be responsible if the amount due be paid on the presentation of the book by any other than the rightful possessor.

The National Life Insurance Company. We have taken occasion before to refer to the organization, the personnel, and the manner of operation of the National Life Insurance Company of America, which is advertised in our columns. The great success of the Company, as demonstrated from month to month, warrants repeated allusion to its peculiar features. We learn that up to the first of May—a period of but nine months from its organization—the Company had issued not less than five thousand policies, although its system of agencies was far from complete.

As is generally known the company has authority from Congress to do business in any State in the Union. It has now agents actively at work upon the Pacific Coast, and by the expiration of its first year, it will have covered nearly if not all, our own country, as well as the Dominion of Canada.

These facts show that the plan upon which the Company does business commends itself to popular favor. There is good reason why this should be so. The rates of the Company are low; it avoids all complications or uncertainties of notes or dividends; when the insured pays his money he knows to a cent how much that payment will secure to his wife or children; and when his death does come they suffer no disappointment by the presentation of un-expected notes which are to be deducted from the face of the policy. Thus when, a few weeks ago the agent of this Company at Franklin, Pa., paid \$1,000 to the family of a laboring man who had insured for that amount but six weeks previous, the promptitude of the Company and the simplicity of the transaction were so apparent that insurance to the amount of 22,000 was immediately effected by the neighbors of the deceased. Another case has been reported, where, 5,000 was paid on the first of April to the family of Rev. Lambert S. Fine, of Troy, Pa., who died on the 5th of March, and who had insured for the above amount in December last. The managers of the National Life are gentlemen of widely-known and highly-honored reputation as financiers, and its list of agencies embraces business men of integrity and respect in their several localities. Every indication promises a successful and honorable career for the National Life Insurance Company, and we commend to the attention of our readers the card of the local agency, which will be found elsewhere.

Those persons in this vicinity who lost buffalo robes last winter may be interested in knowing that Deputy State Constable Briggs, of Boston, writes to Mr. J. W. Drummond, of Winslow, that there is a package of robes in that city, which came from Portland in January, and which a man tried to dispose of to a broker, but before the trade was concluded he left, being suspicious that officers were after him.

THE YORK COUNTY INDEPENDENT is the name of a paper just started in Saco by Wm. S. Noyes & Co. It will be neutral in politics, and yet will have opinions to express upon all public matters. The first number appears well and reads well.

SOUTHERN CORRESPONDENCE.

ORANGE COTTAGE, St. Augustine, Fla., April 12, 1869.

Meteorological records of the winters of '67 and '68, and '68 and '69 show a peculiarity of the weather in the New England and Southern States, worthy of particular mention. The winter of '67 and '68 was unusually cold throughout all the States from Canada to South Carolina, and West as far as Ohio. It was a steady protracted cold. In S. C. the thermometer sunk as low as at any time in the past twenty years, and the same in N. England. There were a very few severe storms, but not as a general thing a great body of snow. The weather during this winter ('67 and '68) from the Carolinas, southward, was unusually mild. Vegetation in the vicinity of St. Augustine, Fla., was scarcely checked during the winter. Tomatoes grew and ripened their fruits in open air; and the orange trees were in full blossom in February. Irish potatoes raised in the vicinity of Charleston, S. C., were shipped to N. Y. the 19th of May.

During the winter just past the whole thing has been exactly reversed; the weather being unusually mild from Maine to the Carolinas with the exception of March; while on the other hand, from Carolina southwest and reaching the West Indies the weather has been the coldest for thirty years past,—since 1835 when the cold was so intense that it killed all the fruit trees in Florida. During the past winter snow fell at Savannah and even at Jacksonville, Fla., 40 miles north of this place.

On the 12th of December last, the thermometer in St. Augustine was 28 degs. above zero, and on Christmas morning it was 20 degs. above. Cold winds and storms have prevailed throughout the winter, and into spring. The cold of the past winter has injured the fruit trees to that extent as to take several years for them to recover. The Lime and Lemon have been killed nearly throughout the State, and many of them will not sprout even from the root. The Guava and Banana trees were killed to the ground but are putting out finely from the root. The large orange trees dropped most of their leaves and the greater part of the newly planted ones are entirely dead. There were 30,000 orange trees planted in Fla., a year ago last January and February, and not over 10,000 of them are in good growing condition to-day. The larger part of the trees were planted on Halifax and Indian rivers, but the cold was nearly as intense on these rivers as at St. Augustine, and the long tender shoots that sprang from the sour stump or sweet butt did not escape injury, and in many places were killed. At the time of the Christmas frost, there had not been but a small part of the orange crop disposed of, and the cold was so severe that all the oranges unpicked were frozen so badly as to destroy their keeping qualities, and thus reduced the price nearly one half. Many were disposed of in hurried sales, but thousands rotted on the ground.

But there is an end to all things, and so there has been to the cold, and it may not come again for twenty-five or forty years. Winters usually in this vicinity are only cold enough to produce a white frost, and the ladies are seen nearly every day, dressed in white, playing croquet "on the Plaza."

There are usually about 800,000 oranges raised in the vicinity of St. Augustine, but there will not be one-fourth of a crop this season, owing to the cold weather, and no limes, lemons, or guavas, and but very few bunches of bananas. St. Augustine is surrounded by orange groves, yet there are but a very few oranges or other tropical fruits in the city. A few oranges at 10 or 20 cents each, while with you, there are plenty at 5 cents each, and you are 1,500 miles from the nearest orange groves, and those in your market are of West India production. This is the advantage of quick transportation, which St. Augustine cannot yet claim.

For several weeks past we have been enjoying true New England summer weather. The last week in April was absolutely hot. The thermometer for five or six days ranged from 90° to 96°, yet one could keep comfortable at any place where the breeze could have access to him. I performed hard labor every day, directly in the sun, and shut out from the sea breeze, yet I did not suffer so much with the heat, as I did a day or two previous to the Fourth of July last, in your village. The climate here is exceedingly delightful and unlike anything I have ever seen elsewhere. A refreshing sea breeze from the east is always at hand to fan the fevered brow of the invalid or cool the heated laborer. For weeks at a time the weather is as delightful as though the days were absolutely borrowed from paradise. Vegetation is, owing to the cold weather, some three weeks later than usual, yet our corn is up to my shoulders; our ovens for green manuring are nicely headed; peaches are as large as Bantam's eggs, the orange trees have shoots two feet long, and the magnolia has produced her blossom of a most beautiful creamy white, as large as a saucer, and has a most delicate perfume. We have had green peas for months, and have them yet; splendid new Irish potatoes, string beans, early squashes, green cucumbers, and plenty of cabbages, turnips and beets that have been growing all winter. My tomatoes will be in condition to eat in two weeks, and the sweet corn will be full in milk in a few days. But, alas, sweet corn does not have but three or four kernels on a cob in this county and a mighty short cob at that.

I am living in a cozy little cottage, pleasantly situated in a large orange grove, with plenty of peach plum, and fig trees loaded with fruit, and an abundance of nice sweet blackberries, surrounding the cottage, which we have been enjoying for over two weeks. Birds of gorgeous plumage flash in the sunlight, while the trees seem to be full of the feathered songsters. The sweet and ever varied notes of the mocking bird fill upon your ear from the earliest streak of dawn in the east, until late in the evening. The turtle and mourning doves play, coo, and nest close by my door, while the soft yet melodious "Whip-poor-will" comes from the hedge near by, at intervals all the night long.

But it is getting late and I must bid you good-night, and "softly sleep while the roars of the distant breakers sing my lullaby."

B. F. STEVENS.

The democratic members of the Indiana legislature were pretty clever in their attempts to defeat the 15th amendment in that body, but it is thought that the republicans have fairly outwitted them and secured its adoption.

Money was freely used in the Providence election by both parties—\$5000 being paid in one instance for a political leader. The increase of this sort of work in our country ought to alarm every true patriot and honest man.

OUR TABLE.

PICTURES FROM PRISON LIFE. An Historical Sketch of the Massachusetts State Prison. With Narratives and Incidents and Suggestions on Discipline. By Gideon Haynes, Warden. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

A very interesting volume for all who have pondered the dark problems of crime and punishment, and are anxious for the light of experience. The book abounds in stirring scenes and incidents, and gives graphic details of many tragic events. While it shows plainly that the way of the transgressor is indeed hard, it quite as plainly teaches that most men, however hardened they may have become, are more easily subdued by kindness than by cruel severity, and that no one ought to have charge of our prisons and reformatory institutions, where large power is necessarily delegated to the individual officer, who is not possessed of that rare combination of firmness and kindness that ensures obedience and wins love. Recent events in many of our disciplinary institutions prove that radical reforms are needed in many of them; and this little volume abounds in valuable hints and suggestions in regard to prison discipline and sanitary regulations which legislators and all in authority ought to read. Some interesting incidents we shall try to copy for our readers in future numbers of the Mail.

For sale at Mathews's.

WOMAN IN PRISON. By Caroline H. Woods. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

This is the recorded experience of a Matron in a Penitentiary, but where the institution is located does not appear. She engaged in the service under the imperative call of Duty, and in obedience to that same Voice she made this faithful record of what she saw and heard, of what she said and did. It is an interesting record of prison life, illustrating, as do all similar records, the superiority of thoughtful kindness over blind severity, in the treatment of criminals. In presenting this truthful exhibit, the author adds the prayer—"May it touch the heart of every one who reads the story, and melt it into a compassion which will labor for the redemption of the prisoner; into a pity which will echo around the cry—Open the prison doors, not to let the prisoner go free, but to let in, to him, the light of moral knowledge, and the discipline of Christian charity." That prayer we can heartily endorse, and this little volume we can heartily commend to the attention of every philanthropist in the land.

For sale at Mathews's. Price, 75c. paper; \$1.25 cloth.

HURD AND HOUGHTON have added a volume to their four editions of Dickens's Works, which is unique in character, and completes the various sets. It is called "Master Humphrey's Clock," taking its name from the first and largest portion of the volume. It may be remembered that Mr. Dickens commenced in 1840 the publication of a serial work under the above title. Master Humphrey was the principal character—an old gentleman of a prattling turn of mind, who acted as a sort of chairman of an antiquated club, whose meetings were held under the shadow of his tall clock, out of the case of which came manuscript rolls of stories. Mr. Pickwick reappears, and so do Sam Weller and his father, and even a third Weller in the person of Sam's small son Tony, who is a miniature likeness of his grandfather, and very early, under the tuition of that patriarch, displays an interest in pinks and quarts.

The second portion of the book consists of ten various Christmas Stories which the author has written since the publication of the older and better known "Christmas Stories."

There is presented—what to many will be the most valuable portion of the book—an exhaustive Index of all the characters named in Dickens's Works, with a few characterizing epithets, and in the name of the story in which their words and actions may be found. Last of all is a curious list of Familiar Sayings from Dickens's Works, which illustrates well the indebtedness of the world to this master of felicitous phrases.

This volume gives to Hurd and Houghton's four editions a completeness which no other editions in America or England possess; and the purchaser may take his choice, according to his taste and his pocket, between the cheap, compact, readable "Globe," the richly illustrated, elegant "Riverside," the voluminous, graceful "Household," and the superb "Large Paper," with its India-proof pictures, its wide margin, and its limited edition of one hundred copies only to subscribers.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for June contains the commencement of a new serial, "A Brave Lady," by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," and a continuation of Justin McCarthy's story, "My Enemy's Daughter," both of which are illustrated. The other illustrated articles are—"The Aurora Borealis or Polar Light," Winter on the Plains, and Military Pyrotechnics of former Days. Said Pacha of Egypt, Leo and Luther, Pawnbrokers and Loan-Officers, and The Prisoner of the World, are interesting articles, and there are several short stories, all good, with the usual well filled editorial departments. There is no better magazine than this for general circulation. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York, at \$4 a year.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE for June has a choice supply of good reading, new music, engravings, patterns, fashion plates, etc. Arthur makes an excellent magazine for the family. Published by T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR, a magazine for children, is out with a June number that will delight its little readers. It is the perfection of neatness and full of nice stories and poetry, with charming pictures. Published by T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia, at \$1.25 a year.

PETERSON'S LADY'S MAGAZINE for June has a nice set engraving, entitled "On the Terrace," with an accompanying story; a handsome double-page fashion plate, colored; with numerous other illustrations, patterns, designs, etc., and a piece of music. The stories, of which there is the usual supply, include contributions of "The Story of Maggie," by the author of "Susy's Diary," and Mrs. Stephens's novellet, "Marie Antoinette's Talisman." A new volume will commence with the next number. Published by Charles J. Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

NEARLY SIX HUNDRED PAGES OF THE BEST MAGAZINE READING TO BE FOUND, FOR FIFTY CENTS. "Once a Month" for June completes the first six months' volume of that beautiful magazine. In noticing the May number, we mentioned that the publishers had offered to send the first six months of this year for 50 cents, in order to let the people see how richly freighted it was with good reading. To this offer a wide response has, we learn, been made, and people everywhere are surprised at the amount and excellence of the literary feast set before them. The publishers, T. S. Arthur & Sons, of Philadelphia, continue their offer, and we advise all to avail themselves of it. Such an opportunity for getting nearly 600 pages of the very best magazine reading to be found for the trifling of 50 cents, will hardly occur again. It is made now only in order to get the magazine into the hands of the people.

Bear in mind the 30th of June,—and as it comes on Sunday this year, the soldiers' graves are to be remembered on Saturday. All through our broad country the flowers are growing and plans maturing to celebrate the great national flower festival in memory of the brave boys who fell in the war for freedom. We have soldiers competent to lead in the matter, and no doubt they will do so; but we call attention to it, as the press is everywhere doing.

GOLD is up to 144 1/2, and the opponents of Boutwell's financial policy say it will go up to 157.

SEIZURE.—On Wednesday night two young men who had patronized the Augusta "Whole-

sale Liquor Dealers" were so closely watched by constable Proctor, on their way to Waterville, that they hid their treasure—a keg and a big jug of rum—under a small bridge near the house of Mr. Benj. T. Stevens, near the Webb school-house. They were seen by a woman; but before morning they had taken it away and hid it in the woods on the bank of the river. Mr. Stevens and a neighbor, Mr. Witham, hearing of the contraband stuff thus cornered, the latter started for this village to notify constable Proctor, while the former walked inquisitively towards the river. Meantime the two owners of the rum, impatient to meet the wants of their thirsty customers, had returned with a small jug, which they filled from the big one, and started for home. At this moment Mr. Stevens hailed them—"Halloo! we are looking for you!—here they are, boys,—come on!—we've got 'em!" and rushing towards them as if he were backed by a small army, they took to their heels in general panic. After a brief search Mr. S. found the deposit, and before the arrival of his neighbor and the constable he had it safe at his house. When the police bill becomes a law we shall nominate Mr. Stevens for State constable.

As originally planned, we believe, the buildings of the Maine Central Railroad Company in this village, were all to be on the west side of Main Street; and it is to be regretted that the exorbitant price demanded by some land owner compelled the Company to cross the street for territory upon which to place their freight house, engine houses, repair shop, &c. Under the present arrangement the public have been seriously discomfited by the partial obstruction of two streets—Main and Chapin—especially while freight trains are made up, morning and night. It was felt to be an evil, too, that all this attendant clutter and bustle, aggravated by the constant noise of the machine shops, should be brought so close to the college as to be a serious source of annoyance to the inmates. It has all been submitted to in silence, however, though the evil has been constantly increasing by the addition of new buildings, until a few weeks ago, when operations were commenced on the new machine shop, located on College Street, nearly opposite Memorial Hall, and which was to project beyond the residences on the street, and thus obstruct the view. At this stage of the proceedings some of our citizens joined the officers of the College in a petition for a change of location of this shop; and we are pleased to learn that work has been suspended on the foundation of the proposed building and that the railroad directors have decided to locate it on the west side of Main Street. Now let us hope that gradually, and at the convenience of the company, as they have occasion to repair and rebuild, their other buildings will be moved, until eventually they will all be found on the west side of Main Street, so that both the Company and the public will be better accommodated. The vacated territory would make very desirable building lots and command a high price.

HEARTH AND HOME, the large and handsome weekly paper recently established in New York by Pettengill, Bates & Co., and edited by Donald G. Mitchell and Harriet Beecher Stowe, we are pleased to learn is meeting with good success. A large number of our best and most popular writers contribute regularly to enrich its pages; and a new illustrated story, full of interest, by Mrs. Edson, entitled "Marrying Well," has just been commenced.

The directors of the Belfast and Moose Head Lake Railroad, it is stated, have contracted to lease their road to the Portland and Kennebec Railroad Co., the connection to be made either at Winslow or Kendall's Mills, they contending that their charter is one of the roving kind that would permit them to go anywhere provided the termini were all right. If this is so then the victory of the Broad Gauge, in our last legislature, in defeating the extension of the Somerset road beyond Skowhegan, was an empty one. But we shall see.

A correspondent of the Hearth and Home reports that he lost five nice hogs by feeding them with rubbish of the pie plant.

A "House of Deaconesses" was dedicated in Boston a few days since. Its design is to offer to Christian women a place of training, where they may receive such instruction as is necessary to fit them for the service of Christ in hospitals, prisons, asylums, and other public and private charities, as well as in mission work at home and abroad.

Osborn D. Seavy, formerly of Waterville, now clerk of the Phenix Hotel, Concord, N. H., while playing ball had the misfortune to have his nose broken from the blow of a ball. It is feared that he may have received some internal injuries at that time. Mr. S. was suffering from a broken finger caused by catching a ball a short time before.—[Portland Daily Advertiser.]

The Gardiner Reporter says that David White of Piniston, died quite suddenly, on Sunday last from the effects of green paint. He had painted the blinds of the house and let them stand in his sleeping apartment to dry, applying several coats of paint.

Vague accounts of a battle near Trinidad, Cuba, in which the insurgents were successful, have come to hand.

Senator Anthony condensed a great deal into a single sentence when he said in a recent speech: "There is no part of our country where a day's labor that any man, with stout arms and a willing heart, however little he may be skilled may perform, can not earn the price of an acre of good land at the government sales." Our cities ought not to be choked with poor people while such a fact beckons them to an independent home and a sure subsistence.

[For the Mail.] A STEP ACROSS THE MISSISSIPPI.

Having a desire to visit the Western States, I started April 6th, satchel in hand, for Minneapolis, Minnesota. Five days brought me to the above named city, where I visited many of our old friends formerly from Maine. Those best known in Fairfield, were the Foster family; Mr. Sturdivant's family, whose two daughters, Ellen and Louise, resided so long at Kendall's Mills, beloved by all who knew them; Mr. Andrew Smith, son of Mr. Taylor Smith, of Waterville; and Mr. Andrew J. Emery, so long and favorably known in Fairfield, and now very pleasantly located in the city of Minneapolis. All the above named persons, formerly of Fairfield, I found pleasantly situated in their Western homes.

After visiting my friends in Minnesota, I returned by rail through Northern Iowa, to McGregor, on the Mississippi river, where I embarked on board one of these floating palaces, the Phil Sheridan, on which I journeyed down the river some four or five hundred miles to Quincy; then took the cars across the State of Missouri to St. Joseph; thence up the river 65 miles, to Phelps Station; thence across the Missouri river 4 miles to Brownsville, Nebraska; thence across the country by stage and private conveyance, to Pawnee City, where I met many of Maine's respected citizens; among them were Curtis & Peavy, who are in trade in Pawnee City, where they are doing a very large business, the largest of any firm in the place. Also a Mr. Goodrich, who owns a large team and is doing a large business in his line.

And then there are our friends and fellow-townsmen, Benjamin Libby, and Orin Bates, who left Fairfield some two years ago. Mr. Bates owns a good farm of 100 acres, some 3 miles from Pawnee City. His farm has more than trebled in value since he bought it. He has 20 acres under cultivation, 16 acres in wheat, which was looking finely; he had 20 head of cattle, which he was about getting off to pasture when I was there, April 25th.

Benjamin Libby has a good farm of 160 acres, fine rolling prairie, within half a mile of the city, which has more than doubled in value since he bought it, two years ago. He has under cultivation, this year, 70 acres—50 in wheat and 20 in corn and oats. I told Mr. Libby I should have to report him when I got back to Maine, for I found him building post and rail fence out of the nicest black walnut timber, which looked a little extravagant; recollecting the high price of that kind of lumber in Maine. There is much valuable timber on Mr. Libby's farm, consisting of white maple, hickory, elm, oak, cotton wood, and black walnut. The latter largely predominates in that vicinity. He has 20 head of neat cattle, two good team horses, and two ponies. The two ponies I believe the girls claim as theirs.

The above named persons are all well, and enjoying themselves finely in their western homes, and all send their kindest regards to their friends in Maine. On my way home I called at Genesee Ill., and visited my old friends, and fellow townsmen, Mr. Ira M. Davis and sons, Charles and Albert Davis; also called on Mrs. Wilshire, Mr. Geo. Hobbs and family, and Mr. Levi Sedgely. Mr. Ira M. Davis and Albert his son, carry on farming together. Charles's farm joins his father's. They, too, are doing well in their western home, and are pleasantly located, about 1 and 1-2 miles out of the village of Genesee.

And now, one word about climate, soil and productions of south-eastern Nebraska. That portion of the State which I visited is on a strip of country lying in about 40 degrees of north latitude, and west of the Missouri river, south of Platte river, and east of Colorado territory, and is on an elevation about 1000 feet above the level of the sea. During the summer months, a more delightful country can hardly be found, with its deep, heavy rolling prairie, covered with green verdure, swelling and dying away in the distance, until earth and sky are commingled in the distant horizon. It has a rich soil, composed of sand, lime and clay, with an abundance of decayed vegetable matter. The soil is easily worked, and but few States, if any, can surpass this, for the ordinary productions of American farming.

Spring wheat is the favorite crop here. The yield per acre is from 25 to 35 bushels, and of a superior quality, bringing from 8 to 10 cts. more per bushel than Spring wheat from other States. Oats yield from 45 to 50 bushels to the acre. Corn, rye, barley and buckwheat grow in great abundance. Wild plums, cherries, crab apples, blackberries and gooseberries grow spontaneously, and in greatest profusion. Certain varieties of improved apples and pears do well here.

Unimproved land can be had in the river counties, and in Pawnee and vicinity, from 3 to 7 dollars per acre, while further west are hundreds of homesteads to be had for asking. This is unbroken prairie, but good soil as any in the State. Already the tide of emigration is setting in the direction of Nebraska, and the country is fast settling up; and ere long the last large body of fertile land lying east of the Rocky Mountains will be under cultivation.

SCHOOLS AND CHURCHES.—The State Normal School is located in Peru, while flourishing high-schools are built at Plattsmouth, Nebraska City, Brownsville, Pawnee City, and Falls City. Every village has its district school, while the prairies are dotted over with more modest country school houses. Churches are also well distributed throughout the State, and all denominations are represented.

But with all the beauty and grandeur of the western country, and its richness of soil, cheapness of land, and delightful climate, I would not recommend one who is well settled in Maine, and doing a good business, to sell out and go west.

A Porto Rico letter says that the island is on the verge of an insurrection. The principal streets of Ponce have been burned by incendiaries, Spanish soldiers are frequently assassinated, and business suspended. The negroes are leaving their masters to join the insurgents, and the principal families are leaving as fast as possible.

The house in Frederick, Maryland, from the attic window of which Barbara Freichteit sent her famous defiance to Stonewall Jackson and his bold riders, has disappeared. The local paper, in chronicling the event, says it was in pursuance of a determination of the city authorities to blot out the memory of the "Freichteit woman."

Mrs. Stanton and Olive Logan were so much disgusted at the bad conduct of some of the persons attending the late meeting of the Equal Rights Association, that they have formed a new society, to be called the National Woman Suffrage Association. Men may become members, but they are to be held as strictly subordinate. Many wealthy and distinguished ladies who would have nothing to do with the old society will connect themselves with this.

