


7-16-1869

The Waterville Mail (Vol. 23, No. 03): July 16, 1869

Maxham & Wing

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Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 23, No. 03): July 16, 1869" (1869). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 307.
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EVENING PRAYER.

I come to thee to-night,
In my lone closet where no eyes can see,
And dare to crave an interview with thee,
Father of love and light.

If I this day have striven
With thy blest Spirit, or have bowed the knee,
To aught of earth, in weak idolatry,
I pray to be forgiven.

If in my heart has been
An unforgiving thought, or word, or look,
Though deep the malice which I scarce could brook,
Wash me from the dark sin.

If I have turned away
From grief or suffering which I might relieve,
Careless the cup of water thou dost give,
Forgive me, Lord, I pray.

And teach me how to feel
My sinful wanderings with a deeper smart,
And more of mercy and of grace impart,
My sinfulness to heal.

Father! my soul would be
Pure as the drops of eye's un-urled dew;
And as the stars whose nightly course is true,
So would I be to thee.

Not for myself alone,
Would I the blessings of thy love implore;
But for each penitent who wide world o'er
Whom thou hast called thine own.

And for my heart's best friends,
Whose steadfast kindness of my painful years
Has watched to soothe affliction, griefs, and tears,
My warmest prayer ascends.

Should o'er their path decline
The light of peace, or of hope, or health;
Be thou their solace, and their joy, and wealth,
As they have long been mine.

And now, O Father, take
The heart I cast with humble faith on thee,
And cleanse its depths from all iniquity,
For my Redeemer's sake.

UNCLE JOHN'S CONVERSION.

BY DONK PLATT.

[Concluded.]

For many weeks our hero lay on the verge of death. His wounds were dangerous, but not mortal, and he possessed an iron constitution; but his convalescence was retarded, as said his surgeon, one of the most eminent in the State, by the depression of spirits under which he labored.

It was after the delirium of pain had passed, when his wounds were partially healed, and the patient pronounced out of danger, that a strange phenomenon occurred to him. So long as he sat propped up by pillows in his bed, he was quiet and at ease; but the moment he resumed a horizontal position he saw a strange apparition. At the foot of his bed behind the post-board there appeared a head. At first he saw rising from behind the post-board the loveliest head it had been his fate to encounter. He saw the wavy light hair, and then the fair brow, and then the large, liquid, luminous blue eyes, and then the nose and the chin, and fair round neck. And with this head, at the side as it held up, appeared a crutch. As he gazed this fair face changed to that of the youth he had killed, and the expression was that of horror, pain, and astonishment, and the crutch changed to a pistol. And as he gazed this face turned to a grinning skeleton, and the pistol to a cross, and then both disappeared and back came the beautiful face and crutch, to change as before, and so on and on for weary hours, until the exhausted man would beg to be lifted up.

Of course there was no improvement while this continued. His physician, ignorant of the apparition, saw his patient sinking continuously, and administered tonics and stimulants in vain. These, while their effects lasted, only made more vivid the apparition that seemed to be destroying him. His friends came to his bedside and sought to enliven him by telling him the public regarded his noble conduct on the ground—how popular sympathy went with him and the general hope expressed that he would soon be well again. To this he listened, smiling sadly. But this income from the outer world did not banish the beautiful head and crutch, the murdered head and pistol, and the grinning skeleton and cross from his foot-board!

One night while the friend, who acted as his second, sat watching by his side, and none others were in the room, the patient said:

"Tom, these fellows do n't understand my disorder."

"No!"

"Not they; and the stuff they give only makes me worse. The fact is, Tom, I am troubled by a ghost."

"A ghost!"

"Well, yes, a lot of ghosts—an assortment of ghosts." And the sick man related to his friend all the strange events. When he had ended, his friend, after a pause, said:

"But you know, Jack, you imagine you see these things. They are not there, you know, of course, and you must reason yourself out of it. It's a morbid condition of the brain, arising from extreme weakness."

"Yes, yes, I know all that. I lie here and reason, like a steam-engine, by the hour. But reason do n't chase away the ghosts. They are too stubborn for that. See here, Tom, flatten me out again—let me lie down. Now I see the same fair face coming up—now the young Donaldson—now—"

His friend passed around to the post of the bed and placed himself where Allerton pointed.

"Now," he added, "do you see your ghost?"

"Yes, Tom," the skeleton looks over your right shoulder." This was said so earnestly that the friend started, and for a little time was disconcerted. Recovering, however, he said:

"It's all stuff, Jack. If the thing were there I could see it as well as you. Of course it's imagination."

"O, of course; but nevertheless it is taking the marrow out of my bones, and life out of my heart. If it were a real thing, visible to your eyes as well as mine, it could not be more potent. Go to the next room, Tom, and get Shakespeare—now turn to Richard III.—Read the text scene where the ghost comes in."

His friend complied, and read on the awakening of the bloody tyrant without interruption, and then paused.

"It's not there," the patient remarked sadly.

"I thought there was a passage about shadows causing great fear."

"O, that; well, here it is; after Catesby says—"

"Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows," Richard replies.

"Shadows to-night? Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard, than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers. Armed all in proof, and led by shadowy Riders."

"Yes, yes," said Allerton in a low tone, "it first dawned upon the wicked wretch that there was a realm beyond this busy world he bustled in, from which the awful shadows fell to terrify the bravest. They fall on me, Tom. I am being killed by inches. I try to brave it out, but my soul is weighed down by sin."

"Nonsense, old fellow, you are weakened by long sickness. The surgeon will fetch you out, and you'll live to laugh at these shadows."

Allerton shook his head sadly. "He can not minister to a mind diseased. My days are numbered. I lie here quietly enough; but if you could look in on my brain, you'd wonder

that I do n't writhe and cry out in my agony." After a pause, he repeated in a low tone to himself, "The head, the horror, and the punishment—the crutch, the pistol, and the cross—the crutch, the pistol, and the cross—on and on—night and day, without ceasing, forever and forever."

"Jack," interrupted his friend, "do n't go on that way; it is horrible. I wish I could do something for you."

The sick man, from out the hollow corners of his eyes, looked at his friend with an earnest, longing expression, and then said, "Well, Tom, you can do something; you can take that crutch pistol of mine and put an end to my misery; or," he added after a long pause, "you can go to the girls' seminary in my town and ask a lame teacher there, one Clara Fletcher, to come to me."

"I can do that last, Jack; and if she does not come it won't be my fault."

One evening, forty-eight hours after the promise given, Allerton heard the sound of the crutch, and turned eagerly to welcome the kind visitor. Taking his thin, feeble hand, she gazed in silence on his wasted face.

"This is very good of you," he said. "I could not die without seeing you again."

"You must not talk of dying," she replied cheerfully; "we have time enough for that. Tell me why you sent for me, that I may enter upon my duties?"

"I beg your pardon. I had forgotten, in the excitement of seeing you, what I did want. I am a little flighty; but will you please go to the foot of the bed and look at me? There, that is it; now, nurse, remove these pillows, I wish to lie down."

He gazed long and earnestly at the beautiful face of the young girl.

"It does not change," he murmured; and then said aloud, "Come slowly around to my side."

She did as directed, and his eyes followed her until she regained her old position, when he directed his gaze to the foot of the bed and started.

"God help me," he cried, "there are two! Lift me up, nurse."

A long silence followed. Allerton breathed quickly, with his eyes closed, while drops of perspiration gathered on his face. His visitor wiped them away with a gentle hand, and then said, in a low, earnest voice,

"You called then for help, where help only can be obtained. May I pray for you?"

Allerton shook his head.

"Would you like to sleep?" she continued.

"No, my sleep is more of a torture than my waking. Talk to me."

"I will; yes, I will talk to you. I asked your physicians, before I saw you, about your condition, and they said that you had no disease other than nervous prostration—that you were suffering from mental depression. They told me you had reached that point where tonics aggravate rather than relieve. In other words, the mind must be treated and not the body."

"A pretty correct diagnosis," he replied.

"And the torture you suffer is from sins you have done. They will not let you have the needful rest in which to gather strength."

"Yes, I suppose so. I have done many cruel things, and now they have me at a disadvantage."

"You must pray for forgiveness—you must reach out your hand—seize the cross."

At the word "cross" Allerton started and gazed eagerly at the girl.

"You must forgive me," she said; "you know I am the daughter of a clergyman, and I wish," she continued after a pause, "I wish so much to help you if I can."

"Go on," he cried, "say what you will—what you please. I want to hear you, but it is in vain—all in vain—you speak to a doomed man. No prayer can restore peace to broken hearts; no prayer can bring to life the dead; the book is closed, the sentence signed. I can only go out to punishment."

"The broken hearts have found a peace denied to you, the dead rest in peace, and the hand of the Father that protects them is reached out to you. He loves you, he pities you, he died to save you, and now lives to redeem you from sin. Let your burdened heart go out in humble supplication for forgiveness and peace. Peace and forgiveness will be granted to you. O, my poor friend, you do not know how good is our Heavenly Father. Let me pray for you."

And kneeling by his bed, the young girl lifted up her sweet voice in earnest supplication. That voice seemed to thrill the wretched man with a power never experienced by him until then. When she ended his thin cheeks were bathed in tears, and she begged to read to him the promise, and to be his guide.

I have no wish to attempt a detail of that conversion. John Allerton himself would fail. The subtle influence, the sudden change, that peace surpassing wealth which came to him, defy all power of language. But up from the brink of the grave came that sick man. Slowly once more he gathered strength and returned to life.

Some months after the fashionable world about our capital, that had sympathized with Allerton in his sickness—for that, in its estimation, he had acted with heroic generosity and courage in his fatal duel—were startled by the announcement of the marriage of their hero to an obscure daughter of a poor clergyman, who was not only his inferior socially, but a cripple.

John Allerton thought little and cared less for the comments made by his late associates. He took his dear little wife to Europe, and after consulting with the best physicians, and a long medical treatment, was happy in seeing her return, unaided by that crutch that had been the first to rebuke him in his civil career.

I have not the space, nor, indeed, was it my design to follow further the life of my friend. It was happy, although full of sad events. He lost his only child, and soon after his gentle, loving wife; and childless, homeless, hopeless, so far as this life goes, he folded his cloak above his grievous wounds and staggered on. But the same faith that lifted him from death kept him with him through life, and he was not only good, but in its true sense, he was happy.

Fifty years after his conversion he was found one sunny morning, by his servants and friends, lying dressed upon his back, in his library, with his spectacles by his side, and the Book of Books opened upon his breast. His hands

were meekly folded, and a sweet smile was settled on his face. He had gone in peace to his last home, where half a century of good deeds had gone before him, and where an angel wife and an angel child lingered lovingly at the gate to welcome him.

THE WORKSHOP, THE KITCHEN, AND THE PARLOR.—There was recently in Boston a meeting of working women to consult upon their condition. The persons who spoke told a very simple tale of labor and suffering from their own experience, and a very pitiful tale it was to read. It reminded you of that picture in which John Leech represents a skeleton figure of Death sewing shirts, in illustration of the shop-slaves of London.

Perhaps, however, the sequel of the revelation made at the meeting is still more painful. One of the newspapers, which was unwilling to believe the stories as they were told, added the remarkable statement that, if there were so many women so sorely pressed to live by the needle, there were plenty of places where they would be thankfully employed as domestic servants at good wages. This is probably true, and yet they will not go. The one thing which they can not bear is what is technically called service. What a change from the time when the country girls came to town and, without losing self-respect, did all the household work of families! "I hope I can do better than slave in a kitchen," is the instinctive and indignant reply to a remote suggestion of this kind.

But can a thing that ought to be done be more than well done, and if well done ought not the respect for it to be as pure in kind as for the doing of any other necessary thing, although it may be less in degree? Lois and Jerusha leave home to earn an honest living. Lois is quick, handy, full of tact and taste, and she is presently a milliner in high repute. It was her neat equipage that you passed in the Central Park yesterday afternoon. Jerusha is slow and heavy, and she is after a dozen years the same honest chamber-maid she was at first. We all acknowledge the superior gifts of Lois. But unless labor be in itself disgraceful we ought not to feel that Jerusha is stigmatized by the kind of labor to which she is devoted. The labor being necessary is honorable, is it not, oh, good American? Then there can be no dishonor in engaging in necessary labor, can there?

Look at the case of the Boston work-women. An employer says to them, let us suppose, "Here are a dollar a week, a garret, cold, and starvation for sewing shirts." Another employer says, "Here are a home, plenty of food and fire, and eight dollars a month for chamber-work." Brains, if you please, do not much enter into the calculation. Yet there is a recoil of insult and injury from the last, and a bitter acceptance of the first. If the reason of this recoil be what is called pride, is it an honorable pride? Jane goes into a cotton-mill, Jerusha into a kitchen. May Jane, for that reason, take airs and feel that she is the lady, while poor Jerusha is a menial? And menial is not originally a word of discredit or humiliation. It means merely family or household; and servile is only the quality of serving; and we Christians, you remember, do not speak ill or think ill of serving others.

"Ah, indeed, Mr. Easy Chair!" exclaims a very lively young person who has just dropped in. "And how would you like to be a waiter at Delmonico's?"

Well, my young friend, the Easy Chair would not prefer that profession, because there are natural tastes and choice. One man would be a musician, another a carpenter, another a printer, another an author, another a barber, and another a waiter. But, obliged to make an honest living, if the methods which it preferred were impracticable for it, it would lay a cover and flit a napkin without the least sense of disgrace. And if the alternative were to run abominable errands at starving rates, or to wait at fair wages, which would my young friend prefer for himself? This last is the Boston alternative, as I understand it. The "pride" of the poor woman, it appears, or it is assumed, prefers the starving wages for shirt-making with a "gentleman friend" to the household service.

Now it is clearly not the labor which decides, but it is another kind of consideration. It is the feeling that to do the one is to be more of a lady than to do the other. More of a lady? Why, good woman, what is a lady? If she could answer she would say to dress finely and do nothing. Yes, and for that theory which poisons and ruins this poor life of hers—how many of these poor lives, indeed!—we, that is, society, must bear the responsibility. It is not the poor women and their pride that are to be blamed; it is we and our folly, that make the public opinion to which they sacrifice every thing that is most precious and sacred, who are the real sinners. Now when the Biddy question has become so important, it is perhaps worth while to think of this a little. Suppose, dear Madam, that we should begin a reformation in the parlor, and free our minds of the feeling with which domestic service is usually regarded, by being humane and courteous masters and mistresses.

If some good angel should smile some morning from the roof of the magnificent Park Bank—and the Easy Chair beseeches the reader not to expect it of the worthy stone angels who permanently reside upon the facade—and announce that he would straightway introduce a race of neat-handed, Philistines, and artists not less skilled than Monsieur Blot, would we not gratefully build him a statue in the Central Park? But if we doubt and despair of angels, why not cultivate an opinion that domestic service is not to be contemned by women, and by removing such stigma as may now rest upon it, persuade these hapless women of whom we were speaking that it is quite as honorable and ladylike, quite as harmonious with the truest "pride," to serve in a household as to sew in a shop, or starve in a garret, or flaunt in a gay dress at the theatre with a "gentleman friend"?

It is among us who sit in the parlor that the real feeling in regard to the kitchen takes its rise, and that dirty fountain must be purified at its source or not at all.—[Easy Chair, Harper's Magazine for July.]

FROZEN KINDNESS.—The world is full of kindness that never was spoken, and that is not much better than no kindness at all. The fuel in the stove makes the room warm, but

there are great piles of fallen trees lying among the rocks, and on the tops of the hills where nobody can get at them; these do not make anybody warm. You might freeze to death for want of wood in plain sight of all these fallen trees, if you had no means of getting the wood home and making a fire with it. Just as in a family; love is what makes the parents and children, the brothers and sisters happy; but if they take care never to say a word about it, if they keep it a profound secret, as if it were a crime, they will not be much happier than if there was not any love among them; the house will seem cold even in summer; and if you live there you will envy the dog when any one calls him "poor fellow."

BAD SPELLING.—Nearly every newspaper we pick up—and we pick up a great many—spells these words incorrectly:

Innuendo. From which it is derived, would look very strangely with one n.

Vilify. It is as difficult to get this word set up with one l as it is to have innuendo spelled with two n's. Like vilipend, it is from vilis, vile, and ought to be as easily spelled.

Enceinte. This word is not spelled correctly or pronounced properly one time in five hundred. The e precedes the i, and it is a word of two syllables, not of three—pronounced ang-sant or ensant. In Blackstone it is spelled ensant.

Vying. People will insist upon spelling this word vieing. Dying from die would be equally proper.

Supersede is often printed supercede, as it was in an article in this paper the other day, although we spelled it properly in the copy, and corrected it in the proof.

Sibyl is found with y in the first syllable in books otherwise faultless.

Inflammation, inflammatory, inflammable are from *flamma*, and have two m's.

Siege and **seize**, with many other words having i or ei, are often incorrectly printed.

A few other words may be added—**Apotasy**, **ecstasy**, **diphthong**, **embarrassment**, **harass**, **bouquet**, **ennoble**, **stereotype**, **rhythm**, **siphon**, **Apollon**, **apropos**, **siren**, **withhold**, **threshold**, **Britannia**, **Britanny**, **Waverley**, **Macaulay**, **Giltalter**, **aerial**, **aeronaut**, **separate**, **Carthaginian**, **connoisseur**, **exorbitant**, **exonerate**, and **Cailline**—the last word being the most unfortunate one in the whole list. Lowell says that the only thing on which all Members of Congress agree is the wrong spelling of *Cailline*.

Dogberry told "neighbor Francis Seacole" that "to be well a favored man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature"—and there are many of that way of thinking.

[Chicago Journal.]

The last attempt to establish a "community," in which only the milder phases of communism are to be encouraged, has been made in Kansas, under the auspices of M. de Boissiere, a French marquis, whose hereditary estates in France are variously estimated at from five to twenty million francs. With the hope of carrying out a scheme of business and philanthropy in which he has long been interested, he has purchased ten thousand acres on the road from Ottawa to Burlington, where he proposes to found a co-operative farming and manufacturing community for the good of the nations. Here he is engaged, with the help of some sympathizing countrymen, in planting and beautifying the land, building unitary dwellings and factories, and preparing for the manufacture of silk velvet, as is now done in the south of France. The follies of phalarisism are in his plan to be discountenanced; there is to be no violent attempt at levelling; the relations of the sexes are to remain unaltered; and the surroundings of the new community are to be that of the refined and cultivated, with whom reforming tendencies hold a secondary place, may find something to attract them.

"You think your cellar or basement is in good sanitary condition; do you know that it is? Have you fairly and carefully examined the premises? Have you looked over the potatoes, turnips, squashes, and other vegetables, to ascertain their condition? These questions are asked by the Boston Journal of Chemistry, and they are important ones. We know, says the writer, that:

"Diphtheria, typhoid and scarlet fevers, and many other most serious illnesses, have their origin in cellars both in city and country; and we can do our readers no greater service than to urge them to see that, at all times, they are in dry, sweet, wholesome condition. Why should farmers and farmers' families, living in the country away from the pestilential vapors of cities, be so subjected to attacks of malignant diseases? There is a reason for it, and we can point it out. They arise from the indifference manifested to the observance of hygienic rules and the violation of sanitary laws. Cleanliness is essential to the health, and is just as necessary in the country as in the city. A family living over a foul cellar is more liable to be poisoned and afflicted with illness than a city family living in its polluted atmosphere, but without cellar or basement filled with fermenting roots and fruits. There is far more sickness in the country among husbandmen than there ought to be. With plenty of pure air, water and exercise, the evil imp, disease, ought to be kept at bay; and we would be better if an observance of certain hygienic conditions were maintained. Bad-conditioned cellars, small, close, sleeping-rooms, stoves—these are all agents of evil, and are fast making the homes of farmers almost as unhealthy as those of the dwellers of the cities. Are not these suggestions worthy of consideration?"

PREHISTORIC MAN.—We have heard lately almost too much about the prehistoric man, and the supply of flint implements, perforated shells, and split marrowbones begins to exceed the demand; but a recent discovery in the Department de la Dordogne of human skeletons coeval with the mammoths, and undeniably appertaining to the earliest quaternary period presents features of such unusual interest that the French government have sent M. Lartet, the distinguished paleontologist, to make a report on the subject. He reports that the bones of five skeletons have been discovered, and that they belong to some gigantic race whose limbs, both in size and form, must have resembled those of the gorilla. But the simian organ of man must not be inferred from these analogies,

as the skulls, of which only three are perfect, afford testimony fatal to this theory, having evidently contained very voluminous brains. The skulls are now in the hands of a committee of savans, who are preparing an exhaustive craniological report.—[Pall Mall Gazette.]

TOBACCO.—The vital truth that underlies and uplifts all dietetics, all physiologic righteousness, is the proper subordination of all our physical or material appetites to moral ends. "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin," was the great Apostle's forcible statement of the same truth in a different sphere of application. In the divine economy there is nothing indifferent, but every act is positively right or wrong. Whatever is needful to the healthful sustenance of our bodies, the vigorous performance of all their functions, that is not merely innocent but laudable—whatever goes beyond this, looking to a sensual gratification which terminates in itself and aspires to nothing beyond, is disallowed and pernicious. "What end is it calculated to subserve?" is the touchstone of every solicitation by an appetite for indulgence; and by the truthful answer must the innocence or culpability of acquiescence be determined.

Tobacco, like alcohol, first appeared for favor under a medical guise, as an antidote for certain physical ills, as well as a soothing of cares and a balm for a wounded spirit. Experience has long since proved its claims to medicinal virtues utterly illusory and unfounded. Were the thousand best doctors on earth called this hour to deal with so many different diseases or ailments, it is possible that not one of them would prescribe tobacco. It is clear, therefore, that tobacco is not one of Nature's great remedial agents for the removal of disease.

Then why do men seek and consume it?

For precisely the same reason that they imbibe intoxicating liquors. The senses are drugged, the nerves are soothed, by that which debauches the entire physical and moral economy. As alcoholic stimulation results from the strenuous efforts of Nature to expel a deadly poison, so narcotic relaxation of the nerves and muscles is attended by a more tranquil feeling of sensuous enjoyment. Alcoholic stimulation is Nature's resistance to the effects of poison; narcotic relaxation is a welcome given by our mortal frame to the silent approaches of dissolution and death.

The right of a human being to seek enjoyment at the expense of his physical integrity is not admitted. To allow is to affirm the innocent of suicide. But the right to annoy, disguise and damage others by the use of tobacco is even more clearly non-existent than the right to injure ourselves.

No person does or can use tobacco without offense to the uncorrupt by whom he is surrounded. They may compassionately disclaim nausea, but they nevertheless feel it. Their insouciant politeness should rebuke this course of egoism.

But the smoker or chewer, who gratifies his perverted appetite in the thronged streets, the public conveyance, the public assemblage, and even in the meeting for Divine worship—what shall we say of him? He knows he is poisoning and damaging those who have never given even a constrained, hypocritical permission; he knows that he is making himself a general nuisance for ends purely personal and selfish; he knows that he is permitted thus to annoy and injure others only because their courtesy so immeasurable transcends his sense of justice. He presumes only because he is confident they will submit to personal annoyance and harm, rather than wound the feelings of one who has no regard for the feelings of others.

Drinking is often a social, smoking a solitary vice. Many who drink deeply seldom drink when alone; while he who smokes at all needs no excitement of companionship. When, O when will men realize that the non-medical use of narcotics is a vice, and one of the most repulsive of socially tolerated evils? When shall our youth be impressively taught to shun tobacco as the natural ally of every form of sensual demoralization.—[Horace Greeley in Herald of Health.]

Prof. Butler, of Madison, Wisconsin, in lecture, "Gems from Three Continents," never fails to bring down the house where he describes Americans abroad. One sentence is this: "The ocean with its heave offerings to Neptune is such a king of terrors that Yankees shrink from crossing it for the first time; but no sooner are they ushered into the old world than they long to live there longer than they had intended—and do so, if their purses and family will let them; so they may be fairly compared to a certain calf whose ears must be pulled off before he would begin sucking—and then his tail must be pulled off before he would stop."

Eugene Casserly, the new Democratic Senator from California, in his recent speech against Chinese Immigration brought forward one strange argument. He thinks they should be kept away from our shores because, to quote his language, "If they come in contact with only the common laborers to-day, to-morrow they will be in competition with the mason, the bricklayer, the carpenter and the machinist, for they are the most frugal, industrious and ingenious people on the face of the earth." So Democracy favors the introduction only of the idle and ignorant. Frugality is not a virtue and industrious citizens are not wanted. It may be added that the Senator who gives utterance to this nonsense is a native of Ireland.—[Portland Daily Advertiser.]

Reports of Insane Asylums dispel the notion that the life of the farmer is most conducive to mental as well as bodily health. In Michigan asylums the farming class preponderates over all other classes, and taking the asylums of the country together, it appears that more than one-fourth of all the lunatics of the country are farmers and merchants. With the farmer the cause unquestionably is too much work, too little recreation, and habitual violation of the laws of health—too frequently the laws of cleanliness. Speaking of the farmer's wife, says a writer: "Her scant ablutions are performed in haste; she has little time to spend on her person, and none in which to read. Night finds her weary with much doing. She goes to bed tired out, to be kept awake half the night perhaps by a fretful babe. From January to December her daily recreation is going to church—it may be every Sunday, it may be twice a month. Is there any wonder she becomes an inmate of a lunatic asylum? This

KILLED BY LIGHTNING.—During the thunder storm of Thursday afternoon, the dwelling house of Mr. G. W. Ford, in Porter, was struck by lightning, and Charles W. Day, a young man in the employ of Mr. Towle, was instantly killed. The stable of E. Blake, was also struck, but was only slightly damaged.

In Cornish the house of Orin Chick was struck and Mr. Chick and Miss Annie Eastman were instantly killed. Miss Eastman was a neighbor and had through fear sought protection in Mr. Chick's house. In Standish the barn belonging to the estate of John N. Shaw was burnt by lightning and two young cattle were killed.

An Illinois paper utters a warning: "People at this season should look out for the large worm which infests the tomato vines. Its sting is deadly poison. It is of a green color two or three inches long, and as large as a man's finger. At Red Creek, Wayne county, a few days ago, a servant girl while gathering tomatoes, received a puncture from one of these worms, which created a sensation similar to a bee sting. In a short time the poison penetrated to every part of her system, and she was thrown into spasms which ended in death."

Patrick saw a bull pawing in a field and thought what fun it would be to catch him by the horns, and rub his nose in the dirt. The idea was so funny that he lay down and laughed to think of it. The more he thought of it the funnier it seemed, and he determined to do it. Boyvis quickly tossed him over the fence again. Somewhat bruised Patrick leisurely picked himself up, with the consolatory reflection: "Well its a mighty fine thing I had my laugh for."

An unpleasant scandal involving a man and woman in middle life, members of the same church in Danbury, Ct., and which has given rise to an extended church trial, has been put at rest by the complete vindication of the man and conviction of the woman. It was shown that she had conspired against his character at the expense of her own reputation, in order to possess herself of a portion of his wealth.

A TRAVELLER reports as follows, in the Portland Daily Advertiser:—

There are two hotels in Concord, both named after birds—the Eagle and the Phoenix. The latter kept by Mr. J. L. Seavey, formerly of Maine, who has introduced some startling innovation here. He had salmon from the Penobscot this spring, before anybody here dreamed of salmon, and has been surprising his guests and boarders in the same way from week to week. Under his management the hotel has been reformed and is securing a liberal share of custom.

RENDERING BOOTS WATER-PROOF.—The following recipe for this purpose is said to be reliable. Boil one quart of linseed oil with half a pound of Venice turpentine, with which paint the leather frequently, while warm, but not hot, till the leather will absorb no more.

is not only the case with the wives of small farmers, but those who have added acre to acre grudge money spent for household labor.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.—That love is the leading element of the highest happiness in marriage; that love while it lasts, covers a multitude of errors, privations, misfortunes—even sins—I do not doubt. But the question is, how far is love when unaccompanied by any other of the conditions which I have mentioned as belonging to a perfect marriage; it is a justification of marriage? True love works wonders; but it cannot prevent, the physical and mental ailments which develop themselves in people of feeble organisms. It cannot supply a lack of intelligence, a want of force, in either husband or wife; and as all housekeepers know it cannot "make the pot boil." Love alone, when we consider its proverbial instability and the small chance it has of surviving under bleak conditions, is certainly an insufficient capital upon which to commence the partnership of marriage. This is true of even the highest and strongest love; how much more so of the hasty attachments which lead to so many thousands of marriages!

There is an infinity of false sentiment about the passion of love. While I would not cast a doubt upon the existence of noble love, of devotion, and of passion which no sorrow or trial can tire, which is even refined and strengthened by suffering, yet the value, office, the very nature of love in our ordinary life is greatly misunderstood. Love is the most exaggerated passion in literature. It holds, in our imaginations, a position which it does not hold in the life of one man or woman in a thousand. "Being the supreme passion of modern art," says a recent writer, "it becomes necessary to sound high its praises. We should suppose if we read only novels and poetry, that the one thing interesting in life is the relation of the sexes and the anxieties of pairing. Many young people are so dizzy with love that they are unable to go on with the other interests of life. They cannot see men as they are, engaged as they are in their daily work, pursuing their various ends and living a multifarious life of which love is but a single element." Our regard for the passion over-steps the healthy limit, and becomes morbid; we judge of it untruly; we attend to its promptings with absurd expectations; we teach ourselves that the passion is uncontrollable, and regard it as a kind of fate; and we glorify the supremacy of a first love, as if the heart did not require a training as varied as the intellect. Considering the widespread misery which our misconceptions of love have wrought, we might doubt whether this passion was not the greatest misfortune as well as the greatest blessing in the world. We may conclude, in spite of Chaucer, that Love's allegiance is not the only thing needful to make a permanently happy marriage.—[To Marry, or Not to Marry? in April Galaxy.]

T. K. Beecher gives these definitions, as amendments to some which we lately quoted in this column:

A Christian bushel, is an honest bushel measured out to the creditor who has sold you a farm of short acres at high prices a Christian pound is a pound of tea given to a widow who has outlived all her friends and her own good nature. A Christian yard is a full honest yard of muslin sold to a berry woman who sold you in measuring berries. A Christian ton is 2,000 pounds of hay sent to your pastor after he has just rebuked you for some besetting sin.

About three years ago a binocular microscope worth \$500 was stolen from the laboratory of Bowdoin College at Brunswick. The efforts of the faculty to discover it were wholly fruitless and they finally employed detective Moses Sargent of Boston to hunt it up. It was recently found in the possession of E. S. Hatch, a young practicing physician at Portland. It was shown that at the time the instrument was lost Hatch was a student at Brunswick, and stood high in the confidence of the faculty. Upon being arrested he confessed himself guilty of the charge and gave bonds for appearance for trial. He has however forfeited his bail and disappeared.

WATERVILLE, July 14, 1899. WILLIAM GETCHELL, JR.
8.

BOOTHBY'S Insurance Agency!

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

HOME INSURANCE COMPANY.
Cash Capital and Surplus \$3,966,282.30

SECURITY INSURANCE COMPANY.
Cash Capital and Surplus \$1,700,611.01

PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY.
Cash Capital and Surplus \$1,448,856.00

SPRINGFIELD FIRE INS. CO.
Cash Capital and Surplus \$801,657.00

NORTH AMERICAN FIRE INS. CO.
Cash Capital and Surplus \$440,856.65

I will write Policies against Accidents of all kinds.

L. T. BOOTHBY, Agent.

Waterville, June 1, 1868.

BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

Old Stand opposite the P. O.

Travelers who bought the interest of

F. W. HASKELL

his business recently carried on by us, and shall continue

Boots and Shoes.

the old store directly opposite the Post Office.

All accounts due the late firm of Haskell & Mayo being in-

cluded in the above sale. I would request an early payment.

I shall keep constantly in stock a full assortment of goods

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S WEAR

at the best manufacture. Particular attention will be paid to

Custom Work.

or Gentlemen. Repairs 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 hand 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 sells in trade.

Don't mistake the old place.

At MAXWELL'S.

L. P. MAYO,

Teacher of Piano-forte and Organ.

Residence on Chaplin St., opposite Foundry.

SPRING GOODS

AT

HEAD & WEBB'S.

Having received our spring goods, we now offer the best

and largest assortment we have ever offered, which we are selling

at Reduced Prices for Cash.

Our stock consists of all the different styles of foreign

goods, weights and colors.

TRIGOTS, CASTORS,

BROADCLOTHS, DOESKINS.

Scotch & Fancy CASSIMERES.

Of all styles, which we are prepared to make up into

Suits, in the latest and most approved fashions.

We also have a large Stock of

Ready Made Clothing,

which are manufactured, and guaranteed to be of the

very best quality.

Also,

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

All of which we would be pleased to show to persons in

want.

HEAD & WEBB.

Waterville, May 10, 1869.

Monitor Mower.

Farmers wanting a durable, light draft, easy working

and in fact the best Mower in the market, are invited to

call and examine the MONITOR before purchasing

elsewhere.

This machine was thoroughly tested in this vicinity

last week and pronounced by good judges to be a superi-

or machine. Sold by

C. A. CHAMBERS & CO.

Waterville, May 21, 1869.

W. N. FISHER.

File Cutter.

Temple St., Waterville, Me.

All kinds of Files and Rasps made from the best Cast

Steel and Warranted. Particular attention given to

Re-cutting old Files and Rasps. Cash paid for

old Files. Files & Rasps for sale or exchange.

Orders by express or otherwise will receive prompt

attention.

THE MISSISSQUI POWDER

actually cures Cancer and Scrofulous diseases of the Skin.

See Report to U. S. Medical Society, and statements of Physi-

cians in circular, sent free on application to

CHAS. A. DUBOIS, General Agent,

302 P. O. Box 1609, New York.

WANTED.

A GOOD FAMILY HORSE, suitable for heavy work.

Apply to

WATVILLE, July 1, 1869.

FOR SALE.

ABOUT ten tons of HAY, standing. Location, under

the mountain. Or would hire a man to cut and

haul it. Apply to

WATVILLE, July 1, 1869.

BOOK AGENT - WANTED.

To canvass in every town

for the splendid new book entitled

EMINENT WOMEN OF THE AGE.

It is written by Parson, Greeley, Mr. Carly, Stanton, Fanny

Wright, and other distinguished authors, and the best book

to read, and to read in the field. Ladies are very success-

ful with it. Also, other elegant subjects on books and con-

ferences being published. Sent for descriptive circulars and terms

to Wm. H. LAMBERT, Commission Agent, G. O. P.

111 WATKIN ST., 20 Washington St., Boston.

Something New.

PLATE LACE COLLARS, also Thread & D. Point

Lace Collars, at

THE MISSES FISHER'S.

New Attractions AT APPLETON HALL.

Cabinet Furniture, Crockery and Glass

Ware, Carpetings, &c.

W. A. CAFFEY,

(AT THE OLD STAND.)

Grateful to the Citizens of Waterville and vicinity for a

liberal patronage of twenty years, respectfully informs

that he has just returned from Boston, and

is now opening, at his old stand, Appleton Hall,

The Largest & Best

Stock in the above line ever offered in Waterville. Hav-

ing added to his usual Furniture Establishment

the several departments of

Crockery & Glass

Ware

AND

Carpetings,

In large variety, he is prepared to sell all articles in

his line at

Greatly Reduced Prices!

My Stock has been bought at the low prices of

the present market, and as I am determined NOT

TO BE UNDERPAID, I shall sell at EXTREMELY

small profit for Cash. Call and examine my Stock.

W. A. CAFFEY,

Appleton Hall Building, Main Street.

MARBLE WORKS.

The subscribers will furnish

at short notice,

MARBLE & GRANITE

MONUMENTS,

GRAVE STONES, &c

made of the best marble.

They have on hand a large

assortment of the above arti-

cles.

Persons wishing to purchase are invited to call and exam-

ine.

Waterville Dec 1, 1868.

W. A. F. STEVENS & SON.

ATWOOD CROSBY, M.D.

WITH

DR. BOUTELLE,

WATERVILLE, ME.

OFFICE over Thayer & Munson's Store, Boutelle Block.

DR. G. S. PALMER.

DENTAL OFFICE,

over

ALDEN'S JEWELRY

STORE,

BRVILLE, ME.

Chloroform, Ether or Ni-

trous Oxide Gas administered when desired.

DR. E. F. WHITMAN,

OCULIST AND AURIST.

Artificial Eyes Inserted without Pain.

Treatment for Cataract.

No charge for consultation.

NO. 110 COURT STREET, BOSTON.

Foundry Notice.

The subscriber, having purchased the whole of the Rail

Road Foundry, near the Main Central Rail Road Depot, and

fitted up a

MACHINE SHOP

connected therewith, is prepared to furnish all kinds of

CASTINGS, and to do any kind of WORK that may offer, at

short notice. Persons in want please give me a call.

JOS. PERCIVAL.

June 20, 1868.

MISS FISHER

IS NOW PREPARED TO SHOW TO CUSTOMERS

NEW AND PRETTY STYLES IN

Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons and Flowers.

At the old stand, corner Main and Silver Sts.

FARM FOR SALE.

THIS Farm owned by the late S. B. Jud-

kins of Sidney, and formerly used by Com-

fort T. Moore, is offered for sale.

It is situated in Sidney, five miles from

Waterville, and is about four and a half

miles from West Waterville. It contains about 112 acres of

good land; cuts 25 tons of hay; has good proportions of pas-

turage and woodland; is well watered; has a good orchard

about one half planted, which last year bore about 300 bushels

of apples. There is a good house on it, with wood shed, tool

house, granary, and two good barns.

The whole or a part of said farm for sale. A strip of 25

acres, adjoining, will be sold with it if desired.

Inquire of or address

M. B. SOULE.

Waterville, April 9, 1869.

THE SALEM PURE WHITE LEAD

WARRANTED as pure and white as any Lead in the world

sold by

ARNOLD & MEADER.

THE RICHMOND RANGE.

SO highly praised by those who have used it. It is said to

outlast all other stoves yet invented, for either Coal or Wood

burning. It is made by

ARNOLD & MEADER, Agents.

Novelty Wringers.

WE have just received six cases of the celebrated NOVELTY

WINGERS, which we can offer at good prices. Call and

examine them.

ARNOLD & MEADER.

FOUTZ'S

CHEMICAL

HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS.

This preparation, long and favor-

ably known, will thoroughly re-

investigate broken down and low-

spiced horses, by strengthening

and invigorating the stomach and

teeth.

It is a sure preventive of all

diseases incident to the animal, such as LUNG

FEVER, Glanders, Yellow

Water, Heat, Stomachic

Distemper, Erysipelas, FEVER,

LOSS OF APPETITE, AND

all other diseases incident to the

animal. It gives energy to the

appetite, gives a smooth and

pleasing skin, and is a safe

looking and spirited horse.

To keepers of Cows this preparation

is invaluable. It is a sure

preventive of all diseases incident

to the animal, such as Rinderpest,

Hollow Horn, &c. It has been

proven by actual experiment to

increase the quantity of milk

and cream twenty percent and

make the butter firm and sweet.

In fattening cattle, it gives energy to the

appetite, gives a smooth and

pleasing skin, and is a safe

looking and spirited horse.

In all diseases of Swine, such as Coughs, Ulcers in

the Lungs, Liver, &c, this article

is invaluable. It is a sure

preventive of all diseases incident

to the animal, such as Rinderpest,

Hollow Horn, &c. It has been