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Maxham & Wing

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A MINISTER WANTED.

Needed to-day!
 A minister such as the Master will pay;
 Willing to work as the Master has wrought,
 Ready to tell for the flock He has bought—
 Needed to-day!

Now is the time!
 Idleness is no ghost of a crime;
 Life is too fleeting, this one life below,
 To be spent by the pastor in making a show—
 Now is the time!

Let him come in!
 And faithfully talk to the sinner of sin;
 Let him walk with the lowly and meet with the proud
 And be willing to preach to the few or the crowd—
 Let him come in!

This is the way!
 Earnestness never will lack of its pay;
 Souls are so precious, so high is the trust,
 Let not one talent grow tarnished with rust—
 This is the way!

Then let him stay!
 And never lament that ye stunted his pay,
 Heart throbbing to heart, hand clasping to hand,
 Go into the vineyard at Jesus' command—
 Then let him stay!

Welcome him here!
 Waiting his pathway to brighten and cheer;
 If skies are solement, the greater the need,
 To stand in the furrows and scatter the seed—
 Welcome him here!

Needed too long!
 A man whose own life will convince of the wrong;
 So poor in the spirit at least that he'll own
 The penance of the humble and visit their home—
 Needed too long!

Here let him live!
 And enjoy every blessing that heaven can give
 While life is his boon, then there let him rest,
 With the rest of the many his life-work has blest.
 Here he will live!

—Pres. Banner.

ROSA'S THANKSGIVING.

BY A. ANNIE FROST.

"I don't want to go!"

"I don't imagine for a moment that you do, my dear, but it is a duty we owe to dear Aunt Sarah to accept this very kind invitation."

"Very kind," pouted Miss Tyler, to want to bury me alive for a fortnight in her dismal old country-house, just as the city is opening the winter campaign of pleasures."

"I have no doubt you will enjoy your visit very much, Rosa, and I desire you to make no further objections," Aunt Sarah is immensely rich, and it will not do to offend her."

"Why don't you go yourself?" persisted the sulky little beauty; "she invites you and papa."

"Your papa cannot leave town, on account of his business, and my numerous engagements make it totally impossible for me to leave town."

"And what is to become of my engagements?"

"The engagements of seventeen are not very imperative."

"They are the same as yours. Mrs. Gordon's party, the opera, the ball at Mrs. Granger's, the—"

"I desire to hear no more on the subject, Rosa. You will be ready to start on Monday for Aunt Sarah's and I will go at once and accept the invitation for you," and, without waiting for words of pleading and objection she saw trembling on Rosa's lips, Mrs. Tyler left the room.

Alone, with only her own reflections for company, the young lady indulged in a very decided fit of bad temper. She jerked at the thread of her embroidery until it snapped in the very place of all others where it was most awkward to repair the damage; she kicked her footstool half way across the room, beat her little foot upon the carpet till it fairly ached, and finally springing from her seat, paced up and down the room, with quick steps, indulging in an audible soliloquy.

"It is too provoking for anything. Who cares a pin for Thanksgiving, except some old tussy country folks buried in the back-woods? I am sure I never knew a ball or even large party in the city for Thanksgiving. To be sure, some folks have family gatherings, and if there is anything more intolerably stupid than a family gathering, I hope I may never live to endure it! A lot of grumpy old aunts and stupid cousins to entertain for a whole day, and no dancing allowed on account of Aunt Betsey's scruples or Uncle Jeremiah's principles. Thank me, we have no relatives in the city to gather to such alarming festivals; but I've heard Mary Gordon describe her sufferings. And now to think that I've got to go to stupid Brookhaven for a Thanksgiving party, and stay there a fortnight. It is just too bad. I'm sure I don't care for Aunt Sarah's money, we've got enough, and if we hadn't, I wouldn't be mean enough to court anybody for their money. Oh, dear! there is the opera coming, and I promised Dudley Worthington to hear 'Faust' beside him. It is too bad!" And fairly out of breath, the young lady ran down stairs to try one more coaxing with her mother, and be informed that the decisive letter accepting the invitation was written on its way to the post office. It was useless to pout any more, and Rosa not being naturally ill tempered, accepted the situation with the best grace she could, and began to make preparations for her visit.

It was very trying certainly, to consign all the pretty trifles of milliner's art, purchased for the forfeited evenings of gaiety, to a deep drawer, and pack up such dresses as were fitted for a country visit in November. One pretty toilet she did put aside for the dreaded "family gathering," but she had too much good sense to carry the wardrobe prepared for her first winter in society into the quiet precincts of Brookhaven. Just emancipated from the rigors of a fashionable boarding-school, Miss Rosa Tyler, pretty, graceful, and not without accomplishments, had calculated upon a period of most delightful gaiety and conquest. She knew that her father was wealthy, her mother one of the leaders of fashionable society, and already at her debut party, and a few succeeding ones she had left to her lips the pleasant sound of adulation and flattery. To Mrs. Tyler, old in the routine of worldly pleasure, a fortnight more or less in her only child's winter of gaiety, seemed of but little consequence; to Rosa, in the novelties and delights of her first winter, it seemed an endless exile. She had pleaded her half engagement with Dudley Worthington as a final appeal, for she knew that her mother by no means underrated the flattering attentions of that young millionaire, and she had guessed that a fortnight of absence would rather increase than dampen that young man's ardor, and was immovable.

Monday brought a clear and cloudless day, with a bracing air and sunny sky, and as Rosa was driven rapidly from the railway station to her aunt's house, she could but own that there were more miserable phases of existence than being in the country in November. The autumn had been soft and pleasant, and the many faded foliage was yet undimmed in its glory. Far as the eye could reach on either side of the broad road, there was a beauty of scenery that might challenge admiration of the most indifferent. And little Rosa was by no means indifferent, but her first vexation over, quite willing to accept and enjoy every pleasure that offered. So, drinking in the beauty around

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her, in her long, lonely ride, she was ready with her brightest smiles to greet her aunt, when the carriage finally stopped at the door of the family mansion.

She ran lightly up the stairs to the large drawing room, where she was informed her aunt, Mrs. Chase, was waiting her arrival, and entered the room, flushed and smiling, looking pretty and winning enough to move a sterner heart than that of gentle Aunt Sarah.

Mrs. Chase was seated at the fireplace, but she rose as her little grand-niece entered the room. She was a tall, dignified looking old lady, with the placidly beautiful countenance that in old age faithfully pictures a well spent Christian life. It was a beautiful contrast to the blooming freshness of the youthful face, lifted for a greeting.

"I am truly glad to see you, dear Rosa," said the old lady, kissing the lips offered by her caresses, "and very sorry your mother could not accompany you. It is a long time since she was here."

"Seven years, aunt Sarah, I remember, because I was with her, and you gave me a lock of with ten pearls in it, to celebrate my tenth birthday."

"I remember, dear. Seven years last summer. Were you ever in the country at this season, before?"

"Never."

"I hope we can make it pleasant for you. It is not too late for driving, and there are many pleasant drives near here."

"I know that by the beauty of the one we came to-day."

At this moment a third person entered the drawing room, a gentleman, with some papers in his hand. He was coming directly to Mrs. Chase, when, his eye falling upon Rosa, he paused, saying:

"I did not know you were engaged, I will come in again."

"Stay, stay!" said the old lady; "you have brought the letters we spoke of this morning for me to sign. I will attend to them if you will place them on my desk. This is my niece, Miss Rosa Tyler; Rosa, my friend, Mr. Poulson."

Rosa made a graceful inclination of her pretty head, and received a grave bow in return.

"If you have business, Aunt Sarah," she said, "I will go to my room and take off this dusty traveling dress, and come here again when you are at leisure."

"Well, dear, I will not be long, and the letters should go by this afternoon's mail. But come down as soon as you have changed your dress, for I shall be ready for you in a very few minutes. Your room is on this floor, the second door to the right, and I gave orders for your trunk to be taken directly there."

"Thank you!"

"Now, I wonder," thought the young lady, as she busied herself in her room, "who Mr. Poulson may be. Some kind of a clerk for Aunt Sarah, I imagine, but he looks like an emperor in disguise. What a grave face he has, and what a stately walk. I wonder if he can smile. A smile would lighten those great black eyes of his immensely. He is as tall as a giraffe, and yet not awkward, either. Where are my wits running to! I'm sure this marble man is not so handsome as Dudley Worthington. He would not bow in that silent, stiff way to a lady; I can remember now how gracefully he addressed me when we were introduced. Will he miss me whilst I am gone? I think he will," and this being rather a pleasant conclusion to her musings, Rosa turned her attention to the weighty decision of whether scarlet velvet ribbon, or blue in her hair would best relieve the sombre effect of her brown merino which, with its rich velvet trimmings and stylish make, was anything but the Quaker like garb she chose to consider it.

A very dainty picture she made as she again entered the drawing room. Her fair complexion, with its rich bloom, was heightened in beauty by the deep color of her dress, and the knot of gay ribbon tastefully clustering curls was not a deeper blue than her eyes. Mrs. Chase gave her a cordial greeting, and Mr. Poulson rose to place a chair for her. After some remarks upon her ride, the beauty of the season, and other chit-chat, some remark led the old lady to say: "Your mother writes you were delighted at the prospect of your visit here, Rosa; I hope you will not find it duller at Brookhaven than you anticipated."

"I already find it pleasant," was the frank reply. "I was not delighted at all, Aunt Sarah, for this is my first winter out of school, and we are having a very gay season in the city, but I am glad now that I came, for—"

"Well, dear?"

"Please don't think I am flattering," was the pleading reply, "but I am glad I came, because I feel I shall love you very much."

"Mrs. Chase's brow contracted for a moment then she smiled, saying:

"I trust you will love me, Rosa."

"I must return to the library to seal these letters for the post," said Mr. Poulson, rising as he spoke.

"You will arrange to spend the evening with us?" asked Mrs. Chase.

"Aunt Sarah," asked Rosa, as the door closed upon the young gentleman, "who is Mr. Poulson?"

"He is the son of an old friend of mine, Rosa, and is kind enough now to act as my secretary while he is pursuing his law studies."

"Then he lives here?"

"Yes."

"What makes him so very grave?"

"It is partly his natural disposition, partly early sorrow and discipline."

"May I know the sorrow?"

"It is no secret in Brookhaven, and you would probably hear it from others if not from me. Max Poulson's father was a confirmed drunkard, who died in raving delirium from drink, after crippling his only daughter by a blow that finally killed her, driving his wife broken hearted to the grave."

"Horrible!"

"You can not wonder that the son, who witnessed all this, and tended that miserable father until he died, should feel grave, almost to melancholy. Nothing but pure Christian faith could have borne what Max has for the last ten years."

"Is he very poor?"

"His father wasted a handsome fortune, and his son is obliged to earn the sum that enables him to live and pursue his studies. But if he is poor, he is noble, true, and upright, a man

that will yet hew out his own fortune from the sternest circumstances."

"And he is related to you, Aunt Sarah?"

"No, only as I said, the son of an old friend."

But, Rosa asking no further questions, Aunt Sarah fell into a musing fit, and memory carried her back to the days when Max Poulson's father was indeed a dear friend, and one who hoped to become the dearest and closest to Sarah Weldon. But one was rich, one poor, and so they were separated, the lover sent abroad for forgetfulness, the young girl left to comfort herself as best she might. Abroad the lover forgot his faith and married a Spanish girl, from whom Max inherited his coal-black eyes and hair. At home, in time, the young girl too wedded, and wedded wealth, beside which the sum for whose sake she had been put aside seemed a mere pittance. Time glided away and for the sake of what his father had been, Max was installed after that father's death in an easy position, that gave him leisure for his studies, and a handsome salary for his services.

And while Aunt Sarah sat musing upon the past, Rosa, too, fell into thought, and somehow her fancy dwelt rather obstinately upon the dark, handsome face of her aunt's private secretary as contrasted with the lively, bright countenance of Dudley Worthington.

Both ladies were roused from the twilight reverie by the tinkle of the tea bell. The evening passed in quiet conversation, and Rosa opened her blue eyes in wildest amazement when, on consulting her watch at bedtime, she found it past eleven o'clock. Could a quiet home evening, spent in talking on subjects she could but own were serious and grave, pass so rapidly? It was possible that she, sighing secretly for waltz and polka, could listen with such interest to discussions about books, the topics of interest in public life, and village news? Sagely deciding that it was the novelty of the entertainment that formed its attraction, Miss Rosa went to bed, and dreamed she was trying to dance a Spanish fandango with a marble statue of Napoleon, which somehow bore the features and large dark eyes of Max Poulson.

The days before Thursday, when Thanksgiving was to gather the family party in Aunt Sarah's house, passed more rapidly than Rosa had dared to hope. First, there was Aunt Sarah herself gentle and refined, binding the giddy little heart and head in chains of respectful affection that were growing very loving ties, for there was no resisting the bright winning grace of the little beauty, who, having resolved to please and be pleased, gave all her heart to the task. Second on the list of pleasures was a fine piano; and Rosa was a fine performer, and had a voice as clear as a nightingale's. With her music, her gay manner, her musical laugh, and caressing ways, little Rosa was a very sunbeam in the grave old house, and while Aunt Sarah and even the grave secretary owned that in their hearts, they little suspected how much of frivolity and vanity their own influence was sweeping away from the young heart and brain.

Rosa herself did not understand the change in her own feeling, simply the result of learning to think, learning to let faces, ribbons, flowers, partners and dances give way to thought of her own inner self, her life, her future. Educated to think the sole aim of existence was a life of fashion, a wealthy marriage, and perhaps the European tour, she suddenly found herself transplanted to an atmosphere where the good of others, benevolence, piety, and gentle ministering to those in less fortunate positions formed the great aim of life, seconded by a love of solid literature, an interest in the country, utterly devoid of mere political speculation, and a sincere pleasure in all the beauties of Nature. Three days spent in the close intimacy of a residence under the same roof were more than weeks of the empty intercourse of fashionable society, and the trio at Brookhaven were firm friends in even less time. It was a new interest to Rosa to drive out with Mrs. Chase upon errands of mercy, to walk with Max Poulson to perform some commission in the little village, to find herself as anxious as either to obtain exactly the medicine for the carpenter's ailing child, or the precise texture of red flannel that would best suit Mrs. Jones's rheumatism, and on the Thanksgiving day she found herself blushing crimson to see Max Poulson's grave eyes turned to her face, when, clear and pure, her voice in church joined in the simple hymn, unconsciously modulating and guiding the uncalculated choir near her.

The evening was drawing near, and already the parlor was filled with members of the family invited to tea, when Rosa left her room. Her dress of dark blue silk, finished at the throat and wrists by falls of exquisite lace, the cluster of white flowers drooping amongst her curls, the pearl breastpin and ear-rings all suited well her delicate beauty, and a strange thrill stirred Max Poulson's heart, as entering the library, he found her standing by the window, looking out upon a fine snow just beginning to fall the air.

"You here, Miss Rosa?" he said. "I thought you were in the parlor amongst the friends."

"I must go soon," she said, smothering a little sigh.

"Certainly. There are several young cousins there who are very anxious to meet Cousin Rosa."

"Yes! I—I don't know any of my relatives here. I never was at a family party before. It is very awful, is it not?"

"Awful! In what way?"

"Stiff, and formal, and stupid. And then, I never kept Thanksgiving before. I never thought, until this morning in church, what the day meant."

"It is but a little time in which to remember the memories of an entire year," said Max, gently.

"And you were thankful," she said; "you, who—I beg your pardon, I was thinking aloud."

"He looked at her in some surprise.

"I thank! I have not more mercies than I can tell to be grateful for, health, strength, friends?—but the list is too long to tell over."

"And I who never knew a sorrow in my life," she said, almost tearfully, "have never given one hour of true thankful prayer for any of my blessings."

"It is never too late," said Max, in a low tone.

"I am afraid I do not know one form of prayer," she whispered.

"Pray for your heart."

"Rosa, dear," said Mrs. Chase's voice at the door, "I have been looking for you. Are you ready to come into the room with me?"

There was an end of serious talk for that evening. To her great astonishment, Rosa was obliged to admit, when late that evening she went to her own room, that she had never spent a merrier, happier evening. Her own frank, pleasant manner had soon set her at ease with her young cousins, and she found herself entering into the spirit of "Pass in the corner," "Proverbs," "Guess my name," and "Cross Purposes," with quite as lively a sense of enjoyment as she had ever felt in dancing the German, displaying a new Parisian toilette, or even listening to Dudley Worthington's honeyed flatteries. As she put aside her dress, however, Rosa let the memory of the evening die away, to think of that conversation in the library. In all the seventeen years of her life Rosa Tyler had never said a prayer from her heart. Her mother, in her life of utter worldliness, had never found time to pay more than a flying visit to the nursery, and would have laughed outright at the idea of taking her little daughter to her knees to teach her to slip a prayer. It was true that Rosa had attended a fashionable church, owned a velvet-bound, gold clasped prayer-book, and knew when to rise and when to kneel in church, but the words of the service had never held any deep meaning for her ears, and sermon time was usually spent in thought as to the cut of a new dress, or style of a new bonnet. It seemed a new strange thing to kneel and form a prayer for herself, but as she stood thinking, the words of thankfulness rose to her heart, and from its pure, sincere recesses she whispered her first true thanksgiving.

Two weeks were lengthened into five, and Rosa was still at Brookhaven. Mrs. Tyler marvelled much at the requests for a longer visit, but "hoped Rosa was getting into her aunt's good graces," and told her to stay as long as she pleased.

The fifth week was passing away, when one morning Rosa was in her aunt's room, looking over some jewels, taken out for her pleasure from the depths of an old trunk.

"Select one for yourself, Rosa," said her aunt, "and you may put the casket in your trunk for your mother. I always intended them for a legacy to her, but I shall never wear them again, and she may enjoy wearing them. Some will have to be res. 'What have you chosen?'"

"May I have this?"

Rosa blushed deeply as she held up an open portrait, but she was amazed to see her aunt, so serene ever, now turn deadly pale, and hold out a shaking hand for the trinket.

"I have painted you!"

"No, no. It is five and twenty years since I saw this. I did not know it was in the casket. It is a portrait of an old friend."

And Rosa guessed, then, why Max Poulson was so dear to her aunt, for the portrait so like him could be only his father.

"Choose another, Rosa. When I am dead, you shall have this. Only this."

There was an emphasis upon the last two words that made Rosa look inquiringly into her aunt's face.

"I am very rich, Rosa," she said, "and your mother has written to me in a strain that proves she hopes some of my wealth may fall to your share or hers. If you have shared this hope, put it aside. My will was made two years ago. In it I left your mother those jewels in your hand, to you—nothing, and my property is bequeathed elsewhere. You have a wealthy father, and do not need aid from me. I shall never alter that will."

"I thank you from my heart for telling me this," said Rosa earnestly. "I have feared sometimes you would think my love was not so disinterested as I intended it is; now you will believe I really love you, will you not?"

How could she doubt it, looking into the truthful, sincere eyes raised to her face, hearing the tender voice so earnest and so pleading. Never was so fervent a kiss pressed upon the young girl's lips, as fell there now from her aunt's withered ones. It was a seal of mutual love to last through life.

Mrs. Tyler speculated and fretted over Rosa's changed manner upon her return home, till the poor child herself was almost ashamed of her own new resolutions. Being daily called a Quakeress of her, finding her plans for charity and study the subject of ridicule, and taunted with a timely expressed desire to stay at home some evening when no company was expected, were sore stumbling blocks in Rosa's path. But she bore all patiently, till her mother accused her of feigning all this wonderful reform for the sake of her Aunt Sarah's money. Then her indignation blazed forth, and she repeated what had been told her about the will. Mrs. Tyler flew into a most decided fit of rage, that her aunt dared to put her, her own niece, off with a few paltry jewels, was her first theme, and then poor Rosa had to endure the bitterest reproaches for not making a better use of her visit, and winning access to her aunt's bank account.

One comfort Rosa had through all her trial, and this the reader may have guessed. While Max Poulson's grave, kind gentleness was winning its way to her heart, he was learning to love, with the deep earnest power of such a man's nature, the bright little sunbeam, that looked up so confidently to him for guidance. It was the attraction of opposites, but a sincere pure love was in both hearts, unspoken, understood. Rosa knew that at some time, when worldly prospects were brighter for Max, he would come to claim her for his own, and he, while his heart was very heavy at a separation that threw her again into the giddy vortex of the city pleasures, yet trusted to find her true and untouched by the world, when he could come to seek her again.

It had not occurred to Rosa to ask permission to correspond with this friend at Brookhaven. Aunt Sarah knew and approved of the plan, and, without thought of concealment, Rosa received and sent letters under the cover of her aunt's envelope. Mrs. Tyler sneered at the correspondence with the old lady, but did not forbid it, and, never having sought her child's confidence, did not now obtain it.

The winter passed swiftly. It was not in the nature of the bright young girl to cease to find any pleasures in society. She still enjoyed her

life of *debutante* and belle very keenly, but it was not now her only life. She could separate it from that, truer, purer life she was trying to make reach the standard she knew would please Max.

It was in the spring that she had to endure a new trial, very bitter and hard to bear. In looking over her daughter's wardrobe, before preparing for a campaign at Saratoga, Mrs. Tyler found the package of Max Poulson's letters. She knew well, for Rosa had spoken often of him, that he was a poor man, Mrs. Chase's secretary for a salary, and a law student not yet admitted to practice. And this man—this beggar, as she contemptuously styled him—dared to write to Miss Tyler, the heiress of Martin Tyler's large wealth, the belle of a choice circle of society, the only child of a leader of fashion. In vain Rosa pleaded innocence of all intention to offend or any desire for secrecy. In vain she implored her mother to respect the delicacy of her child, and see that there was no love passage in the letters, no engagement implied or promised. Only a friend, she said, for she had no right to put into words a hope Max had never spoken. All in vain! A furious letter was sent to Aunt Sarah, and Rosa was forbidden ever to think of that presuming beggar again.

They were weary months that followed for the little beauty. She had scarcely known herself how much strength and comfort she had drawn from the precious epistles she had been forced to see consigned to the flames, until she was deprived of them. There was a sadness in her eyes even in the gayest of the summer festivities, but no one was there to comfort or aid her. She had incurred her mother's bitterness, disfigure, in the spring, by utterly refusing to marry Dudley Worthington, to that young dandy's astonishment and mortification, but her conscience acquitted her of all cruelty when, early in the fall, the young gentleman's engagement with the fascinating Miss Featherly was announced in fashionable circles.

The long summer passed, and the fall was drawing to a close, when Aunt Sarah wrote to beg for Rosa's society at Thanksgiving.

"There will be no company, dear Rosa," she wrote, "for I am very feeble from long illness, and your mother need not fear that you will see Max. He is in Boston, attending to business for me, and will probably remain there until December."

Mrs. Tyler gave a most reluctant consent to the visit. She had neither forgotten nor forgiven the disappointment about the will, and was honestly amazed at Rosa's desire to go to the country when there was nothing to be gained by it. She little understood the deep love the young girl cherished for her aged relative, the grief she felt at the account of her illness. It was a hard won consent, but it was won at last, and nearly a week before Thanksgiving, Rosa was beside her aunt.

Very, very feeble she found her, but there was no doubt of the warmth of her welcome, or of the pleasure she gave by her society. Days passed quietly, and it was very evident that the lovely, peaceful life was very near its close. It was the third day after Rosa's arrival, when she was seated by her aunt's bed-side, holding her hand caressingly between her own, and looking lovingly into the wasted face.

"Rosa," said the old lady "do you love Max Poulson?"

The shock of the abrupt question brought its answer. A deep blush rose on the young girl's cheek, and her hands trembled in their tender ministry.

"You may tell your secret here, safely, my child," continued her aunt, "for it will soon be buried away with me. That he loves you, deeply, sincerely, and tenderly, he has told me, but he has also told me that no spoken words of love had ever passed between you. You were young, your heart untried, and I thought you could both wait a few years; but now, I am dying, and I would see you happy, see him happy, if I could."

"I do love him, Aunt Sarah; but my parents would never consent to our marriage."

"I can control that. Take the carriage, now, to the station, and telegraph to Max that I am very ill, and he must hasten home. You will find his address in my desk. Go, child, go! To-morrow may be too late."

Thanksgiving day was a cloudless one outside, but in a darkened chamber Rosa was bending in deep sorrow over her aunt, who lay unconscious and dying. She had failed very rapidly in the past few days, asking often for Max, who came not, until at midnight, before Thanksgiving day she sank into a stupor, which the doctor said would scarcely be broken again in life.

The hours passed slowly till day dawned. It was still early when Rosa went softly to the window to see if the carriage was returning from the first daily train. At every hour she had sent in hope of meeting Max, and now, as the end drew so near, her anxiety for his return became perfect torture, knowing how the dying woman longed to bid him farewell.

"He has come!" she whispered, as the carriage came in sight. "Tom would never drive so furiously if he had not brought him!" and with a deep sigh of thankfulness she returned to the bedside. In another moment he was beside her. It was no time for greetings. He only grasped her hand closely, saying—

"I was in New York on business when your message came; I started the instant I received it. How is she?"

"Speak to her. Your voice may rouse her."

He bent over her and spoke. A quick, convulsive shudder ran through her frame, and then she opened her eyes.

"Max! You have come!"

"I have come!"

"Max, let me think. Raise me in your arms. What was it I wanted to say? Rosa!"

"I am here, dear aunt."

"Rosa, it is Max whose name I told you of in my will. Max, she loves you! God bless you both. Is not this Thanksgiving day?"

"Yes," Max whispered.

"I thank Thee, Heavenly Father," said the dying Christian "that Thou lettest Thy servant depart in peace!"

The dying eyes were raised for a moment, and then the head fell heavily upon the arm that held her so tenderly.

Thanksgiving day at Brookhaven seldom finds Mr. and Mrs. Poulson absent from the old homestead. There is no festive gathering on that day, but quietly and happily many have

passed since the gentle Mrs. Chase died, while the day never yet closed without a visit to a marble stone in the churchyard, and an offering of fresh flowers decking Aunt Sarah's last resting place.

North Kennebec Agricultural Society.

PREMIUM LIST, 1869.

The following list of premiums and committees, for the Show and Fair of 1869, has been arranged by the Trustees, the exhibition to be held at the Society's grounds in Waterville, on Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 5th and 6th:—

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:
 LEVI A. DOW, BENJ. MITCHELL,
 AMBROSE H. DUNBAR, M. N. SOULE,
 G. A. PARKER.

MARSHAL, to be named.

LEVI A. DOW.

HORSES.

For best Stallion, which has been kept one service season within the limits of the Society, \$10; second do, \$5; third do, \$3; fourth do, Vol. Reports.

Best Breeding Mare, \$5; second do, \$3; third do, \$2; fourth, Vol. Reports.

Best pair of Matched Horses, \$3; second, Vol. Reports.

Best Family Horse, \$3; second, Vol. Reports.

Best Walking Horse, \$3; second, Vol. Reports.

Committee on Stallions, Breeding Mares and Sucking Cows.—H. P. Cousins, Waterville; J. S. Gifford, Fairfield; E. Woodman, W. Waterville.

Committee on Matched, Family and Walking Horses.—Ruel Howard, Waterville; Frank Lawrence, Fairfield; Henry Wyma, Belgrade.

CATTLE.

Best three year old, \$3; second, 2; third, Vol. Reports.

Best two year old, \$3; second, 2; third, Vol. Reports.

Best one year old, \$3; second, 2; third, Vol. Reports.

Best Sucker, \$2; second, 1; third, Vol. Reports.

Committee.—Chester R. Drummond, Winslow; Henry Perry, Waterville; Wm. Gifford, Fairfield.

The exhibition of all horses and colts will take place on the second day of the Show, at 9 o'clock A. M.

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one farm, \$3; second, 2; third, Volume of Reports.

Best flock, ten or more, Long Wool Sheep, from one farm, \$3; second, 2; third, Volume Reports.

Best thoroughbred Merino Buck \$3; second, 2.

Best thoroughbred Long Wool Buck, \$3; second, 2.

Best thoroughbred Medium Buck, \$3; second, 2.

Best Grade Buck, \$2; second, 1.

Best six or more Fine Wool Ewe Lambs, \$2; second, 1.

Best six or more Medium Wool Lambs, \$2; second, 1.

Best six or more Long Wool Lambs, \$2; second, 1.

Best two or more thoroughbred Merino Buck Lambs, \$2; second, 1; third, Vol. of Reports.

Best two or more thoroughbred Medium Wool Buck Lambs, \$2; second, 1; third, Vol. Reports.

Best two or more thoroughbred Long Wool Buck Lambs, \$2; second, 1; third, Volume Reports.

Best two or more grade Buck Lambs, \$1.

Best ten Fat Sheep, \$2; second, 1.

Satisfactory certificates of pedigree on thoroughbreds will be required.

Com.—Chas. K. Sawtelle, Waterville; H. G. Abbott, N. Vassalboro'; John Hunnewell, China.

OX TEAMS.

Best Team of Oxen, from one town, eight or more pairs, \$3; second, 2.

Best Team of Steers, from one town, eight or more pairs, \$2; second, 1.

Com.—Winthrop Morrill, Waterville; Galen Hoxie, Fairfield; Nathan Wellington, Albion.

SWINE.

Best Boar, \$2; second, Volume Reports.

Best Breeding Sow, \$2; second, Volume Reports.

Best Litter of Pigs, five or more, \$2; second, Volume Reports.

Com.—Jos. P. Garland, Winslow; Henry A. Archer, Fairfield; Henry Morrill, Waterville.

HERDS.

Best herd, not less than ten in number, and including at least eight breeding animals, from any one farm, \$20; second, 15; third, 10; fourth, 5.

Com.—Daniel Jones, Fairfield; Moses E. Penney, Waterville; Weymouth Jones, Winslow.

TROTTER HORSES.

For Fastest Trotting Stallion, \$10; second, 6; third, 3.

For Fastest Trotting Mare or Gelding, \$8; second, 4; third, 2.

For Fastest Trotting Mare or Gelding, five years old, which has never trotted a mile in less than three minutes, \$5; second, 2.

For Fastest Trotting Mare or Gelding, under five years old, \$5; second, 2.

The trotting is to be in harness; and that of the first two classes must be inside of three minutes, and the last in less than three and a quarter, to take even the smallest premium.

Geo. Boardman, W. Waterville; Naham Tozier, Fairfield; R. P. Shores, Waterville.

PLOWING.

For best Plowing, with four oxen, or more \$6; second, 4; third, 2.

Com.—Chas. A. Dow, Waterville; Josiah Morrill, Waterville; Silas Hoxie, Fairfield.

CROPS, MANURES, ETC.

For best crop of Winter Wheat, twenty-five bushels to the acre, \$10; twenty bushels to the acre, 5.

For best crop of Spring Wheat, twenty-five bushels to the acre, \$10; twenty bushels to the acre, 5.

Best crop of Corn, sixty bushels per acre, \$5; second, 3; third, Volume Reports.

Best crop of Barley, forty-five bushels per acre, \$5; second, 2; third, Volume Reports.

Best crop of Oats, fifty bushels to the acre, \$4; second, 2; third, Volume Reports.

Best crop of Beans, half an acre or more, \$4; second, 2; third, Volume Reports.

Best crop of Peas, half an acre or more, \$4; second, 2; third, Volume Reports.

Best crop of Potatoes, one acre or more, two hundred and fifty bushels to the acre, \$5; second, 3; third, Volume Reports.

Best crop of Turnips, Carrots or Beets, one quarter of an acre or more, \$3; second, 2; third, Volume Reports.

Best Mixed Crops, on not less than one half acre, \$3; second, 2.

To entitle any one to a premium on crops, full statements must be made of the mode of culture, nature and condition of the soil, cost of raising, worth of crop, etc.; and attested certificates from two or more persons, will be required as to the correctness of the return. These premiums, let it be understood, will be awarded to the largest crops grown with the best economy.

Best experiment in saving and manufacturing Manure, showing an improvement upon any former method of manufacturing and saving it, \$4; second, 2; third, Volume Reports.

Full and definite statements, containing practical information of value to the public, will be required of those competing for these premiums.

Com.—The Trustees.

SAMPLES OF CROPS.

Best samples of Corn, Wheat, Rye, Peas, Barley, Potatoes, Turnips, Cabbages, Onions, Beets, Squashes, Pumpkins, Tomatoes, Melons, and Cauliflowers, one Volume of Reports each. These samples are to be shown at October Fair.

Com.—Andrew Archer, Fairfield; C. A. Chalmers, Waterville; James Flagg, Benton.

POULTRY.

Best lot of Hens, \$2; second, 1; third, Vol. Reports.

For best flock of Hens, ten or more, that shall yield the largest profit for the year, \$3; second, 2.

Best lot of Turkeys, \$2; second, 1; third, Volume Reports.

Best lot of Geese, \$2; second, 1; third, Volume Reports.

Best lot of Ducks, \$2; second, 1; third, Volume Reports.

Com.—N. Siles, Waterville; J. S. Craig, Waterville; Albert Jones, Fairfield.

FARMING OPERATIONS.

For best statement of Farming Operations, showing the amount invested in land; stock and tools—the cost of the several crops grown on the farm and what portion of it was for improvement, and also the entire estimated value of the crops and income of the farm, \$15; second best, \$10; third, 5.

Com.—The Trustees.

BUTTER, CHEESE AND BREAD.

Best lot of Butter, twenty pounds or more, \$5; second, 3; third, 2.

Best lot of Cheese, twenty pounds or more, \$5; second, 3; third, 2.

Best loaf of Brown, White or Barley Bread, \$2 each; second, 1.

Best loaf of Brown, White or Barley Bread, made and presented by a girl under sixteen years old, \$2; second, 1.

Best sample of Maple Sugar, or Maple Syrup, \$1; second, Volume Reports.

Best sample of Honey, or Apple, Currant or Cranberry Jelly, \$2; second, Volume Reports.

Written statements of the method of making Butter, Cheese and Bread must be presented in order to secure a premium.

Com.—J. Nye and Lady, Waterville; Seth Holway and Lady, Fairfield; N. O. Taylor and Lady, Vassalboro'.

FRUIT.

Best display of Apples of all kinds, \$3; second, 2; third, Volume Reports.

Best display of Fall Fruit, \$2; second, 1; third, Volume Reports.

Best display of Winter Fruit, \$3; second, 2; third, Volume Reports.

Best display of Plums, \$2; second, 1; third, Volume Reports.

Best display of Grapes, \$2; second, 1; third, Volume Reports.

Best display of Pears, \$2; second, 1; third, Volume Reports.

The same sample will be allowed to take but one of the above premiums.

Com.—Sam'l. Jenkins, Belgrade; L. W. Britton, Winslow; Asher H. Barton, Benton.

FARM IMPLEMENTS.

For best Sward Plow, \$2; second, Volume Reports.

Best Harrow or other Implement for pulverizing the soil, Volume Reports.

Best Ox Cart, Horse Cart, Hay Forks, Manure Forks, Shovels, Hoes, Axes, Scythes, Hand Rakes, Wheelbarrows, Hand Carts, Horse Hoes, or Yokes and Bows, Volume Reports each.

Best Seed Planter, Fan Mill, or Corn Shelter, Volume Reports each.

Best exhibition of Farm Implements from one farm, \$3; second, 3; third, 2; fourth, Volume Reports.

Best Stump Puller and Rock Lifter, \$2; second, Volume Reports.

Com.—Wm. H. Pearson, Vassalboro'; Obed Emery, Fairfield; George W. Hubbard, Waterville.

LEATHER AND LEATHER GOODS.

For best Tanned Calfskins, Sole and Upper Leather, \$1; second, Volume Reports.

Best Case of Cowhide Boots, two or more pairs of Calf Boots, \$1; second, Volume Reports each.

Best specimens of Ladies' Winter Boots or Children's Boots or Shoes for Winter, \$1; second, Volume Reports each.

Best double or single Harness, \$2; second, Volume Reports.

Com.—A. C. Robbins, Fairfield; H. C. Winslow, Waterville; Hiram Fishon, Vassalboro'.

HOUSEHOLD MANUFACTURES.

For best piece of Filled Cloth, Wool Flannel, Cotton Wool do., Wool Carpeting, Cotton and Wool do., Hearth Rug, Wool Shawl, Wool Cape or Bed Quilt, \$2 each; second, 1 each.

For best display of Fancy Needle Work, \$2; second, 1.

Com.—Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Percival; Mr. and Mrs. John U. Hubbard; Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Marston.

GIRL'S WORK.

For best Bed Quilt, Plain or Fancy Needle Work, Mending Clothing, or Knitting Stockings, \$1.

Com.—Prof. Hall, C. P. Blaisdell, Doa. Stevens.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

For best Bouquet of Cut Flowers, \$1; second, 50 cents.

Best display of Millinery from any one shop, \$1.

Best display of Fancy Goods from any one shop, \$1.

Best display of Dry Goods from any one shop, \$1.

Best display of Hardware and Cutlery from any one shop, \$1.

Best display of Dentistry, \$1.

Rest Collection of Insects destructive to vegetation, \$3.

Com.—T. G. Kimball, Moses Getchell, Sam'l Hitchings, Mr. Newhall.

PINE ARTS.

Com.—Mr. and Mrs. Maxham; Mrs. Hoag; Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Carleton.

Rules and Regulations.

Entries of animals and articles for premiums may be made with the Secretary, any time previous to the first day of the Show, and must be made at any rate before 10 o'clock of said day, as at that hour the papers will pass into the hands of the committees, after which entries will not be received. Blanks to be filled by competitors, may be had of the Secretary, when the entries are made, which must be returned to him before the awards are made by the committees.

All animals except horses of all kinds must be on the ground and in the place assigned by the Marshals by 10 o'clock on the first day of the Show, and competitors must remain with their animals until the committees have completed their examination.

Entries of Crops and Manures must be made with the Secretary before the first Monday in December; and the statements required by law must be furnished before any awards will be made.

All manufactured articles must be produced within the limits of the Society to entitle them to the premiums; but any article deemed worthy, though of foreign production, will receive the attention and commendation of the Committees.

No person will be allowed to draw a premium on animals not his own, nor if misrepresentations are made in regard to age, etc.

The attention of competitors is invited to the following requirement of the law:—"It shall be the duty of every society applying for the bounty of the State to require of all competitors for premiums, either upon animals, crops, dairy products, improvement of soils or manures, a full and accurate statement of the process or method of rearing, managing, producing and accomplishing the same, together with its cost and value, with a view of showing the profits and benefits derived or expected therefrom."

In addition to the above premiums, liberal notices and gratuities will be given for any article, implement, or machine that will facilitate and lessen the labor of the farmer, or that of his wife and family; but committees are enjoined not to give the endorsement of the Society to any article which does not deserve it.

Hay will be furnished for the stock on the Show Ground.

All committees on Stock are requested to report themselves promptly to the Trustees or Marshals, who will show them the animals to be examined. The Committees on Articles at the Hall will be in session at 9 o'clock forenoon of Wednesday, and close their examination at noon.

Committees will understand that although an article or animal may be the best offered it is not to have a premium unless it is worthy, and it is recommended that all entries receive suitable notice even if not entitled to a premium.

Dinner will be provided for the committees on the Grounds on Tuesday.

All committees who do not previously decline, will be expected to appear and serve on the occasion.

Arrangements have been made with Ticonic and Fairfield Bridges, for the passage of stock, and one driver with each lot.

Arrangements will be made at the Town Hall, for the exhibition of manufactured and such other articles as may be presented; and a competent committee will have charge of them to take proper care and arrange them in the best manner for exhibition; and all articles entered for premium or exhibition, must be in the hands of the committee at the Hall at or before 2 o'clock of the first day of the Show, and must remain in their places until 4 o'clock of the second, and must be exhibited without the name of the owner. At the time of making the entry, the Secretary will furnish a number for each article, which must be permanently attached.

The Hall will be opened to the public at 7 o'clock on Tuesday evening with a Farmers' Levee—with instrumental and vocal music, and a pleasant social time,—and also at 8 o'clock on Wednesday morning and continue open through the day.

Wednesday afternoon at Town Hall, the reports of the premiums will be announced and such other business attended to as may come before the Society.

The payment of one dollar constitutes a person a member of the Society, and entitles him to all its privileges, which are—a free ticket to the Show and Fair for himself, his Lady and minor children, and the use of the library for one year.

Tickets of admission to persons not members, to the Show Ground, 25 cents, and to the Fair 15 cents. Carriages free to Show Ground. License for the occupancy of land, for the sale of merchandise or refreshments, two dollars for each square rod.

D. R. WING, SECRETARY.

Waterville Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DAN. R. WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... SEPT. 17, 1869.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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

Advertisers abroad are referred to the A. M. name above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS

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

LETTER FROM THE FAIR.

NOTES ON THE SPOT—THURSDAY.

Of fairs and camp-meetings—and I might add all other out-door gatherings that collect the multitudes of old and young, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, upon a common platform and in a common sunshine, under the whole world's great sky—of all such out-door institutions I have a growing appreciation. I used to see only religion, and but little of that, at a camp-meeting. Now I see a growing humanity that points to a closer brotherhood than that of Paul and Apollous; because it don't stand for trifles. A good wholesome revival of religion comes harmoniously with sweet sunshine and fresh air; and "the groves were God's first temples" for this very reason. If they had continued so, the ark that saved Noah would not have been called for. High steeples were a poor substitute—the artistic for the natural in the upward pointing. The world goes back toward its first love when the pure in heart see God among the trees at the camp-meeting. If I were a "Camp-meeting John" I should not dare to say this; but I am not, you know.

Agricultural fairs are only a kind of farming camp-meeting. They kiss the world's same cheek in the way of "peace on earth and good will to men," women and children. We learn to like them just in proportion as they make us democratic; and the more we mix in them the more democratic we grow, from upper-crust to mudsill. We cannot help it. Broadcloth and stable frocks rub against each other, and bear the same odor. Silk and calico pay the same admission fee and have the same rights. The plowboy's filly comes in ahead of the nabob's fancy, and the fattest oxen and sheep have grazed in the poor man's pasture. It can't be helped—merit is the test. Good stick and gold-headed cane are measured together, and the winning stick is that which gives the best blows. Fairs and camp-meetings, I say, with their numerous relatives, are grading a common track, to which broad and narrow gauge shall be obsolete terms, and over which the great train that carries religion, civilization and humanity, is to take along no "second class cars."

But I made brief notes of Prof. Fernald's talk Tuesday evening, which is more orthodox than my own, and I refer to it.

He first considered what the young farmer should not study. This of course would depend

much upon his means and the time he could give to his education. He should not neglect the ancient languages if he was to get his living by tilling the soil. It was even questioned by many whether this study would aid him in getting a knowledge of botanical terms. Botany is a pleasing study, especially in connection with agriculture; but unless he has time first to become familiar with more important subjects—the nature of soils, what manures and what crops are adapted to each, how to plow and underdrain, &c., he had better leave the study of flowers to his mother and sisters.

"What shall the young man study?" Mathematics was first named. He should be able to keep in good form an account of all his farming operations, and to reckon his losses and gains. Surveying, also, was important, enabling him to lay out and measure his land and ascertain boundary lines. Civil engineering, in its adaptation to the laying out and grading of roads, which is often the work of farmers, was also a useful study. Chemistry, vegetable physiology, geology, the veterinary art, and zoology were also enumerated. The French and German languages were useful, not only because many of the best agricultural and scientific works are written in them, but because the farmer must often employ laborers who use no other. Very properly he urged a good knowledge of the English language. On this last point the Professor did not give for a reason, that it would enable the young farmer to write intelligible communications for the agricultural papers, but the reporters looked as though they thought this would be a clincher to the argument.

"How shall he study?" In a practical way, instead of the tedious process of text books. He more than even suggested that the time was coming—or ought to be coming—when text books would be out of use. His audience listened closely at this point, and looked as though they wanted to inquire how long he thought it would be before this scientific Hegira would manifest itself. The discourse as a whole was honorable to the institution of which the Professor is a strong pillar.

One of the sunniest and sweetest mornings that ever smiled from heaven, reveals the havoc of one of the wildest nights of half a century. I hardly know my whereabouts in relation to what I saw here yesterday. Fences blown down, stalls and sheds mutilated and demolished, and tents entirely disappeared from their places, give a new face to the whole scene. But the work of repair goes on with a rush, and every animal is here, and uninjured. Only a single sufferer—a man had some teeth knocked out by a flying board—but the dentist made them, and can repeat his work. It is more than strange that the injury was not ten fold greater, especially to animals. As to the pecuniary loss, the exhibition is good for it, and money left—I guess.

But this is no place to think, as my letters show; and my next must be written at the Mail office.

SENIOR.

N. E. FAIR PREMIUMS.—We are glad to see that Kennebec took an honorable share of the premiums, and therefore we detail some of the best.

Short-horns—Levi A. Dow, Waterville, 1st on bull Matadore Jr., 2nd on 2 yr-old heifer, 2nd on yearling. Warren Percival, Vassalboro', 2d for best herd, 2d on best 3 yr old cow.

Herefords—Burleigh & Shores, Fairfield, sweepstakes on bull and on cow "Hebe," medal for herd, 2d on bull calf, 2d on 4 yr-old cow, 1st and 2d on 3 yr-old cow, and 2d on 2 yr-old heifer. Wm. P. Blake, W. Waterville, 1st on bull calf, 1st on 4 yr-old cow, and 1st on 2 yr-old heifer. W. P. Cummings, W. Waterville, 1st on bull calf, 3d on 3 yr-old cow.

Jerseys—Dr. Boutelle, Waterville, 1st on bull "Humboldt," 1st on cow, 1st on yearling. Joshua Nye, 1st on calf.

Grades—Geo. E. Shores, 3d on herd of grade Herefords. Warren Percival, 2nd on grade Durham calves. H. C. Burleigh, 1st on calves. Burleigh & Shores, 1st on working oxen, 1st on cow, 1st on grade Hereford calves.

Horses—Henry Taylor, late of Waterville, 1st on saddle horse, 2d on fancy matched horses. T. S. Lang, 2d on stallions for general use, (Draco Prince taking 1st.) H. B. Jones, Fairfield, 2d on 4 yr-old stallion, 3d on 3 yr-old. Wm. Abbott, Vassalboro', 1st on 2 yr-old Knox stallion. J. H. Gilbreth, Kend. Mills, 3d on colt "Knox-them-all." Mr. Gilbreth also took the first stallion trotting purse of \$400, and a purse of \$150. Ora Crosby, Albion, took purse of \$250, with his "Plato," in 2:50.

Sheep—Eph. Maxham, Waterville, diploma for Spanish Merino buck "Green Mountain Boy."

Poultry—H. A. Archer, Fairfield, 1st on Aylesburg ducks.

Flour—W. H. Pearson, Vassalboro', diploma for flour from his "Mammoth Wheat."

WEST WATERVILLE SAVINGS BANK, which was organized and commenced business on the 10th of May, has deposits amounting to over \$7000 from 58 depositors. Its office is in Hatch's new block, in which has been placed a thoroughly constructed fire and burglar proof safe, manufactured by the American Steam Fire Proof Safe Co. The Trustees of the institution are—John Ayer, A. P. Benjamin, W. H. Hatch, B. C. Benson, and J. D. Emerson; John Ayer is President, and G. T. Stevens Treasurer and Secretary. It will be a very convenient and useful institution in that locality.

CUBA.—In view of the recent successes of the revolutionists, and hints of recognition by the United States, Spain has dispatched a force of 24,000 men to Cuba, and may send a fleet of iron clads.

OUR TABLE.

THE INNOCENTS ABROAD, or the New Pilgrim's Progress. By Mark Twain. Published by the American Publishing Co., Hartford, Conn.

Here, now, is a book that everybody will like. We have had one enjoyable narrative of the steamship Quaker City's pleasure excursion to Europe and the Holy Land, from the officer in command, Capt. C. C. Duane; and now, in a large and very handsome volume of over 650 octavo pages, illustrated with the same spirited and beautiful engravings, we have the same scenes and incidents appearing to our well known humorist, Mark Twain, who, as one of the pilgrims. While it is full of food for mirth, the author does something better than to provoke laughter, and the reader will probably get a more, matter-of-fact and correct idea of things abroad, than from any other source.

Mark Twain, always interesting, in this book has out-ripped himself. It is instructive, humorous, rare, full of quaint expressions that make you laugh unexpectedly, and before you are quite ready; critical, sometimes caustic, but always good natured; never prosy or wearisome. You begin the book, and do not want to leave it till the last line is reached. Mark never describes a place, or sees a sight as others do. He is intensely original; and there, is where the charm lies.

It is a work pre-eminently adapted for home reading aloud, and will invariably call up around the fireside a spirit of mirth and congeniality. No one can read its pages without feeling there is still beauty and sunshine in the world. If there is not an immense sale for this book we shall be greatly disappointed. We shall give our readers extracts from the book occasionally, and we may have something more to say of it hereafter.

It is sold only by subscription, and is a very desirable book for wide-awake agents. See publisher's advertisement in another column.

BEYOND THE MISSISSIPPI: from the Great River to the Great Ocean. Life and Adventure on the Prairies, Mountains, and Pacific Coast. By Albert D. Richardson, author of "Flood, Danger and Escape," etc. Published by the American Publishing Company, Hartford, Conn.

A new edition of a charming book of travel and adventure in the great west, written down to the summer of 1869, containing a new map, and more than two hundred illustrations, from photographs and original sketches of the prairies, deserts, mountains, rivers, mines, cities, Indians, trappers, pioneers, and great natural curiosities of the new states and territories, with numerous portraits of eminent men, including a fine one of Schuyler Colfax, on steel. To prove that it is eminently a readable book, we have but to quote a letter from Beecher:—

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

A. D. RICHARDSON.—Dear Sir:—Politeness obliges me to thank you for your book; but truth, too, has some claims on me, and I am bound to say that the thing is a nuisance. Last night I ought to have written two hours, but getting hold of the book, I dipped in, and kept dipping till my time was all used up. This morning, after breakfast, my wife put the Bible in my lap, and set down to family prayers; but I wanted to read her just a snatch or two. After a while, she says: "Are you going to have prayers, my dear?" "Certainly—in a moment—near this—". It is now nearly nine o'clock, my duty neglected, and like to be. My dear Sir, if you write any more such books don't send them to me. The sprightly thing is a perfect moth of time.

Truly Yours,

H. W. BEECHER.

Sold only by subscription, and agents will do well to read the advertisement of the publishers in another column.

AMERICAN COMMERCIAL LAW FOR BUSINESS MEN, by Franklin Chamberlain of the United States Bar, is a volume of nearly a thousand pages, bound in law calf published by O. D. Case & Co., Hartford. This work is very different from the ordinary "every-man-his-own-lawyer" books with which the country is flooded. It is the work of an accomplished practical lawyer and a scholar. It treats of Property Agency, Agreement or Contract, Sales, Liens, Title by Gift, Negotiable Paper, Guaranty or Suretyship, Bailments, Partnership, Corporations, Payment, Interest and Usury, Insurance, Bonds, Arbitrations, Assignments, Bankruptcy, Limitations, Title to Property, Mortgages, Landlord and Tenant, Marriage and Divorce, Wills, Highways, Patents, Copyright, Tender and Shipping. A valuable appendix contains a summary of the homestead and exemption laws of the different States, of laws relating to the property rights of married women, and of the regulations relating to stamps. Published by O. D. Case, of Hartford. See advertisement in another column.

PLANCHETTE'S BIOGRAPHY is the title of a neat little pamphlet, written by Mr. M. D. Wellcome, and published for the benefit of the "Select Social Library" of Yarmouth. It gives, briefly, a complete history of the origin of this little wonder, which has been denominated "the Despair of Science," with the various theories respecting it. The author's own conclusion, it may be well to state, is that the phenomena connected with the "little phink," like all spiritual manifestations, so-called, are of demoniacal origin. Price 10 cts., or two copies for 15 cts. It can be obtained by addressing the author, M. D. W., Box 41, Yarmouth, Me.

THE WEST VILLAGE is growing steadily and improving in all directions; and it is a healthy growth, for it proceeds from the root and is based on labor. All the various manufacturing establishments are in a flourishing condition, and some are extending their operations.

On several of the buildings recently erected there—stores, dwellings, &c.—we notice they have put flat roofs, covered with Warren's Fire and Water Proof composition, which is said to give the best satisfaction, and which is much more economical than shingles. Mr. G. C. Haynes, the operating agent, who lives at West Waterville, has put on a great amount of this roofing this season, both at home and abroad.

In strolling about the West village, on election day, we found, that even in this unfortunate year of scarcity, one man has been favored with a good yield of fruit, and that is Dr. S. A. Allen, who owns the Dr. North place, which commands a very pleasant outlook at the foot of Snow Pond. Notwithstanding the gale shook off bushels, several of his trees have a burden of choice fruit, more than they can well carry.

FARMER'S CONVENTIONS.—Two public meetings of the Maine Board of Agriculture are to be held at different points in the State, at which addresses and lectures will be delivered and papers read on various subjects related to agriculture, to be followed by discussions, in which the farmers are invited to participate. S. L. Goodale, Esq., Secretary of the Board, gives notice that the first of these will be held at the City Hall, Bangor, on the 20th, 21st and 22d of October, and that the second will be held in some other part of the State, probably in Dec. or Jan.

The Portland Press mentions several probable candidates for the Speakership of the Maine House of Representatives, expressing the opinion that Reuben Foster, Esq., our representative, will prove the strongest.

Rev. S. F. Smith, D. D., of Newton, Mass., will preach at the Baptist Church next Sabbath afternoon.

VOTE OF WATERVILLE.

FOR GOVERNOR.—Joshua L. Chamberlain 239; Franklin Smith 205; Nathan G. Hichborn 159.

FOR SENATORS.—Thos. S. Lang 296; Joshua Gray 290; George E. Minot 203; Francis E. Webb 82. F. E. Webb 151—233; G. W. Quimby 156; Eli Jones 197; Thos. L. Stanton 205; Chas. A. White, 205; Bradford Sawtelle 198.

COUNTY ATT'Y.—Francis E. Webb 201; Ezra Kempton 239; Emory O. Bean 209.

COUNTY TREAS.—Alanson Starks 290; Vassal D. Pinkham 205; C. B. Cates 158.

COUNTY COM'R.—Mark Rollins Jr., 289; Whitaker 205; Alfred Winslow 158.

REP. TO LEG.—Reuben Foster 375; Winthrop Morrill 204; G. A. Phillips 2; James Stackpole 1.

No separate nomination of representative was made in Waterville, temperance men participating in the caucus that selected Mr. Foster as a candidate; but his name was cut from the Hichborn ticket by many voters, when they learned that, although in favor of a State Police, he would yet vote for Mr. Chamberlain.

Mr. Hayward's Concert, Monday evening, was first class in its kind, taking the rare compliment, in this place, of a good house the second evening. Its comic element was choice, consisting mainly of imitations of characters actually seen in human life, and given with no offence to modesty or good taste. As a whole, very few similar entertainments have been so pleasant and satisfactory to all.

THE SOMERSET MUSICAL ASSOCIATION will hold its seventh annual Convention at Cornhill Hall, Skowhegan, commencing Sept. 28, and continuing four days. It will be under the direction of Prof. L. O. Emerson, and the music will be selected with special reference to Church Choir practice. An Orchestra of 10 pieces will aid the Convention. Tickets for the course, \$1.25. Concerts on Thursday and Friday evenings.

Mrs. Appleton very properly concludes that a blacksmith shop on Main Street is out of place, and will put his newly purchased building into a different use. Mr. Walker, who has occupied it, is not compelled to go far away, as his neighbors and friends are glad to know, but will build a new and commodious shop just around the corner on Temple Street. To make room for it, the old shop, originally built by Mr. Josiah M. Haynes, and which stood there for so many years, has already been demolished, and the new building will go up immediately.

STATE ELECTION.—The returns indicate a falling off in the total vote of the State of about 33 per cent, and that it will not exceed 88,000. Chamberlain's majority will be about 7000; the democratic vote will be about 30,000; and Mr. Hichborn's vote will not exceed 5000.

The Republicans have carried every county but Knox, Lincoln and Aroostook, and the Senate will therefore stand 28 to 3. In the House, though they gain two members in York and one in Cumberland, the Democrat net gain will be eight or ten, leaving a large working majority for the republicans.

We give below the names of a few of the representatives:—

Augusta. A. B. Farwell, Joseph Baker, Albion, Ezra Priy, Benton. A. H. Bartoe; Hallowell, Isaac F. Thompson; Gardiner, D. C. Palmer; Sidney, John S. Cushing; Winthrop, Francis E. Webb; Hallowell, Warren R. Lewis; Waterville, Reuben Foster; Readfield, Gustavus Clark; Litchfield, Oramond Smith; Vassalboro', Orrick Hawes. Portland, Thomas E. Twitchell, Percival Bonney, Henry H. Burgess, Joshua Waterhouse. Bangor, James Dunning, Daniel White, S. F. Humphrey; Stetson, Lewis Barker; Argyle, Isaac Foster; Brewer, Charles Newcomb; Corinth, Benjamin Ball; Corinna, W. S. Allen; Dixmont, George R. Thorough; Edgington, Harvey D. Clark; Hampden, Nahum Warren; Levant, Enoch Leathers; Oldtown, Henry Brown; Orono, James S. Hamilton. Anson, William H. Brown; Skowhegan, Levi H. Folsom; Fairfield, Charles Conforth.

LATER.—A dispatch to the Bangor Whig, dated Augusta, Sept. 16, says:—

The returns from 331 cities and towns, give a total vote of 76,358.

Chamberlain has 41,671; Smith, 30,708; Hichborn, 3,979; Chamberlain's majority over both, 6,984; Hichborn's vote will not exceed 4,500 and Chamberlain's majority will be 7,500. The falling off on the total vote from last year will be 41,000. The Constitutional amendment giving to the right to divide in wards is passed, although the vote is very small. The Senate will stand 27 Republicans, 3 Democrats, 1 doubtful. George E. Minot of Kennebec has only 48 majority with one town to hear from. This disfection is owing to the railroad question, the friends of the broad gauge have generally opposed him. The House will probably stand 126 Republicans, to 25 Democrats.

We learn from Mr. Jordan, the telegraph operator in our village, that the Western Union Telegraph Company have come out with a new tariff book, in which great reductions have been made from current rates—the reduction to take effect on the first of next month.

Now get ready for the Show and Fair of the North Kennebec Agricultural Society, which will be held here on the 5th and 6th of next month. Bring in something to increase the attraction of the exhibition on the grounds or at the Hall. We hope to see one of the largest exhibitions we have ever had. Let each do his part and this hope may be fully realized.

BOSTON ORNAMENTAL IRON WORKS.—It will be for the interest of our readers to consult the advertisement of Messrs. J. L. Roberts & Co. Boston. Mr. R. was formerly Supt. of the Iron works of J. Warren Tuck & Co. and since their retirement from business had been their successor in this line. They do an extensive business both in wrought and cast iron, works and have an established reputation for integrity and mechanical skill.

