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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 25, No. 14): September 29, 1871

Maxham & Wing

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## THE COUNTRY LIFE.

BY R. H. SEEDARD.

Nor that we would, but what we must;  
 Makes up the sum of living;  
 Heaven is both more and less than just  
 In taking and in giving.  
 Swords cleave to hands that sought the plow,  
 And laurels miss the soldier's brow.  
 Me whom the city holds, whose feet  
 Have worn its stony highways  
 Familiar with its loneliest street,  
 It was never my ways.  
 My oracle was beside the sea,  
 And there, I hope my grave will be.  
 Old homestead!—in that old, gray town,  
 Thy name is seaward blowing!  
 Thy slip of garden stretches down  
 To where the tide is flowing;  
 Below they lie, their sails all furled,  
 The ships that go about the world.  
 Dearest that little country house,  
 The heart of my life!  
 Some perch trees with unfruitful boughs,  
 A well, with weeds to hide it;  
 No flowers, or only such as rise  
 Self-sown—poor things!—which all despise.  
 Dear country home! can I forget  
 The least of its trifles?  
 The window vines that clamber up,  
 Whose blooms the bee still riffs?  
 The roadside blackberries, growing ripe,  
 And in the woods the Indian Pipe?  
 Happy the man who tills his field,  
 Content with his labor!  
 Earth does to him her fullness yield,  
 Hap what may to his neighbor.  
 Well days, sound nights—oh, can there be  
 A life more rational and free?  
 Dear country life of child and man!  
 For both the best, the strongest,  
 That with the earliest race began  
 And has outlived the longest;  
 Their cities perished long ago;  
 Who the first farmers were we know.  
 Perhaps our Babes too will fall,  
 If so, my annotations;  
 For Mother Earth will shelter all,  
 And feed the unborn nations?  
 Yes, and the words that menace now  
 Will then be beaten to the plow.

[From Harper's Magazine.]

## STORY OF A HANDKERCHIEF.

[Concluded.]

Mr. James F. Willard was certainly a singular gentleman. He set a value upon that mustard poultice which was far beyond its commercial worth, and which might lead one to suppose either he meant to extract some capital out of it, or else that he labored under delusions concerning it. During the day he kept it in his pocket, feeling of it occasionally to make sure it was there. Toward night it became somewhat stale. His neighbors at the upper table perceived the fact. There were sniffing queries as to "that peculiar odor."

Consequently he carried the handkerchief to the laundress of the hotel, and asked her to wash it. But so fearful was he of losing it that he staid by her during the whole process of rinsing, drying, and ironing. When it was handed to him, nicely folded, with the name of Fanny Van Curler on the outside corner, he solemnly placed it in an inner breast pocket, next his heart, and conferred upon the laundress the disproportionate reward of two dollars.

"This is the most honored day of your life," he said, in a way which made Bridget grin and take him for a "funny old gentleman." "On the eighth o'clock train west was he next morning, furnished with a ticket through to New York. His only baggage was a small travelling satchel and an oblong box which evidently contained a guitar. It is to be supposed that he found the right conductor, and obtained some guiding information from him, for he left the cars at the sea-coast town of Guilford, and took the stage down to the Guilford Point House.

Meanwhile our two child-like and frolicsome Knickerbockers, far from suspecting the trouble that was journeying toward them, were having a jolly time. To people of their gay and contented natures one place furnished about as much happiness as another. Fred Van Curler could have but one vacation a year, and he was determined to get the utmost possible fun out of it; and his kitten of a wife was thoroughly like minded. I doubt whether any two Anglo-Saxons of American raising could have plucked half as much joy from trifles as these two American Hollanders.

Of course the remembrance of the nocturnal adventure helped along the merriment. It affected Fred Van Curler much like a dose of laughing-gas. It threw him every now and then into a spasm of giggling; it laid him out on the grass, and tickled him roundly. He laughed over it until his wife got impatient, and pouted out good natured protests.

Even as they talked thus Mr. James F. Willard was gazing at them. It must be remembered that they did not know him from Adam. Not even Fanny Van Curler could suspect that here was the man whom she had medicated. He passed and repassed them unnoticed; he halted near them, and stared at them intently; he got behind Fanny, and winked, one might say, vociferously. He was certainly a very seriously behaved gentleman, considering his respectable years and stoutness.

That night the moon was lovely. Fred and Fanny, dazzled with the to them novel beauties of the seaside, sat late at their window, looking out upon the gleaming waters. It was nearly midnight, and all was still in the grounds of the hotel, when, from the shadow of a tree beneath the window, rose an unmelodious bass voice, accompanied by a caterwaulish twanging upon a guitar.

"Oh!" cried Fanny, always as pleased as a child with a new incident, even if it was only a new noise. "Oh! a serenade! Somebody is being serenaded. Fred come to the window, quick! Oh, such a funny voice!"

Here the words became audible. The funny voice brayed forth as follows:

"O loving flame! O heavenly fire!  
 Elysium of untold desire!  
 I ask no sweeter happier lot  
 Than mustard poultice piping hot."  
 Imagine Fanny's dismay at the last line; she absolutely made a grimace like a scowled child. Fred looked at her with the air of a man whose first impulse is to laugh, but whose next thought is that a joke is being carried too far, and that he is justly called upon to be indignant. Too much astonished to utter a word, they were still staring at each other when the singer roared into this felicitous chorus—

"A marvel of poetical perspicuity:  
 "Round and round we go and blow;  
 Back and forth we dance and prance;  
 Here's the high and there's the low;  
 Let the jack and game advance."

While this dulcet strain was tickling the heavy ear of night they could distinctly see a stout figure expiring slowly in the shadow and swinging some object which was probably a guitar.

"Oh, isn't it mean? Isn't it hateful?" chattered Fanny, with a quick, sharp, pattering utterance unlike New England talk, or the general of Anglo-Saxon talk, but frequently enough heard among our North River Hollanders.

Fred also was annoyed. Like the race from which he sprung, he was good-natured, jovial, fond of jokes and not grimly fastidious as to their nature. Had not his wife's feelings been hurt he would not have cared how wildly the musical unknown enjoyed himself, and

would, indeed, have laughed convulsively at this extravagant song and this absurd dance. But Fanny being outraged, he also—an affectionate husband—felt himself outraged. Being, however, slow to kindle into active pugnacity, he had not yet decided what to do, and was only looking about vaguely for a convenient missile, when the jig ceased and the solo recommenced.

"O heaven on earth! O joyful lot!  
 I'll tie the lover's gordian knot!  
 I have my spirit's full desire—  
 A mustard poultice hot as fire."

Which was followed immediately by another walk around and the chorus—

"Round and round we go and blow;  
 Back and forth we dance and prance;  
 Here's the high and there's the low;  
 Let the jack and game advance."

We are sorry to say that at this point of the entertainment Fred seized the water-pitcher, with the intention of letting fly, pottery and all, at the head of the terpsichorean melodist.

"Oh, don't," implored Fanny, to whom as to every good wife, her husband's wrath was terrible. "Ah, don't kill him! Tell him to go away."

Mollified by a half embrace of a round arm, Fred contented himself with calling out of the window; "Here, you Sir! I, for one, don't like your music! Won't you have the kindness to stop it?"

"Don't you like it?" answered the voice in a tone of wonder. "What do you think of the words?"

"I think they are very impertinent," replied Fred, who was not as angry as he supposed he ought to be, being considerably puzzled by the absurd good faith and simplicity of the serenade.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the voice. "They are my own."

A moment's consideration of this statement brought Fred's wrath once more to pitcher throwing point.

"Now see here!" he shouted, grasping the pluvius missile—surely a fine combination of the moist and solid, a means of attack, fitted to dismay the most antagonistic temperaments—"now see here! If you don't clear out I'll smash your skull open—and water your brains!" he could not help adding, with half a smile.

In reply to this complicated threat there was a rush of stumbling steps from beneath the window, and the man of song and dance disappeared with a haste which seemed like a pre-arranged item of the performance, reminding one of the flying exit of a "nigger minstrel" at the close of his special sensation.

Next morning, nervous from a bad night's sleep, and bristling down his entire spine with a sense of insult, Fred made search for his tormentor. "No use; nobody else had seen any body else harnessed to a guitar. As for Mr. James F. Willard, his appearance, it noticed at all, was irreproachable; no one could suspect such an abdomen of serenading or any other light minded performance. How could any sane man suggest to himself that a sedate person of fifty odd years, with a girth of four feet or more about the waistband, would, go quavering and galloping about o' nights like a juvenile to tomat?"

Fanny wanted to make one more flight to evade her ungrateful patient. But Fred remonstrated; they could not afford to use up their little time and money on railroads; they must, he insisted, try it where they were for at least one more day.

During the morning they repaired to some rocks on the shore to watch the sunny rippling and swashing of the incoming tide. Discovering that she had left her parasol in the hotel, Fanny jumped up to go in search of it herself, after the self-helpful fashion of wives in our North River Dutchland. But Fred caught her, pulled her back, laughing to her seat, and ran off after the missing necessary. Scarcely had he disappeared ere she was approached by an elderly gentleman with a ruddy visage and a projecting waistcoat, who for aught she knew, was the President of the United States, but who, as we are aware, was Mr. James F. Willard. Fanny's impression of him was that he was a fatherly old personage, a successful and perhaps retired merchant or other man of business, who wanted to prattle with her about seaside scenery, and with whom there could be no harm in prattling. For the moment, possessed by the beauty of the ocean, she had forgotten her mysterious tormentor.

"I beg pardon, madame," said the stranger, "is this Mrs. Van Curler?"

She had been so little time married that she was still in a state of mind to be flattered by the sound of her matrimonial name and by the title of madame. She looked up with a smile of pleasure, and said in her simple kitchen way, "Yes, Sir."

"Then, madame," he continued, "I may have the satisfaction of believing that this is your property?"

He held up the very handkerchief—the little old, ragged handkerchief—which had contained the poultice.

If Fanny did not suffer as many agonies as a dying dolphin, she turned as many colors. At first she stared, speechless; then she weakly stammered out, "No;" then she recovered her spunk and said, sharply, "Yes, Sir; give it to me."

"Ah, madame, allow me to keep it," implored the stout gentleman kissing the bit of linen. "It is to me a precious memento. Never shall I forget your attention. I am your slave forever."

Then he kissed the handkerchief again, and tucked it away gently in his breast pocket.

"I didn't mean it for you," burst out Fanny as simply as an angered child, which, indeed, was what she was. "My husband was sick. I was taking care of him. I have nothing to do with you, Sir. I wish you would leave me."

"Oh, don't say it wasn't for me!" gasped Mr. Willard, laying his fat poultice of a hand on his distressed bosom. "It was the most delicate little attention that I ever received in my life. It went straight to my heart. Oh, don't say it wasn't for me!"

"Go away, Sir!" ordered Mrs. Van Curler, a little puzzled, but thoroughly outraged. "I won't talk to you."

Instead of departing he turned and stared at Fred, who was now approaching.

"Is that your husband?" he asked, dropping his voice into an awful bass, as if he had let it down into a sepulchre.

"Yes," answered Fanny, hoping to frighten him away.

"He's as mad as a March hare," continued Mr. Willard, still in the same impressive bass.

Fanny looked up in surprise, querying for the first time whether the stranger was out of his wits, for up to this moment the idea had been predominant with her that she was being causelessly insulted.

"Don't be alarmed!" exhorted the officious Willard. "He shan't hurt a hair of your precious head. I'll protect you."

Fanny's sole answer was to run to Fred, catch him by the arm, and drag him away. But the young fellow had learned from a waiter that this was the man with the guitar, and his marital soul was bent on vengeance.

"Look here, Sir!" he called, breaking away from Fanny and advancing on the stranger. "I want a word with you. You are the person who sang an impertinent song under my window."

"Impertinent! No, Sir!" declared the stout gentleman. "I wrote it myself. I wrote it in praise of that lady. I owe her a debt of gratitude, Sir. I will pay it. I am hers, Sir; hers, body and soul. You can't prove to the contrary. I defy you."

As Mr. Willard here fell to dancing and snapping his fingers, Fred ceased his threatening advance, and muttered, "The man is mad."

At this moment another personage joined in the dialogue. From behind a bowing alley, which stood conveniently at hand, glided a stout young fellow in a coarse morning suit, who softly approached the stout gentleman and touched him on the shoulder. The latter turned short, stared at the new-comer grinned in a sheepish style, and said, "Go way!"

"Well, Mr. Willard, are you ready to go back?" was the smiling reply of assured authority.

"No, I'm not quite ready," urged Mr. Willard. "Here's a lady who requires my protection. I'm under the greatest obligations to her. I don't want to leave her."

"Let me speak to her about it," said the stranger. He came up to Van Curler and whispered, "This gent has escaped from the Bloomingdale hospital for the insane. I am one of the keepers, and am here to take him back."

"It's all arranged, Mr. Willard," he continued, returning to the stout gentleman. "The lady is willing you should go. Come."

It was quite curious to see how sane in appearance the old fellow became the moment his back was turned upon Mrs. Van Curler, and he felt his arm in that of his legal mentor. He walked off with an air of placid respectability which would have gained him entry into any hotel in Christendom, or induced a bank cashier who did not know him to cash his note.

"There goes your patient," smiled Fred.

"You didn't effect much of a cure. You should have clapped the mustard on his head."

"You shabby thing!" pouted Fanny. "It was all for your sake that I got into that trouble. You shan't bring it up again. Oh dear!" she added.

"What is the matter?"

"He's gone off with my handkerchief, and it has my name on it."

"Too late," answered Fred. "There he goes, whipping off for the train. Well, he's only a lunatic; let him have it. We shan't hear of it again."

A year or so after this adventure Van Curler had obtained a permanent position on a leading journal, which, together with his other sources of literary gain, enabled him to risk the costly experiment of housekeeping. Too poor to sport a brown-stone front, or anything like it, he took a flat, or suit of apartments, consisting of parlor, bedroom, servant's room, kitchen, and store room. His wife, a girl of the by-gone period, as we have already hinted, got along with a cook merely, and did her own bed-making, sweeping, and dusting—a gay, contented, healthy little speck of a housewife, as busy and chirrupy as a robin building her nest.

One Sunday, hardly a week after the opening of this paradise, she rushed in upon her husband with a cluck of alarm: "Oh, Fred! who do you think I've seen in the passage?"

"Giant Despair?" inquired Fred, who, like many husbands was inclined to make fun of his wife's excitements.

"The man who plagued us so; the madman with the guitar!"

"Oh! Your patient? Has he got out again? Did he say anything? Did he renew his declarations?"

"Ain't you ashamed, Fred? No. He didn't speak. He didn't even look at me in any particular way."

"He's recovered his reason," observed the husband, with a grin; but the joke was lost on Fanny, who failed to laugh and say, "You mean thing!" Thus disappointed of his usual reward for a witticism on his wife, Fred developed a certain amount of pugnacity, proposing to look up Mr. Willard and turn him out of the house, or, perhaps, capture him and take him back to the asylum. These absurd projects being overruled by Fanny, he consented to go to Central Park for a walk.

At the Park a new adventure—sudden thunder-storm and no umbrella—hasty run for an unfinished building. Fanny would have got thoroughly soaked had not a stout, red-faced gentleman dropped out of the clouds of accident to cover her with his umbrella during the scamp. Arrived under shelter, she looked at her preserver, and recognized the nocturnal melodist. Fred knew him also, and the lunatic apparently knew them; he had, at least, enough of his wits about him for that purpose. Here was a situation; no running away possible; one might as well have it out.

"Well, Sir!" began Fred, judging that as he was sane, he ought to speak first.

"Sir?" inquired Mr. Willard, who at that moment did not appear very crazy.

"Don't you know that you ought not to be here?" continued Fred, sternly.

"May I beg to know where I ought to be?" answered the other, in quite a rational, self-possessed, and gentlemanly manner.

Now to tell a decently behaved person that he ought to be in a mad-house, is certainly awkward, and possibly unsafe. After a moment's consideration, Fred observed, more blandly than before, "perhaps I am mistaken in the person. If so, I beg pardon."

"No excuse is necessary," replied the stout gentleman, with admirable good nature and courtesy.

Fred was excessively puzzled, and moreover, his curiosity was roused. He was pretty sure of his man, but, at the same time, he was not sure that the man was now out of his head, and he presently decided to test him with a little conversation.

"I mistook you for a—I beg your pardon for the blunder—but I really took you for an insane individual whom I once met," he began.

"By-the-way, it is a very interesting subject, that of insanity—the more interesting because it can not always be distinguished from sanity."

"You are right, Sir," replied the stout gentleman. "The boundary between the two conditions has never been properly defined, and probably never will be. The truth is that they run into each other and overlap each other at a thousand points. Take a man, for instance, who is tormented with dyspepsia, and who, under its irritation, makes mountains out of molehills. He is sane before dinner, and insane after dinner. He is sane on the larger subjects of life, where he must absolutely bring his reason into play, and in-sane with regard to the little household worries which drive him into fits of storming and swearing. He is sane before strangers, and insane in the circle of his family. Again, take a young man who is led by passion to commit a crime which in his cooler moments he abhors; he will confess, 'I was mad when I did it,' and I question whether he does not speak the exact truth. Do you say that insanity is permanent? Remember that the mad have their fits, just like the dyspeptic, just like the wild youth. There are women in good society who are permanently irrational on dress. There are men in large business who are permanently irrational on speculations. People are sane on one subject and insane on others, or they are sane at one time and insane at others. Depend upon it, that if all who are ever at any time mad should be shut up for life, very few human beings would remain out of asylums. If the whole world is not crazy, it is, at least, skipping back and forth across the borders of craziness."

Fred was amazed at the logic of a discourse which flattered him by agreeing with his own theories. While seeming to listen, he took occasion to stroll near his wife, and whispered, "It can't be the man."

"It is, it is," whispered Fanny, who, woman-like, trusted to her senses rather than to intellectual deductions. "Do keep away from him."

The stranger must have heard her remarks. At all events he answered appropriately.

"I believe that you remember me," he said, with a smile in which there were both pathos and dignity. "I may as well confess that I am the person whom you take me for. Can you accept the apologies of a sane man for the vagaries of a lunatic?"

Tablous: Fanny staring and retreating. Fred staring and looking foolish.

"It is asking a great deal," acknowledged Mr. Willard, humbly.

"Oh, certainly not," mumbled Fred. "No, indeed. Very happy, I'm sure."

"Very possible you doubt my care," continued Willard. "I can show you letters from my doctor admitting it, if you care to see them. Not that they signify much. The very experts continually blunder. They walk in a blind man's buff. But if you will deign to accept of my acquaintance, I believe I can satisfy you that I am as sane as most of the people who are at large. We live, I find, in the same building. It will be a great favor to me if you will allow me at least bow to you in passing."

Suspicious as Fred and Fanny still were, there was nothing for it but to grant this humble request.

"But how came you to remember us?" inquired the young man presently.

"Oh, my keeper learned some of the incidents of my escapade, and told me of them after my recovery. As for your name, I first got that from a handkerchief; I haven't the least idea how it came into my possession; perhaps you can tell me."

Fred, the irrepressibly jolly Fred, could not help bursting into a shriek of laughter at sight of Fanny's discomfited face.

"N, Sir; we can't tell you that," he said, as soon as he could speak. "At least, I dare not."

"Well, I found the name on the handkerchief," continued Willard, "and I subsequently saw it on your wife's trunk when you removed to our lodging-house. I very naturally inferred that you might be the person whom I annoyed at Guilford Point; and my old keeper, who called on me three days since, and caught sight of you, assured me of the identity. Of course I was anxious to apologize for my misdeeds. I am very grateful to you for allowing me to do so."

The result of this interview was an acquaintance between the Van Curls and their whimsical serenade; but an acquaintance which was for some time of the "good-morning" sort. Fanny had her special reason for not recollecting him with pleasure, and moreover, she doubted the sincerity of his reformation in the matter of sanity, believing that he might turn up crazy at any moment if the fancy took him. But Mr. Willard held on so firmly to his wits, he was so forbearing in regard to pressing an intimacy, he was so respectfully courteous when he chanced to meet her, that he gradually won her confidence. It was evident, too, that he admired her, and, perhaps, no one's admiration is quite disagreeable.

"Are you aware that you have a wonderful wife?" he one day remarked to Van Curler.

"I did not suppose, before I saw her, that there was such a lady in New York. To see her going to market, sweeping her rooms, cooking, in short, and doing it capably and cheerfully—it is beautiful. You perceive that I keep myself informed about her. My servants bring me these pretty stories, and I can't help listening. It is like hearing about a millennium already in progress. Do they raise many such wives in your Dutch counties? But, alas! it is too late for me."

Fred was touched in the softest spot of his heart. Praise his wife—especially praise her for her wifely qualities—and you had him.

"You don't know her yet," he replied, proudly. "You must call on us."

And so Willard called, and there was a delightful friendship, even Fanny giving her hand to it.

"Do you know, Mrs. Van Curler," said the

old gentleman, "that there is an impression upon me as if I had known and admired you in some former state of existence? I dare say it is nothing but a vague recollection of my mania at Guilford. But it seems to me like a trace, a reflection, of some old and long friendship. I believe that I must adopt you as a relative, say as a niece."

Fanny smiling to this with one of her sunny smiles, Mr. Willard became known to her thereafter as Uncle James, a title which clearly went to the old fellow's heart. He seemed as devoted to the young wife as if he were really an uncle, or rather a father. Everything that she did was lovely in his eyes; he admired her house-work and sewing-work and knitting; he went into ecstasies over her economy. When she romped with her husband, tickling ribs or playing knock off hats, he cackled out a red-faced, short-breathed laughter, and beamed the love of forty ordinary uncles. Indeed, he was so addled with his admiration for this little chicken that whenever she challenged him to a scuffling match, and sent his best beaver-flying across the room, he roared with a delight which threatened immediate apoplexy.

Only once during these times were the old crazy days alluded to.

"Uncle James," said Fanny, "are you never going to give me back my handkerchief?"

"Not while I am alive," was the answer, "unless you tell me how I came by it."

"That you never shall know," she declared, making up a little defiant face at him.

But at last the old ragged bit of linen came into her possession. One sombre day, after Uncle James had been found dead in his elbow-chair, the handkerchief was also found, and in it his will. By this document Fanny and her husband inherited a property sufficient to make them comfortable for life.

"Out of my admiration and respect for the character of Frederick Van Curler, and for the womanly virtues, the industry, economy, and cheerful content of his wife Fanny Van Curler, I give and bequeath," etc., etc., etc., declared this exceedingly sane testator.

Let us hope that his admirable example may be wisely followed by rich old bachelors and childless widowers.

The housewifely virtues, it is currently reported, are not so common but that it might be well to occasionally reward one who exhibits them, *pour encourager les autres*.

## OUR TABLE.

PICTURES OF TRAVEL. By Hans Christian Andersen. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Riverside Press, Cambridge.

The series of Hans Christian Andersen's writings which Hurd & Houghton, the Riverside Press, have been issuing, is closed with this volume. The series contains Andersen's Romances, his Stories Told for Children, his Autobiography, and his Travels. These last have been introduced for the first time to an American audience, and the liveliness of the sketches, the shrewd observations, the quaint characterization and happy humor, have rendered them quite unique amongst books of travel. The present volume contains Andersen's adventures in the neighboring country of Sweden, among the Hartz Mountains, and in Switzerland and the Tyrol, where he was present at the performance of the "Passion Play," ten years ago; and closes with the narrative of a visit which he made to Charles Dickens just at the time when Douglass Jerrold's death had given occasion to a series of dramatic performances by Dickens, Wilkie Collins, and others, for the benefit of Jerrold's widow. The volume will be found to contain good illustrations of Andersen's genius.

For sale in Boston by Nichols & Hall, and in Water-ville by C. K. Matthews.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY FOR OCTOBER.—

"An Island on Fire" is the title of a graphic article on the great volcanoes of Hawaii, by Dr. T. M. Conn, with remarkably effective illustrations and a carefully prepared map. The "Last of the Pequods" is an interesting account (with a fine portrait engraving) of Eugene Malwee, the last of a powerful New England tribe of Indians, by Benson J. Lossing. In "Water, its Ways and Uses," we have a piece of popular science, set off by appropriate illustrations. The most important essay in the number, however, is Mr. Fancher's "Was Adam the First Man?" in which it is contended that the Moslem record itself furnishes "strong intimations that other nations than the descendants of Adam dwelt on the earth."

There is a capital paper by Edward Spencer, on "The Philosophy of Good Health;" a pleasant sketch of a "Summer Trip to Newfoundland," by S. G. W. Benjamin; a very bright story by Mrs. Walker: "The Clock Caddy and the Blue-Room;" and a strange story entitled "The Eleventh Cot," by Albert Webster, Jr. Wilfrid Cumberlande grows in interest as the story advances, and the lovers of MacDonald will be glad to learn that it will not be concluded for some time yet. In the poetry line we have some remarkable verses by H. E. Warner; "In the Valley of Shadows," an illustrated poem; "How the Storm Came," by W. E. D., with two shorter poems. The Editorial Department is unusually full and interesting. The page of Etchings is a characteristic sketch of a "New England Town Meeting," by Mr. Bush.

With the first number of the third volume (November), Scribner's Monthly will be enlarged, and greatly increased in popular interest. The price will hereafter be that of other popular magazines, \$4 a year, and the publishers promise to spare no pains or expense to make it the best magazine in the world.

Published by Scribner & Co., 645 Broadway, N. Y.

ELECTIC MAGAZINE.—The October number of this Magazine is at hand, and its contents are of more than usual interest. The article from the "Quarterly Review" on "Darwin's Descent of Man," is by far the ablest and most scientific attack that has yet been made on this remarkable book. Among the other articles of note, we enumerate the following: "Sir Walter Scott; the Herschels and the Star Depths; War, a Poem, by Hon. Roden Noel; A Festa in Venice; Pasty—Chapters XLII to XLVI; In Kametshats and the Country of the Koraks; The State Papers of France; The Literary Life—II; Marie of Villefranche; Pike County Balads; Medieval Goldsmiths; Continuation of the Deep-Sea Explorations; Marian May; Sir John Herschel; Art, Miscellaneous," &c. A fine portrait of the great astronomer, Sir John Herschel, embellishes the number. E. R. Pelton, Publisher, 108 Fulton Street, New York. Terms \$6 per year; two copies \$9; single copies 45 cents.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.—The Philadelphia "Age" says of this magazine:—"One of its specialties is the air of heatness, and, if we may so describe it, dressiness that surrounds it. Nothing about it is either careless or slovenly. The publishers, in this respect, have struck a popular vein, and at the same time, trusting not entirely to appearance, maintain a high standard of literary and artistic excellence." We may add that the October number is a good specimen of the characteristics of the "Age" refers to. Its principal engravings are really fine, and its stories are admirable. The pattern illustrations and the cover-table have a practical value for the ladies, and the Editorial Department has always its own peculiar interest. Published by Deacon & Peterson, Philadelphia, at 250 a year.

They have a Rogers case in Newport, R. I.; where the peculations of Mr. Charles D. Hammett, for many years the trusted and esteemed cashier of the Merchants' Bank have lately been discovered in this wise: A few days ago an assistant cashier was appointed, and the placing of the books and papers in his hands led to the discovery of Mr. Hammett's peculations which have extended over a period of 22 years, and have reached the sum of nearly twenty thousand dollars. Speculation or vicious courses, the usual delinquencies with derelict bank officers, seem to have not obtained here, but the sum taken was used by



## Waterville Mail.

RPH MAXHAM, DAN L. WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... SEPT. 29, 1871.



## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

The following parties are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions for the Mail and will do so at the same rates as the Mail office:

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T. C. EVANS, 108 Washington St., Boston.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS relating to edit or the business or editorial departments of the paper should be addressed to MAXHAM & WING, or WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE.

ONE OF THE LANDMARKS.—The road runs along the side of a range of broken hills and swells, with a quiet little silver lake filling the valley on the left. We (our friend is included) are going directly south, expecting in a few minutes to come upon China Village.

"If we were not in a hurry"—this was but a single working-day before election—"I should like to turn down this lane just ahead, and show you the old Lovejoy homestead."

The lane was but a short one, but its beginning, like that of the good man once its owner, was so much higher than its end, that we could already look into the top of the chimney of the venerable old flat-bottomed house. Just at the door our carriage stood upon level land, looking eastward over the narrow intervals that was once a further stretch of the upper or south end of "Lovejoy Pond." The dense orchard on our left hand, with two barns of considerable antiquity, prevented more than a glimpse of the sparkling waters of the pond. The orchard bore the marks of age, in harmony with which were the brown and broken rails and boards of the enclosing fence.

"There, in that orchard"—(our friend is quick to touch a point)—"old elder Lovejoy hung himself!"

We looked to see if any scrap of the rope dangled at a limb. But we were just at the door of the sorry looking old house, and had attracted the notice of a matronly looking woman at the window. She came to the door of the queer old box-like porch, as though expecting some curious inquiry. Our friend said we were only looking at the home of the Lovejoy family.

"Was it in the orchard there," he asked pointing, "that the old man hung himself?"

"No, it was in the smallest barn."

What a liar is common report!—that cannot utter the truth loud enough to be heard in its own neighborhood, while its falsehoods echo to the ends of the earth! Who has not heard of the good old Elder Lovejoy, who hung himself in his orchard?—and here is a living woman who says it was in the barn! Such an impeachment of the good man's taste in the matter of locating the only fact that is remembered of him! How strangely it sometimes depends upon one's death, how he shall "still live" in story!

"How old is this house, Mrs. C., do you know?"

"O, no, I don't know—how old. It's a very, very old house!"

Sure enough it was;—sadly old and careworn!—as though the one selfish sin that shut its builder from Christian burial, had also denied to his humble roof the cheap charities of a sanctimonious world. Moss, moss— from the top of the sagging roof down to the coarse grass that hid its rotting sills, it wore a pall of moss. So might the mantle of charity cover the old man's one sin against God and nature!

"You know the history of the Lovejoy boys?" inquires our friend—"one, Rev. E. P. Lovejoy, who was shot at Alton some thirty or forty years ago, for urging anti-slavery sentiments there?—another, Owen Lovejoy, a long time in Congress? O, how did it thunder the truth into the ears of the southern members! The death of his brother made a lion of him."

By this time we are well along down the steep grassy slope between the house and the smooth rich meadow.

"Here the Elder used to cut his tall grass, with the best and happiest of his neighbors; and whether anybody ever suggested any particular cause for his foolish notion of dangling himself off at the end of a rope, I never knew. Now just look back at the old house."

Dim and gray and sad as it looked, we imagined a sweet little nest, fifty years ago, in the sunny side of a hill, with the young orchard just springing into promise, and the boys that were to gladden their parents and bless their country in the years then to come. Even now, under the hand of time and culture, it might be one of the little spots—such as are all around it in Albion and China—for a man who loved God and his neighbor, to take comfort in. Only a few strokes of art would make that little orchard just like the one where the senior Hamlet took his sweet naps "of an afternoon." The house might be his veritable palace, so far as one may see, at this little distance—bearing the record of a hundred or a thousand years, at option. Even nearer, no bald pate in our knowledge has gone so far beyond its own three score and ten.

"I think," he went on to say, between thinking and talking, "There were four of the Lovejoy boys—Daniel, Elijah P., Owen, and Joseph C. Elijah graduated at Waterville. He went west and started a paper in Illinois, and was shot in a riotous attack upon his printing office. You have heard of Joseph in Massachusetts—a minister of some kind—a radical anti-temperance man and copperhead in the rebellion? Owen died in the spring of 1864, in the height of his congressional glory—truly a glorious man. He was about 50 years old. I never heard much about Daniel. All the boys worked here on this little farm till they were old enough to educate themselves. Owen went three years to Brunswick, and there fitted for the ministry. He was a regularly settled minister at Princeton, Illinois, when he was elected to Congress. The mother was a strong and good woman—fit to have such boys; not so well remembered as she should be. The father was subject to long periods of mental depression, and at last the boys took him to the McLean Asylum, at Charlestown. After a time he returned, supposed to be improved; but he hung himself in a few days after he got home."

He might have added that the venerable Mr. Adams, of our village, who was a friend and co-worker with Mr. Lovejoy, preached his funeral sermon, before a large audience.

"You have caught pickerel in the Lovejoy Pond,"—and now you have seen the "Old Lovejoy Home!"

A few minutes later we were in China Village; one of the happy and innocent little hamlets that dot the margins of so many fishponds, in all parts of Maine.

MASSACHUSETTS, after alarming the world with the threat of nominating Gen. Butler for her next republican governor, has very quietly subsided into the nomination of Mr. William B. Washburne, by a very large majority. At the state convention on Wednesday at Worcester, a vote was concluded at half an hour after midnight, when Washburne had 643 votes to Butler 464—a majority of 179.

"It would have been such an indication!" exclaim those who rejoice in the defeat of Gen. Butler in Massachusetts. So it would, but it is an "indication" now, when just such a man as Gen. Butler comes so near being governor of staid, sober, conservative old Massachusetts. And it is an indication which not only the politicians, but others who watch the pulse of public sentiment, would do well to note. Two prominent points are indicated;—that the character of the great mass of American voters is rapidly and radically changing; and that the relation of Gen. Butler to the ruling public mind and sentiment suggests a governing harmony. Let those who have eyes to see and ears to hear mark these two "indications" for their warning. We say not whether they are progressive or conservative, upward or downward, forward or backward, desirable or undesirable—every one judges this for himself. But certainly here are two "indications" which those who do not like such rulers as Gen. Butler should study carefully.

THE ADJOURNED SCHOOL MEETING, on Monday evening, was quite large, and disposed of the matter brought before it very quietly and in a manner quite unexpected to some. The report of the committee on the new school house was not very complimentary to that uncompleted structure; but the meeting promptly and without discussion voted the additional sum—\$1200—needed for its completion, and then adjourned. If that was to be the action in the face of an unfavorable report, the committee might have been spared the labor of examination, and the people the trouble of coming together a second time;—but things are mighty uncertain in this world, and nothing is harder to predict than the action of a school meeting. The committee to whom was referred the subject of the best manner of constructing privies for the two brick school houses, were not prepared to report. We neglected to state, last week, that the propriety of admitting outside scholars to our schools, by their paying tuition, was left with the Agent and Superintending Committee.

A pistol bullet, coming from the direction of the Cony House, entered one of the windows of the office of Hon. Joshua Nye, at Augusta, on Wednesday, as we learn from the Journal. The bullet first struck an empty hoghead standing near, glanced, and entered the office window, shattering a pane of glass, but injuring no one although Mr. Nye was in the office. It was a piece of inexcusable carelessness or recklessness, to say the least.

The Augusta Journal boasts that Augusta has secured within her limits more public buildings than any other city in New England, Boston not excepted, and in its enumeration it does not mention that structure most expensive to the public, the Dam. The disposition of this modest little city to grab all within her reach has long been apparent.

Thos. S. Josselyn, of Charlestown in this State, who was recently beaten and robbed, is dead. Joseph D. Smith, of Vezie, has been committed for trial. Although scarcely 19 years of age, he is said to be a hardened villain, and received the news of the death of his victim with complete indifference.

Mr. James T. Emerson, of Dexter, while painting on Monday, fell and so badly injured that he died on Tuesday morning. He leaves a wife and children.

## WINSLOW S. S. ASSOCIATION.

Agreeably to adjournment we met at the Congregational church on Saturday, the 23d inst. Three Sabbath Schools in Winslow were represented and one in Benton. Several persons interested in S. Schools from Waterville, China, Albion and Vassalboro were present: the most of them taking part in the exercises. The church was well filled, especially in the afternoon. Revs. Adams, Ladd, Burrage, Dinsmore and Fish officiated as ministers; while brothers Palmer, Hodges, Dinsmore of China, Crosby, Webb, of Albion and others took part in the discussions. A number of questions of importance were discussed, such as the following: "How can persons be made to feel that it will pay to attend the S. S.?" "Relation of Pastor to the S. School?" "What helps can we best use in studying the S. S. lessons?" "How can spirituality be best promoted among S. S. teachers?" "How can children help the Sabbath School?" "Is it beneficial for S. S. generally to offer premiums?" "What is the S. S. teacher's reward?" "What are the wants and deficiencies of S. S.?"

Three hundred scholars were reported in the four schools represented—all of which are in a prosperous condition. Mrs. True of Benton was present with a class of eight little girls, whom she has trained in singing. They sang several pieces admirably, giving conclusive evidence of the importance of paying more attention to the study of music by children. Mrs. True has done a good work in training this class (and we know not how many others) in this one branch. Now there is not one in each of our Sabbath schools who will get up such a class? There are those in each of our schools possessing the necessary qualifications if they have only the will to do it. One of the speakers contended that the Sabbath school was an institution of the church and as such ought to take part in religious worship—and that part was singing.

At noon we took a recess of about one hour, after which the exercises were resumed and continued till four; when after singing by the congregation, we left for our several homes, thankful that we live in an age of Sabbath Schools. Among the carriages present to convey S. S. scholars was a hay rack covered with white sheeting and fancifully trimmed with evergreen and drawn by four horses. It conveyed about twenty passengers.

Adjourned to meet at Benton—the last Saturday in Dec. next at 10 A. M. Too many good things were said to be forgotten and we hope to be profited by them. Our "picnic" dinner was very pleasant and old acquaintances were renewed.

C. H. KEITH, Sec.

THE CATTLE SHOW AND FAIR of the North Kennebec Agricultural Society will be held here next week, and though we do not look for a great show, we do count upon a good one, especially in some departments. There will be a fine display of blood stock, and we know not why the exhibition of horses should not also be good. We trust that our citizens will see to it that the Hall exhibition is up to the mark. Bring in your pictures and other attractions, not so much for any premium you may get as that they may be a means for the cultivation and improvement of the people.

STETSON ITEMS.—Saturday night, Sept. 23, a coffin shop in Stetson village, belonging to Wm. Hersey, was burned, with tools and lumber. Loss \$70, insured \$550. This is the third midnight fire in Stetson village since April last. Cause of each unknown.

Mr. Crocker, of Stetson, who was obliged to house his grasshoppers during the summer in order to keep them from starving, is now obliged to house them to keep them from freezing.

QUEEN VICTORIA, say the English papers, is suffering with rheumatism in the foot. That is "calling a spade a spade," truly, and shows how reverence for royalty is dying out in Great Britain. Rheumatism! Marry come up! that is for low down people. Why, we do better than that even in our democracy; and no one living in a two story house with green blinds is troubled with any thing beneath nealgia.

PHOTOGRAPHS of the "Lion of Lucerne," the beautiful College memorial, can be had of Carleton, and one of them will be a well chosen present to any absent friend who has an interest in Waterville, whether a former resident or not.

MR. ALVIN B. WOODMAN, known far and wide for his skill in shoeing horses, has lately moved from West Waterville to our village, and will be found at the Bootshop on Front St. See his card in our advertising columns.

The great race for \$2000 at the Narragansett Park on Wednesday was won by Plato, a horse entered by F. S. Palmer of Bangor.

MR. W. H. LAMBERT, much to the regret of the citizens of Augusta, decides to leave the High School in that city and go to Lewiston. The Journal says it will be no easy task to find a man to fill Mr. L's place.

THE ADVANCE, of Chicago, a live, earnest, liberal religious paper, which we have often heartily commended—is so good that its occasional reception is cruelly tantalizing. We really wish the publishers would see that it is forwarded to us regularly.

FRED MURRAY, of Poland, who has been at work for Mr. Eph. Holmes, of West Waterville, was arraigned before Justice Drummond, on Monday, for stealing a suit of clothes from his employer, plead guilty, was bound over for trial, and failing to get bonds was committed to jail.

JOSEPH ROWE, of this village, has been indicted before the U. S. Court at Portland, for carrying on the business of retail liquor dealer without a license.

[He has since been convicted and sentenced to pay a fine of \$50, and costs or go to jail for sixty days.]

Now that the new England Fair is over, the authorities acknowledge that the small pox is alarmingly prevalent in Lowell, which they formerly denied, and vigorous measures are in progress for stamping it out.

## OUR TABLE.

LITTLE-POKE SONGS. By Alexina B. White. New York: Hurd & Houghton, Riverside Press, Cambridge.

This little volume of original poetry has the elements of pure domestic literature—melody, vivacity, incident, and affectionate pathos—which ought to render it a charm in every refined household. It is presented in a very dainty style, on tinted paper, with numerous illustrations, and in handsome binding, making it a nice gift book for children.

For sale in Boston by Nichols & Hall, and in Waterville by C. K. Mathews.

THE JUDGE'S PETS. Stories of a Family and its Dumb Friends. By E. Johnson. New York: Hurd & Houghton, Riverside Press, Cambridge.

These are no imaginary sketches, got up for effect or to substantiate some favorite theory; but they are stories of the veritable pets of a veritable family; and as the incidents are taken with strict regard to their truth, so the pictures of the family and their life are told with simplicity and freedom from ostentatious writing, which commands the reader to attend to the story, and not to be distracted by the author's efforts to make himself heard. The book contains numerous illustrations, and is a pretty bound.

For sale in Boston by Nichols & Hall, and in Waterville by C. K. Mathews.

THE CLOCKMAKER: Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Sleekville. By Thomas Chandler Halliburton. New York: Hurd & Houghton, Riverside Press, Cambridge.

A generation ago this book was the cause of more laughter and more angry feeling, probably, than any book of its day. It explains much of the conventional idea of the Yankee; and for its historical interest as well as for its wit, shrewdness, and capital story-telling, has been thought worthy of a revival. Some of the Yankee dialect, however, was never spoken in New England, and will sound queerly to the Yankees. A few characteristic restrictions have been made and help to make up a very attractive number of this first class illustrated journal.

Published by Jas. R. Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$5 a year, and sold by all periodical dealers.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE and The Children's Hour, two charming monthlies, one for adults the other for youth, present very good numbers. The former contains many pictures and excellent readings. T. S. Arthur is a safe caterer for old and young.

MRS. HENRY WOOD'S NEW BOOK, "DENE HOLLOW," by the author of "East Lynne," is in press, and will be published in a few days by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, from the Author's Manuscript and advanced Proof sheets, purchased by them from Mrs. Henry Wood. It will be issued in America simultaneously with its publication in London, and in uniform style with "Dessy Rane," "Roland Yorke," "The Channings," and all the previous works by this favorite and popular author. "Dene Hollow," while containing the characteristic features of its author's style, may be considered equal if not superior to anything previously written by Mrs. Wood. This lady has a marvellous facility of charming her readers, with the skill with which she puts her characters on the stage, of multiplying her plots, of sustaining her dialogues, and of intensifying all her minor incidents; and as the work itself presents all those characteristics of the author which have established her reputation among the first writers, there is but little doubt of its success with our novel-loving community. The story is one of absorbing interest—interest that would be unparagonable to anticipate its details, and thereby to spoil the interest of the reader. The book will be handsomely published, in clear, large print, on fine paper, which will make it a luxury to read.

NEW CENSUS AND PATENT LAWS.—We are indebted to Mann & Co., publishers of the Scientific American, New York, for a neat little bound volume of 120 pages, entitled as above. It contains the complete Census of 1870, showing the population, by counties, of all the States and Territories, with their areas, and the population of the principal cities. Also, the new Patent Laws in full, with Forms, Official Rules, Directions how to obtain Patents, Copyrights, Regulations for Trade-Marks, Assignments, How to sell Patents, etc. Also a large variety of valuable information relating to Water-Wheels, Steam-Engines, and other mechanism, with many useful tables and recipes, 175 diagrams of Mechanical Movements, etc. We advise every body to send for it as above. A more valuable compendium, for so small a price, has rarely been published.

GODEY for October, is a charming number, containing besides the usual elegant steel frontispiece and double sheet of colored fashion plates, a pretty colored pattern for a child's knitted hood and comforter, that will be found convenient in making up the little folks' wardrobe for the coming cold weather.

Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

A GREAT OFFER.—Peters' Musical Monthly for October is at hand, containing fifteen beautiful pieces of music, printed from full size music plates. It can be had for thirty cents. The Publisher also offers to send, post-paid, for one dollar, six back numbers, containing from ninety to one hundred pieces of choice new music, worth at least \$30. Send your order to the Publisher, J. L. Peters, 509 Broadway, New-York, and our word for it, you will get your money's worth.

BLACKWOOD for September, has the following table of contents.

The Maid of Sker; A Century of Great Poets; Fair to Sea; The Camp of Eilat; Cornet O'Dowd; The Fight in the Dark; The Secret History of the Loire Campaign; How is the Country Governed?

The article on Wm. Wordsworth, who takes his turn in the "Century," is very interesting, like its predecessors.

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

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

THE ILLUSTRATED CHRISTIAN WEEKLY for September 30, is an unusually good number of this excellent weekly. "Asking a Blessing" from a painting by Prof. Jordan, is a sweet picture of lowly life, exquisite in its design and execution. Illustrations are given of "Woodward's Gardens," the Central Park of San Francisco. A biographical sketch with portrait is given of "D. L. Mathews," the famous author. Prof. Baird contributes an illustrated article on "Count Raymond and the Bishop of Toulouse."

The children's wants are attended to in the illustrated article, "The Two Umbrella Houses" and other sketches. The leading editorial, "Sowing and Reaping," should be carefully read by every parent throughout the land.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for October contains portraits of Governor Claflin, of Massachusetts, and Foster Blodgett, U. S. Senator from Georgia, with some fancy portraits in "New Studies in Physiognomy." The number is filled with the usual amount and variety of reading—one of the best things being the commencement of "Goldsmith's Deserted Village," with graphic illustrations.

Published by S. R. Wells, New York, at \$3 a year.

MR. CHAS. R. COFFIN of Auburn, a graduate of Culby University, has been appointed Instructor in Languages, Western University of Pennsylvania, at Pittsburg.

The town of Whitefield has voted \$150,000 in aid of the Kennebec and Wiscasset Railroad.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS of our State met in Convention at Biddeford this week. The following officers were chosen:—

President, C. M. Bailey, of Winthrop. Vice Presidents, David Cargill, of Augusta; F. A. Smith, of Portland; E. F. Pillsbury, Biddeford; G. W. Garcelon, of Lewiston and A. Baker, of Gardiner.

Secretaries, J. R. Learned, Auburn; W. H. Hobbs, Portland; H. F. Wood, of West Waterville.

Treasurer, John Russell, of Portland. Corresponding Secretary, H. H. Burgess, of Portland.

Business Committee, A. J. Chase, D. Pond, P. N. Dexter, O. M. Cousins and A. Chapin.

In their reports the members complained of great indifference in the churches, which in some cases amounted to opposition to the work of the Association. Those who were "at ease in Zion," did not care to be disturbed by the command to "Go work in my vineyard," preferring to sit still in a comfortably cushioned pew and listen to eloquent sermons and hired preaching.

Although no star speakers were heard from abroad and the attendance hardly equalled that of some previous years, the sessions were interesting and profitable and the suggestions given were valuable, while the devotional spirit was excellent. The next meeting is to be at Winthrop.

Mrs. E. C. MITCHELL, whose mysterious disappearance we noted last week, was found in Boston and restored to her husband. The latest explanation of the matter is, that she was not happy in her domestic relations and had determined to strike out for herself and earn her own living. Her husband promises that in the future he will endeavor to remove all causes of unhappiness from her matrimonial life.

KENNEBEC AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY held its Show and Fair at Readfield this week. A wide awake farmer of Fairfield, who was present, hands us the following note, which we print for the encouragement of our own people:

There was a very good show of horses, oxen, steers, and cows of all grades; no sheep of any consequence, but few swine, and not one of the feathered kind. The oxen generally were small, but there were a few extra pairs. Hon. A. P. Morrill had a very excellent pair, girth about 7 feet 8 inches; which were purchased by a Fairfield man and will probably be present at our Show. There were 63 pairs of oxen and steers, 32 cows, 9 bulls and 54 heifers, steers and calves—making in all 153 head of neat stock. In the Hall there was a good display of butter, cheese and fruit—23 lots butter, 10 cheese, 15 lots pears, 86 plates or lots of apples, 6 lots grapes, and 2 of plums; 7 pieces rag carpeting, 10 pieces flannel and one of full cloth; 12 rugs, 6 quilts, one with 2,300 pieces, one spread; a very small show of pictures, an excellent display of flowers, cushions, mats, bed work, some very nice fancy work and some good boots, shoes, stockings, yarn, mittens, etc.

In the forenoon of the second day a large crowd was in attendance who listened with interest to an able address by Hon. Nelson Dingley, of Lewiston, for which the Society tendered him a hearty vote of thanks. The committees also made their reports. In the afternoon there was a trial of speed, but our correspondent left before it commenced.

The walls of the new College building being completed and the roof raised, it looms up loftily and gives good promise of being worthy of its position. The cleaning and painting of a small section of the rear walls shows that the masonry of the building is even better than that of Memorial Hall.

Mr. J. Procter has nearly completed the plastering of the renovated north division of the old North College, and the neat rooms show a great improvement on the old ones, and are really handsome and commodious. Although no change will be made in the roof, yet the new window frames and sash and large glass will make a great improvement in the outward appearance of the building.

Our musical folks, young and old, will be gratified to learn that Miss Addie Smith, assisted by several musical friends, proposes to give a concert at town Hall, at an early day—of which further notice will be given. Miss Smith is a favorite in a large circle of the lovers of good music, and we feel sure our citizens will be glad to favor her with a good audience.

Among the host of the Waterville boys, now visiting the quiet old home, are Mr. G. A. L. Mergifield, of the pension department, Washington, and Mr. A. L. Nason, one of the active young business men of Boston.

A MUSICAL CONVENTION, under the direction of Prof. Davenport, is to be held at the Union Meeting House in Clinton, commencing Oct. 10th.

The first passenger car filled with officials and invited guests, and drawn by the engine "T. Boutelle," passed over the Maine Central Extension last Friday. Regular trains will be run as soon as the track is narrowed between this place and Danville.

It costs about 31 cents a bushel to bring corn from Chicago to this part of Maine.

Mrs. ANNA PLACE, died in Portland on Monday, at the age of 102.

CLIFFORD CHURCH, the proprietor of Webber's Pond in China, who has hitherto borne a good character, has decamped leaving unpaid debts to the amount of several thousand dollars.

Afternoon service at our village churches will now begin at 2 o'clock, instead of 2.30.

GILBRETH KNOX.—Mr. J. H. Gilbreth's beautiful stallion took the first premium of \$125, as the best for general use, at the Presumptuous Park, in Portland; and a two year old colt of his took a third premium.

Walt Whitman must be a poetic villager, as he is a verse-fer.

ANNUAL UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.—The annual Conference of the Unitarian Churches of Maine met in Farmington on the 19th. A sermon was preached by Prof. C. C. Everett of Cambridge, Mass., on Tuesday evening. After a devotional service on Wednesday morning, the Conference came together in a formal manner at 9 1-2 o'clock. Hon. F. M. Sabine, Bangor, President of the Conference, offered a few words of welcome and congratulation. A committee on nomination of officers was appointed, who reported for President, Hon. F. M. Sabine, of Bangor; Vice President Rev. J. T. Nichols, of Saco; Secretary, Rev. Dr. Wheel- er, of Topsham; Recording Secretary, Rev. C. C. Vinal of Kennebec; Treasurer, Mark P. Emery, Portland; Executive Committee, Rev. B. H. Bailey, Portland, J. D. Hopkins, Ellsworth, Dr. Sheldon, Waterville; Missionary Committee, Rev. C. P. Bailey, D. D., Belfast, Franklin Muzzey, Esq., Bangor, Rev. William H. Savary, Ellsworth; Committee on Ways and Means, Rev. A. D. Wheeler, Hon. Judge Belcher, Farmington, Hon. A. E. Stevens, Portland.

After the Secretary's report of the condition of the Unitarian Churches was read, motions were introduced to instruct the Secretary to call local Conferences when and where he thought it expedient. An interesting discussion on missionary effect followed, participated in by Messrs. D. M. Wilson, of Lamoine, Bailey, Vinal, Sheldon, Nichols and Savary. Mr. Nichols read an able and instructive essay upon "Christianity as an influence in the world." In the afternoon Rev. Mr. Shippin, Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, made a statement of the work of that Association. In the evening Rev. Dr. Sheldon preached on "What is it to preach Christ?" The Lord's Supper was administered by Rev. C. C. Vinal, of Kennebec.

After a devotional service on Thursday, conducted by Rev. Mr. French, of Brunswick, the Conference came together and listened to an essay from Rev. Mr. Savary on "The Revelation of the Father in Jesus," which was followed by an earnest discussion of the relations of science and faith. The Conference closed at noon to spend the afternoon in visiting the hills of Farmington to enjoy the beautiful scenery. The hospitality of the people of Farmington was unbounded.—[Port. Press.

The grand jury of Oxford county have found a bill of indictment against the Grand Trunk Railway Company for negligent killing of David Robbins, at Bryant's Pond.

A number of Gentiles, in Utah, have sent away their families in anticipation of serious difficulties between the Mormon and United States authorities growing out of the supposed action of the grand jury against Brigham Young and other church dignitaries.

DEATH OF A DISTINGUISHED CANADIAN.—Louis Joseph Papineau, leader of the Canadian insurrection of '37, died at Montello, Canada, at the age of 83.

The Dexter Gazette understands that there is great excitement in Dover and Foxcroft on the temperance question. Several men have been indicted by the Grand Jury for engaging in the sale of liquors, and there was a general skedaddling among them, until the Court rose. Further action in the matter is thus prevented until next spring.

FIRE in St. John, N. B. Friday morning, burned 25 grocery and 1 liquor stores and the Carleton, Provincial, North American, Fountain and Union Halls with several other buildings. Loss, \$150,000.

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GILBRETH KNOX

Has secured at Narragansett Park, Providence, of 1 half mile in a race 1:10 1-4, quarter 84 1-2 seconds.

His ideal colt HONEST JOHN, won the 5 year old purse at Waterville.

His 3 years old colt "Knox-then-all," sold for \$500 and Dollars.

"MAINE HAMLETON







