



7-2-1857

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 10, No. 51): July 2, 1857

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail



Part of the [Agriculture Commons](#), [American Popular Culture Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 10, No. 51): July 2, 1857" (1857). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 518.

https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail/518

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Waterville Materials at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby.

POETRY.

(From an Unpublished Volume.)

TO THE MEMORY OF A REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER.

No common death is this
That of those ancient men,
Who lived and died as one,
Whose life was but a day,
Whose death was but a night,
Whose life was but a day,
Whose death was but a night,
Whose life was but a day,
Whose death was but a night,

He came to this town—when a lone pioneer
The inhabitants sparse were and few—
And where the streets now are the beautiful deer
And the wolf would be sometime pursue.
The bell pines were standing from Maine street to landing,
The school he'd been taught in could always prevail
The teacher or taught ne'er learned the word fall.
And hardy the Soldier was then, in his day
Fought under the banner of Freedom and truth,
For love to his Country and not for his pay.
Long years he devoted to the cause of his Youth,
Oh, how we respect him—kind angels protect him.
His home but of logs—or merely a booth—
We live at our ease for the hardships he bore,
And as they go down their graves we may know,
He loved to recount the battles he won
And tell of the loots of his great Washington.
And now that he's gone—how sorely his dust
But ere he departed, to friends had he given
Salvation's grace—his hope was and true,
That the battle of Life, was the portal of heaven.
In ranks they are standing, their joys are expanding,
The fruition is perfect, for all they have striven,
Though scarce from another their Grave we may know,
The marble should rise, and the tear-drop should flow.
For broken the chain that binds to the past—
As soon as goes down—Survivor the Last!

MISCELLANY.

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

We were both skeptically inclined, my little wife and I. Skeptically inclined? More than that. Paul, like myself, had doubts of the hereafter. We ridiculed the simplicity, the silliness we were wont to call it, of those who are led blindfolded, by the self-styled teachers of the day. We rejoiced in our freedom from the foolish superstitions of those around us. We pitied those who were so weak as to have what they called faith. We lived for each other. We determined to be happy in our selves alone, and one soft September day another drop of bliss was infused into our cup. Our child was born. We called her our Wish, and in the joy of her coming all disquiet, all doubt was lost. Like the fevered visions of a past night, all remembrance of bygone heaviness and trouble seemed to depart from us. A new and happier life seemed opening to us with the advent of this tiny, helpless one. A wonderful strength seemed aroused in Paul; with returning convalescence there came to her more than renewed vigor, both of mind and body. A healthful brightness shone over her face; her voice sounded once more clear and ringing. With her baby in her arms she often looked to me completely, perfectly happy. And by virtue of some mysterious power that the simple fact of motherhood would seem to exert over all pure woman-nature, I believe she was so; nay, that it was not possible for her to be otherwise just then.

It lasted, or I thought so, for many months. Our Wish thrived, and grew as pale, like other babies, doubtless, though to Paul, and to me, too, it seemed a perpetual, special miracle that was working under our eyes. No very terrible anxieties marred our happiness in her babyhood. Her first serious ailment came when she was nearly twelve months old. Then, indeed, it was a dark time, and the desperate look I knew of yore began to shadow Paul's face. But the illness was passed safely, and the gloom went with it.

But from that time, there was a change. Hitherto the child had been almost a part of herself. On her lap, in her arms, or at her feet, Wish had always been with her. The helpless dependence of her babyhood had been to the mother the dearest, sweetest blessing of her life. But from this time, every month, every week seemed to take away from the blessing, and render it less perfect. And as little Wish progressed in strength and growth, and learned first to creep along the floor, then to stand on her timid, staggering little feet, and at last to walk or run, fearlessly and alone—as all these epochs in baby life, one by one came to pass, and the child's existence became daily more separate from her own, Paul's complete joy faded, her contentment fled. An ever-restless anxiety began to rack her heart. To leave the child, even for an hour, was, I knew, utter misery to her. Yet, the period of helpless, clinging infancy being over, there was no excuse for the mother to neglect other duties in her constant devotion to her child; and Paul was too inexorably conscientious to give way to those pangs of yearning that would continually have detained her with her little one.

Still, for all the pain, there were many halcyon intervals of happiness, both for Paul and me. On summer afternoons, when we sat under the trees in our sunny garden, with Wish playing at our feet, plucking up the grass and flowers, and bringing them to us to see, we would plan her future; guess what she would be like as a woman, and imagine her, a wife and a mother, bringing her children about us, when we were old people. That was happiness. The vanity of "planning," the over-daring of looking forward so far, never seemed to strike us. We allowed ourselves to dream and prefigure thus to each other; it was our favorite pastime. Pleasant it was to look up from our murmured musings to the child herself. She was very quiet always, and liked nothing better than sitting on the grass, crooning softly to herself over the daisies, or the flowers we had gathered for her, often stroking them with her tiny fingers, as if they were sentient things. She was a happy little creature; childish ills seemed to come lightly to her; she never pined or fretted, and seldom cried with the passionate grieving or anger that seems natural to most young children. Her little life flowed on serenely, equably; and we watched it, and were content. It was not either of us who first noted the fact, that our Wish, like other children, also never showed any of the glees, of the overwhelming life, that is so manifest in "other children."

I remember the day that my friend pointed out this fact to me. The child (she was then nearly four years old) was sitting in her accustomed place at her mother's feet, her radiant little head leaning against her mother's skirt. Such a picture they made! My Paul, with her quivering head bent low over her darling, and Wish, so fair, so exquisitely, purely fair, with her baby fingers busied among the colored worsteds she had chosen for playthings.

"How quiet she always is!" said my friend, an eminent physician, who lived near us. His low tone, his intent look at the child, startled me, and I glanced hastily toward Paul. She was smiling, happily; I could not tell why her smile smote me with a sense of pain just then. But Dr. Leithy had his hand on the door, and I followed him from the room.

"Yes," said I, indifferently; "little Wish is a quiet child. Only children are apt to be so, I suppose."

"How old is she—nearly four years?" I inquired. He was silent; but I felt urged on to speak.

The Eastern Mail.

VOL. X.

WATERVILLE, MAINE. . . . THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1857.

NO. 51.

"She is back ward with her tongue, too, which makes her seem quieter. She can only say a few words very imperfectly."

"I know."

"Your little Lucy, who is not so old talks quite well doesn't she? We shall be jealous. He did not echo my slight laugh. He stood pulling on his gloves, and looking dubiously now at me—now at the ground."

"After all," he muttered, as if to himself, "it may be a false alarm."

"What alarm?" I had him by the arm, and I compelled him into the adjacent room. I shut the door, and stood with my back against it to guard it alike from affording ingress to Paula or egress to the doctor till he had answered me.

"What is the matter?" said I. "What is wrong? What do you expect?"

"My dear fellow," he began.

"In few words, Lethy. I am strong, not patient. In few words."

"You will forgive me if time should prove (as please God it may) that I am mistaken. But for some time I have watched your little girl with apprehension; and I fear—all is not right—with the brain. There is some defect in the intellect. I fear so. I am not yet sure. Have courage."

I bit my lip till the blood flowed freely, and clinched my hands firmly on the chair I held by. My first impulse was to strike down the man who told me this terrible truth. For I felt it was truth. I had no doubt—no hope—for a single instant. I knew it was as he said.

"Don't tell your wife," he went on, seeing I said nothing, "till the fact is ascertained beyond doubt. Remember there is hope. I have been mistaken before when I felt as assured of other things. The suspicion rests on my judgment alone. Nevertheless, it is well you should know—that you should recognize the possibility—you understand? Otherwise I would not have told you. But precaution, taken in time, may do much."

The mad, animal instinct of passionate retaliation had passed by. I took the hand he held to me, and grasped it firmly. I thanked him for his kindness—his consideration—in a firm voice. I would not tell my wife; I would wait—guided by him—I would; but there he was without the door, and I closed it on him quickly, and went back to my study.

I sat there, thinking, till Paul came to seek me. I had wisely planned not to let her know or suspect—planned like a man, not reckoning on the woman's instinct that is a second soul with her, and where she strongly loves, would seem to be almost omniscient. The instant her eyes struck on my face her own look answered mine. She was on my breast, entreating in her low eager voice, that would not be denied nor hushed—entreating, entreating to know all. What ailed me? What ill was impending over me—or the child? Her voice rose to a pitiful cry on those words, the child.

Then she looked up at me—holding my eyes with hers by her straight, unflinching gaze—and she listened while I told her. And the weeks grew into months, and the months into years, and little Wish grew tall and fair like the arum lilies she loved to peer into with her wistful blue eyes. Wistful eyes, they were; as though perpetually yearning for what they could never find. As she became older the peculiarity of her mind became more evident. It was as if some thin but inextinguishable light had been set between her perceptions and reality—comprehension—nothing more. Nothing more it was enough. Sometimes a slender rift seemed to open and let in the light with a sudden, sharp gleam; and then shut close again, more hopelessly, inexorably, than before. At such times the child was sadder than her wont. Usually she maintained the same quiet but mirrorless serenity that had marked her infancy. Her senses were acute, and she evinced a delicate, electric refinement at which I often marveled. She seemed instinctively to be drawn to the most perfect flower in the garden—the fairest trees—the greenest nooks. In the same way, harmoniously assorted colors, graceful forms, and beautiful music always attracted her; while all that was less than beautiful she turned from in utter and spontaneous rejection.

She spoke very seldom, though her utterance was distinct and quite free from defect. But speech seemed unnatural and painful to her; and unless all other and more habitual means of making herself understood failed her, she never resorted to it. I think, had it not been for her mother's persistent endeavors, first in teaching the child, and then in inducing her to practice the utterance of the words she had taught; but for this our Wish would never have taken human speech upon her. As it was, it needed all Paul's care and persuasion to prevent the knowledge slipping from her. The silent, quiet child seemed herself to feel no need of it. Enough for her to cling about us, to nestle in our bosoms, and look up at us with her eyes eloquent of love, or wonder, or perplexity. And her catalogue of emotions seemed completed in these three. She knew nothing of fear, or anger, or distress. Pain, that trial to most childish natures, appeared to have little power over her. Once, when she slipped down and cut her arm, while Paul was in anguish as she bound up the ugly wound that looked so red and terrible on her fair white flesh, the child herself sat calmly on her mother's lap, and looked at her disturbed face in surprise.

"Does it hurt my darling much?"

"No," a minute after she added, slowly. "It hurts you, mamma." And she perplexed look came over her face. Afterward, when the arm inflamed, and the pain for a few hours was very great, it was only by her involuntary restlessness we could tell she was conscious of it. She never cried, or complained, or fretted. She lay on the sofa quite still, except when she changed the position of her bandaged arm, looking up upon her mother and myself with steadfast, grave eyes. Ever and anon Paul left her work to hang over her, caress the shining hair, or cover the pale little face with kisses—anything to let free some of the great passion of tenderness that was forever throbbing at her heart. And then Wish would respond with her sweet, soft kisses, in silence. But when I went up to her, the dubious expression in her face waxed more intense; and then came the slow, quiet utterance which, perhaps because it was so rare, always seemed to me to create its own fit surrounding stillness.

"Papa, where does it come from?"

"What? I, my Wish?"

"This," and her slight gesture told me what she meant.

"The pain is in the wound the sharp stone made."

After a pause she shook her head with the old wistful glance.

"I think mamma put it in," she said presently.

"Mamma would not hurt Wish for all the world."

"Who is it hurts Wish?"

And I said again, "The sharp stone;" but she only turned aside her asking eyes, and dropped into silence.

Over such instances as these how Paul and I pondered! How we treasured them in our remembrance, cheering ourselves with the thought of often, when a long interval of strange, unchildish quietude and muteness had almost slain the embryo Hope in our heart!

The child was always with her mother. She did not care to play with other children; from their boisterous games she instinctively drew aside, neither could she join in their chatter over pictures and story-books. For, the Wish would soon be nine years old, all our pains had been ineffectual to make her comprehend anything of the mysteries of the alphabet. All was dark to her there; she could not penetrate even so far as the threshold of earthly learning. Neither did she seem to comprehend or be interested in any of the usual interests of children. The stories they repeated to her sometimes aroused no feeling in her; but Paul and I knew, what she liked better. She would listen to us for hours together, while we told her long, dreamy tales of flowers, and birds, and clouds; or said to her, over and over again, musical stanzas, not the sense but the sound of which appeared to enthrall her in a species of fascination. To wander about the garden, looking at the flowers, and into them, in her never-ceasing but insatiable quest after we knew not what; to listen to the birds, and the wind, and the rain, and the busy little meadow-streams; to watch the clouds, and tree-tops, and the familiar faces about her; and sometimes to listen to us, as I have said—these were her pleasures, and in them her life seemed to pass serenely on. She never needed playmates or other companions; she never seemed less lonely than when alone.

[REDACTED]

THE MORMON TRAGEDY.—THE OTHER SIDE.—Mrs. McLean, alleged to have been abducted with her children by Elder Parley P. Pratt, who was sought out and killed by the deserted husband, publishes a statement giving another version of the matter,—that she was alienated and driven from her husband by his own wickedness, and by his persecution for having embraced Mormonism; and having resolved to go to Utah, she availed herself of an opportunity to join a party going out with Elder Pratt. She says, and eulogizes the murdered saint seducer:

"I do not deny that I washed his (Elder Pratt's) feet, combed his hair, and often walked with him night and day. Neither do I deny visiting with him a number of families in St. Louis, who thought it a greater honor to entertain him than they would do to entertain any king or potentate living upon the earth. I also confess that it pained me to see him in chains, and faint would I have bathed his wrist where the cursed iron chafed his skin. But this was nothing to what I was yet to see! Have I not seen his heart's blood dripping from the wound of the deadly knife?"

Six pistol balls could not avail
To make his holy visage pale,
But the fierce and deadly knife
Pierced his heart and claimed his life.
Oh Parley dear, we love you well,
And let his wounds before thee tell,
And we know you'll come again;
With us to live, with Christ to reign.

Oh, God of Israel, let the cry
Of Parley's wrongs come up on high,
And let his wounds before thee plead,
For wrath on him who did the deed.

I am free to declare, before angels and men,
That Parley P. Pratt was innocent of the charges made against him.

If the deeds of men were registered upon their faces, it would be known and read of all men that H. McLean drove me from him; and that he by his own acts blighted and consigned to eternal death all the delicate ties that existed between us, and that before Mormonism crossed our pathway.

That I would have been separated from him while yet living in New Orleans, I will name as living witnesses, my father, A. S. McComb, and my brothers. These all know I sought their counsel while living in New Orleans, to know whether I must continue to endure the degrading influence of a man who would continue to sip at the wine cup and thereby unfit himself for the society of his family.

I would appeal to every man and woman of refined sensibility to know whether a virtuous woman and a faithful mother, is so humble a thing that she should come again to the bosom of a man who had by violence thrust her from him, and exposed her to insult and injury in the streets of a wicked city. Whoever takes the affirmative, differs from the writer of this.

E. J. McComb,
once E. J. McLean.

GOING UP.—Everything is going up. The last news from Havana was, that "sugar continued to go up." At the Bull's Head, on Wednesday, beef went up, in some cases, four cents a pound. "Upward and onward" (Excelsior) is the State motto,—and it is right the people "up" to their professions. We expect to hear that other things besides tea, sugar, and beef are likewise "going up." Nothing more natural. Population is increasing. Every year, there happens to be more to be fed. Malthusian doctrine is defunct. Nobody believes in it, that is certain. One way to bring things "down," or rather, to enable us to wear the shoes without feeling the pinch, is to come down, a peg or two. China ought to put up with a renewal of that "love of a bonnet," once a month only; Maids must try and go to church twice with the same silks and satins on. It is a dreadful trial to be sure, but the thing must be done. Tom must smoke fewer cigars. Bill must abbreviate his fissions at the restaurant. Dick would do well to drive one fast horse the less on the avenue next Sunday. "Nice young men" must work harder, and go to the theaters and opera not quite so often. It will not do to grumble at "high beef," "high tea," and "high sugar," as long as your living is "high" or "higher" than it ought to be. If the crops are short abroad, we should take a reef at home. There is no other way to weather the gale when "everything is going up."—[N. Y. Express.

Manners and Morals of the Day.

I abominate liveries. They are such a degradation in society. They are ridiculous anywhere. In a Republic they are treason. Nothing becomes a servant so well as clean, neat, plain, black or dark clothing. Nothing proves the gentleman so much as the absence of pretentious glitter. I abominate liveries because of their vulgarity.

I saw a carriage the other day, on the Sabbath, drawn up before a church door. The coachman was bedizened in a dandy suit of many dazzling colors. He was a smart, intelligent looking young man. I spoke to him.

"Why are you not more independent than to wear such a dress as that?" The poor fellow colored, and felt uneasy. "Why are you not more inclined to respect yourself than bend to such degradation?" His brow darkened, and the red blood mantled on his cheek.

"Why are you not a man?"

He looked at me with peculiar gaze. It was a mixture of shame, sorrow, and anger.

"I understand you, sir. I am (and he looked at his trappings with contempt) ashamed of myself. But the master pays me well—he gives me \$25 a month. I have but little to do, and the best of living, the wages are good, and the wife and the child are comfortable at home."

Poor fellow! poor child of necessity!

The owner of that carriage, and horses, and liveries, and servant, had just robbed to the tune of \$1000,000! He lives in a palace on Staten island, and keeps up an establishment.

I abominate liveries and the follies and fopperies of the rich—particularly the vulgar and ignorant rich. I love democratic simplicity; I love republican sentiment; and I only wonder that a robust, healthy, independent, angry public opinion does not agree with me.

An educated, polished, scholarly gentleman—an American gentleman in the true sense of the word—needs no tinsel to show him and his family off. His rank is in his heart. The spirit of honor abides within him. He loves his species with a single, pure, and affectionate feeling. Arrogance is not of him. His nature forbids him to oppress. Delicacy and refinement alone fit him. His heraldry is emblazoned on his character. His rank is public and private virtue.

No aristocrat on earth is comparable to such a man. All the flash and glory of golden pride, all the glistening gold of California or Australia cannot equal such a being. Around him is cast the influence of his morals and manners. He is the teacher, not only of his family, but his neighbors.

We should be chary of our institutions. We should preserve the jewel of republicanism pure and unsullied. We should admire simple tastes and elevating habits only. We should frown down foppery, vulgarity, pretension, extravagance.

I am no lover. I regard the rights of social life. I think the union of wealth and intellect is entitled to respect. I am free to admit that, while democracy is bound to preserve political equality and fraternity intact, all should be free to choose their companions in the social circle, and arrange their relations with those around them, as their habits of thought and action may dictate. But I am easily decided in concluding that this should not be accompanied by an exclusive, spirit by an arrogant superiority, or criminal pride.

Every honest man, every brave man, every patriotic citizen, every high tempered American, every lover of right and justice, and truth, every admirer and advocate of Republicanism, every sincere and earnest friend of popular liberty, should unite to crush the nascent taste for spendthrift habits, for palatial residences, for enormously extravagant dresses, for luxurious rioting, for enervating dissipation, for unbecoming waste, for health destroying habits, for laxity of morals, for tardy, unbecoming out of place, absurd liveries, which only debauch the taste and evidence a disgusting proclivity for aristocratic presumption.

[N. Y. Museum.

SIMPLICITY IN ENGLISH DRESS.—In the families of many of the nobility and gentry of England, possessing an annual income which of itself would be an ample fortune, there is greater economy of dress and more simplicity in the furnishing of the dwelling, than there is in many of the houses of our citizens, who are barely able to supply the daily wants of their families by the closest attention to their business. A friend of ours, who sojourned not long since, several months in the vicinity of some of the wealthy landed aristocracy of England, whose ample rent roll would have warranted a high style of fashion, was surprised at the simplicity of manners practiced. Servants are much more numerous than with us, but ladies made more account of one silk dress than would be thought here of a dozen.

They were generally clothed in good substantial stuffs, and a display of fine clothing and jewelry was reserved for great occasions. The furniture of the mansion, instead of being turned out of doors every few years for new and more fashionable styles, was the same which the ancestors of the families for several generations had possessed; substantial and in excellent preservation, but plain and without any pretensions to elegance. Even the carpets for many suits of parlors had been on the floors for fifty years, and were expected to do service for another half century. With us how different is the state of things! We are wasting an amount of wealth in this country on show and fashion, which, rightly applied, would renovate the condition of the whole population of the world, and christianize and educate all mankind.

CURE FOR THE BITE OF A SPIDER.—We find the following in the Baltimore American:

"In your paper, as well as several others during the last week, I noticed an article copied from the Waltham (Mass.) Sentinel, announcing the death of a gentleman from the bite of a spider. I have read of several cases of suffering and death within the last year, from the same cause, and believing that we have a safe and simple remedy always within reach, I am induced thus to make it known. Catnip, bruised and applied to the wound, will allay the inflammation and remove all pain in a very short time. A friend of mine was bitten by a spider on his lip, he suffered exceedingly, and all the remedies usually applied failed. He was recommended to get a certain herb in the market and make a poultice. He was not able to get the article named, but he thought he must buy something, and seeing some catnip,

he bought a bunch. As he passed on home he put some in his mouth, and after chewing it placed it on the sore. This was all done mechanically, and without any thought of remedying benefit, and after getting home, and speaking of his purchase, he suddenly perceived that all pain had left him, and he experienced no further inconvenience. Since learning this of him I have frequently recommended the same application to those who were suffering from bites of spiders, and in every instance they have obtained relief. I believe it to be a certain cure, and if it were to be generally known, it would be the means of saving many a valuable life."

THE LATEST DODGE.—The expedients resorted to by Yankees to "drag" trade will never be exhausted. The endless variety of patent pill puffs, gilt enterprises, matrimonial lotteries and ornamental drummers, have only just begun to stimulate the inventive faculty. A dealer in that somewhat suspicious edible, sausages, who kept an eating house in New York, on Friday last took the wind out of the sails of his neighbors in a very novel and successful manner. He placarded the startling announcement in front of his establishment that from 10 to 12 o'clock each day his customers would be regaled on the "golden sausages!" The explanation is this: in every fifteenth link he places a gold dollar, which is to be the prize of the lucky man who buys and eats the links; as the links are sold out at five cents a piece, here is as Enos Crummett would say, "a right smart chance for a speculation." There can be no doubt that this dodge will draw the crowd, and no wholesome scruples about dogs will deter the gold diggers in this new fashioned mine.

We think we see the long line of hungry individuals, masticating with unusual care and minute attention to the ingredients, the successive links, and watching with both eyes for the golden mint drop. Bits of red flannel, white turnip, or puppy, recognized, will be tolerated, and every now and then some lucky man, with distended cheeks, will pause and excite the envy of the crowd by shouting, "Ninety-five cents made, by gracious!" The proprietor will make his fortune out of the "golden sausage," and retire to build him a princely mansion on the Avenue, and those who do not find the dollar in their portion will at least be sure to have their digestion improved by the more careful and thorough process of mastication.—[Boston Bee.

WASTE IN FOOD.—WHO SHOULD PAY?—Between gluttons and temperate men are large classes of people, who, while it would be unjust to call them gourmandizers, are guilty of eating too much. Intemperate eating, indeed, is the national vice, and deserves as much censure as ever was bestowed on the vice of drinking. In has produced as much misery as the latter, and ought to attract the attention of moralists and reformers. In this country food is waste thrown into cess-pools, and what might be made to feed myriads wholesomely is viciously expended in pampering hundreds who would be better if they were compelled to feed for a time on the bread and water of afflictions which their heedlessness causes to be the only and the permanent food of those who are as worthy of the favors of fortune as themselves.

The wastefulness of our public houses is great, and all those who live therein, either permanently or as travellers, must pay exorbitantly for it, though most of their number would prefer the adoption of a different system. Tables are crowded with vast varieties of food, that no man ought to be condemned to eat as a punishment, much less to desire to eat, and to pay highly for the privilege of inducing injury upon himself. Is any man the better for eating of two or three kinds of soup, and half a dozen kinds of meat, with fish and game, and pastry and a various dessert, all at one sitting, fattening himself into a condition sufficiently gross for the worms that are to eat him? Supposing that he is the better for eating so much, and a variety so extensive, why should forty or fifty others, who would be content with simpler fare, be compelled to pay their several proportions towards liquidating the cost of his beastliness? Let every man pay for what he shall consume, calling for what he likes best, and ministering to his wants intelligently. That is all he should pay for, and all that he can honestly be asked to pay for. What a noise would be made, if all the guests at a hotel had to pay for the wines and liquors consumed by a fourth part of their numbers! And why should they pay for what others eat, if it be wrong to ask them to pay for what others drink?—[Boston Traveller.

TALL CRITICISM.—The Philadelphia City Item must have dipped its pen in the comet's tail when it wrote the following criticism on "Fanny Fern."

"As a brilliant essayist, she ranks with Goldsmith, Macaulay, Mrs. Jameson, and the witty Sydney Smith. In satire, she is not even surpassed by Swift, while in humor she frequently ranks far above Dickens. Of all modern writers, she is most Shaksperian. This is because of her great universality. Her range is wonderful. In pure poetry, she is as effective as Tennyson. In sublimity, she is only excelled by Milton, Pollock, Thackeray. Her characterization is remarkable; her station in English literature is continually rising; and at present she writes only for the New York Ledger. Due credit has never been given her for metaphysical ability. We regard profundity of thought, and an august subjectiveness, as a pure element in her psychology. Her subjects are all well chosen."

POWER OF A WORD.—I was told a story today—a temperance story. A mother, on the green hills of Vermont, stood at her garden gate, holding by her right hand a son of sixteen years, mad with love of the sea. "Edward," said she, "they tell me that the great temptation of the seaman's life is drink. Promise me, before you quit your mother's hand, that you never will drink." Said he—for he told me the story—"I gave her the promise. I went the broad globe over—Calcutta, the Mediterranean, San Francisco, the Cape of Good Hope—and for forty years, whenever I saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor, my mother's form by the garden-gate on the hill-side of Vermont rose up before me; and to-day, at sixty, my lips are innocent of the taste of liquor. Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single word? And yet it was but half; for, said he, "Yesterday there came into my counting-room a young man of forty, and asked me, 'Do you know me?' 'No,' said I. 'I was brought once, said he to my informant,

"drunk into your presence on ship-board; you were a passenger; the captain kicked me aside; you took me into your berth, kept me there till I had slept off the intoxication, and then you asked me if I had a mother, I said never. That I knew of; I never had heard a mother's voice. You told me of yours at the garden-gate, and to-day, twenty years later, I am master of one of the finest packets in New York, and I came to ask you to cross and see me." How far back that little candle shows its beam—that mother's word on the green hill-side of Vermont! God be thanked for the almighty power of a single word.

[Wendell Phillips.

The Horicon Argus perpetrates the following horrible attack upon the girls. Such a picture may describe the girls in his region, but if he should come down this way, says the Beloit Journal, the fair ones would spank him:

THE GIRLS OF THE WEST.—We are sorry to see the girls of the present day have such a tendency to utter worthlessness; growing up more anxious to become fashionable than good, more anxious to cultivate their heels than their hearts, and to encircle their legs with whalebone rather than their brows with wreaths of love, kindness and beauty. As a general thing, those who are handsome think they are lovely. Far from it. When we, years ago, took one to be Mrs. P., girls were girls. It was fun to go a dozen miles afoot, with the mud knee deep, to see them, as you were sure to find the clear girl—nature instead of art. But now it is different. The dentist supplies the teeth, "Uncle Ned" the cotton, some optician the eyes, and a skillful mechanic legs and arms; an artist furnishes paint, a Yankee the hoops, some "French Milliner" gets up artificial maternal forms, and the very devil robs himself to give them a disposition to lie, tattle, gossip, make mischief and kick up all sorts of bobbles among respectable people generally. Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher. We love the girls when they act like girls, but this counterfeit article now being palmed off on fashionable society, is an intolerable humbug.

What fun Adam must have had in the garden before that long-tailed gentleman introduced himself to Mother Eve, and what enjoyment our forefathers must have known in the halcyon days of their boyhood, ere fashion plates and folly made their appearance. Oh girls, if you don't don't about face, you will never find boys foolish enough to pay five dollars a week for your board and find clothing to boot. They can't stand it.

Our mother was a girl once, but she didn't lie about folks till her tongue was blistered; she did not make Ma wash the dishes till the grave gave her a glad resting place in its bosom; she never made her poor old father curse his Maker as he ran from the sheriff week in and week out; she never made silver-haired patriarchs, already blossomed for the grave stand during church service, while she sat beside them looking at the "hims," nor did she wear silk dresses to the temple of God and have dirty petticoats beneath her ample skirts, neither did she accept favors and forget to say thank you at least. But the girls now-a-days do. They are neither fit for wives, nor do they know enough for mothers.

TREATING WOOD FOR VIOLINS.—I saw a few weeks since an article on violins. I made one about six years ago with a curled maple back and hemlock top. The wood was very well seasoned, but I also put it in a steam box placed on the exhaust of an engine, and left it for about eight hours. In about three weeks after this treatment of the wood I commenced to make the violin, and before gluing the pieces together, I made some very weak glue water, and washed their inner surfaces. It is considered to be the sweetest toned violin in this place by those who have played on it. I think wood becomes more solid by being steamed. This is the reason why my violin has such an excellent tone.

[Corr. Scientific American.

THE YOUNG WOMEN NOW-A-DAYS.—Daughters are not taught now to wash floors or pillow cases, or to scour knobs, or dust parlors, or bake bread, or boil beef, or mend clothes. They are educated in fashionable establishments. They learn to use crochet needles, to work lace, and to play on the piano. Sometimes a young man takes one of them for a wife; and having hired a house, at a cost of from two to seven hundred dollars a year, and gone the full length of his purse and his credit in furnishing it, and hired an Irish girl to do the work, undertakes to live. But he soon finds himself embarrassed and is obliged to break his wife's heart, turn his home into a Pandemonium, cut his throat, or run away. If he cannot go the whole figure in splendid parties, and cannot afford a piano and a harp, and perhaps a carriage, "wiley" places away, pouts, kicks, and finally applies for a divorce, and gets it.

FEVER POISONS.—In a work recently published by an English physician on the transmission of fevers, after referring to the value of thorough ventilation, light and cleanliness to disinfect clothes and apartments to disperse infectious fever poisons, he says:

"It is important to know regarding infection, that when not destroyed or dispersed in the sick-room, it attaches itself and adheres with great tenacity to all articles of furniture—chairs, tables, draws, &c., nestling in their numerous pores; and unless these articles be scrubbed with a solution of chloride of lime, or exposed to strong heat, or a free current of air for several hours, they may again become evolved, more virulently than at first, after the lapse of weeks. But it chiefly adheres to cotton and woolen materials. The patient's body-clothes and blankets become saturated with it, like a sponge with water; and in airing these materials a mere passing breeze is not always sufficient to carry it away."

A VILLAGE PRESS.—Perhaps no establishment is of more advantage to a community than that of a newspaper press. A newspaper in a village advances the interests of all trades, professions and callings, by drawing to its vicinity business that would otherwise be diverted into other channels, and gives consequence and notoriety abroad to the business capabilities and other advantages of villagers. The press, as it were, is the counsel of the town wherein it is located—leading in many cases without fee or reward, and in some instances conveying light and heat to establishments which otherwise would "drag their slow length along" in utter obs

WATERVILLE... JULY 2, 1857.

A few Hours among the Boys.

This brick-kiln promises to be a profitable part of the labor of the boys. The extensive excavation and grading are entirely their work, and though here on an extreme corner of the farm, and out of sight of everybody, they have no overseer but the man who instructs them in their labors. They work ten hours during the present hurring season, though the usual time is but six. You notice Mr. Lincoln talking with a boy here and there while they look pleased with his kind and affable manner, so much more gentle and paternal than you see in our factories and shops where boys are employed. Our walk has been a long one, and Mr. L. has sent a boy for our baggage. We have but just commenced our visit, and have got to see the young orchard, the barn, the stock, the kitchen, school room, work shop

Spiritualism.

Again you quote from the 16th chapter of Mark, "And these signs shall follow the one that believe: In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover." On this passage you remark,

PANORAMA.—Gresly & Sprague's great Panorama of Dr. Kane's Arctic Expedition is advertised for this place Friday and Saturday, 3d and 4th. It is well spoken of where it has been on exhibition; and certainly has in its subject, a better basis of interest than any of the numerous others that claim public notice.

OUR TABLE.

Several of the officers have told me that they had succeeded in getting a comparatively secure footing in Nicaragua, Walker would not have been their commander two months thereafter. He had alienated from him almost every man and officer in his force by his cruel and despotic conduct.

After the siege of Granada, the women of many of whose husbands had been killed died from cholera, were brought over to San George, where Walker established his base.

ing, elevating employment, of a religiously spent Sabbath day. I believe that calm is more needed than exercised; and that sweet psalmody of the house of prayer infinitely excels the din of military music; and that a man of his own taste, with a wife by his side, his children around his knees, and telling them the matchless stories of the Divine Bible, is ten thousand times better, safer and happier than he who roves with doubtful companions, in the night, by the light of a single star, in the desert, in the forest, and spends these

tion of parties, can defeat him. He will go into office by an overwhelming vote, and will be a higher and wider national reputation than any Gov. of Massachusetts has had for a long series of years. The result will be, we think, the consolidation, in this State, of a great and harmonious party of freedom, before which no opposition can stand, at home, while abroad we will have the weight and influence which has never, failed in the past to attend the united voice of Massachusetts.

E. COFFIN
Has received and now offers for sale, a large assortment of
PAINT STOCK,
CONSISTING IN PART OF

Iron Ground White Lead, Sassaparilla Oil, pan, White Turpentine, various Varnishes, Sicature do, mar Verdigris, Iron Green, chrome do, sun-dried Green, various Scarlet tinted Vermilion, American do, distilled metalin do, use Pink,	Prussian Blue, Ultramarine do, Vandyke Brown, Umber—Raw, do—Ground, do Burnt and Ground, Terra de Bienna Gun Shells, Stone Yellow, French do, Red Lead, Litharge, White Vitrol, Blake's Paint, Whiting, Putty, Blue Smalt, Black do, &c. &c.
---	--

Also, a good assortment of
Brushes and Graining Tools
CHEAP FOR CASH.

Farmers' Boilers.
These are made of iron, and are used in hog houses for heating the water, and for boiling the hogs. They are made of iron, and are used in hog houses for heating the water, and for boiling the hogs. They are made of iron, and are used in hog houses for heating the water, and for boiling the hogs.

American and Foreign Patents.

[illegible]

one of the best informed and most skillful real estate agents in
the United States, and have no hesitation in assuring investors
that they will receive the highest price for their property.
Particular notice is hereby given that we are prepared to put them
to rest for them an early and favorable consideration, as a firm
and reliable agent.

Late Commissioner of Patents.

AUGUST 17, 1865—During the time I have held the office of
Commissioner of Patents, B. H. Eldy, Esq., of Boston, has been
connected with me, and he has been very successful in his work
as a solicitor. He is thoroughly acquainted with the law
and the rules of practice of the office. I regard him as one of
the best men at my disposal, and I am confident that he can
have all official intercourse.

J. C. MASON,
Com. of Patents.

Land Warrants.

PRESUBscriber, having made arrangements in Boston, New
York, and elsewhere, to purchase land warrants, will pay the high-
est price for LAND WARRANTS that any market will allow.

WATERVILLE, JULY 29, 1865. R. L. DRUMMOND

Ten's! Ten's!

The choicest and best selected Black & Green Tea, com-
prising OLD HYSON, YOUNG HYSON, OOLONG and
NIRINGVOO, at
B. & W. PLATT'S.

GARDINER FLOUR MILL.

PROPRIETORS having secured their winter's stock of
SUPERIOR WHEAT, now offer for sale, wholesale and re-
tail, fresh ground,

Double Extra, Extra, and Family Flour,
Put up in 50 lbs. and 1-2, 1-4 & 1-8 Bags.

The above being manufactured from the best selected wheat,
and always warranted, we feel confident of our satisfaction.

Abs. Feed of all kinds, constantly for sale.

Gardner, Me., Nov. 20, 1865.

JOHN B. NUTTING.

CARPET HALL,
Over the Boston & Maine Railroad Depot,
HAVERMAYK SQUARE, ——— BOSTON.

The undersigned (Successors to WM. P. TERRY & CO.) offer to purchasers of

CARPETINGS

At retail, a complete and most desirable assortment, comprising the best quality of CARPETS, LINOLEUMS, and AMERICAN manufacture. Also a splendid stock of FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, (from 3 to 24 feet in width,) Ceres and Cotton

We respectfully solicit a call at this large, long-established and well known warehouse, from all in want of this kind of goods, and will guarantee satisfaction in every case.

DAVIS, WRIGHT & CO. 23-39
Geo. F. DAVIS. SAM'L T. WRIGHT. WM. H. SMITH.

Farm for Sale.

As we are unable to labor, and one of us intends to change a climate on account of ill health, we will sell our Farm and Farming implements, and a large quantity of Hay, and will contain 100s acres of good land—well watered, both field and pasture—also over 90 rods wide in front—large good shape farm house, and a large barn, and a large quantity of Hay, will cut 25 to 30 tons of Hay, and can easily be made to cut 10 tons to two or three years, and have plenty of pasture, as there are largely 250 acres of land, and will cut 10 to 20 tons of hay, by repairing the dam on the brook, in order to have a large quantity of water, and a large quantity of Hay, and all kinds of the farm necessary for farming purposes—also we are now, finished in good style, and conveniently arranged—our main house from Haverhill, Mass., and three thousand dollars high—barn 60x51 feet. Said Farm is situated in Clinton, one mile from Haverhill, Mass., and three thousand dollars from the depot. For a more detailed description apply to the owners on the premises.

JOHN NICHOLS.

Newly Arrived!
CHOICE brands of Double Extra, Superior and Fancy Flour,
 for sale by
B. & W. PLATT

ROACH'S GERMAN RAT & ROACH EXTERMINATOR

 WARRANTED IN EVERY INSTANCE
 PRICE 25 CENTS.

BURN, FOSTER & Co, General Agents for New England and the British Provinces, No 1 Cornhill, Boston. Samuel H Perkins agent in Bangor, No. 3 Broaduside Bridge, Portland in Waterville by G. H. ADAMS & CO., Wholesale and Retail Agents. The trade supplied at manufacturers' prices.

FAIRBANKS' CELEBRATED SCALES,
 OF STEEL PATENT,
 34 HILLY STREET, BOSTON.

[illegible]

This order, together with an abstract of the plaintiff's writ, were
granted accordingly in the Eastern Hill, Independence, and
Waterville, in the County of Kennebec, the said publication is
not less than thirty days before the next term of said Court
to be held at Augusta, within and for the County of Kennebec,
on the third Tuesday of August, 1867, that said defendant
may then and there appear, and answer to said writ, as they
shall see cause. Attest: W. M. STANTON, Clerk.

ABSTRACT OF P.P.'s WRIT.—The action is debt upon a judgment
rendered in this Court at the November Term, 1866, in
\$100 75 damages and \$7 50 costs—which judgment was
satisfied for 300 and interest. The Abstractors said Kennebec
Railroad Company are summoned as trustees. Dated 27th
June 9th, 1867.—Augustus.

JAMES STANTON, Esq., Att'y. at Law.
A true copy of the order of Court, with abstract of the writ.
Attest: W. M. STANTON, Clerk.

FOR Carriages, Groceries and Furniture, at wholesale
or price call on
MERRILL & SONS