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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 11, No. 15): October 22, 1857

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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## COUSIN ANNA.

BY T. A. ARTHUR.

'Father!'  
There was no answer.  
'Father! Father!' And a boy's quick, firm grasp was laid upon the arm of Mr. Jacobs, who sat near the lamp, absorbed in the pages of a book.

'What do you want? you troublesome child!' said Mr. Jacobs, turning upon his little son with an angry countenance.

'Does the world go round?' George Andrews says the sun stands still and the world turns round.

'Of course it does, you little simpleton!' replied the father, in a tone of thoughtful contempt of the child's ignorance. 'Now, don't come bothering me any more with your silly questions,' he added, as he pushed the curious boy away.

Philip was disappointed as well as hurt by this treatment. The strange fact, which had been affirmed by George Andrews that the world turned round, had puzzled his brain sorely. He had thought about it, and imagined the consequences of so singular a phenomenon, until his mind was lost in bewilderment. If the world turned round, it was plain to him that the people would fall off. And then, again, did not the sun rise and go clear across the sky every day. No, no, George Andrews, if he was a big boy, must be wrong. So Philip ran home from the neighbor's house, where he had gone, after tea, to play with the children, and disturbed his father's pleasant state of mind by the untimely intrusion of what he was pleased to regard as a silly question.

Replied, harshly, when he should have been received kindly and instructed patiently, Philip moved slowly away from his father's side, and sat down upon the floor to ponder the mystery of the earth's rotation—to look thro' the apparent truth, and see, by the eye of reason, the real truth that hid itself away from the unassisted natural vision. But, the more he thought, the more impossible seemed the thing which George Andrews had asserted. Forgetting in a few minutes, his parent's frown, the child, in the eagerness of unquiescent curiosity, started up from the floor, and crossing the room, disturbed his father with the question,

'Why don't the people fall off?'

'June! Take that child to bed.'

The nurse was passing the sitting-room door at the moment. Mr. Jacobs' order was imperative, and the nurse knew that it must be obeyed.

'I don't want to go to bed,' objected Philip. 'Take him away!' The father spoke sternly. 'Next time, when you see me reading, don't disturb me with your foolish questions.'

Mr. Jacobs turned to his book, and Philip was carried off, in tears, to bed, suffering the penalty of a too eager curiosity. He cried himself to sleep.

Twice repulsed, and punishment added the second time, a new question arose, in Philip's mind, almost as difficult of solution as the problem he had submitted to his father. Was it wrong to seek for knowledge? Ere light dawned upon his feeble intellect, tranquil sleep came with his blessed forgetfulness.

On the next morning, at the breakfast-table, while Mr. Jacobs was relating to his wife some pleasant incident which had occurred on the day before, Philip broke in with the untimely question,

'Father! Where does the sun go at night?'

The inquiry was answered by a frown, and a sharply spoken 'Hush!'

As I was saying, when that troublesome child interrupted me, Mr. Jacobs looked toward his wife again, and went on with his story; but the telling of it took too large a time for the patience of Philip, into whose mind a flood of curious questions was pouring.

'Father!'

No regard was paid to the child.

'Father!'

Mr. Jacobs went on talking across the table.

'Father! why can't we fly like birds?'

'Haven't I told you a hundred times not to ask questions when I was talking? If you speak again, you shall be sent from the table!'

Philip covered down in his chair, looking frightened. But his young eyes were just opening upon a world of wonderful things, each of which but half revealed itself. He was what is called a 'bright child,' by some; and a troublesome child by others. To all who would tolerate him he was an eager questioner. Too soon he forgot his father's threat to send him from the table if he spoke again. Ere the story was finished, he said, in a loud voice,

'Mother! Does sugar grow on trees?'

'Philip!'

The child started and flushed like one caught in an evil act.

'Leave the table!'

Philip left his place slowly, and went in tears from the room.

'I never saw such a boy!' exclaimed Mr. Jacobs, with an irritated manner, and then left into a silent, moody state. He did not finish his pleasant story.

'Nobody answers his questions,' said the mother. 'There was a troubled murmur in her voice. "I can't do it, and it's no use for me to begin. It would take all my time, and the wisdom of a Solomon into the bargain. What do you think he asked me yesterday? If the moon were made of green cheese, probably."

'Just what he did ask! Somebody imposed upon his young curiosity, and he came to me for the truth.'

Now it was the father himself who had done this. On the preceding morning, just as he was leaving the house, Philip had caught hold of him and put the question,

'What is the moon made of, father?'

'Of green cheese,' was the thoughtless answer. 'We might call it by a severer name. And Mr. Jacobs dragged himself away from the child's earnest grasp.'

'Well, what reply did you make?' inquired Mr. Jacobs, as he sat down to breakfast.

'I was amused, and laughed heartily.'

'Well, what then? Was he satisfied with being laughed at?'

'No, he pressed the question, and said, "How did you answer him?'"

'I began by trying to make him understand that the moon was another world like this.'

'Mr. Jacobs laughed aloud.'

'He was easily satisfied, I presume?'

'Indeed, then, and he was not. In less than two minutes he had asked me more questions than an astronomer could have answered to his satisfaction in a month.'

'So you gave it up.'

'I did, and told him to give him a cup of amusement and bread in which to drown his curiosity.'

'Was woman, it was foolish I suppose. You heard me more about the moon and green cheese.'

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longer, replied his wife. 'Poor Mary! I feel very sorry for her. I wonder what kind of a girl Anna is?'

'An ordinary girl, no doubt. Mary's husband was a coarse man; and they've always been very poor. The children have had few opportunities for improvement.'

'I'm sorry,' said Mrs. Jacobs. And her dreamy-looking eyes sunk to the floor. After a brief silence she looked up, adding,

'We shall have to give Anna a home.'

'I don't know about that,' replied her husband. 'It might not be best for our children.'

'They are very young.'

'So much the worse. She might give their young minds a twist that we could never get out again. I'm afraid.'

'The poor girl will have to go out alone and friendless, to make her way in the world. She is your sister's child; and for appearance sake, if nothing else, we must not abandon her to such a fate. Evil consequences might follow, that would occasion a life-long regret. I think we had better send for her. We need not offer her a home, now, but merely invite her to make us a visit.'

'If you are willing,' said Mr. Jacobs, 'I will write to sister Mary to send Anna here for a few weeks. If we don't like her, we can manage a quiet transfer to other quarters.'

'Send for her by all means,' replied his wife. 'You cannot do less under the circumstances.'

So a letter was written, and the niece invited to make them a visit.

When Philip learned that his cousin Anna—he had never heard of her before—was coming to make them a visit, he had a hundred curious questions to ask about her, to none of which he could get a satisfactory answer. As usual he annoyed his father with his singular and persevering inquiries; and the child got into trouble about his cousin Anna, more than a dozen times before he looked into her face.

At last, the day came when she was to arrive. Mr. Jacobs did not greet the morning with much pleasure; and his wife felt nervous about the unpromising relative, who might prove a disagreeable inmate of their family. She knew that it would be much easier to receive her into the house, than to get rid of her, should her presence be found an injury to the children. As Anna was to come to the city in charge of a gentleman from the town where she lived, who would bring her to her uncle's house, Mr. Jacobs did not feel called upon to put himself out on the occasion, by meeting her at the cars. It was rather later in the evening than usual, when Mr. Jacobs came home from his store. He felt more than a little uncomfortable about the young relative he was to meet. A dozen times during the day, he expressed to himself regret for having extended the invitation. 'Trouble will grow out of it, I am sure,' he said, as he walked homeward. 'When I saw her ten years ago, she was the image of her father; and that isn't saying much in her favor. He was a coarse, vulgar man. What Mary ever saw in him to like is more than I can imagine.'

When Mr. Jacobs entered the family sitting-room, a slender girl, with a pale, delicate face, and large, dark eyes, that had in them a singular depth and brightness, arose and advanced a few steps toward him. There was a modest grace, an ease of manner, and an air of refinement about her that made a favorable impression at the first glance.

'Your uncle, said Mrs. Jacobs.

'Is this Anna Freeman?' There was no concealment of surprise on the part of Mr. Jacobs, as he took the young girl's hand and welcomed her cordially. He was pleased beyond measure at finding in his niece one so very different from the individual his thoughts had pictured. A brief conversation with her about her mother and younger sisters, and her own views of life and prospects, sufficed to give Mr. Jacobs the impression of a superior and well cultivated mind.

Philip had attached himself to her almost from the moment she came into the house, plying her with questions that were patiently answered, and in a way clearly intelligible to his dawning intellect. He was hanging upon her words when his father came home, and interrupted some attractive piece of information he was gathering from her lips. Impatient at the prolonged conversation, he at last broke in with a question.

'Philip! Mr. Jacobs raised a finger and spoke sternly.

The child was standing by the side of his newly-found relative, who drew an arm around him in an affectionate way, and looking into his face with a gentle smile, said,

'Wait a little while, dear, and I'll tell you all about it.'

'I'm afraid he'll worry you to death with his questions,' said Mr. Jacobs. He pities them without mercy, in season and out of season.'

'I am used to answering children's questions,' replied Anna. 'Philip and I have made friends already; she added, tightening the arm that was around the child.

'Have I troubled you with questions? There was a shade of feeling in the boy's tones as he looked into the face of his cousin Anna.

'No, dear,' she answered, 'you will never trouble me with questions. Ask as many as you please.'

'May I ask one now?'

'No; not now,' said Mr. Jacobs. 'There is a time for all things. Never ask questions when older people are conversing. I am talking with your cousin Anna.'

A shadow fell across the countenance of Philip. But cousin Anna withdrew her hand from his waist, and lifting it to his forehead, laid it among his glossy curls, and drew them tenderly back against her bosom.

'We'll have our talk all in good time, she said, softly.

The child made a strong effort to repress his eager curiosity. Very, very long, as it seemed to him, did his father hold Anna in conversation. In several of the pauses, he threw in a question; but was rebuffed or threatened each time.

'Go away from your cousin Anna! Mr. Jacobs at length said, almost angrily. 'She's tired with a long journey, and you are worrying her to death. Call Jane, and have him taken out of the room.' Mr. Jacobs glanced over to his wife.

'Oh, no, uncle! Don't send him out of the room,' interposed Anna. 'He does not trouble me in the least.'

Wait patiently, dear, she then whispered the child. 'Your time will come soon, and then I'll talk to you just as long as you please.'

A time did come at last, but after what

seemed to Philip a long, long delay. During supper time, his father threatened him twice, without fully repressing the impulsive curiosity which almost every object excited in his young mind; and finally sent him from the table, ordering him, at the same time, to be taken off to bed. Anna looked surprised and grieved at this, and her pitying gaze followed the unhappy child as he was borne from the room. His sad, disappointed face, as she saw him lay it down, almost hopelessly, upon the shoulder of Jane, touched her sympathies, and brought tears to her eyes. Mr. Jacobs observed the effect upon her of Philip's removal. The shade of disquiet alone that dimmed her young countenance rebuked him; for he perceived the cause.

'There is no other way,' said Mr. Jacobs. 'You might as well talk to the wind.'

But Anna made no response.

'As to satisfying his idle curiosity, that is impossible.'

'I have never thought the curiosity of children idle,' said Anna. 'The world is all new to them—and all a mystery. We hold the key to these mysteries; and must unlock for them the doors of knowledge. If they do not come, questioning, to us, where can they go? We are their only hope.'

There was nothing in the manner of his niece, as she thus answered, to offend. She spoke with simple truthfulness. And Mr. Jacobs was not offended, though her words threw light into his mind; and the light rebuked him.

'They are so thoughtless of times and seasons,' remarked Mr. Jacobs.

'They are young, artless and ignorant,' replied Anna, 'and need our widest consideration. I often think that we expect too much from them. Making all allowance for the difference of age and experience, we will find grown persons quite as inconsiderate as children.'

'I believe you are right,' said Mr. Jacobs, as he leaned back in his chair, and looked unusually thoughtful. 'It has often occurred to me that we have too little patience with children. Well, you have full liberty to experiment with Philip—and if you satisfy his curiosity, I will have your name handed down to posterity as the eighth wonder of the world.'

Anna smiled, as she replied that she had no objection to make the experiment, and if they would excuse her, would go to Philip at once and soothe him in his trouble.

'I don't wonder at his impatience,' she added, as she arose from the table. 'For I was in the very midst of some very interesting explanations when you came home, to which he was listening with eyes and mouth, as well as mind, wide open, trying to take in my words at every possible and impossible avenue.'

When cousin Anna entered the bed-room to which Philip had been sent in disgrace, she found him half undressed, lying with his face buried in a pillow, and Jane endeavoring to remove his clothes.

'I never saw such a bad boy!' said the nurse, impatiently. 'He's always doing something. Turn over here, I say! But the child remained as immovable and heedless as a piece of wood.'

'Philip!'

What a magic there was in the voice of cousin Anna! What quick light flashed electrically through all the child's frame. She had bent over him as she spoke. Scarcely did the sound of her voice, ere his arms were about her neck.

'I will address him, Jane, said cousin Anna. The girl left the room, half wondering at the singular influence gained over the restless, almost ungovernable boy, by a stranger who had not been three hours in the house.

Tears dry quickly on the warm cheeks of childhood. Scarcely three minutes had glided away, ere sunshine succeeded the rain.

'Now tell me about the people on the other side of the world. Can't we dig right thro'?' Anna had, through many interruptions by Philip's mother, who constantly repressed the child's questions, and reproved him for annoying his cousin, endeavored, during the two hours that succeeded her arrival, to satisfy his highly stimulated curiosity in regard to the strange story he had heard about the world's turning round. She had made some progress, when her uncle returned home, and interrupted the talk with the child.

In reply to his repeated query, Anna, by aid of the lamp, and an India rubber ball which happened to be lying on the bureau, showed Philip, by one of the common illustrations, familiar to every eye, how the earth moves on its axis, giving the alternations of day and night. Of course, he was only partially convinced, and had many difficulties to interpose. He could not see how it was possible for the people to remain sticking on to the side of a round ball—and he wanted to know who turned the world round; if there was a man moving it with a crank like a grindstone; and why the water did not run off.

Not once did cousin Anna smile at his amusing queries. She saw that they were the simple, outspoken difficulties that met him on the path of knowledge; he was so eager to tread; and with wise and loving patience she answered and illustrated, until the grateful boy was satisfied. For full two hours he pressed his inquiries, going over the entire ground of doubt and difficulty already encountered in his young experience, and then after so rare a feast of knowledge, listened with tranquil delight to a pleasant story that left his mind ready for sleep and dreams.

For the last hour, Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs had listened near the door.

'God bless her!' whispered the father, as he laid his hand upon the arm of his wife, and drew her away. 'She is wiser than we. Her loving patience is a rebuke. How unjust to that boy I have been!'

On the next day, Mr. Jacobs offered his niece a permanent home in his family.

'Be to us as a daughter,' he said, 'and to our children an elder sister.'

She smiled, half sadly, as she replied, 'My mother will not give up her claim. Let me be to you, dear uncle, a grateful niece, and to your sweet children simple cousins Anna.'

'She's better than any sister I'm sure—a great deal better than George Fitter's big sister Mary, who's always saying, "Oh, hush! to him. I want her to be just cousin Anna, and that's a great deal better than any sister. Philip had been listening, and this was his unvarnished commentary.

'I shall be cousin Anna and no more, and the gratified girl, stooping to kiss her blushing, and kissing the forehead of the loving child.

And cousin Anna she remained, blessing

that household with her presence, and receiving her reward daily. Not so much in outward acknowledgments as in deep interior satisfaction, arising from the consciousness that she was doing good among the children who loved her as a sister.

If any one inquired of Philip whether she were his sister, he would answer almost indignantly:

'No—she's not a sister! She's cousin Anna! And no one who saw or heard him make this reply, could fail to understand his impression of the vast superiority of a cousin over a sister.'

## Plain Words Seasonably Spoken.

It may be remarkable that many persons, in speaking of the present scarcity of money and its probable results upon society, comfort themselves, after all, with the reflection that 'the hard times will bring people to their senses; and that we shall at any rate, have less dissipation and extravagance this winter. There are also certain consolations in an anticipation of reduced prices in marketing; of not being criticised quite so closely by 'other people' if the usual amount of parties, expensive dressing, and extravagant amusement is not indulged in; in fact we might almost venture the assertion that there is no inconsiderable portion of the community, even among the young, to whom a removal of the high pressure of winter expense will be a positive relief.

And really, when we come to reflect on it, it becomes apparent that those pleasures which cost the most, are those which we could most readily dispense with; while those social and domestic joys which afford the greatest gratification, and which need cost very little, are the least cultivated. There is no reason why friends cannot meet on an evening without expensive refreshments, and there is no absurd tyranny in that fashion which limits the use of a splendid dress to a very few parties, where it is very soon spoiled by the refreshments in question, or torn in consequence of its endless folds. In fact, the great majority, of those social pleasures which confer the greatest gratification and leave the pleasantest memories, are not at all of a very expensive nature; and that they have become so is owing to a self-imposed tyranny, the true ground for which must be sought in a ridiculous ostentation of wealth, particularly among those who are far from being really wealthy.

If there is one weakness more generally predominant than another, one single folly which has worked its way more deeply into society in this country than in any other on the face of the earth; it is the continual pretence, in word, deed, and casual intimations, of not feeling or conceiving any amount of expenditure to be in the least degree a burden. There is no folly so miserable as this, and none so prevalent. Persons whom we know to be poor speak casually and lightly of any great expense they may have encountered, as though it merely formed an ordinary item of accustomed payment; and the art of this variety of light and elegant lying has been cultivated since childhood. Certainly we do not advocate any person's dwelling on what he or she may have paid for this or that, or adverting with emphasis to it in conversation; but the popular manner to which we refer, of always 'talking rich,' is the very refinement of snobbish ostentation, and can only obtain in a state of society where money alone is getting to be rapidly regarded as the great governing influence. There is no country in Europe where this 'talking rich' obtains as it does here. There is no other place—not even Paris—where a young girl, who cannot afford a dress or a set of jewelry, will examine it with such a buying air as here, or remark naturally in turning away that 'it's very pretty, but not quite so fine as I want.'

As for the men, they have made a perfect science of this species of mendacity, basing it on the principle that a man must do all in his power to keep up his business credit; in the end it is all unsound and all foolish. Undue credit for having money, either in man or woman, generally forces extravagance upon them as naturally as the wind blows the snow down the valley. Woe to the valley whose warm idle vapor attracted the eager wind of the idle reputation, which overwhelmed it with an avalanche of ruin!

Our whole social life has rapidly become, of late years, a staring, gaudy reflex of one fixed idea—money, money, money. Dress and furniture, books, pleasures—nay, even the very children are mediums, not so much of comfort, taste, intellect, enjoyment and affection, as of the possession of the great moving power—'Toujours l'argent.' In nine cases out of ten, this wealth is of all proportion to the taste, education or knowledge of the owner or of his children—despite the very popular delusion entertained by most persons, that if they were rich, they would show the world how money ought to be spent. And such must continue to be the case, until a more widely disseminated system of deeply laid refined education, and a more careful cultivation of the true sensitivities of life, have taught us, as a nation, that though wealth is a fine thing, it is not the *sine qua non*, and that those pleasures and pursuits best worth living for have nothing in common with ostentation, splendid but useless upholstery, dresses whose cost must be proclaimed, weddings in which the merit of the gentleman is weighed by the amount he invests in the engagement ring, and piety which is appraised by the cost of the pew. We have no desire to deliver one of the old homilies against extravagance. Experience has shown us that to the Flora McFlinties and Jenny Jessamies of the day, the severest remarks of the kind fall like delicious incense on their senses, so fascinated are they at the idea of belonging to the world of Money-Fashion. But we could sincerely wish, at a time like this, when the whole community is doing bitter penance for its Mammon worship, that those who have so far kept step with the music, would reflect whether they had been marching to, and whether a greater amount of true pleasure might not be had out of life, without all of the hollow show, idle expense and feverish working out of the brains which now accompany it.

Good Advice.—We trust no man who owns a bank bill, will be willing to sacrifice it for less than par. It may be less than it did a week since, when it was unchangeable for specie. It is worth no less, for the bank must take it at par in payment of notes due at its own counter. And every bank has twice as much property as debt, besides the individual liabilities of its shareholders.

[Worcester Telegram.]

[From the Pittsburg Union.]  
YANKEE COURTESY.

BY ANDREW DE WARD.

Cottage by the hill-side—  
There, dear old lady,  
Dorothy beside the fire,  
Waiting for her spark,  
Old man by the chimney,  
Reading Boston paper,  
Old lady near the table,  
Making Sata cups, up  
Some other peculiar kind of garment.

Very cold without, and  
Wind a shrieking howling;  
Owl in the orchard,  
Out perhaps a fowling,  
Rap, rap, at the kitchen door—  
Dorothy looks pleasant,  
'Jonathan,' she whispers shy;  
'Rot me if it is n't,

Or some fellow that I don't want to see.'

Door is open—Jonathan!  
Why, how do you do?  
'Well, Dorothy, I'm pretty well,  
A sea'n how it's you'  
Old man stops his reading,  
Old lady stops her sewing;  
Both remark to Jonathan,  
'Well now, how is blowing,

There's going to be some fall weather, yet, I sware.'

Salutations over,  
Jonathan is sure a case,  
Wishes, over sundry times  
That he was to hum,  
Old folks getting sleepy  
Glean to nod the head;  
Dorothy suggests that they  
Had better go to bed—  
And a prodigious grin lights up Jonathan's physiognomy.

Old folks snoring soundly,  
Young folks close together;  
Jonathan and Dorothy,  
Talking about the weather,  
Jonathan is thinking,  
And his heart best father,  
But his heart is thumping so  
Can hardly keep his seat on,  
And his tongue cleaveth to the roof of his mouth.

Dorothy looks shy—  
Knows there's something coming;  
Looks around at Jonathan—  
He feels much like running,  
'Dearest Dorothy,' he says,  
And his heart best father,  
'I hope that you and I would go  
Down to parson Caster,  
And get linked in the everlasting bonds of matrimony.'

Years have passed away, and  
Down into the valley,  
Far away from city  
Street or city alley,  
Stands a snow in March;  
White as snow in March;  
Jonathan and Dorothy,  
Sitting on the porch,  
And half a dozen white-headed youngsters around them.

Theodore Parker on the Crisis.

Rev. Theodore Parker delivered a discourse on the 'Commercial Crisis' in Music Hall, Boston, on Sunday, the 4th, and nobody has given the 'crisis' harder or better directed blows. He hits it straight between the eyes.

We annex a few extracts:

The imports of 1856, were \$360,000,000, but the exports were two millions more, and if \$69,000,000 thereof were of gold, it should be remembered this is as much a staple of American productive industry as coal is to England, and so, if we manage rightly, it is no more loss to us to export our superfluous gold than it is for Sweden to export her superfluous iron, Brazil her hides, China her teas and silks. Take America as a whole, and the demand for labor is greater than the supply. This is shown at the South by the constant increase of slaves, and at the North by the continual increase of wages, and our anxiety to make such machines as in a short time and cheaply shall do the work that else would require the costly toll of human hands to achieve. America was never so rich as to-day, in men, women and children, cultivated land, good roads, of earth, wood, stone and iron, in ships, houses, shops, factories, tools, the useful metals and minerals, and never so well supplied with food, clothes, furniture, carriages, schools, books, and all manner of things for use and beauty.

Yet, in spite of all this general abundance, there is a great crisis in the money market; there is distress in all commercial circles, from Maine, to Louisiana. All the departments of commerce and business are disturbed. Money, which is commonly worth from six to eight per cent. a year, is now hard to get at even 18 or 24 per cent. Men pay a famine price for gold and silver. Houses of the first respectability fail, or else suspend payment for a time, leaving others to pay. Men of handsome estates, even of great fortune, find that their property is all gone. In whole cities, in whole states, banks suspend specie payments—violate their contracts, solemnly make, and pay in promises to pay—not in certificates of property but certificates of debt. Mills shut down their gates, and men are turned out of employment by the hundred or thousand, with the prospect of immediate idleness and remote hunger.

Then there are the idlers. In the town of somewhere lives Mr. Manygirls. He is a tollsome merchant, his wife a hard-working housekeeper. Once they were poor, now ruinously rich. They have seven daughters, whom they train up in utter idleness. They are all do-nothings. They spend much money, but not in works of humanity, not even in elegant accomplishments, in painting, music and in the like, so paying in spiritual beauty what they take in material means. They never read or sing; they are know nothings, and only walk in a vain show, as useless as a ghost, and as ignorant as the block on which their bonnets are made. Now, these seven ladies, (as the newspapers call the poor things, so insignificant and helpless,) are not only idle, earn nothing, but they consume much. What a fond of idleness is on their shoulders and necks. Mr. Manygirls hires many men and women to wait on his daughters' idleness, and these servants are withdrawn from the productive work of the shop or the farm, and set to the unproductive work of nursing these seven great grown-up babies.

On the other side of the way, the Hon. Mr. Manyboys has seven sons, who are the exact match of the merchant's daughters—rich, idle, some of them dissolute—debauchery coming before their beard—all useless, earning nothing, spending much and wasting more. Their only labor is to kill time, and in summer they emigrate from pond to pond, from lake to lake, having a fishing line with a worm at one end and a fool at the other. These are the first families in Somewhere. Their idleness is counted pleasure. Six of these sons will marry, and five, perhaps, of Mr. Manygirls' daughters, and what families they will found, to live on the toll of their grandfather's bones, until a commercial crisis, or the wear and tear of time has dispersed their fortune, and they are forced reluctantly to toil.

The next crisis is the richness of experi-

ment, leading men to engage in enterprises not well planned, and which turn out ill; cost much and come to little.

Then the spirit which prevails in our trade is not a very honest one. He would not say that we were worse than other nations; he was sure we were better, juster, more honest than our fathers were a hundred years ago. But look at the defalcations of men entrusted with funds,—look at the great swindlings by officers, of railroads and banks—remember how lightly all these things are passed over, and how very seldom a great thief gets punished at all,—remember that men fail in trade, leaving half a million of debt and one-tenth of a million to discharge the debt,—remember how the Pacific Company put \$1,600,000 in gold of other men's property





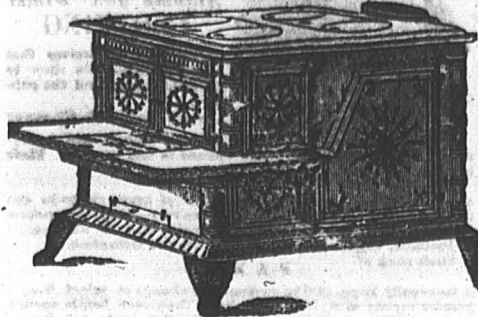






Kendall's Mills Adv'ts.

STOVES, HARD-WARE AND BAR IRON, At Kendall's Mills.



Ring Pump Air-Tight. GILBRETH & RICHARDSON, Stoves, Hot Air Furnaces, and Fire Frames.

Having had experience in the Furnace business, we are prepared to furnish, and set in the best manner, and at the lowest price, any which are in the market, and constantly have on hand, DABY'S UNEXHAUSTED HOT AIR.

Dr. A. BACKUS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, KENDALL'S MILLS, Fairfield, Me.

New Drug Store at Kendall's Mills. DRUG AND APOTHECARY STORE.

Dr. A. PINKHAM, SURGEON DENTIST, KENDALL'S MILLS, MAINE.

Flour, Tea, Molasses, and Groceries, WESTERN & OHIO FLOUR, Direct from the Mills.

My Mills Must Be Paid. AND those indebted to me must pay me to enable me to do so.

PAINTING, GLAZING AND PAPERING. WM. J. MORRILL.

The Best Assortment MILLINERY GOODS. I have just opened by Miss L. E. Ingham, at her store.

Trimming Goods, Flannels and White Goods. MORNING GOODS.

DENTISTRY! GEO. F. WATERS continues to execute all orders from those in need of Dental services.

BLIND HOTEL, Corner of Main and College Streets, (near the Depot).

BY JOHN L. SEAVEY, WILLIAM DYER, Apothecary and Druggist, WATERVILLE, MAINE.

THROUGH BY EXPRESS! THE EASTERN EXPRESS COMPANY.

Ready Made Clothing. The largest and best assortment of ready made and WELL MADE CLOTHING.

OLONG TEA, a few boxes, very fragrant and delicate for sale at low prices.

Soft Hats, Caps and Straw Hats, FOR MEN, YOUTH and BOYS, all of the latest styles, and will be sold at the lowest possible prices.

Boot and Shoe Business, so far as it may be in my power to do so, I shall not ask or give credit to any one.

H. A. BACHELDER, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of WOOD SEAT CHAIRS AND SETTEES.

G. W. GARDINER'S Clothing and Tailoring Establishment. In this place to get a Custom or Ready Made Garment.

NEW FALL GOODS, complete assortment of DRY GOODS FOR THE FALL TRADE.

Portland Advertisements.

F. W. BAILEY'S BOOK BINDERY, 65 Exchange Street, - - - Portland.

Bound in Styles to suit your own tastes. BAILEY'S, 65 Exchange Street.

TO THE TRADE. We are just receiving our SPRING IMPORTATIONS of CROCKERY WARE.

HOUSE FURNISHING LINE. Also, fine and common Table Cutlery, Cutlery, (rich plated and common).

PAPER WAREHOUSE. No. 21 Exchange Street, Portland, Me.

WANTED, IMMEDIATELY. A Man to buy Clothing at G. W. GARDINER'S.

CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT. Also, 1000 WOMEN, to make Boston work.

READY MADE CLOTHING. And Furnishing Goods. To supply the wants of the community.

MR. FLETCHER. A custom cutter from Boston, who understands his business, and has had considerable experience.

BROWN & CO. Respectfully tender their thanks to the citizens of Waterville.

BAKERY. I have just received from Mr. W. L. HARRIS, where they were prepared to supply the community.

Graham and Brown Bread. AND every variety of FANCY CAKES.

MEAT, GROCERIES, & C. Feeling grateful for past patronage, I would inform my old and new customers.

SALT AND FRESH MEATS. NEAR THE POST OFFICE. And would be pleased to have all those who do not get their supply from my cart, call at my store.

OYSTERS. JOE CREAMS, FRUITS, ETC. G. F. LASSELLE.

FRUITS, CONFECTIONERY, OYSTERS, CIGARS, & C. COPELAND'S Superior WEDDING CAKES.

ORANGES, LEMONS, FIGS, CANDIES & CIGARS. AT WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

OLONG, NINGYONG, SOUCHONG, and YOUNG HYSON, Tea received by P. H. GETCHELL.

ALWAYS GO TO SINGLARS' for any kind of HAT or CAP.

The Latest, Best and Cheapest. FURNITURE WARE-ROOM. J. P. CAFFEY & CO.

Corner of Temple and Main. Now offering for sale a complete assortment of Cabinet FURNITURE.

FOR MEN, YOUTH and BOYS, all of the latest styles, and will be sold at the lowest possible prices.

NOTICE. The undersigned would inform the citizens of Waterville and vicinity that he has furnished chairs and authorized.

H. A. BACHELDER, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of WOOD SEAT CHAIRS AND SETTEES.

G. W. GARDINER'S Clothing and Tailoring Establishment. In this place to get a Custom or Ready Made Garment.

NEW FALL GOODS, complete assortment of DRY GOODS FOR THE FALL TRADE.

Androscoggin & Kennebec Railroad.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT - - - 1887. ON and after June 1, 1887, trains will leave Waterville for Portland and Boston, daily, except Sundays.

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Doors, Sash, Blinds and Window Frames.

THIS business continues to manufacture at Waterville, the doors, sash, blinds, and window frames.

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E. COFFIN PAINT STOCK.

Has received and now offers for sale, a large assortment of Pure Ground White Lead.

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