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The power of outward circumstances suddenly to awaken dormant faculties—the extraordinary influence which the mere instinct of self-preservation can exert over the mind, and the triumph of mind thus excited over physical weakness, were never more truly exemplified than in the story of Halloran the Peddler.

The real circumstances of this singular case, differing essentially from the garbled and incorrect account which appeared in the newspapers some years ago, came to my knowledge in the following simple manner. My cousin, George C., an Irish barrister of some standing, lately succeeded to his family estates by the death of a near relative; and no sooner did he find himself in possession of independence, than, abjuring the bar, where, after twenty years of hard struggling, he was just beginning to make a figure, he set off on a tour through Italy and Greece, to forget the wrangling of courts, the contumacy of attorneys, and the impatience of clients. He left in my hands a mass of papers, to burn or not, as I might feel inclined; and truly the contents of his desk were no bad illustration of the character and pursuits of its owner. Here I found abstracts of cases, and on their backs copies of verses, sketches of scenery, and numerous caricatures of judges, jurymen, witnesses, and of his brethren of the bar—a bundle of old briefs and the beginnings of two tragedies; with a long list of Lord N——'s best jokes to serve his purposes on occasion might be offset. Among these heterogeneous and confused articles were a number of scraps carefully pinned together, containing notes on a certain trial, the first in which he had been retained as counsel for the crown. The intense interest with which I perused these documents, suggested the plan of throwing the whole into a connected form, and here it is for the reader's benefit.

In the south part of the county of Kilkenny lived a poor peasant named Michael, or as it was elegantly pronounced Mickle Reilly. He was a laborer renting a cabin and a little potato ground; and on the strength of these possessions, a robust frame which feared no reverse, Reilly paid his addresses to Cathleen Bray, a young girl of his own parish, and they were married. Reilly was able, skilful, and industrious; Cathleen was the best spinner in the county, and had constant sale for her work at Kilkenny; they wanted nothing; and for the first year, as Cathleen said, "There wasn't upon the blessed earth two happier souls than themselves, for Mick was the best boy in the world, and hadn't a fault to speak of—being he took the drop now and then, and why wouldn't he? But as it happened, poor Reilly's love of 'the drop' was the beginning of all their misfortunes. In an evil hour he went to the Fair of Kilkenny, to sell a dozen hanks of yarn of his wife's spinning, and a fat pig, the produce of which was to pay half a year's rent, and add to their little comforts. Here he met with a jovial companion, who took him into a booth, and treated him to some potatoes of whisky; and while in his company, his pocket was picked of the money he had just received, and something more; in short, of all he possessed in the world. At that luckless moment, while maddened by his loss and heated with liquor, he fell into the company of a recruiting-sergeant. The many colored and gaily fluttering cockade in the soldier's cap shone like a rainbow of hope and promise before the drunken eyes of Mickle Reilly, and ere morning he was enlisted into a regiment under orders for embarkation, and instantly sent off for Cork.

Distracted by the ruin he had brought upon himself and his wife (whom he loved a thousand times better than himself), poor Reilly sent a friend to inform Cathleen of his mischance, and to assure her that on a certain day in a week from that time, a letter would await her at the Kilkenny post-office; the same friend was commissioned to deliver her his silver watch, and a guinea out of his bounty money. Poor Cathleen turned from the gold with horror, as the price of her husband's blood, and vowed that nothing on earth should induce her to touch it. She was not a good calculator of time and distance, and therefore rather surprised that so long a time should elapse before his letter arrived. On the appointed day she was too impatient to wait the arrival of the carrier, but set off to Kilkenny herself, a distance of ten miles; there, at the post-office, she duly found the promised letter; but it was not till she had it in her possession that she remembered she could not read; she had therefore to hasten back to consult her friend Nancy, the schoolmaster's daughter, and the best scholar in the village. Reilly's letter, on being deciphered with some difficulty even by the learned Nancy, was found to contain much of sorrow, much of repentance, and yet more of affection; he assured her that he was far better off than he had expected or deserved; that the embarkation of the regiment to which he belonged was delayed for three weeks, and entreated her if she could forgive him, to follow him to Cork without delay, that they might part in love and kindness, and then come what might, he would demand himself like a man, and die as such, which he assured her he could not do without embracing her once more.

Cathleen listened to her husband's letter with clasped hands and drawn breath, but quiet in her nature, she gave no other signs of emotion than a few large tears which trickled slowly down her cheeks. "And will I see him again?" she exclaimed, "poor fellow! poor boy! I knew the heart of him was sore for me, and who knows, Nancy dear, but they'll let me go out with him to the foreign parts? Oh! sure they wouldn't be so hard-hearted as to part man and wife that way!

After a hurried consultation with her neighbors, who sympathized with her as only the poor sympathize with the poor, a letter was indited by Nancy and sent by the Kilkenny carrier that night, to inform her husband that she proposed setting off for Cork the next blessed morning, being Tuesday, and as the distance was about forty eight miles English, she reckoned on reaching that city by Wednesday afternoon; for as she had walked to Kilkenny and back (about twenty miles) that same day, without feeling fatigued at all, "to signify," Cathleen thought there would be no doubt that she could walk to Cork in less than two days. In this sanguine calculation she was, however, overruled by her more experienced neighbors, and by their advice appointed Thursday as the day on which her husband was to expect her, "God willing."

Cathleen spent the rest of the day in making preparations for her journey; she set her cabin in order, and made a small bundle of a few articles of clothing belonging to herself and her husband. The watch and the guinea were wrapped up together and crammed into the toe of an old shoe which she deposited in the same bundle, and the next morning, at "sparrow chirp," she arose, locked her cabin door, carefully hid the key in the thatch, and with a light expectant heart commenced her long journey.

It is worthy of remark that this poor woman who was called upon to play the heroine

in such a strange tragedy and under such appalling circumstances, had nothing heroic in her exterior; nothing that in the slightest degree indicated strength of nerve or superiority of intellect. Cathleen was twenty-three years of age, of a low stature, and in her form rather delicate than robust; she was of ordinary appearance; her eyes mild and dove-like, and her whole countenance, though not absolutely deficient in intelligence, was more particularly expressive of simplicity, good temper, and kindness of heart.

It was summer, about the end of June; the days were long, the weather fine, and some gentle showers rendered traveling easy and pleasant. Cathleen walked on stoutly towards Cork, and by the evening she had accomplished with occasional pauses of rest, nearly twenty-one miles. She lodged at a little inn by the roadside, and the following day set forward again, but soon felt stiff with the travel of two previous days; the sun became hotter, the ways dustier; and she could not with all her endeavors get further than Katherly, eighteen miles from Cork. The next day, unfortunately for poor Cathleen, proved hotter and more fatiguing than the preceding. The cross road lay over a wild country consisting of low bogs and bare hills. About noon she turned aside to a rivulet bordered by a few trees, and sitting down in the shade, she bathed her swollen feet in the stream, and overcame her heat, weakness, and excessive weariness, she put her little bundle under her head for a pillow and sunk into a deep sleep.

On waking she perceived with dismay that the sun was declining; and on looking about, her fears were increased by the discovery that her bundle was gone. Her first thought was that the good people (her *ist, the fairies*) had been there and stolen it away; but on examining further she plainly perceived large footprints in the soft bank, and was convinced it was the work of no unearthly marauder. Bitterly reproaching herself for her carelessness, she again set forth; and still hoping to reach Cork that night, she toiled on and on with increasing difficulty and distress, till as the evening closed her spirits failed, she became faint, foot-sore and hungry, not having tasted anything since the morning but a cold potato and a draught of buttermilk. She then looked round her in hopes of discovering some habitation, but there was none in sight, except a lofty castle on a distant hill, which raising its proud turrets from amidst the plantations which surrounded it, glimmered faintly through the gloom, and held no temptation for the poor wanderer to turn in there and rest. In her despair she sat her down on a bank by the roadside, and wept as she thought of her husband.

Several horsemen rode by, and one carriage and four attended by servants, who took no further notice of her than a passing look; while they went on their way like the priest and the Levite in the parable, poor Cathleen dropped her head despairingly on her bosom. A faint, dark and torpor seemed to be stealing like a dark cloud over her senses, when the fast approaching sound of footsteps roused her action, and turning, she saw at her side a man whose figure, though singular, she recognized immediately; it was Halloran the Peddler.

Halloran had been known for thirty years past in all the towns and villages between Waterford and Kerry. He was very old, he himself did not know his own age; he only remembered that he was a "tall slip of a boy" when he was one of the regiment of foot, and fought in America in 1778. His dress was strange; it consisted of a woollen cap, beneath which strayed a few white hairs; his head was surmounted by an old military cocked hat adorned with a few fragments of tarnished gold lace; a frieze great coat with the sleeves dangling behind, was fastened at his throat, and served to protect his box of wares which was slung at his back; and he always carried a thick oak stick or *kippien* in his hand. There was nothing of the infirmity of age in his appearance; his cheek though wrinkled and weather-beaten was still ruddy; his step still firm; his eyes still bright; his jovial disposition made him a welcome guest in every cottage, and his jokes, though not equal to Lord Norbury's, were repeated and applauded through the whole country. Halloran was returning from the fair of Kilkenny, where apparently his commercial speculations had been attended with success, as his pack was considerably diminished in size. Though he did not appear to recollect Cathleen, he addressed her in Irish, and asked her what she did there; she related in a few words her miserable situation.

"In troth, then, my heart is sorry for ye, poor woman," he replied, compassionately; "and what will ye do?"

"An' what can I do?" replied Cathleen, disconsolately; "and how will I even find the ford of Ahnamore and get across to Cork, when I don't know where I am this blessed 'mo ment?"

"Musha, then, it's little ye'll get there this night," said the peddler, shaking his head.

"Then I'll lie down here and die," said Cathleen, bursting into fresh tears.

"Die ye wouldn't!" he exclaimed, approaching nearer; "is it to me, Peter Halloran, ye spake that word; and am I the man that would leave a faymle at this dark hour by the wayside, let alone one that has the face of a friend, though I cannot remember me of your name either, for the soul of me. But what matter for that?"

"Sure I'm Katty Reilly, of Castle Conn."

"Katty Reilly, sure enough! and so no more talk of dying; cheer up, and see, a mile further on, isn't there Biddy Hogan's?"

"I mane, if the house and all isn't gone; and it's there we'll get a bite, and a sup, and a bed too, please God. So lean upon my arm, my mavourneen, it's strong enough yet."

So saying, the old man with an air of gallantry, half rustic, half military, assisted her in rising, and supporting her on one arm, with the other he flourished his *kippien* over his head, and they trudged on together, he singing, Crusikreen Lawn at the top of his voice, just as he said, "to put the heart into her."

After about half an hour's walking, they came to two crossways diverging from the highroad; down one of these the peddler turned, and in a few minutes they came in sight of a lonely house, situated at a little distance from the wayside. Above the door was a long stick projecting from the wall at the end of which dangled a truss of straw, signifying that within there was entertainment (good or bad) for man and beast. By this

time it was nearly dark, and the peddler going up to the door, lifted the latch, expecting it to yield to his hand, but it was fastened within; he then knocked and called, but there was no answer. The building, which was many times larger than an ordinary cabin, had once been a manufactory, and afterwards a farmhouse. One end of it was deserted, and nearly in ruins; the other end bore signs of having been at least recently inhabited. But such a dull hollow echo rung through the edifice at every knock, that it seemed the whole place was now deserted.

Cathleen began to be alarmed and crossed herself, ejaculating, "O God preserve us!" But the peddler, who appeared well acquainted with the premises, led her round to the back part of the house, where there were some ruined outbuildings, and another low entrance. Here, raising his stout stick, he let fall such a heavy thump on the door that it cracked again, and a shrill voice from the other side demanded who was there. After a satisfactory answer, the door was slowly and cautiously opened, and the figure of a wrinkled, half-finished, and half-naked beldam appeared, shading a rush candle with one hand. Halloran who was of a fiery and hasty temper, began angrily: "Why, then, in the name of the great devil himself, didn't you open to us?" But he stopped suddenly, as if struck with surprise at the miserable object before him.

"Is it Biddy Hogan herself, I see?" he exclaimed, snatching the candle from her hand, and thrusting the light full on her face. A moment's scrutiny seemed enough, and too much; for, giving it back hastily, he supported Cathleen into the kitchen, the old woman leading the way, and placed her on an old settle, the first seat which presented itself. When she was sufficiently recovered to look about her, Cathleen could not help feeling some alarm at finding herself in so gloomy and dreary a place. It had once been a large kitchen, or hall; at one end was an ample chimney, such as are yet to be seen in some old country houses. The rafters were black with smoke or rotteness; the walls had been wainscoted with oak, but the greatest part had been torn down for fire-bricks. A table with three legs, a large stool, a bench in the chimney propped up with turf-logs, and the seat Cathleen occupied, formed the only furniture. Every thing spoke utter misery, filth and famine—the very "abomination of desolation."

"And what have ye in the house, Biddy, honey?" was the peddler's first question, as the old woman sat down the light.

"Little enough, I'm thinking."

"Little! Is it nothing then?"

"No, not so much as a midge would eat have I in the house this blessed night, and nobody to send down to Balgowna."

"No need of that, as our good luck would have it," said Halloran, and pulling a wallet from under his loose coat, he drew from it a bone of gold meat, a piece of bacon, a lump of bread, and some cold potatoes. The old woman, roused by the sight of so much good cheer, began to blow up the dying embers on the hearth; put down among them the few potatoes to warm, and busied herself in making some little preparations to entertain her guests. Meantime the old peddler, casting from time to time an anxious glance towards Cathleen, and now and then an encouraging word, sat down on the low stool, resting his arms on his knees.

"Times are sadly changed with ye, Biddy Hogan," said he at length, after a long silence.

"Troth, ye may say so," she replied, with a sort of groan. "Bitter bad luck have we had in this world, any how."

"And where's the man of the house? And where's the lad, Barney?"

"Where are they, is it? Where should they be? They be gone down to Ahnamore."

"But what's come of Barney? The boy was a stout workman, and a good son, though a devil-may-care fellow too. I remember teaching him the soldier's exercise with this very blessed stick now in my hand; and by the same token, him doubling his fist at me when he wasn't bigger than the turk kish yonder; and as long as Barney Hogan could turn out of turf on my lord's land, I thought his father and mother would never have wanted the bit and sup while the life was in him."

At the mention of her son, the old woman looked up a moment, but immediately hung her head again.

"Barney doesn't work for my lord now," said she.

"And what for, then?"

The old woman seemed reluctant to answer, she hesitated.

"Ye didn't hear, then, how he got into trouble with my lord, and how—myself doesn't know the rights of it—but Barney had always a bit of wild blood about him; and since that day he's taken to bad ways, and the old man's rule by him quite entirely; and the one's glum and fustice like—and t'other's bothered and, oh! t'other's the time I have 'twist 'em both!"

While the old woman was uttering these broken complaints, she placed the cabbages on the table; and Cathleen, who was yet more faint from hunger than subdued by fatigue, was first helped by the good natured peddler to the best of what was there; but, just as she was about to taste the food set before her, she chanced to see the eyes of the old woman fixed upon the morsel in her hand with such an envious and famished look, that from a sudden impulse of benevolent feeling, she instantly held it out to her. The woman started, drew back her extended hand, and gazed at her wildly.

"What is it then ails ye?" said Cathleen, looking at her with wonder; then to herself, "hunger's turned the wile of her, poor soul! Take it—take it, mother," added she aloud; "eat, good mother; sure there's plenty for us all, and to spare," and she pressed it upon her with all the kindness of her nature. The old woman eagerly seized it.

"God reward ye," said she, grasping Cathleen's hand, convulsively; and retiring to a corner, she devoured the food with almost wolfish voracity.

While they were eating, the two Hogans, father and son, came in. They had been seeking snares for rabbits and game on the neighboring hills; and evidently were both startled and displeased to find the house occupied; which, since Barney Hogan's disgrace with 'my lord,' had been privately shunned by the people round about. The old man gave the peddler a sullen welcome. The son, with a muttered

curse, went and took his seat in the chimney, where, turning his back, he set himself to chop a billet of wood. The father was a lean, stooping figure, "bony, and gaunt, and grim;" he was either deaf, or affected deafness. The son was a short, brawny, thickset man, with features not naturally ugly but rendered worse than ugly by an expression of lowering ferocity disgustingly blended with a sort of stupid drunken leer, the effect of habitual intoxication.

Halloran stared at them a while with visible astonishment and indignation, but pity and sorrow for a change so lamentable, smothered the old man's wrath; and as the cabbages were by this time demolished, he took from his pocket a flask of whisky, calling to the old woman to boil some water, "reheating her," that he might make what he termed a jug of stiff punch—enough, he said, to make a cat sneeze. He offered to share it with his hosts, who did not decline drinking; and the noggin went round to all but Cathleen, who, feverish with traveling, and, besides, disliking spirits, would not taste it. The old peddler, reconciled to his late success in trade, showed with exultation his almost empty cask, and taking cut the only two handkerchiefs left in it, threw one to Cathleen, and the other to the old woman of the house; then slapping his pocket, in which a quantity of loose money was heard to jingle, he swore he would treat Cathleen to a good breakfast next morning, and threw a shilling on the table, desiring the old woman, would provide "about for a dozen," and have it ready by the first light.

Cathleen listened to thisrodomontade in some alarm; she fancied to detect certain suspicious glances between the father and son, and began to feel an indelible dread of her company. She arose from the table, urging the peddler, good humoredly, to retire to rest, as they intended to be up and away so early next morning; then concealing her apprehensions under an affection of extreme fatigue and drowsiness, she desired to be shown where she was to sleep. The old woman lighted a lantern, and led the way up some broken steps into a sort of loft, where she showed her two beds, standing close together; one of these she intimated was for the peddler, and the other for herself. Now Cathleen had been born and bred in an Irish cabin, where the inmates are usually lodged after a very promiscuous fashion; our readers, therefore, will not wonder at the arrangement. Cathleen, however, required that, if possible, some kind of screen should be placed between the beds. The old hag at first replied to this request with the most disgusting impudence, but Cathleen insisting, the beds were moved asunder, leaving a space of about two feet between them; and, after a long search, a piece of old frieze was dragged out from among some rubbish, and hung up to the low rafters, so as to form a curtain or partition half way across the room. Having completed this arrangement, and wished her a sweet sleep and sound, and lucky dreams, the old woman put the lantern on the floor, for there was neither chair nor table, and left her guest to repose.

Cathleen said her prayers, only partly addressed herself, and lifting up the worn out coverlet, lay down upon the bed. In a quarter of an hour afterwards the peddler staggered into the room, and as he passed the foot of her bed, he said "Good night, Biddy." He then threw himself down on his bed, and in a few minutes, as she judged by his hard and equal breathing, the old man was in a deep sleep.

All was now still in the house, but Cathleen could not sleep. She was feverish and restless; her limbs ached, her head throbed, and burned, undiminished fears beset her fancy; and whenever she tried to compose herself to slumber, the faces of the two men she had left below flitted and glared before her eyes. A sense of heat and suffocation, accompanied by a parching thirst, came over her, caused, perhaps, by the unusual closeness of the room. This feeling of oppression increased till the very walls and rafters seemed to approach nearer and close upon her all around. Unable any longer to endure this intolerable smothering sensation, she was just about to rise and open the door or window, when she heard the whispering of voices. She lay still and listened. The latch was raised cautiously—the door opened, and the two Hogans entered; they trod so softly that, though she saw them move before her, she heard no footfall. They approached the bed of Halloran, and presently she heard a dull heavy blow, and then sounds—appalling, sickening sounds—as of subdued struggles and smothered agony, which convinced her that they were murdering the unfortunate peddler.

(To be continued.)

THE RECENT SLAVE RESCUE CASE IN ILLINOIS.—The following is an extract of a private letter received in Boston, from Ottawa, Illinois:

"John Hossack of Ottawa, Illinois, served out ten days sentence in the jail at Chicago for assisting in the rescue of a fugitive slave at Ottawa last year, has been named by the Republicans in this region for the office of Governor. Mr. Hossack is a Scotchman by birth, but spent many years of his life in Quebec, following the occupation of a baker. About twenty years since he removed to Ottawa, Ill., and assisted in the construction of the Illinois and Michigan Canal. He has been for some years past a prominent dealer in grain. He is possessed of considerable wealth obtained by enterprise and industry, and is considered one of the most upright and intelligent citizens in the community."

LIGHT BREAKING.—The Democratic party in the U. S. Senate is gradually losing its influence there. Not long since the Republican members of the Senate were treated with respect by their associates the Democrats, and making their influence felt there. Democrats are gradually leaving the seats and Republicans taking their places. The recent elections give assurance that two more Republicans will be added to the Senate—one from Pennsylvania in place of Bigler, and one from Indiana in place of Pitch. So the work goes on. The day brightens!

Many a cloudy morning turns out a fine day.

LETTER.

I write to Lettice, our sister Lettice, while I drop 't and glut 't her eyelids brown, "Your man's a poor man, a cold and dour man! There's many a better about our town." She smiled securely—"He loves me purely. A true heart's safe, both in smile or frown: And nothing harms me while his love warms me, Whether the world go up or down."

"He comes from strangers, and they are rangers, And ill to trust, girl, when out of sight; Friend folk may blame ye, and e'en defame ye—A gown off handed looks seldom white." She smiled serenely her eyelids quench—"My innocence is my whitest gown; No harsh tongue grieves me while he believes me, Whether the world go up or down."

"Your man's a trait man, was he'er a hale man, And sickness knocketh at every door; And death comes making bold hearts cower, break ing, Our letters tremble; but once, no more."

"If death should enter, smite to the center, Our poor home palace, all crumbling down, Life leave Love's cross, death bring Love's crown!"

The Thriftless Farmer.

The thriftless farmer provides no shelter for his cattle during the inclemency of the winter, but permits them to stand shivering by the side of the fence or to lie in the snow, as best suits them.

He throws his fodder on the ground or in the mud, and not infrequently in the highway, by which a large portion of it, and all the manure, is wasted.

He grazes his meadows in fall and spring, by which they are gradually exhausted and finally ruined.

His fences, old and poor, just such as to let his neighbors' cattle break into his field, and teach his own to be unruly and spoil his crops.

He neglects to keep the manure from around the silos of his barn—if he has one—by which they are prematurely rotted, and his barn destroyed.

He tills or skims over the surface of his land until it is exhausted, but never thinks it worth while to manure or clover it. For the first he has no time, and for the last he is not able.

He has a place for nothing, and nothing in its place. He consequently wants a hoe, or rake or a hammer, or an auger, but knows not where to find them and thus loses much time.

He toilers away stormy days and evenings when he should be repairing his utensils, or improving his mind by reading useful books or newspapers.

He spends much time in town, at the corner of the street, or in the 'rum holes,' complaining of hard times, and goes home in the evening 'pretty well tore.'

He has no shed for his firewood; consequently his wife is out of humor, and his meals out of season.

He plants a few fruit trees, and his cattle forthwith destroy them. He has 'no luck in raising fruit.'

One half he raises is destroyed by his own or his neighbors' cattle.

His plow, harrow, and other implements lie all winter in the field where last used; and just as he is getting in a hurry, the next season, his plow breaks because it was not housed and properly cared for.

Somebody's hogs break in and destroy his garden, because he has not stopped a hole in the fence that he had been intending to stop for a week.

He is often in a great hurry, but will stop and talk as long as he can get anybody to talk with.

He has, of course, but little money, and when he must raise some to pay his taxes, &c., he raises it at a great sacrifice, in some way or other, by paying an enormous share, or by selling his scanty crop when prices are low.

He is a year behind, instead of being a year ahead of his business, and always will be.

When he pays a debt it is at the end of an execution; consequently his credit is at a low ebb.

He buys entirely on credit, and merchants and all others with whom he deals, charge him twice or thrice the profit they charge prompt paymasters, and are unwilling to sell him goods at any cost. He has to beg and promise, and promise and beg, to get them on any terms. The merchants dread to see his wife come into their stores, and the poor woman feels depressed and degraded.

The smoke begins to come out of his chimney late of a winter's morning, while his cattle are suffering for their morning's feed.

Manure lies in heaps in his stable, his horses are rough and uncured, and his harness trod under their feet.

His bars and gates are broken, his buildings unpainted, and the boards and shingles falling off—he has no time to replace them—the glass is out of the windows, and the holes stopped with rags and old straw.

He is a great borrower of thrifty neighbor's implements, but never returns the borrowed article, and when it is sent for it can't be found.

He is in person a great sloven, and never attends public worship; or if he does occasionally do so, he comes in when service is half over.

He neglects his accounts, and when his neighbor calls to settle with him he has something else to attend to.

Take him all in all he is a poor farmer, a poor husband, a poor father, a poor neighbor, and a poor Christian.

How the World Looks.—An atmosphere of illusion envelopes every man's life in a mist. Objects are visible to him only through this medium. It takes its color from his character, and gives that color to everything. A happy man sees the world tinted with the golden hue of his own cheerfulness. To the misanthrope it is a black and billous world. There are some cold and bleak dispositions that carry with them throughout the year the dull sky of November, and the dreary sentiment of chill winds, naked woods, and leaves rotting and whirling on the ground.

We never study different people without wondering how the universe looks to them.—Here is a pinched and peevish face which we may know is always turned towards a pinched and peevish world. There are miserly hands so large and eager that the owner of them sees nothing in life but their grabbing and grasping. But here passes a benevolent soul which sends the sunshine of love upon all people, from a face full of sweetness and sympathy. While yonder crawls a hopeless, shrivelled worm of a man, with an atmosphere of mould and death about him that makes the universe seem like a great, gloomy sepulchre, others would not thus

How do you suppose the world looks to a thief? There he goes, with that smooth, crafty face of his, and those alert, quick glancing eyes which discover so readily where there are pockets to pick. But not for all the riches of the globe would we wear on our brow the bandages of moral darkness that blind his soul.

And here is the mean man, to whom the world is a huge pigsty, abounding in the swill and filth that he loves. How different his eyesight from that of his neighbor just across the street, to whose opened, spiritual sense the universe is a cathedral, the sky a wondrous blue dome where the clouds are incense, every tree or rock some sacred emblem, and every shore brims with holy water, while anthems of joy and praise ascend forever from nature and the heart of man.

It would be worth while, we think, to be a hero, if only to know how the world appears to such a soul. How large, and free, and generous it expands before him! Death itself is only a transparent shadow, not at all formidable, with the glory of an immortal light shining through. This great and faithful heart knows nothing of the petty terrors that beset the way of the timid man, who sees life through a mist that exaggerates the most trivial object into shapes of dreadful magnitude and power.

As we are, so we see; and it depends upon ourselves whether the world shall be to us ugly or beautiful—hell or Heaven—pure and hopeful, and sweet, or a pit of bitterness, corruption and despair.

Is there Profit in Farming?

Many thanks, Mr. Editor, to your Chelmsford correspondent, T. J. Pinkham, for his article, some months ago, on the profit of farming. I think it has been productive of much good in the many able and conclusive answers it has elicited. And yet there is one phase of the question which has hardly been touched upon by those who have undertaken to answer that article.

What is profit in farming or any other occupation? Is it truly estimated by the number of dollars above expenses which it brings into the pocket? To be sure, it was only in regard to money profit that Mr. F. argued the case, and those who have attacked his arguments have met him mainly on that issue; but as, in reading the *Farmer*, since that article appeared, my attention has so frequently been called to the question, "is there profit in farming," your readers have naturally been led to look at the question in its full and literal meaning.

I suppose that no one will object to the position that the greatest good is the greatest profit, and that one occupation or calling is more profitable than another, inasmuch as it is productive, in all its bearings, of the greatest amount of happiness. I will not assume that every one may find in agriculture the greatest profit; far from it; all cannot be farmers; and fortunately, in the divine arrangement, the tastes and capacities of men are widely varied; but let any one who has been familiar with the residents of almost any of our farming towns, for the last twenty years, look up the history and circumstances of those who have wandered from their farms for other occupations, or encouraged their sons to do so, and I think the result will show that while a few may have bettered their condition, the great majority have floundered out, and are now mere dependants, instead of substantial yeomen, as formerly.

A man with a snug farm, though saddled, perhaps, with a debt of a few hundred dollars, yet in the prime of life, in good health, with a family of boys beginning to assist him, and promising substantial aid in the future labors of the farm; it would seem, might congratulate himself on the prospect of enjoying in a large measure, the real blessings of life. His own sons can now gradually take the place of hired help; he can plan and execute improvements on the farm.

With room enough to keep all the family profitably employed, he can keep them with him, and they can have a home and common school education, chiefly under the eye and influence of their parents. Is there not profit here which dollars and cents cannot estimate? Let parents, thus happily situated, as I have described, experience, for one short month, the trials, anxiety and grief of some, whose business, though yielding them a large return of moneyed profits, yet brings their children into temptations which open up to them the flood gates of ruin, and they will realize more fully the profits of a country farm.

It is sad to notice the change which has come over families. And the process by which it has been wrought is plain. The boys had no relish for farm work. One must be a merchant's clerk; others find employment in shops or factories; and one, loving his book more than work, must be supported at college. The parents, now in the decline of life, must buffet its stern realities alone. With their own hands, or the aid of hired help, they are trying to secure the annual crops. All plans for 'improvement' were long since given up. They have no aid from their children, and little of their society. The clerk, perfumed with musk, occasionally comes home to rusticate; the shop-boys in their liberal patronage of the lively-stable may sometime when the fruit and other farm luxuries are in perfection, ride over and see 'the old folks,' and the student also comes home at vacation for a fresh supply of money, and to tax anew the physical energies of his mother in replenishing his wardrobe.

The farm is now for sale, and these parents will soon, no doubt, break the life-long ties of farm and neighborhood, and spend the evening of their days elsewhere. Such, Mr. Editor, is a process that is largely going on in many of our country towns; can nothing be done to stay it?—[Corr. N. E. Farmer.]

Errors in the Use of Words.—The Baptists are about to lose five hundred dollars in their church, said a man of some pretensions in our hearing, not long since.—Whether the Baptists were successful in 'lying out' the specified amount, we have not learned, but this seeming libel upon a worthy sect was perhaps due more to ignorance than to enmity. The two words *lay* and *lie* are very often used improperly. We *lie* down our selves, but we *lay* down every thing we use

is round is perfectly round; how then can another thing be said to be rounder? 'Cast steel soap' is sometimes ordered when castile soap is wanted. The word ugly is improperly applied to the disposition. An ugly person is very homely but may be very good.

Afterward, upward, toward, and words of like termination, are frequently written after-wards, upwards, towards, etc., which is improper. So the words endwise, lengthwise, crosswise, are incorrectly written endways, lengthways, crossways, etc. But our article is getting decidedly 'wordy,' and may fall in with those who are 'posted' in these matters, but not, of course, read or criticize our remarks.

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, OCT. 25, 1860.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 119 Nassau street, New York, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office. S. B. HILL, (successor to V. B. Palmer,) Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisements abroad are referred to the agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS, relating either to the business or editorial department of this paper, should be addressed to 'MAXHAM & WING, or 'EASTERN MAIL OFFICE.'

A GOOD TIME WITH THE FIREMEN.—Ticonic Engine Company No. 1, of Waterville, gave a good sample of their quality on Monday evening, at their new Engine House on Silver Street. Good social characteristics are essential to the good fireman, and those of the Ticonics on this occasion stood in good harmony with their well known capacities for regular duty. With a liberal array of guests—among whom were the selectmen, supervisor, chief engineer, and other officials of various ranks, with an accompaniment of wives and daughters that presented the domestic department and the fire department in wholesome rivalry in the line of prosperity—the occasion was rendered emphatically one of the best and most pleasant of its kind. The Company with their guests assembled in the hall, while the tables were arranged around the room below—the well known old Ticonic occupying a patriarchal position in the centre.

The lady guests were a "surprise party"—as we shall relate in its place—and while the kitchen and larder were yielding their luxuries to the tables, there was a "steady stream" of remarks and sentiments in full play from the guests above—the audience "breaking down" with the generous applause for which firemen are distinguished.

Foreman Bartlett welcomed the Company's guests in a brief speech, pertinent, hearty and gallant—"just like him"—and called up chief engineer E. L. Gatchell, who gave a pungent impulse to the ball that kept rolling till the summons to the tables below. He was followed by supervisor Percival, Rev. Mr. Leonard, and many others—details of whose names we modestly decline, to avoid the apparent pandantry of including the representatives of "the press."

Up to this time, and till the Company were all arranged and occupied at the tables below, filling every corner and claiming every plate and bowl, as though the world were made for men, and women were as scarce as before Adam's first nap—*nary criminal!* Nothing seemed probable but the simple process of eating, and this would find an end at the rate it was going on. Nobody seemed to be in the secret; but Foreman Bartlett had just glanced at the outer door, when it came a double file of ladies, laden with plates and baskets of luxuries, which they distributed upon the tables on each side as they passed through to the upper hall. Jubilee!—every man saw his wife, daughter, sweetheart, sister or neighbor! There wasn't but one noise this side of Niagara! Supper was a short process, and there was a cordial greeting up stairs. The tables were re-arranged and the welcome surprise party were invited to supper—during which some of the more gallant offers were missed from the upper hall!

Waterville Band gave zest to all this, and to more that followed; having generously volunteered the donation of their chaste and appropriate music, to put the soul into a good time among their friends—and close up to their quickest time followed promenade and dance, and speech and sentiment, till every body said the Ticonic boys had "done the handsome thing." At half past 11 the guests were gone and the hall closed. The committee of arrangements should be specially commended for their good management, which secured just the right results.

Ticonic Engine Co. is in good condition to make itself an honor to our village, and has every capacity for doing good service in the fire department. With a fine hall, well stocked kitchen, and a first class caterer, their social entertainments can also be kept up to the sample now shown.

See how these Democrats love one another. The Bath Times, in view of the coming election of Lincoln, consoles its friends with the following sweet consolatory morsel:—

There is one satisfaction which we cannot be cheated of even if Lincoln should be elected. The knife will be put to the throat of the miserable band of traitors now filling the federal offices, and their hides will be nailed to the wall like woodchuck skins on a country barn in bean time. Good will come out of evil.

THAT SACK RACE.—The Ellsworth Farmer indignantly denies that a sack race was substituted for the regular plowing match, at the recent Agricultural Fair held in that town. They did have a sack race; but they also had a plowing match.

Malignant fever and other fatal diseases are prevailing in many places in our State at the present time, but our village is remarkably healthy—say, amazingly so, the doctor's say.

OUR TABLE.

THE OPERATIC BOUQUET. A collection of Quartets, Choruses, and Concerted Pieces, from the most favorite Operas. Arranged for the use of Choirs, Classes, Societies, and Social Gatherings. By Edwin Bruce. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

The above full announcement of this work, with the endorsement of author and publisher, is quite enough to enlist the attention of musical amateurs and ensure for it a good demand, without further explanation or commendation. It will be found at the Bookstore of O. K. Mathews.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—Not having yet found time to read a single article in the November number, which has just reached us, we know but little of it beyond the table of contents, found below. We have no doubt, however, that it is well up to the usual mark of this best of American monthlies—Thomas Hood, Paganini and the Portuguese, Midsommer and May, Gone Expression, Italian Experiences in collecting 'Old Masters,' 'Tenty Scran,' Recollections of Irving, Irene Anydromene, The Professor's Story, Reviews and Literary Notices, &c.

The Atlantic is published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$3 a year.

LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE.—The illustrations in the November number are very good, including a fine steel engraving. The 'Telegram'—a fashion plate, and a large number of patterns and designs, both useful and ornamental. The number is brimful of good reading in great variety, the sweet influences of which will assist to elevate and refine, all over the land. We have often commended this magazine, especially for the family; its editors—T. S. Arthur and Miss Virginia F. Towne—being careful to provide a pure and wholesome literature that may safely be introduced into the home sanctuary. Published by T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia, at \$2 a year. Every subscriber for 1861 will receive, in addition to the magazine, an elegant engraving that sells for \$1.50. A liberal discount is also made to clubs.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—The October number is unusually readable, as a list of its contents will show. 'Seeing is Believing,' the opening article, is directed against Spiritualism; 'The Papal Government' gives us a view of the interior workings of this anomalous machine; 'Tichler II among the Thieves' is an amusing dog story; 'The Reported Traces of Primeval man' recapitulates the geological evidence bearing on this mooted question, and decides that the remote prehistoric antiquity of the human race is not yet proved; 'The Fresco Paintings of Italy—The Arandel Society' is an interesting article to the artist and the Christian; 'Proverbs' is an interesting chapter devoted to the consideration of these concentrated lessons of wisdom; 'The Meeting,' 'Progress,' 'Strength'—are three poems about so-so, like most poetry in Blackwood; 'The Romance of Agostini,' and 'Norman Sinclair,' an Autobiography; two novelettes, are continued.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co. 42 Gold Street, New York. Terms of subscription—For any one of the four Reviews \$3 per annum; any two Reviews \$5; any three Reviews \$7; all four Reviews \$8; Blackwood's Magazine \$3; Blackwood and three Reviews \$9; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$10—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns, these works will be delivered free of postage. When sent by mail, the postage to any part of the U. S. will be but 24 cents a year for 'Blackwood,' and but 14 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

FRANK LESLIE'S MONTHLY.—We are highly gratified to number this magazine once more among our exchanges, and trust that hereafter it will make its appearance regularly, for there is no one we prize more highly. It is unique in its character, there being no other magazine conducted upon the same plan, and uniting in itself the attractions of two different publications—an illustrated miscellany and a gazette of fashion. In each of these departments it is without a rival—and while prized by all lovers of good stories, it is regarded as supreme authority in the fashionable world. It furnishes more reading, too, than most other magazines of the same price, and thus will be found of a wonderfully attractive character, varied to suit different tastes. It would be folly for us to attempt an enumeration of the articles in this November number, before us; to be properly appreciated the work must be seen. The illustrations are numerous and well executed, and the fashion plate, beautifully colored, is larger and handsomer than those found in any other work. In making up your lists of magazines for the coming year, do not allow yourselves to overlook the claims of this.

THE MONTHLY GAZETTE.—A new candidate for public favor comes to us with the above title. It is a monthly publication, devoted to Literature, Art, Science and General Information, and the first issue will hardly fail to make a favorable impression. Each number will contain 24 pages, and the price is only 50 cents a year. Address Mosely & Co., No. 104 Nassau St., New York.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' MAGAZINE.—The Three Midshipmen and 'Dick Onslow and the Red Skins'—two capital stories—are continued in the November number, and the little folks are so well pleased with them that they hope the conclusion never will be reached. Much other interesting matter will be found in the number, including directions for making a nice little baby house, that will enable many a little boy to construct one for his sister. The wit sharpening department is full of puzzling things, including chess problems, riddles, &c. The price of this little monthly is only 75 cents a year, and advance premium is offered for lists of subscribers. Address Wm. L. Jones, 112 Sixth Avenue, New York.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received the following new pieces from Oliver Ditson & Co., the Boston music publishers:—

Come Back, Annie. Song and Chorus, by J. L. Hatton.

Great Talkers do the best. Comic Ballad. Words by J. B. Carpenter, music by N. J. Sporio.

Love's Sweet Summer. Romance. Sung by Miss M. Oliver, in Chas. Selby's Musical Farce, 'The Bonnie Fish Wife.'

Albert Edward Quadrille. By J. H. Hinton Jones.

Un Souvenir Polka. By Miss Frances Cogswell.

Marie Polka Mazurka. By A. Cooke.

All of the above will be found at O. K. Mathews.

OUR DARLING.

Sweet blue eyes that beamed so gently,
'Neath a forehead pure and fair,
And our darling one, our Kiddle,
And a wealth of golden hair,
Waved around his dimpled shoulders,
As he danced in childish glee,
Midst the summer buds and blossoms;
Ever happy, ever free,
Glad, low tones and gushing laughter
Echoed through our silent noons,
As our darling played the soldier,
Waving his cap and plumes,
Spun his top, or played with Kittle,
Or with Rover, on the green,
All the sunny summer hours
Might his little form be seen,
But the autumn shadows deepened,
Round the light of summer hours,
And our darling gently faded,
Faded with the summer flowers.
Now his hobby stands neglected,
And his cap hangs on the wall;
Rover barks and the grass grows,
But he answers not his call.
One bright day when sunset shadows,
Deepened o'er his golden hair,
Stood by the peaceful river,
Seemingly cut his veins so fair,
And a boatman took our darling,
Over the river, peaceful tide;
Now we know he's waiting for us,
Safely, on the other side.

The Waterville Farmers' Club have been again kindly remembered by Hon. F. H. Morse, who has sent to their address several copies of the Agricultural portion of the Patent Office Report for 1859. By the way, brother farmers, would it not be well to organize early for the approaching winter campaign—calling the Club together soon after the Presidential election? An abundance of good fruit has been raised the present season, and

many new questions have come before the farming community—to properly dispose of which demands a good deal of time, and it would therefore seem to be advisable to commence earlier than usual. What say?

A GOOD MOVE.—One half of the old Balkan Tavern, in this village—latterly known as the Parker House—has always encroached upon Silver street, and time after time, as we well remember, have different boards of Selectmen been instructed to 'clear the track.' There it has defiantly stood, however, until within a few days, when—the present proprietor and occupant, Mr. Sumner Wheeler, having concluded a negotiation with the authorities of the town—the intruder was moved back into line with the part more recently built, and the street at that point much improved in consequence. But what is a little curious, though the town has been so long trespassing, upon by this lawless 'squatter sovereign,' yet, in consequence of some twistification of the lawyers or negligence on the part of the authorities, the town is the party that suffers pecuniarily, having been compelled to pay to the owner of the building the sum of \$150. There are other intruders in several of our streets, we believe, which the Selectmen were directed to remove, at the last March meeting, and we hope they will make clean work, so far as they can.

TEMPERANCE LECTURE.—Mr. John F. Gerald, of Taunton, Mass., lectured on the subject of temperance at the Town Hall on Tuesday evening last. Although the weather was quite unfavorable, a large audience was in attendance and manifested their interest by earnest attention and frequent applause. Mr. G. is a reformed sailor—one of the fruits of the labor of Hawkins in the Washingtonian revival of 1860. Without any pretensions to rhetorical finish, he speaks with a rough eloquence that touches the hearts of his audience. He will speak again at the Town Hall on Saturday evening next, at 7 o'clock, at which time we are confident he will have a crowded house.

TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.—We hope our readers will bear in mind the convention to be held at the Town Hall in our village on the first of Nov. There will probably be three sessions, forenoon, afternoon and evening, and we have no doubt an interesting time will be had and much good effected. The public are cordially invited to attend.

A NEW WRINKLE.—At the cattle show at Milo, recently, a greased pig was turned out, and a prize offered to any one who would catch him. After an exciting chase—very amusing, no doubt, to the spectators—the pig and prize were secured by a Mr. Johnson, of Sebec. A great impetus was in this way given to the science of Agriculture, of course.

EATON BOARDING SCHOOL.—The Winter Term of this school, as will be seen by referring to advertisement in another column, will commence on the 12th of next month. This institution stands deservedly high, and is steadily gaining popular favor.

Frank Simmons, the talented young sculptor, who executed the bust of Dr. Champlin, for the alumni of Waterville College, has just finished one of Rev. Dr. Patison, the former President, which is spoken of as an admirable likeness. We learn from a gentleman who was present, that a very successful town Agricultural Show was held at Albion, on Tuesday, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather. It was the first affair of the kind in that locality, and the display of stock was well up to that at many of the County Shows. There was also a fine show of fruit and vegetables, domestic manufactures, &c., including many good things in the department of fine arts. They intend to repeat this yearly.

THE NEXT CONGRESS.—The New York Evening Post classifies the members of Congress already elected, leaving out New York, as 89 Lincoln, 53 Breckinridge, 37 Bell and 25 Douglas. It sets down the New York districts as 21 certain for Lincoln, 10 probable for him, 2 only, the 3d and 4th districts, Democratic. In regard to what has been said relative to Congress being opposed to Lincoln's administration, the Post says:—

'No Congress can resist the unmistakable demonstration of public sentiment, which is to be made in favor of Republican principles at this election, and there were forty majority against Lincoln at the opening of the next Congress, he would greatly disappoint his friends if his course as President did not inspire such confidence as to command for his measures all necessary support. On the slavery question his administration will probably have no affirmative policy, except to admit Kansas, and to that there can be no very serious opposition.'

Upon the affirmative measures of the new President we have no fear of any compact and permanent opposition from his present opponents, who will have more than enough to do to settle their own controversies. Should Mr. Lincoln conduct his administration as every Republican believes he will, upon national and Republican principles, he will have all the co-operation from Congress that he requires; if he does not, of course it is better that his party in the House should be in a minority. But if he does not have a working majority of twenty members at least before the close of his first Congress, we shall be more disappointed than we should be by his defeat in November, and his election we consider certain enough for all practical purposes.'

EFFECT OF THE ELECTIONS AT THE SOUTH.—A Southern correspondent of the New York Tribune says:—

'The result of the recent elections in the North has had the effect to work an entire change in the relations of the various parties in the Southern States. One month ago, there was a strong probability that the Union party would succeed in dividing the Southern electoral vote with Mr. Breckinridge; but the overwhelming defeat of the Bell-Douglas coalition in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, has created an absolute stampede from both the Bell and Douglas parties, to the Breckinridge wing of the Democracy, the design being to give the Southern Electoral vote as a unit to Mr. Breckinridge.'

THE QUAKERS ARE OUT.

A NEW SONG BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

At a Republican meeting in Georgetown, Mass., the following lines were read:
Not vainly we waited and counted the hours,
The buds of our hope have burst out into flowers,
No room for misgiving—no loophole of doubt—
We've heard from the Keystone! The Quakers are out!

The plot has exploded—we've found out the trick!
The bribe goes a begging, the fusion won't stick;
When the Wide Awake lanterns are shining about,
The rogues stay at home, and the true men come out!

The good State has broken the cords for her arm,
Her oil-springs and water won't fuse into one;
The Dutchman has seceded with Freedom his knot,
And slow, late, but certain, the Quakers are out!

Give the dogs to the winds!—let the hills all abloom,
Make way for the man with the 'utfrash' name!
Away with misgiving—away with all doubt,
For Lincoln goes in when the Quakers come out!

LEWIS'S NEW GYMNASIUM, AND BOSTON JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.—Dr. Dio Lewis, the proprietor of a Gymnasium in Boston, and well known as an author of a new and improved system of Gymnastics, has commenced the publication of a monthly paper in Boston, with the above title. It is a handsomely printed quarto, each number containing 16 pages, and will be devoted to Physical Culture and kindred subjects. The number before us is full of good matter, some of which we have marked for insertion in the Mail. Dr. Lewis evidently sets a high value on physical culture, and yet he does not let his hobby run away with him, as so many do, but he will under the control of common sense. He will be assisted in his labors by some of the best talent in the country running in this channel, and we are confident will make a valuable paper. His office is at No. 20 Essex Street, Boston, and his terms are \$1 a year, strictly in advance.

We notice that complaint is made in various sections of our State that the Liquor Law is not enforced, that the dealers have consequently become emboldened and drunkenness is on the increase. Whose fault is it? We have a stringent law, which an overwhelming majority of the people would rejoice to see vigorously enforced. Why, then, is it allowed to remain a dead letter? Let temperance men answer. It needs but two or three men of the tight stamp in each town—energetic and determined—willing to lead off and bear the brunt of the battle—to wipe out every dram shop in the State. Can they not be found? Don't wait for the authorities to do the work, no matter how prematurely they may have been instructed; they may be only holiday temperance men, with no stomach for the job; or too fond of their ease; or too anxious to retain their places; or too busy with more congenial employment. Any way, if they have not already done their duty, you may be pretty sure they will not move in the matter until they are sharply bradded, and it is about as easy to do a thing yourselves as to drive another to do it against his inclination.

DROWNED.—A Frenchman named Andrew Ronco, whose residence was at Kendall's Mills, was drowned yesterday forenoon at Ticonic Falls. He was engaged in cutting off a log in a jam, and losing his balance, fell into rapid water. Immediate efforts were made for his rescue, but he disappeared at once, and up to last night his body had not been found. He was unmarried, and engaged in the 'Corporation Drive.'

THE "FORLORN HOPE."—We notice from various western papers, that our old friend and townsman, Geo. S. C. Dow, Esq., now of Davenport, Iowa, is stumpng for Douglas, with great applause from the desponding democracy. If the "Old Guard" don't surrender, it is because they are already dead. Our friend and townsman was a man of boundless hope, but how his democracy has held out to this time is greater wonder than any story told of the gold beaters, though they hoop the earth with a pennywhistle. Give it up, George—give it up! We've talked that all over—give it up! It's but a shadow.

A TRUMP FOR WHEELER. A friend in Minnesota sends us the following statement of an onion crop, and tells us to "dry up on the onion topic." We shall do no such thing, but will pass Mr. Birchard over to our friend Cyrus Wheeler, to be dealt with as he may see fit.

"James A. Birchard, Esq., of Pleasant Valley, Minnesota, harvested from two acres of land, accurately measured 1614 bushels of Onions!" They were properly weighed, and weighmaster's certificate taken. Now, Mr. Birchard challenges any farmer or gardener in the State or outside of the State, to show an equal yield of onions from the same area of land.

THE DAY!—The sixth of November is close at hand, when all doubts, as well as all bets and threats, will be settled. Dissolution, whether of the Union or something else, takes place on that very day. Don't go to sleep, ye Wide awakes, till the sun sets on the sixth, or you may die in ignorance of the good things that are to be ushered in on the seventh. If Lincoln is not elected, call for our hat and make a night-cap of it. But don't sleep in it till after the sixth—don't!

ONCE MORE.

Hon. Freeman H. Morse will address the people at Town Hall to-morrow (Friday) evening, at 7 o'clock. (This is short notice; pass round the word, Wide-awakes!)

THE MENTAL GIANT WONDERED AT.—A Kansas correspondent of the New York Evening Post thus analogically sketches the impression made upon his Western auditors by Gov. Seward's personal presence:

'The crowd was too much awed by the reputation of the man to be very enthusiastic in its demonstrations of applause, and the general sentiment seemed to be one of surprise, that such a little, mild mannered, respectable gentleman should have made such a frightful reputation, and become such a terror to the slaveholding portion of the country. The old Missouri farmers from the creek bottoms, the red shirted rovers of the plains, the rough and shrewd and subdued border ruffians of the early wars, all crowded round with opened

mouths and distended eyes, almost gasping with interest to see and hear the man who had proclaimed the irrepressible conflict, and attempted to dissolve the Union. They evidently expected to see a great, brawny, double-fisted, ferocious monster of muscle, and one back-woodsman, with a coon skin cap, openly announced his dissatisfaction by declaring confidentially to his comrade, that he could whip the little cuss with one hand.'

FOR COOL.—The impudent assurance of some folks is astonishing, and occasionally we have an instance that verges closely on the sublime. Exempli gratia: those graceless editors, down the river, who for twenty years have been fattening on the fish that but for the Augusta dam would have come to our net, and have done all in their power to perpetuate the iniquitous monopoly—now that the fishway is built, coolly invite themselves up here to dine upon the first salmon that runs the gauntlet of the hungry crew stationed all along the river from Seguin to Cushnet. Well, come along, you scaly fellows; but be very careful not to let this news get out to sea, or your chance for a dinner off of Waterville caught salmon would not be worth a button; for, if the fish should once get a hint of the ignominious destination of that poor pioneer—a grave in your stomachs—not a salmon would ever venture above Augusta.

DISAFFECTION IN GREECE—ALMOST A REVOLUTION.—A letter from Athens in the *Semaphore* of Marseilles gives the following version of the disturbance of the 15th ult.:

'On the occasion of the anniversary of Greek independence it is usual to erect a triumphal arch in front of the palace, but the government would not allow it this year, nor were the military bands permitted to play in the evening as usual. In the morning various patrols traversed the city in all directions, as if it had been in a state of siege. After the Te Deum the troops were kept within their barracks, and at nightfall the police closed all the public establishments.'

About 8 o'clock a crowd, composed chiefly of students and young men belonging to the best families of Greece, went to the square before the palace, where some bonfires had been lighted as usual, and raised cries of 'Garibaldi forever!' 'Down with the Austrians!' 'The constitution forever!' and others still more violent. The military were soon on the spot, and after some little hesitation the fires were all put out. This measure, however, only increased the uproar, for those who did not shout when the place was lighted did so in the darkness.

The crowd went to the residence of Admiral Canaris, close to the King's palace, uttering the same cries, as well as 'Canaris forever!' 'Down with the tyrant!' The troops and gendarmes, both horse and foot, soon came up and dispersed the crowd without any bloodshed.

CONDITION OF VENICE.—A correspondent of the *London Times* writes from Vienna, Sept. 29:

'The political excitement in Vienna is very great, and the inhabitants of the city appear to be ripe for mischief. They scoff at the troops and German residents, and insult the government whenever they think they can do so with impunity. During the night of the 21st, the Imperial arms were pulled down from a public office, and so abominably debauched that they were unrecognizable. Many Frenchmen have recently arrived at Venice, and on the 21st, one of them, an engineer, was arrested while making a sketch of a fort.'

It is whispered that very important discoveries have recently been made by the Imperial authorities in Venice. The whole affair is kept very secret, but it is believed that the government has in its hands proofs that there has long been a direct and constant correspondence between the Garibaldians, Venetians and Hungarians. Several persons have recently been arrested at Gorizia and Udine, and sent to fortresses in the interior of the empire.'

CHILDISH EXAGGERATION.—Little children are apt to tell stories that will not stand close examination as older people are. Witness the litte fellow who came running in from the barn, and cried out, 'Oh, ma, I seen a live mouse! I did!' 'You did?' 'Inquired the mother, with a searching look. 'No, ma, I didn't just see him, but I heard him squeak a little.' Another of the same size got his facts mixed up, when he came home and began:—

'Oh, pa, I've seen one of the worstest dog fights as ever was seen or heard tell of in the world.' 'Well, my son, how was it?' 'Why, there was one great big black dog, with white ears and a brass collar, and one little black and green dog, what hadn't no man with him, and—' 'Come, come, Simon, don't talk so fast; you get everything mixed up; stop and get breath a moment.' 'Well, I was going to tell you how the one dog with the white ears got on one side of the meeting-house with the yellow dog; no, no, I mean one meeting-house with the yellow green ears, got on one side of the dog, and the other, he—no, no, the white dog with the yellow ear, he gave a yelp at the meeting house, and the dog—oh, dad, I give it up. I don't believe there was any dog at all.'

One day, a little girl about five years old, heard a preacher praying most lustily, till the roof rang with the strength of his supplications. Turning to her mother, and beckoning the maternal ear—down to a speaking distance, she whispered:

'Mother don't you think that if he lived nearer God he wouldn't have to talk so loud?' 'Such a question is worth a volume on 'elo-cution of prayer.'

UNPAID LETTERS TO BE DEAD LETTERS.—The Postmaster General has issued an order that after the first of November, all unpaid letters must be sent to the Dead Letter office, the practice of notifying the writers of such letters not having had the desired effect of reducing their number.

BE CONTENT.—There was a boy who only wanted a marble. When he had the marble he only wanted a ball; when he had the ball he only wanted a top; when he had a top he only wanted a kite; and when he had his marble, ball, top, and kite he was not happy.

There was a man who only wanted money; when he had money he only wanted a house; when he had a house he only wanted land; when he had land he only wanted a coach; and when he had money, house, land, and a coach, he wanted more than ever.

Be content with little, for much will have more.

ranks of temporal rulers. The Roman Catholic Press has caught the inspiration of liberty.

THE LANDLORD WHO COULDN'T KEEP PEOPLE ALL NIGHT.—A short distance from the city of Montgomery, in the State of Alabama, on one of the stage roads running from that city, lives a jolly landlord by the name of Ford. In fair weather or foul, in hard times or soft, Ford would have his joke. It was a bitter, stormy night or rather morning, about two hours before daybreak, he was aroused from his slumbers by loud knocks at his door. He turned out, but sorely against his will, and demanded what was the matter. It was dark as tar, and as he could see no one, he cried:

'Who are you there?'
'Burder, and Yancey, and Elmore, from Montgomery,' was the answer, 'on our way to attend court. We are benighted, and want to stay all night.'

'Very sorry I can't accommodate you cozier, gentlemen. Do anything to oblige you, but that's impossible.' The lawyers, for they were three of the smartest lawyers in the State, and all ready to drop with fatigue, held a brief consultation, and then, as they could do no better, and were too tired to go another step they asked:

'Well, can't you stable our horses, and give us chairs and a good fire till morning?'

'Oh yes, gentlemen, can do that.'

'Our learned and legal friends were soon drying their wet clothes by a bright fire, as they composed themselves the few remaining hours in their chairs, dozing and nodding, and now then swearing a word or two of impatience, as they waited till daylight did appear. The longest night has a morning, and at last the sun came along, and then in due time a good breakfast made its appearance; but to the surprise of the lawyers, who thought the house was crowded with guests, none but themselves sat down to partake.

'Why, Ford, I thought your house was so full you couldn't give us a bed last night?' said Burder.

'I didn't say so,' replied Ford.

'You didn't? What in the name of thunder, did you say?'

'You asked me to let you stay here all night, and I said that would be impossible, for night was night unto two-thirds gone, when y-u came. If you only wanted beds, why y-earth didn't you say so?'

The lawyers had to give it up. Three of them on one side, and the landlord alone had beat them all.

'WALK UP AND STRIKE YOUR MOTHER.—Walk up and strike your mother, and make yourself at home.'

The child was at its grandfather's, or some-where else, where it felt rather strange, and as its good behavior, and it began to show signs of home-sickness.

One of its uncles, who understood the style of family government in its parents' house, kindly suggested the foregoing as the readiest expedient for convincing the boy that he was not away from home, though removed from the house of his father.

It is no less surprising than praiseworthy to observe the multitudes of families that adopt the 'walk-up-and-strike-your-mother' method of arrangement. Surprising, because every father and mother knows perfectly that by this method they are making certain for their offspring a wrong character, and a perverted heart; and for themselves trouble and anguish and shame.

It is both exasperating and contemptible to hear mothers complain that they 'can do nothing with' children of from two to six and eight years of age. Yet you hear it almost daily, if you do much resort where mothers congregate. Who is to blame? Is the child?

No! In the name of humanity, No! For humanity is born crooked, and it cannot help its crook. Parents are provided to straighten out the warped child; and if they will not do it—if they only give the crook an extra twist—they are the ones to blame. And we venture the assertion, that wherever there is a naughty and disobedient little child, the mother or the father, or both, deserve the first and hardest chastisement.

It must certainly be Satan himself—who else could do it? that cheats each parent by the delusion, that his child may be allowed to walk up and strike his mother, or do anything else he wishes, without any particular harm to himself. It is not madness in part, but sin and madness, that seems to have happened to hundreds and hundreds of parents; and although orphanage is a hard and bitter lot, it is nevertheless a fact that it would be a blessing to many children.

'The object of the Republican party is not abolition of African slavery, but the utter extirpation of dogmas which are the logical sequence of the attempt to establish its righteousness and wisdom, and which would serve equally well to justify the

MISCELLANY.

SONG OF THE WIDE AWAKES.

Boston, October 16, 1860.

We come with our torches, a Wide Awake throng,
With banners and mottoes, with music and song;
To the hills and mountains, and valleys we come,
For Lincoln and Hamilton our torches we light,
And march to the music of freedom to-night.

We come from our homes, from the ship and the shore,
The farm and the workshop, the office and store,
From city and town, in response to the call,
For Lincoln and Hamilton our torches we light,
And march to the music of freedom to-night.

Awaking, they rise like the dust of the land,
With a song for the voice, and a torch for the hand!
Triumphant the anthem of victory rings,
And the torches are kindled, and the torches are lit,
For Lincoln and Hamilton our torches we light,
And march to the music of freedom to-night.

The KEYSTONE has given the key-note so clear,
So loud and so long that the Democrats hear,
And we know by their groans, and their flutering breath,
That the Republican life is the Democrats' death.
For Lincoln and Hamilton their torches we light,
And march to the music of freedom to-night.

To a conflict of ballots we summon our foes;
The Bell may be rung where Everett goes,
But we will not be won by the Democrats' cry,
For Lincoln and Hamilton our torches we light,
And march to the music of freedom to-night.

For Lincoln and Hamilton then join in the shout!
The Union is safe when the voters come out!
This bond that unites them in their common life,
By the Wide Awake torch, and the Wide Awake light,
For Lincoln and Hamilton our torches we light,
And march to the music of freedom to-night.

Traveler.

O T C E.

THE SUBSCRIBER IS PLEASED TO SAY THAT HE CONTINUES TO MANUFACTURE GENTLEMAN'S KIP AND THICK BOOTS, UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF W. M. MAXWELL.

In good quality and quantity, as has been and can be got up in the most perfect manner, and at the lowest price. Also for sale, a large quantity of the best quality of the most fashionable.

Copper Tip Boots and Shoes.

of his own Manufacture together with a general assortment of Ladies', Gents' and Children's Boots, Shoes, and Hosiery, all of which he will sell for cash, as the credit system is too hard for us to live by, we must call for ready pay.

Business Notice.

THE subscribers have purchased the stock and taken the well known name of J. COFFIN, respectfully invite attention to their full assortment of HARDWARE, IRON, STOVES, AND TIN WARE, NAILS, GLASS, PAINTS AND OILS, and all the usual variety of a FIRST CLASS HARDWARE STORE, which they offer on the most favorable terms. They will also be supplied with Building Hardware and Carpenter Tools, and give particular attention to that branch of the business which is the most profitable. Also as a variety of PUMPS, including "KNOWLTON'S PATENT" a new and cheap forcing pump, very desirable for Deep Wells, Iron, Zinc and Tin work made to order in the best manner. JAMES P. BLUNT, J. COFFIN, 48.

THE SEA SHELL.

This bright little shell, which I hold in my hand,
In childhood's days given to me,
Is ever since sung of the wave-beaten strand,
And to home by the far-far distant sea.
Through all the long years it has wandered so low,
Like the bright crested lily where coral reefs grow.
It reminds me of one who has slept many years
Nearth the dark waves far from his home,
Where the sea-wind and the ocean-birds' tears
Have combined to ennoble his name.
And heath the deep waters his head he must pillow,
And his requiem be ever, the surge of the billow.

WATERVILLE MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

WATERVILLE, ME.

THIS Company has been in successful operation one year and a half, and has insured property to the amount of \$1,000,000. It has a capital of \$100,000, and has a surplus of \$20,000. It has a very liberal policy, and its rates are the lowest in the State. It is a very desirable place for the insurance of property.

INCORPORATED 1810!!

HARTFORD

Fire Insurance Company,

ORHARTFORD, Conn.

CAPITAL AND ASSETS

\$936,709.00.

NOTES ISSUED AND REPAID: LOSSES QUICKLY ADJUSTED.

Directors: D. L. MILLIKEN, President; C. H. McFADDEN, Secretary; J. H. McFADDEN, Treasurer; J. H. McFADDEN, Cashier; J. H. McFADDEN, Agent.

Builders' Notice.

THE subscribers would give notice that they have entered into partnership for the purpose of carrying on the CARPENTER AND JOINER BUSINESS, and offer their services to the public, in that line.

THE CHAMPION, THE OPERA,

LATE STYLE OF HATS,

BOTH IN STRAW AND FELT,

ALSO THE LATEST STYLES OF SILK BEAVER AND KERSEY HATS.

ALWAYS IN STOCK AND SELLING AT THE VERY LOWEST CASH PRICES.

THAYER & MARSTON.

Bonnet Bleachery, Spring Style.

C. HAYES, is prepared to Bleach, Stiffen and Press Bonnets and Hats as cheap and as well as in Portland or Boston.

Also Bonnet Blocks for sale.

Waterville, April 1st, 1860.

NOTICE.

VISIT C. S. NEWELL'S, Boot and Shoe Store, opposite the Post Office, Waterville, to select from a large stock at very low prices.

Important to Married Ladies!

THE MARRIED LADIES' PRIVATE POCKET BOOK.

A NEW WORK, containing information of the greatest importance, and which should be in the hands of every married person. It will be sent by mail (free of postage) to married people only, on the receipt of the price, \$1.00, and directed to DR. L. C. BAKER, 201.

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Kendalls Mills Adv'ts.

King Philip Air-Tight, Nos. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.

THE KING PHILIP, for convenience in cooking, economy of wood, and durability will be warranted to give entire satisfaction. All who use them recommend them to their friends.

FOR SALE BY J. H. KENDALL, JR., DEALER IN HARDWARE, PAINTS, OILS, AND VARNISHES, STOVES, FURNACES, FIRE FRAMES, FARMERS' BOILERS, BUILDING MATERIALS, FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' TOOLS, &c. &c. Tin Peddlers furnished with the best quality of Tin Roofing and Jobbing promptly attended to. May 9, 1860.

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Portland Advertisements.

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56 and 58 Exchange Street, Portland, Me.

Publishers, Bookellers and Stationers.

Books constantly on hand.

One of the best selected and largest stocks of Books to be found in the State which they offer at Wholesale and Retail at low prices.

The numerous customers of the old House are respectfully solicited to continue their patronage, and they may rely that no pains will be spared to supply them with the latest publications in the State and are prepared to bind in the most perfect manner, and at the lowest price.

W. H. BAILEY, JAMES NOYES, Orders for binding may be left with MAXWELL & WING, at the Western Mail Office, Waterville.

WHOLESALE RUBBER STORE.

THE attention of dealers is called to our large stock of RUBBER, which we offer at the lowest possible prices for cash. Our sales are so large as to give us the

Best Facilities for Buying.

We have on hand a large supply of some of the leading kinds, purchased by the wholesale, which we will sell at a large discount than is given at the Boston Agencies.

We have, as usual, a large and superior stock of Boots, Shoes and Shoe Stock

suited to the Maine trade, and feel sure that we can make for the advantage of purchasers to examine it.

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