

3-1875

The Oldtown Monthly

S. Bradbury

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The Oldtown Monthly.

Vol. 1.

OLDTOWN, MAINE, MARCH, 1875.

No. 1.

CONVERSATION.

The divine art of conversing with ease and with pleasure, without giving offence, is yet in its infancy, if we may judge from what we hear every day that we confer with our fellow-beings. The truth is we are all as yet blunderers in our treatment of each other. Most people with whom we converse, cannot carry the conversation to a happy conclusion without letting slip, without intending to be unkind, some offensive, personal allusion, or some conceited, lowering remark that cannot fail to plant the seeds of disgust and hate, instead of love and good-will. We believe most of the unfriendly feeling prevailing in human society, springs from ignorance of the art of conversing, or what is the same thing—from ill-breeding, and not from any malignant feeling inherent in society.

A well-bred person—alas! how few of us can claim to have such a title! will show his good manners, not so much by observ'g those minor matters of etiquette, such for instance as eating pie with a fork, taking off the hat when meeting lady friends, etc., as by his *conversation*. He will, in conversing, act upon that great all-important truth, namely; that *words are deeds*; that good, kind, well-chosen words are good deeds, that ill-chosen, unkind words are *bad* deeds; that that which cometh out of the mouth defileth a man. The Prayer Book speaks of the importance of showing our praise "not only with our lips but in our *lives*." We have no fault to find with this form of expression as here used,—it cannot but be understood by every one, but, usually it is not accurate to consider as *separate* our *words* and our *deeds*. Our *lives* are mainly our *words*. If our lips lie, our lives are bad; if our lips speak the right words our lives will be good. Take away a man's *words* and he has no character left—he becomes like a mere animal that perishes, he has no life but *animal* life.

Let no self-righteous person call himself *good*, if he habitually uses wounding expressions, although he may in other respects be exemplary. It is not enough that he *means* well, and is as he styles himself, plain-hearted. Plain-heartedness is a quality that some persons seem to value very much, and they use so much of it that they show their unfitness for any society with the least particle of refinement.

A well-bred person is not only kind and gentle towards others, but he has a tender regard for what I could style—that *sensitive personality*—sometimes called *selfhood*,—which every person has—and ought to have, for on this selfhood hangs the dignity of the human race. Lower a person in his own estimation, and you unfit him for the development of the good that is in him, besides making him hate you. Raise him in his own estimation and you cause him to strive for a still

higher place in your regard for him, nor is it safe for us to set bounds to his abilities, as this anecdote will show.

Some years after Allston, the celebrated painter, had acquired considerable reputation in his art, a friend showed him a miniature, and begged he would give a sincere opinion upon its merits, as the young man who drew it, had some thoughts of becoming a painter by profession. Allston, after much pressing, and declining to give an opinion, candidly told the gentleman he feared the lad would never do anything as a painter, and advised his following some more congenial pursuit. His friend then convinced him that the work had been done by Allston himself—for this very gentleman when Allston was quite young.

On meeting a person for the first time, we should not sit dumb like a sheep before the shearer, but we should question him in regard to things with which he is acquainted, or things with which both of us are acquainted, and if he is well-bred he will respond in like manner. Thus the conversation will go on for a time at *ease*, and there will be a thriving conversational commerce between us, each offering his own knowledge and wit for that of the other, and if the conversation should, after a while, begin to grow dull, we should say some kindly, wise or witty thing and separate, both parties being made happier by the interview.—But all this should be done from the *heart* and not by rule merely. We should consider that in social life kindness is absolutely necessary, and that even business cannot be successfully carried on without it. A business man that is not kind, and yet expects to succeed, does not know the first principles of the human mind.

That accomplished and interesting lady, Madam Necker, whom Gibbon, the historian, admired and wished to marry, used to write beforehand what she should say at a dinner or evening party; and why should we not prepare ourselves as carefully to speak in private conversation as to speak in public? Why should not the power of conversation—so capable of good when rightly used, so capable of evil when carelessly employed, be made to bless and make happy our fellow-beings by our using fore-thought?

Many very kind and good persons cannot converse readily because they will not take the trouble to learn. We called a few years ago on a family in Boston, and tried to get into conversation. We asked questions, but *yes* and *no* were all the responses we could get. We talked of our own affairs, but we found ourselves talking alone, until a bright-eyed intelligent lady appeared on the scene of inaction, and caused the wheels of conversation to turn with the rapidity of thought. She asked us about the lectures that we had attended, what we thought of Mr. Phillips, Holland, Beecher, Morton, etc., as speakers. Then she gave her own ideas of them. She spoke of Charlotte Cushman,

whom we had seen play, and, she told some anecdotes of this fine actress, very interesting, nor did she seem to *try* to entertain us,—she did so without the least effort, and on leaving her, she left us with the desire to hear more of her charming conversation.

The subjects of conversation should be carefully chosen. But what a vast number we have to choose from that are worthy of regard! The world of mind and the world of matter lie open before us; let us talk of the most useful and beautiful in both. Science furnishes thousands of subjects. So do Literature and Art. But we must know something of science, literature and art, in order to talk of them. There can be no food for the thought without knowledge. Hence, if a person would converse in an interesting manner he must *read*. If a person reads nothing he has nothing to talk about but his neighbor, and his neighbor is very sure to suffer from his conversation.

A well-bred person will never be personal in conversation, unless complimentary, and never complimentary unless he is honestly so. He will not for instance say to a person he meets, "How ill you look," for if the person addressed is really sick, he knows it himself and does not wish to be told of his bad appearance; on the other hand if he is not sick, he does not wish to reflect that he looks sick in spite of good health. Neither will a well-bred person flatter another, but he will praise where he can consistently with truth, and will point out those defects only that can be remedied.

A well-bred person will not boast of his great freedom from sickness, or his great chances for long life, or of the certainty of his living longer than any other person, for God alone knows the number of our days. We once heard a person say to another "How old you have grown since I saw you last"! Another said of some person, "How Miss—has faded!" "Old A—cannot stand it long—how bent he has become!" Said a person calling himself a gentleman—"How much longer will he last," sneeringly referring to an elderly, somewhat sickly man who was passing.

A well-bred person will not always be talking of *himself*. *I* is the main subject of some people's conversation. On the other hand we meet with those who squeeze you like a lemon—who never say *I* but always *you*. They get all they can out of you, and then laugh at your freely expressed opinions, never giving any opinion of their own or expos'g them selves in the least to falling into error. With such beings we can never have any thing like conversation in its true sense. We should try to reform such, but if we fail in this, we should avoid them as much as we can in a conversational way, and seek more congenial, honest spirits.

A gentle person will not pride himself on being *right*, but he rather prides him-

self on being *human* and very liable to be *wrong*. We all know of persons who never made a mistake in all their lives that they would acknowledge. We are often so convinced of a thing that it is with the greatest difficulty that we can help being dogmatic; but if we should become so, as soon as we are convinced of any error, we should freely acknowledge it, and show that we love truth more than victory,—victory belongs to no one, but truth is for all. We know of some few persons—we are glad the number is small—who never will acknowledge they are wrong. Such persons can have no regard for truth; for how can we arrive at the truth without first finding out our own errors, and if we detect them, as generally we shall if we look for them, we shall be glad to know, in order to get rid of them.

A person of good manners will neither boast of his own knowledge nor ridicule the lack of it in others, for he knows the most learned men on earth are very ignorant, and that the world is yet in its infancy, as to acknowledge the art of printing, that great accumulator of knowledge, having been known only about 435 years. All our experience of the world has led us to the conclusion that the more learned a man becomes, the more charitable he is to the errors of others. It is superficial knowledge that is arrogant, dogmatic and triumphant.

Some persons appear to think themselves so far above their fellows, that they can learn nothing from them, and they will not deign to ask any questions except perhaps some that cannot be answered by any one. Now every human being however humble can teach us something. Sir Walter Scott gives us to understand that he never met any man, let his calling be what it might, even the most stupid fellow that ever rubbed down a horse, from whom he could not by a few moments conversation, learn something which he did not before know, and which was valuable to him. This will account for the fact, that he seemed to have an intuitive knowledge of everything.

And here we must bring these remarks to a close; we confess we have only *touched* our subject—we have not grasped it. In closing we will say that we do not number ourselves among those that may justly be called well-bred. We claim rather to stand at a distance and admire them, than to be one of them.

The Retail of Scandal.

Neither retail nor receive scandal, willingly; for though the defamation of others may, for the present, gratify the malignity of the pride of our hearts, cool reflection will draw very disadvantageous conclusions from such a disposition; and in case of scandal, as that of robbery, the receiver is always as bad as the thief.

[Chesterfield.]

THE OLDTOWN MONTHLY

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

S. BRADBURY, M. D.,
OLDTOWN, - ME.

Single Copies, Five Cents.

O. F. Knowles & Co., Printers, Bangor.

EDITORIAL.

Notwithstanding John Guttenburg invented the art of printing as far back as A.D. 1440; notwithstanding many towns, much smaller than ours, have had newspapers, yet we have lived all our days dependent upon strangers for a knowledge of what is occurring in our own villages. We have been strangers to each other, because there has been absent from us that great center of attraction, the newspaper, the duty of which is to have a constant regard for the interests of all that come within its circle of influence. For this we blame no one, but it is time that this state of things should come to an end.

Our town, Oldtown, is beautifully situated on the right bank of the Penobscot, twelve miles north of Bangor. Here at Oldtown the bed of the river abruptly becomes lower and hurries its waters in

ter-power that is excellent. Although called *Oldtown*, it is a young town having been incorporated in 1840, before this date being a part of Orono. It is celebrated for its tribe of Indians, who occupy the beautiful islands above the town, in the Penobscot. These islands are visited, in the Summer, by tourists from all parts of the United States, in order that they may see these strange red men, who are now, the last link that connects us with antiquity. Oldtown is a railway center from which pass the European and North American Railway on its way to New Brunswick, and the Bangor and Piscataquis Railway, on its way to Guilford—this last railroad will soon connect us with all the vast region lying around Moose-head Lake, as well as with the Lake itself, which is the largest in Maine, and with Canada.

Nature has favored Oldtown with a fertile soil, and with a climate that, when respected, will give strength to the body and mind. But it has a powerful winter climate—especially this winter and will not be trifled with. Wool, wood, and work are the weapons with which we can meet it successfully. It must be met with the *whole* body and not with a part of it, else sore throats, pleurisy, bronchitis, and inflammation of the Lungs. February and March are not very pleasant months here, but our *June* is perfect, and we have no reason to complain of other months.

We are not only blessed as a town, but our blessings are increased by having good neighbors. On the east side of the Penobscot we have Bradley, Milford, Greenbush and Greenfield; on the west side we have Alton, Argyle and Lagrange all flourishing towns, yet like Oldtown, capable of becoming with proper cultivation, perfect Gardens of Eden. By the census of 1870, Oldtown had a population

of 4,072; Bradley, 867; Milford, 834, Greenbush, 640; Greenfield, 319; Alton, 508; Argyle, 307; Lagrange, 622.

The *OLDTOWN MONTHLY* will strive to promote the general welfare of all the towns mentioned. It will strive to increase in them the cultivation of refined manners and of the fine arts, science and literature. In vain do people of bad manners strive to be happy, while they are making each other miserable. The fine arts—viz: poetry, music, painting, sculpture, and architecture develop that power of the mind which discerns, and judges of the beautiful, which power is called *taste*. "Thrice happy is he," says the poet Rogers, "who acquires the habit of looking everywhere for excellences, and not for faults,—whether in art or in nature,—whether in a picture, a poem, or a character. Like the bee in its flight, he extracts the sweet and not the bitter, wherever he goes, till his mind becomes a dwelling-place for all that is beautiful, receiving as it were by instinct, what is congenial to itself, and rejecting everything else almost unconsciously as if it were not there."

Taste, or in other words, the power to know the beautiful, is well worth having considering it in a merely financial point of view. Think how much might be saved yearly by taste in dress. The French lady by using taste, dresses better than the English, German or American lady, and on far less money. All the parts of a French lady's dress harmonize with each other. Too often all the parts of an American lady's dress are at war with each other, and the more parts there are, the fiercer the contest.

In building dwelling-houses, it costs no more to build a well proportioned house than to build one disproportioned, and yet the market value of the one built with taste is far higher than that of the other.

Science, brings method, reason, foresight. Our failures in life do not come so much from lack of *means* as from lack of *methods*. Astronomy has given the death blow to a thousand superstitions—so has Geology and Logic.

Literature, meaning by the word, biography, history and fictitious narrative tends to give us wisdom, for all human lives are experiments—happy and wise are they who profit by the experiments of their ancestors. Could we fully understand the human lives that have passed before us, then we should know the key to success in all our undertakings.

Whether the *OLDTOWN MONTHLY* will continue to be published after this issue we cannot say. This will depend upon the support that it receives from those for whom it is published. If it be well sustained by the public, it will probably appear on the first day of every month for many months to come. Hoping that it may prove a success, and be welcomed by all our friends and neighbors, we will here make to them our salutatory bow and wish them Godspeed.

COMPOSITION OF THE SUN.—According to Prof. S. P. Langley, the sun is in a vacuum—it is not solid or liquid, but gaseous. It is not "burning" at all in the common sense of the word, but is in a state of incandescence, that is, of white hotness. He believes the heat of the sun is kept up by the shrinking of its mass, and that consequently it is gradually growing smaller, but that millions of years must elapse before it will "go out" if it ever does.

Public Meetings.

The Ladies' Temperance Crusade.

The ladies of Oldtown, to the number of thirty-five, wishing to aid the work of temperance, by prayer, and by every other means likely to stay the tide of intemperance in this vicinity, formed themselves into a society with the above name on the seventh day of April, 1874, and, have held a meeting every week since. They have had one hundred speakers from out of town, and have induced five hundred and ninety-four persons to sign the pledge.

The first President of this society was Mrs. G. M. Preston, the second, the lady now officiating, Mrs. M. L. Hoskins. Mrs. Cromwell, Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. Small, Mrs. A. O. Brown, Mrs. A. B. Weed, Mrs. Conway, and Mrs. M. A. Williams, have acted as Vice-Presidents; Mrs. M. L. Hoskins, Miss Alice Patten, and Mrs. J. A. Lord, have acted as Secretaries; and Mrs. N. C. Hellenbrand, Mrs. Daniel G. Sawyer, Mrs. H. M. Barker, Mrs. J. L. Jellison, and Mrs. J. L. Smith, have acted on the Executive Committee.

The following ladies have taken an active part in the meetings of the society—Mrs. Preston, Williams, Barker, Jellison, Amos Smith, Hoskins, Lord, Mitchell, Misses Patten, Sadie McCrystle, Julia Jameson, Alice Averill, and Rose Willy.

Against great obstacles this society has worked its way with a perseverance that must gain the admiration of its detractors, and conquer their prejudices.

The Upper Stillwater Temperance Reform Club.

This society is doing a good work in the cause of temperance. The following gentlemen are its officers, to wit:—President, Joshua Buck; Vice-Presidents, O. L. Richardson and James Dutton; Secretary, Frank Coombs; Treasurer, Otis Gould; Chaplain, John Gould; Financial Committee, K. Pooler, William Henderson, jr., and James Cousins; Executive Committee, I. W. Coombs, George Horn, and I. M. Hobart.

This Society meets every Thursday.

Oldtown Literary Society.

Last November the young men of Oldtown formed the above named Society for improvement in elocution, composition, debate, and for mental improvement in science, art and literature. Since that time the society has held meetings every week. Every Wednesday evening during the winter has been a lively time in the Town Hall, where many of our citizens have met and discussed questions under debate to large and delighted audiences.

During the past dull winter, this society has been a God-send to Oldtown. It has stimulated the love of knowledge; it has encouraged sociability; and has been the means of putting down scandal and of elevating science, literature, and good manners in its place.

W. H. Harriman, S. F. Farnham, B. E. Donigan, M. A. Austin, of Milford, and Charles McCrystle have presided at the meetings of this society, and among those who have participated in the debate we may mention W. H. Harriman, S. W. Hoskins, A. B. Weed, Charles McCrystle, M. A. Austin of Milford, S. F. Farnham, B. E. Donigan, George Bean, H. W. Harris, N. Godfrey, C. H. Dugan of Milford, C. E. Miles, J. W. Waldron, J. B.

Elkins, Josiah Bragdon, J. M. Robinson, J. S. Robinson, L. A. Moulton, E. L. Hopkins, Henry A. Pratt, G. J. Moody, W. McPheters of Milford, Heddle Hilliard, John P. Woodman, Rev. George Preston and Frank W. Folsom.

There have been nine lectures before the society, to wit: G. T. Sewall lectured on "Legacies;" Rev. Mr. Davis on "The Primitive Religions of Man;" W. H. Harrison on "Success;" A. P. Folsom on "Self-culture;" Rev. George Preston on "Great and Little Men;" Rev. Henry Shepard on "A Trip through the Heavens;" S. Bradbury on "Thomas Moore;" Frank Hamblen of Upper Stillwater, on "Astronomy;" and C. H. Dugan on "The origin of the Gael."

New Publications.

The autobiography of Bryan Waller Proctor—better known under the assumed name of BARRY CRONWALL—an English poet much admired, will be published in a few months. As Proctor associated with the first literary men of his day, we may expect his autobiography to be a literary feast.

The first volume of "The Life of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort," is published. It is as interesting as a novel. Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort as shown, in this volume, are good specimens of the human race—simple as children, yet wise as sages, their lives flowed on like the Rhine, beautiful, gentle and happy.

From 1871 to 1873 Germany took from France 847,000,000 francs—about \$170,000,000—in gold. With this gold Bismarck established the new German coinage, with its new gold piece, the mark, worth twenty-five francs, or five dollars. But Germany buys so much of France that this gold is all going back whence it came, and the French are joyfully beholding it converted again into twenty-five franc pieces.

Miscellaneous Items.

At a Roman supper statues were sometimes employed to hold the lamps.

Tom Hood speaks of a bird building its nest upon a ledge over the door of a doctor's office as an attempt to rear its young in the very jaws of death.

The first production of glass is so long ago that it is useless to try to fix the date of it. Egyptian mummies have been found with glass beads on, made certainly 4000 years ago, and perhaps much longer.

Before I begin to write says Bossuet, I always read a little of Homer; for I have to light my lamp at the sun.

When Socrates was asked why he had built for himself so small a house, "Small as it is he replied, I wish I could fill it with friends.

How many generations have passed away, how many empires and how many languages, since Homer sung his verses to the Greeks! Yet the words which he uttered, and which were only so much fleeting breath, remain almost entire to this day, and will now, in all probability, continue to delight and instruct mankind as long as the world endures.

A good book is the precious life blood of a master spirit, and to destroy it is to slay an immortality rather than a life.

Local Personals.

—Zemri Gilbert is in N. H.
 —Mrs. John Dean is in town.
 —Miss Abby Davis is in Boston.
 —Mrs. Maria Carr is in Georgia.
 —Mr. H. G. Buck is in Boston, Ky.
 —Mr. Heddle Hillard has returned from Boston.
 —Mrs. Lizzie Hincks, of Marlborough, Mass., is in town.
 —Mrs. Allen Ricker is in Upper Stillwater—from Kentucky.
 —Mrs. Chas. Noyes has returned from the West.
 —Mr. C. F. Hamblen, of Upper Stillwater, is in Florida.
 —Mr. Augustus Chase, formerly of Oldtown, is now in the sunny town of Santa Barbara, California.
 —Miss Hattie Hoskins is in Rochester, New York.
 —Mr. Levi Newcomb has returned from Katahdin Iron Works.
 —Mr. Eli T. Veanchó has returned from Quebec.
 —Mr. Morrill Adams has returned from Berlin, N. H.
 —Mr. Moses P. Wadleigh has returned from the "Primeval Groves."
 —Mr. David Gatchel has returned from Mattawamkeag.
 —Mr. Garland, of Greatworks, has a large new house nearly finished.
 —Charles H. Gilbert was in town Mar. 8th, from N. H.
 —Mr. Ruben Holbrook, of Bradley, severely cut his knee February 6th, and is recovering.
 —Mr. A. B. Libby, of Millford, dislocated his shoulder February 22—is now doing well.
 —Mrs. Clement Hinckley dislocated her shoulder Feb. 1; is now well.
 —Mr. Charles H. Haskell, of Milford, lost two fingers Jan. 1st.
 —David Littlefield, of Greenfield, dislocated his shoulder Feb. 1st.
 —D. W. White, of Greenfield, was in town March 8th.
 —Mr. A. W. Cookson, of Greenbush, cut his foot sufficiently to require partial amputation two-weeks ago,—which operation was skillfully performed by Dr. A. P. Folsom.
 —Mr. John Sawyer is getting ready to build a neat cottage on Third street, in which act Mr. S. S. Haynes is aiding and abetting him.
 —Messrs. Hamblen and Gould have started again their *Vest Factory* in Upper Stillwater. They employ about twenty girls.
 —Miss Agnes L. Morrill of Winterport, Mr. Isaac Staples, our former townsman, Mrs. Miranda P. Oakes, of Boston, Mass., Mr. John Dean, of Chicago, and Miss Eveline Brown, of Hampden, have lately been in town.
 —Rev. George W. Field, of Bangor, lectured before the Ladies' Crusade of Oldtown, Monday evening, March 8th. The hall was full of intelligent persons who were deeply interested in the lecture that was enlivened by a tint of humor which at times caused the audience to "brighten all over." Mrs. M. L. Hoskins presided.

Foreign Personals.

—Miss Kate Field has turned actress.
 —Offenbach, aged 54, has written 80 operas. He was born at Cologne.
 —James Gordon Bennett is building at Brighton, England, a large mansion.
 —Mr. Spurgeon, the eloquent minister, is traveling for his health.
 —Mr. Angus Cameron, our new Senator elect from Wisconsin, is a lawyer and well spoken of.
 —The Rev. Miss Harris, of Hallowell, recently acted as chaplain in the Maine State Senate.
 —The Russians can write novels as well as others, Turganief's Stories translated into English, are now the fashion.
 —The new monarch of Spain is said to be in love with a daughter of the Duke of Montpensier.
 —Henry Fielding, the novelist, originated in 1747, the practice, now universal, of putting the marriages and deaths together.
 —The poet Whittier is not well this Winter. Never strong, this cold weather has a very bad effect upon him.—He is about sixty-five.
 The Emperor of Austria has accepted the resignation of Baron Lenbom, Minister at Washington.
 —Miss Evans, the author of "Beulah," "St. Elmo," etc., has given up writing, and is living in the country, twelve miles from Mobile, where she devotes her time to farming.
 —The daughters of Queen Victoria present good examples to English girls for industry and taste. They work in the garden, in the kitchen and in the library. They train themselves physically, intellectually and morally.
 —The Sultan of Turkey has splendid palaces and kiosks—summer-houses—all along the shores of the Bosphorus. He dines alone on 94 dishes; he has 700 wives, 800 horses, and 350 eunuchs. To feed his household, he daily 200 sheep, 100 goats, 10 calves, 200 hens, 200 pairs pullts, 100 pairs pigeons, and 50 queen geese.
 —Simon Cameron, Senator from Pennsylvania, is the oldest member of the Senate, being 76. Stephen W. Dorsey, of Arkansas, is the youngest, being only 33. Our Senator, Hannibal Hamlin, always wears a dress-coat and never an over-coat. Robertson, of So. Carolina, wears jewelry of great value—emerald sleeve-buttons worth a farm, and diamond studs dangerous for sensitive eyes to look upon.
 —In the *Greville Memoirs*, which work is now much talked of, we are told that Sir Robert Peel, the manufacturer, and father of Sir Robert Peel, the statesman, started in life without a shilling, and yet left \$1,250,000 apiece to his five younger sons, \$300,000 to his three daughters each, and \$110,000 a year in land and \$2,250,000 in the funds to his eldest son and heir to the title.
 —Concord, Mass., will be the observed of many observers next April 19th, for there is to be a Centennial celebration in that literary town on that day. There will be on that occasion an address by Ralph Waldo Emerson, a hymn by Henry W. Longfellow, and an oration by Geo. W. Curtis. Judge E. R. Hoar will be President of the day, and Gen. C. Barlow Chief Marshal.

—Lorner Griffin, of Lodi, Ohio, is 116 years old.

—Mrs. Fawcett, wife of the blind member of Parliament, is writing a novel.

—Mr. Keenan, the recently elected Senator from New-York, is a Catholic.

—Liszt (list) a Hungarian, is the greatest living pianist—born in 1811, at Raiding.

—Some say William Cullen Bryant is on the *fence*, politically—others say he is on the *Post*.

—Miss Moore, one of Beecher's witness, in the great trial, was too smart for Mr. Fullerton, Tilton's counsel.

—Mrs. Proctor will publish the autobiography left by Mr. Proctor (Barry Cornwall) some time during this year.

—A Washington writer says that Senator Boutwell is a resident of the "flourishing and cathartic town of Ayer."

—Queen Victoria has just conferred the honor of Knighthood upon Mr. Murray, son of John Murray, Byron's publisher—the first instance of the kind on record.

—Henry W. Longfellow is to deliver the poem, and the Rev. Dr. Cheever the oration, before the Alufni of Bowdoin College at the next commencement.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson, the great observer, who always weighs every word before putting it in print, gave his neighbors in Concord, Mass., a fine lecture the other day on "Oratory."

—William Sharon, the new Senator from Nevada, is 54. He worked at first on a farm, then on a flat-boat, studied law, became a merchant, built a railroad, and is now worth \$2,500,000.

—The Marquis of Hartington, the recently chosen leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons, is eldest son of the Duke of Devonshire, is 41 years of age, and has been in Parliament 17 years. During our late war he had a "weakness" for the South.

—In North Saugus, Massachusetts, on the Eastern Railroad, about fourteen miles from Boston, dwell the Hawkes family, on a farm bought by one of the family in 1640. The present house in which they live was built in 1660. Adam Hawkes owned the iron mine which supplied ore to the first foundry in the U. S.

—Senator Parson Brownlow is so afflicted with palsy that he cannot walk to and from the Senate chamber. He is carried there by his attendants twice a day. He never speaks and never smiles. He votes by signs. He appears like one in the last stage of disease.

—Hon. Samuel Jonas Tilden, Democratic Governor of New-York, is a lawyer, of fine literary taste, gentle in manners, rich, a bachelor, and sixty. The Executive Mansion is gracefully presided over by his sister.

—General Eaton, U. S. Commissioner of Education, estimates the child population between the ages of six and sixteen in the thirty-seven States and eleven Territories, at about 10,288,000. An army of 300,000 teachers is needed to educate them.

—The Voce Di Verita says that the Pope confers the Cardinal's hat on Archbishop McCloskey, not only on account of the personal merits of that prelate, but because the Holy See is desirous of honoring the Catholics of America and making progress of Catholicism in the United States.

Anecdote and Wit.

Sydney Smith, one of the wittiest and wisest churchmen which England has produced, could not, at times, resist the desire for viewing things in a supremely ridiculous light. He was however possessed of a heart that was kindness personified. Some one mentioned that a young Scotchman, who had been lately in the neighborhood, was about to marry an Irish widow, double his age, and of considerable dimensions. "Going to marry her!" he exclaimed, bursting out laughing; "going to marry her! impossible! you mean a part of her; he could not marry her all himself. It would be a case, not of bigamy, but trigamy; the neighborhood or the magistrates should interfere. There is enough of her to furnish wives for a whole parish. One man marry her! it is monstrous. You might people a colony with her; or, perhaps, take your morning's walk round her, always provided there were frequent resting-places, and you were in rude health. I once was rash enough to try walking round her before breakfast, but only got half-way, and gave it up exhausted; or you might read the riot act and disperse her: in short, you might do anything with her but marry her."

Arthur Lee, brother of Richard Henry Lee, "was the most disputatious man," Parton says, "of whom history condescends to make mention. Caught in a shower in London, he sought the shelter of a shed, where a gentleman returned the civil remark, that it rained very hard. 'It rains hard Sir,' said Lee, 'but I doubt whether you can say it rains very hard.'"

A celebrated divine, who was remarkable in the first period of his ministry for a boisterous mode of preaching, suddenly changed his whole manner in the pulpit, and adopted a mild and dispassioned mode of delivery. One of his brethren, observing it, inquired of him what had induced him to make the change. He answered, "When I was young I thought it was the *thunder* that killed the people; but when I grew wiser, I discovered that it was the *lightning*; so I determined in future to thunder less and lighten more."

Moliere, when once traveling through Auvergne, was taken very ill at a distance from any place where he could procure respectable medical aid. It was proposed to him to send for a celebrated physician at Clermont. "No, no," said the wit, "he is too great a man for me; go and bring me the village surgeon; he will not perhaps have the *hardihood* to kill me."

MARRIED.

In Milford, Feb. 14, by J. A. Blanchard, Esq., Mr. Isaac Prentiss to Mrs. Martha Emerson.
 In Providence, R. I., Feb. 2, by Rev. Henry W. Rugg, Mr. Charles D. Simmons, of Union, Me., to Miss Hattie G. Harriman of Oldtown.

BORN.

Oldtown, March 6,—Wife of Frank Pond, a daughter.

DIED.

Oldtown, Feb. 7, Henry F. Gray, aged 38 years
 Oldtown, Feb. 12, Samuel Patterson, aged 60 years.
 Oldtown, Feb. 10, Mrs. Elliot Temple, wife of Nathaniel Cushman, aged 67 years.
 None knew her but to love her, Or named her but to praise.

FINE ARTS.

We wish our readers to peruse carefully the following lines, from Moore's *Lalla Rookh*, describing the beauty of Nourmahal, and observe what a succession of beautiful similes there is! What music in every line!

There's a beauty forever unchangingly bright,
Like the long, sunny lapse of a summer day's light,
Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,
Till Love falls asleep in its sameness of splendor
This was not the beauty—oh, nothing like this,
That to young Nourmahal gave such magic of bliss!
But the loveliness, ever in motion, which plays
Like the light upon autumn's soft shadowy days,
Now here and now there, giving warmth as it flies,
From the lip to the cheek, from the cheek to the eyes,
Now melting in mist and now breaking in gleams
Like the glimpses a saint hath of heaven in his dreams.
When pensive, it seemed as if that very grace,
That charm of all others, was born with her face!
And when angry,—for ev'n in the tranquillest climes
Light breezes will ruffle the blossoms sometimes.
The short, passing anger but seemed to awaken
New beauty, like flow'rs that are sweetest when shaken.
If tenderness touch'd her, the dark of her eye
At once took a darker, a heav'nlier dye,
From the depth of whose shadow, like holy revealings
From innermost shrines, came the light of her feelings.
Then her mirth—oh! 'twas sportive as ever took wing
From the heart with a burst, like the wild bird in Spring;
Blamed by a wit that would fascinate sages,
Yet playful as Peris just loosed from their cages,
While her laugh, full of life, without any control
But the sweet one of gracefulness, wrung from her soul,
And where it most sparkled no glance could discover.
In lip, cheek, or eye, for she brightened all over
Like any fairy lake that the breeze is upon,
When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun.

Music, as distinguished from various rude attempts of the past, is only about four hundred years old. Modern music, which is alone worthy of the name, is, in fact, the youngest of the arts, and stands at present in a corresponding unfavorable position; for while it has been brought to the highest perfection, the secret of its power is almost wholly unexplored; and as long as this is the case, music must continue to be ranked last among the fine arts. But the day is at hand when the veil of the prophetic will be lifted. Already in Germany, the land of thought, music has been adopted as the national art—as it was once in Italy, and sculpture in Greece. Already the names of Beethoven and Mozart are whispered through the civilized world in the same breath with those of Phidias, and Michael Angelo; and the time is probably not far distant when music will stand revealed perchance as the mightiest of the arts, and certainly as the one as peculiarly representative of our modern world, with its intense life, complex civilization, and feverish self-consciousness.

[Howeis.]

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—Oluf Stevenson, minister at Washington, from Norway and Sweden, is a gentleman, a good singer, and speaks good English.

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