

The Waterville Times.

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

By J. H. Yale.

VOL. VII.

WATERVILLE, N. Y., THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1863.

NO. 19.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Daniel Hall,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Waterville, N. Y. Office over Candee & Son's Store.

HENRY LUMBARD,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Waterville, Oneida Co., N. Y.

T. P. Sanders,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR, room in the Putnam Block, Waterville, N. Y., formerly occupied as a Telegraph Office. Latest fashions received.

Wm. J. Baker's
PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO, 12 TIBBETS BLOCK, UTICA, N. Y. The largest and cheapest Photograph Gallery in the country. Six CARTES DE VISITE for \$1.00.

E. H. Lamb,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
WATERVILLE, Oneida Co., N. Y. Particular attention given to making collections, foreclosing mortgages, &c. Rooms over the Wash Store.

J. H. Padley,
PIANO FORTE TUNER AND REGULATOR.
All Work Warranted. Also Agent for BAUMBACH'S celebrated Furniture Polish. Fancy Jobbing and Furniture Repairing done to order.

A. Taylor, Ambrotypist.
ROOMS in the "Putnam Block." Prices, from 25 cts to \$15. Children under 5 years not less than 50 cts. Pictures of invalids or deceased persons, taken at their residences at moderate prices. A good assortment of frames and cases always on hand.

F. F. Tanbe,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER in CABINET WARE, Main street, Waterville, N. Y. I keep constantly on hand a good assortment of Sofas, Couches, Tete-a-Tetes, Piers, Marble Top, Centre, Card, Dining, and Extension Tables, Chairs, Bedsteads, &c. Particular attention paid to everything pertaining to UNDERBERTAKING.

DENTISTRY.
Blackman & Waldo, Dentists,
Have located in Waterville, Office in PUTNAM'S BLOCK. All operations WARRANTED. ELECTRICITY or some ANÆSTHETIC used in Extracting, if requested.

Miss F. L. Saunders,
DRESS-MAKER,
WATERVILLE, N. Y.
ROOMS at Mrs. FRANK RAWSON'S, first door west of Berrill & Son's Store and Tin Store, where she will be pleased to see those waiting anything done in that line. Waterville, May 4th, 1863. 17m3

Etna Insurance Co.,
Hartford, Conn. Capital, \$1,500,000.

HOME INSURANCE COMPANY,
New York. Capital, \$1,000,000.

HARTFORD INSURANCE CO.,
Hartford, Conn. Capital, \$500,000.
For Insurance in either of the above Companies apply to
W. B. GOODWIN,
At Bank of Waterville.

NEW SPRING
DRY GOODS AND CARPETS!
WELBON & TYLER,
No. 62 Genesee Street, Utica, N. Y.

THE place to buy your DRY GOODS and CARPETS. Is where they have the best styles, and BEST GOODS, at the LOWEST MARKET PRICE.

Welbon & Tyler have received the best selected stock of DRESS GOODS AND CARPETS, ever opened in this market, and bought since the late

DECLINE IN PRICES, and shall offer them at

CORRESPONDING LOW FIGURES. Remember the No. 62 Genesee street, 2d door above the Marble Block.

Utica, April, 1863.

HATS AND CAPS!

NEW STORE!! NEW GOODS!!

A. ALBRECHT,

FUR MANUFACTURER,

HAS ADDED TO HIS WELL KNOWN FUR ESTABLISHMENT a large and fashionable stock of

HATS AND CAPS, which he will sell at the VERY LOWEST CASH PRICES.

He will continue to manufacture Furs, as usual, and respectfully invites all to call and examine his stock at
No. 59 Genesee Street, Utica, ONE DOOR BELOW THE BANK OF UTICA, and the only Hat, Cap, and Fur Store on the EAST SIDE of the STREET.

THE MAN WITH THE

A MYSTERY.

(CHAPTER II.)

Had any one else so nicknamed me, I should have knocked him down; but, diving into his charitable motives with a thought, I at once signified my readiness, and we were proceeding arm-in-arm, when the coachman arrested our progress, and said that he could not possibly wait a moment longer.

"A few minutes," said Canvass.

What a miserable spectacle met our gaze! In the centre of a room, utterly destitute of furniture, was spread a quantity of straw, covered with an old blanket; on this was prostrate, rather than lying, the form of an emaciated, black-haired girl of about nineteen, and apparently in the last stage of existence.

Her only covering was a coarse rug, and the only pillow a bundle of rags! Across the room, on each side of this wretched bed or pallet, a cord was stretched from wall to wall, and a few worn out garments hung upon it, as some slight screen from a continued draught of air which found its way through the crevices. The poor object shivered incessantly with the cold. My own heart turned into a ball of ice as I looked upon her. There was no grate in the chimney—no fire—no appearance of fuel. The walls were decorated with the tattered remains of handsome paper, and a few brass headed nails, here and there, furnished evidence of having served as supporters to pictures, and proved that the apartment had not always worn its present aspect. It was indeed a picture of desolation.

My companion took all in at a glance, and a pallid whiteness usurped the place of his healthy complexion. "This is misery," said he, emphatically, as his vision dwelt upon the scene. "I can scarcely credit it now." Then turning to the widow, he said, "Woman, how came all this about? Don't be periphrastical."

Her tale was soon narrated. It was the old, sad story—yet not a whit the less heart breaking for that—her husband dead, poverty and distress ensuing, &c.

My friend then bestowed his bounty and secured the aid of a physician.

"May your Master bless and acknowledge you," she said, in a peculiarly melodious tone of solemnity; and raising her lustrous eyes, now lambent with excited feelings, she added, "My father owed all his success to you; his daughter shall prove her gratitude."

"What a lot of howling is here about nothing!" cried the man in canvass, rather impatiently. "Why don't you do as I bid you?" added he, addressing the widow.

"Shall I mention your name, sir?" she inquired, drying up her tears.

"No; merely say that you were sent by the man with the—, or stay; I cannot await your return, so I will order the things myself, and also give directions for a few articles of furniture to be sent you. God take ye both in his holy keeping!" He raised his hat on uttering the sacred name, and while yet the music of their voices dwelt within our ears, we crossed the humble threshold, elated by no common sensations.

We reached the inn, where the passengers were impatiently awaiting our appearance: accordingly 'he of canvass' bustled in to perform his self-imposed commission, and as I was following rather more leisurely, the bar-maid crossed my path. Now be it known that I have a warm heart towards a pretty bar-maid; so I lovingly chuckled her

under the chin in passing, whereat she reddened like the sun in a fog, and flouncing by, muttered, "Humph! I shouldn't have thought the likes of that, indeed, from a scrubby outside passenger!"

At this moment, my fellow "outsider" returned, and, first nodding, he took her round the neck, and gave her a hearty bass, in return for which she simpered and dropped a low curtsy. He passed on, and I remarked, "I see you have not an objection to all outside passengers."

"O, indeed! that's a very different thing—that's the gentleman with the—"

"How dare you be gossiping there, you saucy minx," shrieked the landlady; "why don't you give a glass of ale to the gentleman with the—?"

The guard sounded such an infernal peal with his horn at that moment, that I lost the sentence. "Now, gentlemen, if you please," said coachy, "I can't wait another moment for the Hesperus of the Hinges."

The sun was then setting behind a long range of low hills; it was indeed a beautiful scene, and as we bounded along the road I jocularly commented upon the extravagant imagery used by poets when speaking of sunset.

"Sir," said Canvass, "were the brains of Milton, Shakespeare, and all the poets that ever existed, made into one, it could not produce a figure of fancy worthy the subject; does it not remind us of God, and impart some idea of his glory? And what can equal or delineate our thoughts at such a moment?"

The glorious sun! I have seen him in Persia sink like one of the scarlet lilies which spring from the soil, whilst in Greece he sets like the ball of St. Paul's newly gilded; in Arabia he looks like a copper tea kettle, and at the North Pole like a globe of silver, with the full moon shining upon it. There I have looked up, all pale and cheerless as he shone, and fancied him a guardian spirit come to chase away the gloom that for months had kept all beneath cold and dark; but in other places, (Chimborazo's heights, for instance,) I've stood and laughed as he rolled like a ball of fire at my feet, and triumphantly told him that his presence was not needed until morning. I remember luxuriating in the most genuine sunset feelings, a few summers ago, at Genoa, and the scene still lingers before my mind's eye with the freshness of an actually witnessed object. Not a tree—not a leaf—not a blade of grass, but possessed a poetic charm, and conjured up images never to be forgotten. The lake lay calm and placid as a sleeping infant before me; mountain towers above mountain, until the very clouds were pierced with their heights, and I thought, while contemplating them, of the mighty structure which men in the olden time designed should reach heaven. Around me waved the foliage of many a noble tree, like plumed giants, bowing a courteous welcome. From afar, the breeze came laden with sweets as delicious as the perfumed gales that scent a Persian garden, and every fresh swell was accompanied by a faint note of music! In the distance, about a dozen peasants, male and female, were dancing; but the great space between us rendered their forms so indistinct, so aerial, that they appeared like a band of spirits wantoning through the air to greet the evening. Beyond these, on the summit of a little hill, was defined the form of a young cavalier, in bold relief, against the sky; whilst the slender, graceful form of a girl was bent with affectionate interest towards him; and above all this—an assemblage of the beautiful and grand—

the gallant and the lovely—shone the setting sun, so large, so gorgeously bright, so magnificently sublime, that my soul filled with wild ideas: I thought myself in Paradise, with the Eternal Eye gazing upon me! But even this," he continued, "was inferior to what I felt, when, on returning to England, I saw the sun set beneath the billows which lave its shores—the shores of my own nativity!"

"And what mighty fine thing did you compare that to?" sourly and sarcastically inquired the man in sable.

"To a jolly, red faced old buck, who, having nearly worn out his jacket in our day's service, was descending to renovate it in oil of tar against the morrow. There's poetry for you, my old raven," said Canvass; "what think you of that, old dead-and-alive?"—and he gave him a slap on the back that made him groan again. A roar of laughter, at the expense of the man in black, enlivened us for some time, until our spirits waned as the evening closed in, and our eyelids felt heavy with sleep. The gentleman in black was the first to drop off, and after him followed the ditto in canvass, comfortably reposing against the luggage, leaving the officer and myself to pursue our own reflections. Now, it struck me, was the time for learning who my friend in canvass was; and accordingly I anxiously asked the military gentleman by my side for a solution of the enigma. He smiled and replied, "It is very simple. From what you have no doubt already remarked—that is, from the circumstance—you see of—"

"Exactly; but that is what I want to see."

"Why, in consequence of which, you see, he is not unaptly designated on the road as 'the man with the—'"

At this moment the coach deviated most ominously from the perpendicular, and at the next, crash, crash, went the axle-tree, and away flew the passengers in all directions, like a flock of pigeons. I just remember myself with outstretched legs and pinions, essaying my first flight across a hedge, and alighting with singular dexterity on a heap of manure in an adjoining field.

"Every mother's son of you whose bones are broken, scream out for dear life," cried the man in canvass, at the top of his voice, starting upon his feet, with a presence of mind that was surprising, considering he had been asleep the moment before. After a pause, he added; "Then give three cheers for our escape!" With that he waved his hat to the time of "Tip, tip, tip," to which we all joined chorus, hurrahing like schoolboys at a breaking up, or rather, in our case, at a breaking down. Whilst yet the air vibrated with our acclamations, a sight at once supernatural and harrowing met our startled gaze. It was the spectral appearance of a figure rising slowly from the earth, and attired in white from top to toe; of the same chilling hue were likewise its hair, face, and hands! It furnished no mean idea of Lot's wife when she became a pillar of salt.

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" exclaimed our facetious friend—though now somewhat shaken as the pallid spectre approached—"Art thou a minister from Heaven, or ghost from hell?"

"I am the 'gentleman in black,'" whined out the white figure, in a piteous tone.

"The devil you are!" exclaimed Canvass significantly; "then in future let no man say two and two are not five, or black is not white;"—but perceiving that the preacher was in some pain, having fallen down a shallow chalk pit

by the way side, he humanely proffered his assistance in supporting him to the nearest village. As it was not more than eleven o'clock, the coachman proposed that we should endeavor to get the damage repaired that night, and then the half hour which had been previously wasted at the inn—such was the gentleman's idea of things—might be accounted for to the proprietor, as being occasioned by the accident.

"With all my heart; you may lie through a deal board if you like," said the man in canvass, quickening his footsteps.

We soon reached a cluster of houses, with a pretty grass lawn in front, and the whole animated by a sparkling moon. With very little trouble we soon gained the assistance of a carpenter and blacksmith, and whilst the dislocated member of our vehicle received the benefit of their professional skill, the passengers made themselves as happy as possible with the materials that were around them.

I shall merely observe here, that during our short stay in the village, the man in canvass prevented an elopement—reconciled the father to his daughter and her lover—turned a magistrate into a laughing-stock for all the bumpkins within a league of his residence—knocked down a constable—paid the fees of a wedding—lit up a bonfire, and completely astonished the natives; sometimes uttering the sentiments of a god in a poet's language—sometimes drawing tears from all eyes by his pathos, and not unfrequently using the epithets and performing the antics of a buffoon. However, I must hasten to my journey's end.

On reaching Dover, I secured the only vacant bed-room at the inn where we put up, and then descended into the parlor to read the papers. I had scarce read the first paragraph of murder case, when the landlord entered, and with some confusion informed me, that through the inadvertence of his waiter, he had not been informed that I had taken the bed, until he had unfortunately let it to a traveller.

"Then the traveller must vacate and go elsewhere," said I, leaning back and crossing my legs with all the complacency of a man that pays his way, being satisfied of my indubitable right to the tenement.

"Not for the world, sir," said the landlord. I stared at the fellow, and then rejoined, "Is he of so much consequence to the prosperity of your establishment, that you would thus infringe the laws of right?"

"I must own that he is, sir; why, 'tis the—I meant to say—sir, I beg your pardon—the gentleman is your fellow passenger."

Down went the paper from my hold in a twinkling. "The man with the what?" said I.

"Dear me, sir, is it possible! Did you never notice him—?"

"Landlord, fill us another bottle; look sharp, and let it be of the right sort, d'ye hear?" hiccuped a young spark in a high key, seated amid a knot of officers.

This was another man of consequence, I suppose, for Boniface immediately left me to attend him, at which my equanimity was so disturbed, that I resolved to take possession of my room, *coute qui coute*, and bar it against all intruders, whether in canvass jackets or in the livery of Beelzebub. Full of ire, I sprang up the staircase, and on reaching the landing-place, I found my door open, and the man of tar coolly seated within. He had a huge purse before him, made of the same material as his