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The Oldtown Monthly

S. Bradbury

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CONVERSATION.

The divine art of conversing with ease and with pleasure, without giving offense, 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 beginners in our treatment of each other. Most people with whom we converse, cannot carry the conversation to a happy conclusion without making slip, without intending to be unkind, some offensive, personal allusion, or some conceal'd, lowering remark that cannot fail to plant the seeds of disgust and hate, instead of love and good-will. We believe most of the un-friendliness 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 pretend to have a title!—will show his good manners, not so much by ill-chosen, unkind words are of the importance of showing our praise that that which cometh out of the mouth such for instance as eating pie with a logger feeling inherent in society.

The divine art of conversing with ease, and our animal that perishes, he has no life but main­ly our selfhood, is yet in its infancy, if we may judge 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 that she did so without least effort, and on leaving her, she left 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 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 complimenting, that great accumulator of knowledge, is honestly so. He will not for instance say to a person he meets, “How old you have grown in years. All our experience of the world has led to this 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, disingenuous and triumphant.

Some persons appear to think them­selves so far above their fellows, that they will not deign to receive anything from them, as they will not deign to ask any questions, except perhaps some that cannot be an­swered by any one. Now every human being however distant, can teach us some­thing. Sir Walter Scott gives us to un­derstand that he never met any man, let his calling be what it might, he always sought to learn something which he did not before know, and which was not within the reach of his own knowledge.

A well-bred person will not boast of his great freedom from sickness, or his great chances for long life, or of the cer­tainty he has of making millions. Allston was quite young.

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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 are not adverse to a little curiosity, and who do not hesitate to ask questions of others. It is superficial knowledge that is arrogant, disingenuous and triumphant.

The Retail of Scandal.

Neither retail nor receive scandal, wil­lingly; for though the defamation of others may, for the present, gratify the more charitable he is to the errors of others. It is superficial knowledge that is arrogant, disingenuous and triumphant.

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Oldtown Monthly.
PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
S. BRADBRAY, M. D.,
OLDTOWN, \- M. E.

Single Copies, Five Cents.

EDITORIAL.
Notwithstanding John Gutenberg 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, and, in many respects, 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 the people, and in everything to promote the well-being of all. 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 makes water in a terror-power that is excellent. Although care is taken, 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 the waters of the Penobscot. But the last link that connects us with antiquity. Oldtown is a railroad center from which pass the European and North American Railways to New Brunswick, and the Bangor and Piscataquis Railway, on its way to Guilford—this last railroad will soon connect us with all the others. The town is a young town, with a fertile soil, and with a climate that, when respected, will give strength to the body and mind. And it has a powerful winter climate—especially this winter, which will not be trifled with. And winter will work and 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 the throat, 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 culture, perfect Gardens of Eden. By the census of 1870, Oldtown had a population of 4,672; Bradley, 867; Milford, 834, Greenbush, 649; Greenfield, 319; Alton, 588; Argyle, 397; Lagrange, 622.

Oldtown Monthly is to 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—poetry, music, painting, sculpture, architecture—develop to the mind of 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 flight, he extracts the sweet and not the bitter, wherever he goes, till his mind becomes a dwelling-place for all that is beautiful, weaving it into his own cloth of congenial to itself, and rejecting everything else unconsiously 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 in this waste of taste. The French daily 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 in 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.

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 Thursday. Every Wednesday evening during the winter has been a lively time in the Town Hall, where many of our citizens have gathered, and among whom have participated in the debates, to wit:—President, Joshua Buck; Vice-President, O. L. Richardson and James Dutton; Secretaries, Frank Coombs; Treasurer, Otis Gould; Chaplain, John Gould; Financial Committee, K. Pooler, William Henderson, Jr., and James Cousins; Executive Committee, W. L. Coombs, George Horn, and I. M. Hobart.

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Oldtown Literary Society.
Foreign Personalities.

—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 from Washington, 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, Turguansfii's Stories translated into English, are much read.
—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 Lebomorn, 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 please 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 the palaces and kiosks are surrounded by gardens, and the families live partly in the palaces and kiosks—summer-houses—all the palaces and kiosks are surrounded by gardens, and the families live partly in the palaces and kiosks.
—The daughter of Queen Victoria shows 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 Marquis of Hartington, the recent and highly intelligent 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 his late war he had a "weakness" for the South.
—In North Saugus, Massachusetts, on the Eastern Railroad, about fourteen miles from Boston, dwell the Hawkins family, one of whose members, a farmer, is given to the family in 1640. The present house in which they live was built in 1600. Adam Hawkes owned the iron mine which supported the family for 170 years. The present house in which the family live was built in 1600. Adam Hawkes owned the iron mine which supported the family for 170 years. The present house in which the family live was built in 1600. Adam Hawkes owned the iron mine which supported the family for 170 years.
—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 manner, 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 to come in future to thunder less and lighten more."

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 to come in future to thunder less and lighten more."

Mollere, when once traveling through Avignon, 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."

BORN.
Oldtown, March 6,—Wife of Frank Pond, a daughter.
Oldtown, Feb. 12, Samuel Patterson, aged 60 years.
Oldtown, Feb. 7, Henry F. Gray, aged 38 years.
Oldtown, Feb. 1, Samuel Hamblen, aged 50 years.

DIED.
Oldtown, Feb. 7, Henry F. Gray, aged 38 years.
Oldtown, Feb. 13, Samuel Patterson, aged 60 years.

Anceedote and Wit.
Sydney Smith, one of the wittiest and wisest churchmen which England has produced, could not, at times, resist the desire for a very 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 of a church 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 trinity; the neighborhood could not be left to 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 dispense her: in short, you might do anything with her but marry her."

Arthur Lee, brother of Richard Henry Lee, "was the most disputatious man," Parson says, "of whom history condescends to make mention. Caught in a shower in London, he stood in the midst of a 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.'"
FINE ARTS.

We wish our readers to peruse care fully 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 young and bright, Like the morn, sunny morn of a summer day's bliss, Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made dim. Till love fails asleep in its sameness of splendor This was not the beauty—nothing like this, That young Nourmahal gave magic of life and joy.

But the loveliness, ever in motion, which plays, Like the light upon autumn's shadowy leafs, 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 glows Like the glimpses a saint bath in heaven in his passion.

When passive, it seemed as if that very grace, That charm of all others, was born with her face! And when angry,—for 'tis in the tranquillity of dreams. Light breeze will ruffle the blossoms sometimes. The short, paused anger, seemed to awaken Now beauty, like 'twas that are sweetest when she smiled. If tenderness touched her, the dark of her eye At once took a darker, a heavenlier dye. From the depth of whose shadow, like holy revels.

From immortal slumbers, 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 that has taken the air.

Illumed by a wit that would fascinate sages, By the soul that could outshine the sun. In Spring:

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.

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 dreams, Yet playful as Peris just loosed from their cages, The bower that she filled with music, till the evening.

Then her mirth—oh! 'twas sportive as ever took wing. From the heart with a burst, like the wild bird that has taken the air. From innermost shrines, came the light of her soul. If tenderness touch'd her, the dark of her eye. At once took a darker, a heavenlier dye. From the depth of whose shadow, like holy revels.

And where it most sparkle, 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 prophetess will be lifted. Already in Germany, the land of the music, the country where the music was born, the country of the music, now the country of the music, we have found that music is 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.

JOHN PRINTING.—The citizens of our town are respectfully requested when in want of Job Printing of any kind to leave their orders at our Bookstore or call at Messrs. O. P. Knowles & Co.'s Job Printing Office, No. 13 Hammond Street, Bangor, where everything in this line is done with neatness and dispatch, and at the lowest prices.

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

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