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Maxham & Wing

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"SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS!"

BY MISS LIZZIE DOTEN.
" Sic Semper Tyrannis!" Oh, sentence of night,
When pronounced in the service of Freedom and Right!

Waterville Mail.

" Sic Semper Tyrannis!" The judgments of God
Are written in letters of blood on your scroll,
Oh, where was your mercy, when true hearts and brave,

THE OLD PASTOR.

Let its pass over a space of six years that
I have the date of the last letter.

It is the afternoon of an August Sunday in
one of the most quiet and retired portions of
County, among the Highlans. The day

The little church of stood at the very
entrance of the mountain gale, where the
brook, after dashing down rocks for half a
mile, flows peacefully out into the meadow
lands.

The church stands among trees, which shade
the peaceful groves that are around it, and
which darken the windows even at mid-day, so
thick and heavy is their foliage.

There was a strange fascination to the young
lady in the voice of the clergyman. It was
singularly musical in the ears of any stranger,

The sermon was on the pomp and vanity of
the world. It was strange to hear the young
clergyman preaching on such a subject in this
little congregation in that retired village.

trusting, and dependent. Her father had evi-
dently seen all, and was willing that it should
be so. Her brief life might have this one
bright day of sunshine, this one hour of glad-
ness, and then all would be over.

And to oppose and overcome such a power
is a victory that a strong man may be proud of.
Such he achieved, and there was then a calm
after the storm.

Deep peace was in the house and heart of
the clergyman after he had married his young
wife, and peace like a river flowed through her
soul.

She was fainting, falling out of a beautiful
world, in which she had found nothing but joy
till now. All her life long she had been the
child of ease, pleasure and luxury.

Whatever it was that grew on him, and he
looked fondly on her face, and forgot all the
past in her presence, that became more holy as
she approached the hour when she should be
an angel.

" Philip, my husband, say once more that
we shall meet again."
" We shall, dear wife, we shall! Thank God
that he has promised us that."

He knew not out of what a remote distance,
what far-off wandering she was calling him.
But he heard her voice. He was not too far
away. It was in time, and he came. He
sprang to her, and in an instant she was hers
again, and all was forgotten save the peaceful,
joyful face that lay before him, looking so lov-
ingly into his eyes.

his wife had called him back to her. " How
I have wasted all the blessedness God offered
to me! How I have deceived you, cursed
myself! I do love you, Philip. I have loved
you every hour since I was old enough to love.

She lay on a splendid couch, surrounded by
all the evidences of wealth and ease. She
drank from crystal goblets set in gold, and the
coverings of her couch were of the finest and
most costly fabrics.

He had come very late. She had watched
hour by hour for his coming, and wondered
whether her messenger could have failed.
And at length she had become restless, and she
gave him up on the fourth day, and fever took
hold of her, and delirium followed.

Yes, she was gloriously beautiful. It was
she—his young love—the idol of all his years
of agony—she that lay there, sleeping now,
calm, quiet, like a statue. He gazed on her
face, and his heart beat now wildly, fiercely,
with the passion of youth.

When did human love avail to hold back
those departing on the last journey? That
night they were married, and the next day she
died, and when her dust lay in her arms—his
at last, but worthless dust—he felt once more,
and now for the last time, the great storm in
his soul; and having yielded once, he resisted
now, and conquered bravely and forever.

He died in the winter time, and I have
sometimes wondered what angels waited on
his man's departure, and have been thank-
ful at the blessed assurance that there is no
such thing as disappointment in heaven. For
such it were not, one of those two would have
been sadly astonished, and lonesome, in the
solitary places there, while the old man, with
his young wife, sat down on a hill-side by the
river of peace. But I confess I have often
doubted those arm inhaled him when he en-
tered the unknown country.

DESTROY THE CATERPILLARS.—If dogs
are a nuisance, if drunkenness, small pox,
and other kindred scourges, are fit subjects of regu-
lation by legislators, caterpillars certainly are!
They are a plague of no ordinary character.
We believe the annual loss in Massachusetts
occasioned by caterpillars is fifty times as much
as that caused by dogs! And yet the fathers
of the commonwealth have never put a line
upon the statute book in relation to them; have
suggested no man from raising and scattering
through the land as many legions as he pleases
each coming year! Horns pouts and pickers!
Shad and alewives! Robins and woodcock!
Crows and wild cats, what can they all do to
harm or benefit mankind, compared with the
wide-spread destruction caused by caterpillars!

proper attention had not been paid to the de-
struction of them, they prevailed to such an
extent as almost entirely to strip the apple and
cherry trees of their foliage, by their attacks
continued during the seven weeks of their life
in the caterpillar form.

Now is the time to destroy them. Use a
pole with a brush, sponge, or rag on the end of
it. Dip in a bucket of strong soap suds and
poke it into the midst of the nest, turning it
round so as to wet them all, and rub the branch
about the nest. Wherever the suds touches it
will kill them.

REMINISCENCES OF MR. LINCOLN.—Mr. B.
F. Carpenter, the artist who painted the pic-
ture of " the Signing of the Emancipation
Proclamation," contributes to the Independent
his " Personal Impressions of Mr. Lincoln,"
embodying some interesting reminiscences, two
or three of which we copy below:

IT HAS BEEN the business of my life, as you
may know, to study the human face, and I say
now, as I have said repeatedly to friends, Mr.
Lincoln had the saddest face I ever painted.
During some of the dark days of last spring
and summer I saw him at times when his care-
worn, troubled appearance was enough to bring
tears of sympathy into the eyes of his most vi-
cious enemies. I recall particularly one day,
when, having occasion to pass through the
main hall of the domestic apartments, I found
him all alone, pacing up and down a narrow
passage, his hands behind him, his head bent
forward upon his breast, heavy black rings un-
der his eyes, showing sleepless nights—alto-
gether such a picture of the effects of weighty
cares and responsibilities as I never had seen.
And yet he always had a kind word and almost
always a genial smile, and it was his way fre-
quently to relieve himself at such times by
some harmless pleasantry. I recall an in-
stance told me by one of the most radical mem-
bers of the last Congress. It was during the
darkest days of 1862. He called upon the
President early one morning just after the
news of a disaster. It was a time of great
anxiety if not of dependency. Mr. Lincoln com-
menced telling some trifling incident, which
the Congressman was in no mood to hear.
He rose to his feet and said, " Mr. President,
I did not come here this morning to hear sto-
ries; it is too serious a time." Instantly the
smile disappeared from Mr. Lincoln's face, who
exclaimed, " A—, sit down! I respect you
as an earnest, sincere man. You cannot be
more anxious than I am constantly, and I say
to you now, that were it not for this occasional
vent I should die!"

A large number of those whom he saw every
day came with appeals to his feelings in refer-
ence to relatives and friends in confinement and
under sentence of death. It was a constant
marvel to me that, with all his other cares and
duties, he could give so much time and be so
patient with this multitude. I have known
him sit for hours patiently listening to de-
tails of domestic troubles from poor people—
much of which, of course, irrelevant—carefully
sifting the facts, and manifesting as much anx-
iety to do exactly right as in matters of the
gravest interest. Poorly clad people were
more likely to get a good hearing than those
who came in silks and velvets. No one was
ever turned away from his door because of
poverty.

A PARDON.—A touching instance of his kindness of heart
occurred quite recently, and was told me inci-
dentally by one of the servants. A poor woman
from Philadelphia had been waiting with
a baby in her arms, for three days to see the
President. Her husband had furnished a sub-
stitute for the army, but some time afterwards
was one day made intoxicated by some com-
panions, and in this state induced to enlist.
Soon after he reached the army he deserted,
thinking that, as he provided a substitute, the
government was not entitled to his services.
Returning home, he was, of course, arrested,
convicted and sentenced to be shot. The
sentence was to be executed on Saturday. On
Monday his wife left her home with her baby
to endeavor to see the President. Said old
Daniel, " She had been waiting here three
days, and there was no chance for her to get
in." Late in the afternoon of the third day the
President was going through the back passage
to his private room, to get a cup of tea or take
some rest. (This passage way has lately been
constructed, and shuts the person passing
entirely out of view of the occupants of the
ante-room.) On his way through he heard a
little baby cry. He instantly went back to his
office and rang the bell. " Daniel," said he,
" is there a woman with a baby in the ante-

room?" I said there was, and if he would
allow me to say it, I thought it was a case he
ought to see; for it was a matter of life and
death. " Sit here," " Send her to me at once."
She went in and told her story, and the Presi-
dent pardoned her husband. As the woman
came out from his presence, her eyes were
lifted and her lips moving in prayer, the tears
streaming down her cheeks." Said Daniel:
" I went up to her and pulling her shawl, said,
Madam, it was the baby that did it."

Another touching incident occurred, I be-
lieve the same week. A woman in a faded
shawl and hood, somewhat advanced in life, at
length was admitted in her turn to the Presi-
dent. Her husband and three sons, all she
had in the world, enlisted. Her husband had
been killed, and she had come to ask the Presi-
dent to release to her the oldest son. Being
satisfied of the truthfulness of the story he said
" Certainly, if her prop was taken away she
was justly entitled to one of her boys." He
immediately wrote an order for the discharge
of the young man. The poor woman thanked
him very gratefully, and went away. On
reaching the army she found that her son had
been in a recent engagement, was wounded,
and taken to the hospital. She found the hos-
pital, but the boy was dead, or died while she
was there. The Surgeon in charge made a
memoranda of the facts on the back of the
President's order, and almost broken-hearted,
the poor woman found her way again into his
presence. He was much affected by her appear-
ance and story, and said, " I know what you
wish me to do now, and I shall do it without
your asking. I shall release to you your second
son." Upon this he took up his pen and com-
menced writing the order. While he was
writing, the poor woman stood by his side, his
tears running down his face, and passing her
hand softly over his head, stroking his rough
hair, as I have seen a fond mother do to a son.
By the time he had finished writing his own
heart and eyes were full. He handed her the
order, and said, " Now, you have one and I
am one of the other two left; that is no more than
right." She took the paper, and reverently
placing her hand again upon his head, the tears
still upon her cheeks, said, " The Lord bless
you, Mr. President. May you live a thousand
years, and may you always be the head of this
great nation."

REBEL SENSITIVENESS.—
Our government was conducted for eighty
years on the principle that the great object of
its existence and the first duty of every good
citizen at the North was to keep Southerners
in good humor. To say anything that hurt
their feelings, to refuse them anything they de-
manded, to hint even in the mildest manner
that the Free States could exist without them,
that the withdrawal of their custom or counte-
nance would not ruin everybody at the North
and bring up the grass in all our streets, came
at last to be considered little short of fratricidal.
The theory of the advocates of this policy was,
that it was thus and only thus that brotherly
feeling between the people of the two sections
could be kept up and the Union be preserved.

The actual result was that the mass of the
Southern people conceived for the people of
the North a contempt and hatred, for which
there are few, if any, parallels in history. The
very name of " Yankee" came to be a synonym
in the Slave States for meanness and cowardice;
and by a diligent nursing of these feelings
on the part of the leaders, the whole South
worked itself up into the belief, first that it was
impossible to live under the wretched and sec-
ond, that there would be no difficulty in break-
ing loose from them.

Now, although we have taken in these col-
umns the strongest ground against all displays
of vindictiveness against the Southern people,
and although we would not willingly see the
slightest trace of conquest linger either in our
legislation or our manners, we have no hesita-
tion in predicting, that unless Northern gen-
erals and politicians, and the Northern public,
make up their minds that the " feelings" of
the people of South Carolina or Virginia are
of the same degree of respectability as those
of the people in Massachusetts or Ohio, and no
greater, and do not deserve and ought not to
receive one whit more consideration, we shall
never be able to live together in peace and
harmony. There can be no sure and lasting
foundation for union except mutual respect.
If there is to be on our side the old fawning
and servility and deference, and on the side of
the South the old arrogance and assumption
which fawning and servility always either breed
or nurse, mutual respect cannot grow up, and
we can never become in feeling, as we are in
fact and in law, one people.

These remarks have been suggested to us
by the extraordinary precaution adopted by
Gen. Sherman to save the feelings of the offi-
cers of Johnston's army from being " hurt," by
refusing newspaper correspondents permission
to be present at the formal surrender. " These
officers, have, without the smallest provocation,
and in defence of a cause in which the civilized
world, has been for very shame, if for no bet-
ter reason, compelled to set the seal of execra-
tion, deluged this continent for four years in
blood; have slain and crippled the flower of
our young men, have witnessed, if not with ap-
proval with perfect indifference, the slow tor-
ture of unarmed prisoners, and have, during all
that period, we venture to say, never put pen
to paper without pouring out a flood of abuse
on this people and government. They have
protracted their resistance, too, as long as was
possible. They lay down their arms now,
simply and solely because the further prolonga-
tion of hostilities would entail their total de-
struction. Our armies have hunted them
down; the people of the North have kept the
ranks of these armies full; have supplied with
out stint everything that the struggle called
for; have fought on for four long years in sil-
ence, under a great cloud of misrepresentation
and misconception, the whole of Europe unit-
ing with the Confederacy in reviling and slan-
dering them; without ever stating one jot of
heart or hope."

And now, when the long agony is over,
when this desperate horde has been driven to
the wall, and forced with the bayonet at their
throats, to agree to go home and earn a peace-
ful livelihood and obey the laws, their nerves
are discovered to be so exceedingly delicate,

their temperament so sensitive, and their pride
a thing so tender, so worthy of our respect and
consideration, that a newspaper cannot be per-
mitted to report how they looked when they
signed the capitulation, or even to describe the
house in which it took place. And what makes
this squeamishness all the more singular is that
these very men, whose surrender has to be
made pleasant for them in this way, are per-
sons for whose " feelings" Congress has had
so little respect as to confiscate their property,
to declare them incapable of holding office, and
who are, under the late President's proclama-
tion, stripped of all civil rights, and exposed to
all the pains and penalties of treason. Can
there be anything more maudlin than the ten-
derness which shrouds in mystery the surrender-
of his sword by a rebel, whom you have al-
ready outlawed, and on the atrocity of whose
crime the press, the pulpit, and every member
of the government, from the President down,
have for years past been incessantly ringing
changes?

We could excuse this scrupulous deference
to their pride and fastidiousness, if their sur-
render were really an expression of contrition.
We should be sorry to advocate, for anybody's
gratification, the exposure of any penitent to
the gaze of unfriendly curiosity. But neither
Lee nor Johnston, nor any of their officers,
have given the smallest sign of repentance.
They have never uttered one expression of
regret for the breach of their oaths, the destruc-
tion of their colors, and their four years' strug-
gle to destroy the government under which they
were born, which educated them, and from
which they had received nothing but kindness
and consideration. They boast to this hour
that they give up their swords only in obedien-
ce to stern necessity; because fighting has
become useless, defeat certain. Under all
these circumstances, we confess we can see in
the pains taken to conceal the final evidence of
the triumph of the law from the gaze of the
public nothing but an unworthy and unbecom-
ing revival of the flunkeyism which so long
disgraced us, and something very like an im-
pertinence to the army and the people.

THE CURRANT WORM. Mr. Otis Bigelow,
of Onondaga Co., New York, gives the follow-
ing account of the appearance of this pest, and
the manner of combating it. It is likely that
this scourge will increase the area of its deso-
lation each year, and all growers of currants
should be on the lookout for its first appearance.
" About three years since, people in this vicin-
ity were surprised to find their currant and
goose-berry bushes suddenly deprived of their
leaves. On examination we found the bushes
covered with a myriad of green worms, speckled
with black spots on the back and sides, and
about three-fourths of an inch long when full
grown. As soon as the leaves start in the
Spring, a fly appears and lays its eggs along
the stems on the under side of the leaf, or some
of the leaves in the middle of the bush; these
soon hatch and devour the leaves clean, for
about a week, when they change their skins to
a pale green, and falling to the ground disap-
pear. By sifting the earth under the bushes,
they will be found in little balls of it. In three
weeks they come out as flies; the size of a
common fly, which they nearly resemble, ex-
cepting that they are more slim and have a
yellow abdomen. The reproduction of these
worms continues until all the leaves are de-
stroyed."—An. Agriculturist.

ANDREW JOHNSON ON THE 4TH OF MARCH.—
At a meeting of the Temperance Union, in
New York, James A. Briggs said:—
" I have the following statement from the
Hon. Mr. Rice, of Bangor, Me., and the present
representative in Congress from that District.
Mr. Rice is the personal and political friend
of Mr. Hamlin, the late Vice President:—
" On the 4th of March, Mr. Hamlin called,
in a carriage, at the Kirkwood House, Penn-
sylvania Avenue, for Mr. Johnson, Vice Presi-
dent elect, and they rode together to the Cap-
itol. Mr. Johnson was perfectly sober. After
they went into the Vice President's room, Mr.
Johnson said, ' I am not fit to be here and
ought not to have left my home as I was slowly
recovering from an attack of typhoid fever.
But Mr. Lincoln wrote and telegraphed me,
and did other friends, that I must be here, and
I came. I am now very weak and enervated,
and to-day require all the strength I can get,
and I wish for some spirits.' Mr. Hamlin
sent out for a bottle of whiskey, and Mr. John-
son drank a good portion. Mr. Hamlin then
put the bottle in the secretary's, and the two
remained seated for some minutes, when a gen-
tleman entered, and said it was time to go into
the Senate Chamber. Mr. Johnson said again,
' I will take some more of the whiskey, as I need
all the strength for this occasion that I can
have.' They then went into the Senate Cham-
ber, and in his weak and feeble condition of
health the whiskey produced the effect described
upon Mr. Johnson; and Mr. Hamlin said, ' Per-
haps I am the responsible one for this matter.'
Andrew Johnson is not an intemperate man.
He is sober and in his right mind, and is the
right man in the right place; and may God
keep him and preserve him."

A GOOD STORY OF GEN. HANCOCK.—A
private letter received in this city, relates the
following good story of how Gen. Hancock took
down a parcel of swaggering officers:—
" It seems that a number of officers and soldiers crowded
past the conductor of one of the trains at Balti-
more bound north, and seated themselves in the
ladies' car. They were drinking, smoking,
swearing, and conducting themselves in the
most disgusting manner. The conductor came
in and ordered them out of the car, whereupon
an captain in the party placed the conduc-
tor under arrest, and compelled him to sit in
the corner of the car and keep quiet. A
stranger in a military cloak had been watching
the manœuvres of these swaggering bullies, and
at this juncture stepped up to the captain and
demanded to know the cause of the disturbance.
' Hold your tongue,' said the captain, ' or I
will put you under arrest too.' ' I think not,'
said the stranger, and beckoning to an orderly
who had been sitting near him, he said, ' Put
these men in irons,' and throwing off his cloak
disclosed to their astonished view the stars of a
Major-General. ' Give me a full list of these
men said the General. His demand was in-
stantly complied with. ' Now go to the smok-
ing car, and report to me at 6 o'clock to-mor-
row morning at No. 1 in Philadelphia.' They
reported the next morning and the privates
were deprived of their furlough, and the offi-
cers dismissed.

Waterville Mail.

KPH. MAXHAM. DAN'L R. WING. EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . MAY 19, 1865.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York, are Agents for the WATERVILLE MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS. Relating either to the business or editorial departments of this paper, should be addressed to MAXHAM & WING, or WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE.

A CHAPTER OF HISTORY.—The N. York Evening Post, one of the editors of which paper attended the democratic national convention at Cincinnati, at which James Buchanan was nominated to the Presidency, gives a chapter of the proceedings of that body, which is well worthy of reference at this time. The dead-lock in that convention, after Pierce and Douglas had withdrawn from the contest, is doubtless remembered by many. Day after day not a step was gained towards a nomination, and to meet and ballot and then adjourn was the routine. Slavery was in the way, and until satisfactory terms could be settled upon, nothing could be done. Late one evening, several hours after adjournment for the day, it was whispered that Buchanan would be nominated next morning. The whisper grew louder and louder, and next morning Buchanan was nominated on the first ballot. He had met the condition of the slaveholders. What were those conditions? The Post answers,—“the pledge that in case of a dissolution of the Union, Mr. Buchanan and his administration would take their lot with the South.” A pungent piece of evidence to this point was the speech of Attorney-general Black, of Pennsylvania, after the nomination. Speaking in behalf of Mr. Buchanan, he said to the South, at the close of his speech, in the language of Ruth to Naomi:—

“Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God. Where thou diest, I will die, and there also will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if I forget to do so to thee.”

“So it was with James Buchanan, and so with the democratic party so far as such leaders as he and Black could control it. The conclusion is unavoidable that the course of these men has been in accordance with the bargain then and there made to secure Mr. Buchanan's election.

Mr. Sidel declined to attend the funeral service in Paris on Mr. Lincoln's death, because he feared that his presence at the ceremony would lead to erroneous interpretation. The same exquisite sense of the becoming, says an exchange, undoubtedly prevented the Empress Catherine of Russia, from appearing at the obsequies of her lamented husband, after he had been strangled by one of her lovers.

Fifty-five deserters from the draft, who had recently reported at Augusta to avail themselves of the benefit of the President's proclamation, received a dishonorable discharge on Sunday last, including a forfeiture of all pay and allowances, and were drummed out of Camp Coburn to the tune of the “Rogue's March.”

ENFORCING THE LAWS.—The Machias Republican says that at the recent term of the Supreme Judicial Court, held in that town, no criminal cases were tried, but that seventeen indictments were found against liquor dealers, and seventeen hundred dollars in fines were entered upon the docket, and six hundred dollars were paid for fines imposed last October.

Military garrisons have been established at Gallatin and Brookhaven, Miss., for the protection of the people. All in arms are declared outlaws.

HON. GEORGE BANERMAN has written a paper on “The Place of Abraham Lincoln in History,” which will appear in the June number of the Atlantic Monthly.

HON. JOHN POTTER, an old resident of Augusta, died in that city on Thursday last, at the age of 75 years. He was the father of Hon. F. Potter, formerly member of Congress from Wisconsin, and now U. S. Consul General in Canada.

A Greensborough, N. C., letter says the slaves had refused to work, as their former masters owed them a living. Gen. Cox assured the people the slaves would have to work to support themselves. John A. Gilmer has commenced dividing his land among his slaves, and others are following his example.

An expedition for Texas will be organized immediately. If the rebels there are wise they will surrender at once, and not attempt longer to maintain a hopeless contest.

The pirate Stonewall was at Havana, at last accounts, having justly crossed the Atlantic that she may be cared for by our cruisers. Her career is nearly at an end.

[For the Mail.] Messrs Editors:—I am no scholar, as will be apparent by this communication, neither do I profess to be “an fait” in the art of school teaching; but knowing that a large sum of money is expended in our town for educational purposes, and a good deal of talk made in our school meetings, urging the building of more school houses, and concerning the manner of teaching and governing our schools, etc.,—and also that we have a committee of our wisest citizens who annually give us a lengthy report of the condition of our schools, and who probably visit them as often and make as able a report as any committee would; now in view of these things, and having children attending our schools, consequently feeling interested therein, I wish to say a few words, in regard to what some others, as well as myself, consider unnecessary strictness in the government of the smaller pupils.

In the first place, it seems to be the case that the younger the scholar the stricter the discipline must be. In one of our Primary schools at least, I am well informed that it is the inflexible rule that the primary class (being naturally the younger children) must sit with folded arms and in an almost immovable position two-thirds of the time during school hours. Now, we are taught that for youth and grown up people there is nothing like gymnastic exercises. In fact, from the adage made in regard to these matters, one would infer that they are the only means of retaining health or perpetrating life. This is all well, but to subject children from six to eight years of age to a course of discipline, and a set of rules, to which older and grown up people would not and could not submit, is, in my humble opinion, anything but the proper course. Indeed, in conversation with a gentleman to-day, he said that rather than his child should continue to be obliged to sit in a position so totally opposed to the law of healthy developments he should feel constrained to remove him from school. And to punish a child for a mere trifle, and that perhaps an unintentional breach of some apparently needless rule, causes schools to be hated, scholars deceitful, and teachers disliked. All parents know how almost impossible it is for children to restrain themselves from almost continual motion. How almost utterly unbearable, then, for these same children to be obliged to sit in one position, and that one so prejudicial to health, for nearly six hours per day! These children are not advanced enough to pass the time in study, many of them not being able to read without the teacher's assistance; and the teacher, perhaps, devoting so much of her time to maintaining order as not to hear them read more than nine words in the forenoon and the same in the afternoon. Is it any wonder that children dislike school?

Indeed such commendations have heretofore been bestowed by our committees on teachers for maintaining good order, that the result seems to be, that the teacher's time is devoted to laying down, and seeing that they are enforced, a set of arbitrary rules and regulations, rather than in advancing the scholars.

I believe in discipline, and know there is a vast deal of it needed, I think more especially, with older scholars, but I do think there can be too much of even a good thing, and it seems to me the wiser course that the smaller or younger the scholar the more relaxation he should have. Instead of sitting six hours a day in a fixed position for the purpose of being heard to read twelve or eighteen words a day, he might be heard in due time, and then given a long recess, or excused. But the rule seems to be “vice versa;” and in this connection I would ask one question, Is it not tempting scholars to falsehood to require them at the close of each day's school to report themselves perfect in their deportment or be punished? It so seems to me, and I have heard the children say, in effect, the same—that rather than to be punished for perhaps an accidental violation of a rule, it would be better to tell an untruth.

Perhaps I am altogether wrong in my views, but I cannot feel so. I have no desire to censure any one in the least, but I must say that a member of one of our former committees not only seemed to regard “Order as Heaven's first” but only law, so much stress did he lay upon it. Hoping that parents and teachers will consider these things, I have nothing further to say.

THE FIELD, THE DUNGEON, THE ESCAPE, is the title of a work now in press, by Albert D. Richardson, correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, and who it will be recollected was taken a prisoner by the rebels, and confined for many months in a rebel prison. The book will be issued in the highest style of the art, on excellent paper, with clean type, and will be illustrated. It will embrace what the writer saw and experienced during the four years of the war with our armies and fleets, and in rebel prisons some twenty months, together with his escape, and journey by night of nearly 400 miles through the enemy's country. It will be an interesting and valuable work. Mr. Richardson is a clear and graphic writer, and the public may therefore expect a rich treat. The book will be published by the American Publishing Company, Hartford, Conn., and will be sold only by subscription. Agents to procure subscriptions are wanted.

“What a fool!” said Patty Prim, when she heard of the capture of Jeff. Davis; “of course the men would all run after him if he was dressed as a woman, and he was sure to be caught.” Miss Patty's opinion of human critters of the masculine gender, we are sorry to say, is not what it was when she was young.

A large number of Polish emigrants are on their way to this country.

PROFITABLE BUSINESS.—These are days of adventure and speculation, and the boldness with which men, women and children dash into schemes for making gain is most astonishing to quiet-nerved folks. In this, as in other things, Waterville is not a whit behind the mark. She dispatched a liberal number of her boys to dig for gold in the early days of that madness; and now a proportionate number are “striking it” wherever a greasy crevice in the rocks promises success. For the war she ventured boldly, and more shoulder straps went from there than have yet been brought back; our boys had a knack at making sure of them before taking the bounty. If Mexico is to be taken from Maximilian, Waterville boys will be there to share in the glory; and when the sky falls or the millenium comes, they will stand ready to catch the first lurks or take the best farms in the new earth. But strange to say, all their boldness is propulsive, and sends them out from home as naturally as the powder ejects the bullet. They rarely do any great things at home, where they are convinced the best profits have no honor. They go abroad and thrive, or tarry at home to dwindle. Tell it not in Gath—but it is true.

It is a new era, this of the silver-ice pitcher, so generously presented to the firemen last week by Professor Young. This is a home enterprise truly, and all its profit and loss is safe among ourselves. Our boys didn't go abroad this time. Professor Young is neither a professor of religion nor a professor in college—he professes only what he practices, and goes in for all kinds of tricks. He picks eggs out of empty bags, and gives forty dollar chamber sets for a quarter of a dollar! He draws wine from a hole he bores in a boy's head, while somebody else draws a silver tea set in a way equally mysterious! And finally he makes a generous donation of a “silver ice cooler” worth about eight dollars, to one of our fire companies, in return for which liberality he is permitted mysteriously to draw from a multitude of yielding pockets one hundred and nineteen dollars and fifty cents clear cash! Most consistent, fair and frank professor of twisting and tricking!—how he did draw the “sheepy covering” over the eyes of our firemen! Let's see how the account stands in regard to the victory:—

Table with 2 columns: Item and Amount. Three paid for tickets, \$64 00; Three drew the pitcher, 8 00; Three out of pocket, 56 00; Ticonics paid for tickets, 55 60; Ticonics didn't draw nary pitcher, 00 00; Ticonics out of pocket, 55 50; Three out more than Ticonics, 50.

Now, if figures don't lie, which won the victory, Three's, Ticonics, or Professor? But how many hundreds of others, our prudent fathers and mothers, and our shrewd sons and daughters, took the same bait and did the same foolish thing!—and who are left to confess with no small degree of shame, that while the frank Professor of Jugglery invited them to see his tricks, they secured the benefit of at least one more trick than they bargained for. Let them put it down to the account of “wisdom dearly bought.”

JEFF. DAVIS has been caught, and the hunt is up. He was taken at Irvinsville, Irvin Co., Ga., about seventy-five miles south-east of Macon, on the morning of the 10th inst., by Col. Pritchard, of the 4th Michigan Cavalry. With him were captured his wife, sister and brother; his post-master, Gen. Reagan; his private Secretary, Col. Harrison; Col. Johnson, A. D. C. on Davis's staff, Col. Lubbeck, Lt. Hathaway, and several others, and a train of five wagons and three ambulances; but no mention is made of a cavalry force accompanying him, as was reported, and the large amount of gold had also disappeared, if it ever had an existence.

When their encampment was surprised, Jeff. made for the woods disguised in a dress of his wife, but his tall walking showed a pair of men's boots, and his pursuers thought it best to follow those boots. Being brought to bay he flourished a big bowie knife and threatened awful things, but he lost his stomach for fight when a loaded revolver was brought to bear upon him, and submissively yielded to his fate. It is said that Mrs. Davis remarked, after the excitement of the chase had subsided, that “the men had better not provoke the President, as he might hurt some of 'em!”

Davis will reach Washington next Saturday, where he will be immediately put upon trial before a tribunal, for complicity in the assassination of President Lincoln.

LAUGH AND GROW FAT!—Do not fail to go and see Whiston, the funny man, at the Town Hall, next Thursday and Friday evenings. A hearty laugh doeth good like a medicine, and you cannot fail of that no matter how blue you may be.

The Supreme Court have decided that the old Peck bond was good and binding, and that Neal Dow and his associates are rightfully holders to the State for the amount of the defalcation during 1858—from \$20,000 to \$40,000.

PROGRESS.—An elegant hack, one worthy of our pretty streets, is now on duty from its headquarters, the Williams House. It is a good advertisement of the house under its new landlord. May it wear out rapidly!

FISHING.—A party of gentlemen from this place had fine success in fishing for trout at Pleasant Ridge, a few days since. We dare not report the quantity taken, but we tested the quality, and are duly thankful. We shall remember our friends when we “go and do likewise.”

DIED, on Monday last, at the Williams House, in this village, Mr. George Weymouth, of Skowhegan, aged about 35 years.

Mr. Weymouth came to the Williams House on Thursday last week, on his way home from Boston. Soon after his arrival he began to complain of great pain and chills. During the night he appeared to suffer much. The next morning he concluded to have a physician called, but did not succeed in getting one until about three o'clock in the afternoon, when Dr. Campbell called and found him suffering with pain in the head. On being questioned in regard to the cause, he stated that he had been very seasick and he was always seasick on the water. He denied that he had taken any liquor. At ten o'clock he was much more comfortable, and did not want any one to stay with him through the night. The next morning he was found in a state of insensibility, with his head on a chair, and everything about him indicating that he had had a fit. His extremities were cold and contracted by spasms, and there were other symptoms which made the case appear hopeless. The sudden change for the worse in this case, together with other circumstances, led to the supposition that he might have been poisoned; but as the disease progressed it was evident that it was what appeared to be at first—an affection of the brain. Severe mental anxiety and taking cold, unquestionably produced congestion of the brain, causing a fit, partial paralysis and death in about two days.

Mr. Miller, the present landlord at the Williams House, offered every attention and rendered all the assistance in his power to alleviate the sufferings of Mr. W. Also Messrs. Gray, in whose employ he had been, and other of his friends from Skowhegan, came promptly to his aid on learning that he was sick.

THE TRIAL OF THE CONSPIRATORS, at Washington commenced on Wednesday last and is progressing as rapidly as could be expected. It was at first decided that the trial should be secret, but it was finally concluded to admit the reporters and have the evidence published as taken. The prisoners—David A. Harrod, Geo. A. Atzerot, Lewis Payne, Michael O'Laughlin, John H. Surratt, Ed. Spangler, Sam Arnold, Mary E. Surratt, and Sam Magd—are arraigned for maliciously, unlawfully and traitorously combining, confederating and conspiring, together with one John Surratt, John Wilkes Booth, Jefferson Davis, George N. Saunders, Beverly Tucker, Jacob Thompson, Wm. C. Cleary, Clement C. Clay, Geo. Harper, George Young, and others unknown, to murder the President of the United States, Wm. H. Seward, Andrew Johnson, and General U. S. Grant.

Beverly Johnson, of Baltimore, undertook, at an early stage of the proceedings, to put on airs, but was speedily subdued by the members of the Commission. The case looks bad for the prisoners, and the counsel will probably content themselves with protesting against the jurisdiction of the court.

Mrs. Mary E. Surratt, the arch criminal on trial, is a woman of strong will and one evidently born to command. A few years ago her slaves, driven to desperation by her cruelty, set fire to her house, and the whole family came near perishing in the flames. She has been a bitter secessionist and a warm sympathizer with the South. She had one son in the rebel army. It was at her house that the conspirators often met; she provided facilities for their escape; and it was at her residence that Payne, the would-be assassin of Secretary Seward was arrested.

David A. Harrod was the tool of Booth, and his companion and assistant in flight, and was captured at the time of that bad man's death.

Dr. Mudd is the man who set Booth's leg; and although when first called upon by his pursuers he denied all knowledge of him, yet it has been proved that he knew him well previously, and that he not only set the murderer's leg but also shaved off his moustache and procured him a pair of rascals' crutches. With twenty-five dollars of the assassin's money in his pocket, he had the effrontery to appear at a meeting in his neighborhood and draw up resolutions deploring the assassination. He has run his neck into a halter without doubt.

Ed. Spangler is the assistant stage carpenter at Ford's Theatre, and held Booth's horse on the night of the murder. Jas. Gifford, the stage carpenter, a bitter secessionist, is also implicated, as well as James Maddox, property man.

Geo. A. Atzerot, is the man who took lodgings at the hotel where Vice President Johnson was stopping with the intention of compassing his death.

GIVE yourself no trouble about tomato or cabbage plants; but call on Wendell and get the very choicest kinds for a trifle of the cost of raising them yourself. Lettuce, cauliflower and all other plants, to infinite extent. Encourage a good enterprise by buying.

REV. H. A. SAWTELLE, who went out from this vicinity about six years ago as a missionary to China, but has for some time been located in California, is here with his family on a visit, his San Francisco flock having granted him a furlough for that purpose.

SEED CORN, says the New England Farmer, should be soaked over night in a pailful of hot water in which a table spoonful of tar has been dissolved, and then the crows will not meddle with it.

The Great Eastern, with the new Atlantic cable on board, will probably be ready to leave the English coast in June.

The Grand Military Review will take place in the vicinity of Washington, on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week.

OUR SOLDIERS, having fought bravely and cheerfully for the maintenance of the authority of the government, have not thereby unfitted themselves for performing the duties of good citizens. They are not to curse the land by lawless vagabondism, when disbanded, nor are they so in love with a soldier's life that they must needs enlist in filibustering expeditions as mercenary hirelings. Very few of them have been injured by their army experience, while thousands of them are to-day better men and better citizens than when they entered the service. Gen. Rosecrans recently made a short speech before the Massachusetts Legislature, touching upon this point.—

“I have perceived,” said he, “in large letters in the newspapers to-day, that General Rosecrans is going to raise 25,000 men to go to Mexico. General Rosecrans is not going to do any such thing. General Rosecrans thinks that soldiers who have fought in this great battle for freedom have done it with more patriotic motives than have ever been seen before, and I do not think any young men who have distinguished themselves in the annals of all time, will permit themselves to be misled, or should be misled from their high and honorable cause, into any buccanering expedition.” The general also said he hoped to see public opinion directing our young men into channels of peaceful industry, in which he proposed to set an example. “I have taken the occasion to make these remarks because I saw, when in Washington, men willing to start on something with other men whose advancement hitherto had not been sufficient to gratify their ambition; but if you examine the names of those mentioned in the advertisements you will find that they are third-rate fellows, who are not worth a snap, and that our common soldiers are worth a dozen of them.”

THE TRIBUNE ON GENERAL LEE.—The New York Tribune of a recent date alludes to marks of consideration bestowed upon Lee, and quotes the visit paid to him by some delegates of the Christian Commission, which it pronounces unpatriotic and in bad taste. The Tribune then gives its own view of the degree of honor due to General Lee, in the following terms:—

“Robert E. Lee is one of the men who deliberately determined to betray his country. For many of his comrades there is the excuse—such as it is—of passion or excitement. They were victims, if you please, of the process known as ‘firing the Southern heart.’ But Lee can plead no such apology. He saw and felt the enormity of the crime he was about to commit. After long reflection it was that he decided to become a traitor. While meditating treason, he retained his commission, and his close relation to the Commanding General of the United States armies. When he made the plunge he made it with his eyes open. Such a man is more guilty than any other.”

During his four years of warfare on the Union, he was responsible for the worst crimes committed in the name of Rebellion. During the last three years he was the most trusted and influential of the Rebel military leaders. During the last two, he might at any time have made his will law on any military question. Yet there is not in existence a syllable of protest from Lee against any of the barbarities which have been practiced by the South in the conduct of the war. The massacre at Fort Pillow evoked no expression of disapproval from him. The systematized starvation of Union prisoners went on without objection not only at a distance, but under his eyes. His headquarters at Richmond were in sight of Belle Isle and Libby prison where our men froze and starved by the thousand. A word from him could have reached Andersonville at any moment, but it was never sent. His memory will be blackened with the infamy of sixty thousand murders he might have prevented—nay, which were committed presumably by his express approval. He of course knew what was doing; he presumably counselled it; he certainly approved it.

“Nor is he a repentant Rebel pleading for pardon. What says his farewell order to the army he had surrendered?—

“You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from duty faithfully performed; and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend you his blessing and protection. With an increasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.”

R. E. LEE, General.

“Just as much a traitor in defeat as before, and his regret is not for treason, but that it was unsuccessful treason. Honor to such a man is dishonor to every soldier who has fought to save the Union he fought to destroy.”

A SOUTHERN EXPRESSION.—The assassination of Mr. Lincoln found a hearty and sympathetic echo in the Chattanoga Rebel, published at Selma, Ala., which thus announced the atrocious crime on the 20th ult.—

“William H. Seward, the cold-blooded and heartless political miscreant, who guided the eternal policy which plunged us into this bloody and desolating war, has been arrested by an angry God in the midst of his iniquities, and has paid the penalty of his crimes at the hands of an unknown assassin.

Abe Lincoln, too, the political mountebank and professional joker, whom Nature intended for the ring of a circus, but whom a strange streak of popular delusion, elevated to the Presidency—he, also, has fallen. His career was as short as it was bloody and infamous. He has gone to answer before the bar of a just God, for the innocent blood which he has permitted to be shed, and his efforts to enslave a free people.”

The next day the news was greatly magnified and The Rebel announced that President Johnson and Secretary Stanton had been murdered by a mob that had taken possession of Washington, that other cities had been sacked by rioters, and that a great popular revolution was impending—all of which, very likely, the conspirators hoped to bring about.

DEATH BY ACCIDENT.—Mr. Edward E. Savage, Livery Stable keeper in this city, was killed by being accidentally thrown from his carriage on Friday evening last. He started late in the evening to go to Palermo on business, and when about one mile from the city (it is supposed he was driving fast) the horse stumbled and fell, breaking one of the thills, and throwing him from the carriage. The horse, returning home alone, search was made and his body found, but life was extinct. Dr. Hill was summoned and decided that his death was probably instantaneous. Mr. Savage was about 34 years of age, well known as a prompt business man, and leaves a wife and one child.—[Mc. Farmer.]

FOREIGN ITEMS.—The motion for an address to the Queen on the subject of the assassination of the President has passed both houses of Parliament unanimously. A meeting of Americans has been held, Mr. Adams presiding. Public meetings have been held in London and all the chief cities in Britain expressing abhorrence of the assassination. The London Times expresses the hope that the manifestations of indignation and sorrow in England will be received by Americans as genuine expressions of feeling wrung from the nation's heart. Mr. Sidel declined to attend the funeral service in Paris, fearing it would lead to erroneous interpretations. The sympathy of the French Chamber also has been expressed in a dispatch to the American Minister. In St. Petersburg, Vienna, Berne and Madrid, official expressions of sympathy have been made to our ministers. In Berlin a solemn service in German and English was performed on the 21 in memory of Mr. Lincoln. The Spanish Senate has agreed to abandon San Domingo.

THE ASSASSIN PAYNE.—A Washington letter writer furnishes the following interesting particulars regarding the would-be assassin of Secretary Seward:—

It has already been stated that the person known as Payne has confessed the attempt on Mr. Seward's life. He says that he had never seen him, that he had nothing against him, and that he attempted to kill him only because he had sworn to do it. The whole affair, he has said, was a gigantic failure—only two (Booth and himself) of the whole number concerned having kept their oaths. If it had succeeded, he says, the actors in it would never have been known. This seems at first sight inconsistent with the open exposure made of himself by Booth after the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. But I have been told that it was part of the plan to turn off the gas in the theatre the instant the pistol shot was heard, and that the man was found at the controlling stop-cock to whom that duty had been assigned, but that he failed to hear the signal. Payne is not at all communicative. He refused to disclose the names of his associates, or to say anything of his own antecedents. It is not believed that he has given his real name, nor is it known to what part of the country he belongs. He looks young, not over twenty-one or two; has a square, hard face; a clear firm eye, which returns even now unflinchingly the sternest and steepest gaze; is very athletic in his frame; has white, soft hands, evidently unused to work, and although utterly unmoved by threats or by harshness, gives indications of sensibility to acts and words of kindness. He is a man of more than ordinary mark. He says that when he fled from Mr. Seward's room he knew that he had failed, and expected to find the hall below full of men summoned by the cries of murder raised by the colored boy, who had rushed into the street, which cries he himself had distinctly heard. But he was prepared and determined to cut his way through them all, and was surprised to find himself unopposed.

LETTER BY THE CHIEF JUSTICE.—At the meeting of the American Congregational Union in Brooklyn, on Thursday evening, Mr. Theodore Tilton read a letter from Chief Justice, Chief which we find the following extract given:—

“I would like to say to the Christians who shall assemble at your re-union, an earnest word on the present great national duty of granting to the freedmen of the South the right of self-protection by the ballot. . . . My last communication on this subject with the good President whom we have lost, was on the morning of the black day, and I may say that he was nearer right on this subject, according to my views of right, on that last day of his life, than on any other day before. Our new President, I have the happiness to say, is a man whose democracy is as broad as the democracy of the Declaration of Independence.”

A WORD TO FARMER'S BOYS.—We hope every farmer's son will set out at least one ornamental tree on the homestead this spring. It will be one of the first things he will look at when he returns home at some future time. We always search out the apple trees that we raised from the seed—large venerable looking trees, and derive a peculiar pleasure as they help the memory to run back to the scenes and pleasures of boyhood. To-day we saw a beautiful maple that we set out twenty-six years ago. Go and get a healthy looking sugar maple, with as many roots as possible. Cut the top off, but leave small under branches. Set it out before the buds begin to swell, in a rich soil, and it will grow and be an ornament to your home.

Almost every boy is anxious for the time to come when he shall go away from home and see the world for himself, but after he has been brushed about a few years, he turns his eyes towards the home of his boyhood where every object has a peculiar interest, and if he can see a beautiful tree that his own hands planted, it will add much to his pleasure. Parents are often advised to make home attractive to their boys, but boys can do much themselves to make it pleasant by planting trees. We hope that when we ride by your home, we shall see some trees planted by your own hands.

[Mc. Farmer.]

An opposition paper hoping to make some political capital says:—

Andrew Johnson, the new President of the United States, voted for the Crittenden Compromise in 1861, as a satisfactory adjustment of the difficulty between the North and the South.

To this the Portsmouth Chronicle replies:—The world has moved since that time; the rebellion has upset the cause of compromise; and of the compromisers, some swim ashore and others got drowned.

The funeral procession of Abraham Lincoln, in the length of its passage, in the number of mourners, in solemnity, depth and extent of grief, surpassed all that had preceded it. The one that came nearest to it in previous history was that of Alexander the Great, whose body was borne on a golden chariot from Babylon in Asia to Alexander in Egypt.

MISCELLANY.

HYMNS

Read at the Obsequies of President Lincoln in New York City.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Oh, slow to smile and swift to spare,

Gentle and merciful and just;

Who, in the face of God, did bear

The sword of power, a nation's trust;

In sorrow by his tear we stand,

Amid the awe that hushes all,

And speaks the anguish of a land

That shook with horror at thy fall.

The task is done; the day is free;

We bear thee to an honored grave,

Whose pedestal monument shall be

The broken letters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close

Hath placed thee with the sons of light,

Among the noblest of those

Who perished in the cause of Right.

THOU HAST PUT ALL THINGS UNDER HIS FEET.

O South, with all thy vines of green,

O South, with all thy palms and palms,

From peopled towns, and fields between,

Uplift the voice of praise;

Raise, ancient East, the anthem high,

And let the youthful West reply.

Lo! in the clouds of heaven appears

God's well-beloved Son;

He brings a train of brighter years;

His Kingdom is begun;

He comes, a guilty world to bless

With mercy, truth and righteousness.

O Father, hark the promised hour

When at His feet shall kneel

All rite, authority and power

Beneath the ample sky,

When He shall reign from pole to pole,

The Lord of every human soul.

When all shall heed the words He said,

And by His daily grace

Shall strive to pattern after Him;

And he who conquers Death shall win

The mighty conquest over Sin.

TRUE & MANLEY,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,

Corner of Bridge and Water Streets,

AUGUSTA, ME.

H. W. TRUE, J. H. MANLEY.

Particular attention paid to the Collection of Debts.

6m-34

IMPORTANT

FOR ALL

INVALIDS!

IRON IN THE BLOOD!

It is well known to the Medical Profession that IRON is the

Vital Principle or Life Element of the blood. It is derived

from the food we eat; but if the food is not properly

digested, or if from any cause whatever, the necessary quan-

tity of iron is not taken into the circulation, or becomes re-

tarded, the whole system suffers. The best blood will irritate

the heart, will clog up the lungs, will stupify the brain, will

obscure the liver, and it will send its disease-producing elements

into all parts of the system, and will suffer in whatever

organ may be predisposed to disease.

The great value of

IRON AS A MEDICINE

is well known and acknowledged by all medical men. The

difficulty has been to obtain a preparation of it which will

enter the circulation and assimilate at once with the blood.

This point, says Dr. Hayes, Massachusetts State Chemist, has

been attained in the Peruvian Syrup, by combination in a way

before unknown.

THE PERUVIAN SYRUP

is a Protected Solution of the PHOSPHATE OF IRON,

a New Discovery in Medicine that strikes at the Root

of Disease, by supplying the Blood with its Vital Principle

or Life Element, IRON.

THE PERUVIAN SYRUP

cures Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Fever and Ague,

Loss of Energy, Low Spirits.

THE PERUVIAN SYRUP

infuses strength, vigor and new life into the system, and

builds up an Iron Constitution.

THE PERUVIAN SYRUP

is a SPECIFIC for all diseases originating in a BAD STATE

OF THE BLOOD, or accompanied by Debility or a Low

State of the System.

Pamphlets containing certificates of cures and recommendations

from some of the most eminent Physicians, Chemists, and

others will be sent FREE by air to all who apply.

We solicit a few of the names to show the character of the

NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!

No. 2, Botello Block,

J. F. ELLEN'S,

Carpet and Crockery Store

J. F. ELLEN would respectfully inform the citizens of Water-

ville and vicinity, that he has taken the store formerly

known as

E. T. Elden & Co.'s Carpet and Crockery Store,

No. 2, Botello Block,

where he will keep constantly on hand a large assortment of

New and choice Styles Carpets, Crockery

and Glass Ware, Britannia Ware,

Cutlery and Feathers.

A full assortment of Kerosene Lamps and Fixtures; also a

well selected stock of Fancy Articles, including,

Ladies' Work and Travelling Baskets,

Vases, Cologne Bottles,

Children's Toys, &c., &c.

He would respectfully invite the public to call and examine

his stock of Goods, and he will endeavor to sell at prices to

suit purchasers.

SKINNER'S

PULMONALS

FOR COUGHS

Not equaled by any medicine in the world; being now used and

prescribed by eminent Physicians in all the principal cities

of the United States. It is a household name, and is

coming to be a household name in every household, &c., and

is sold in all the principal cities of the Globe. Dr. Skinner,

for want of space, refers to only a few names of prominent

New England men who have used his "PULMONALS" with

beneficial results. Dr. J. W. Foster, "Star of the

West," writes: "I have used your 'PULMONALS' for

several years, and have found them to be a most valuable

remedy in all cases of Cough, Bronchitis, and

Consumption. I have used them in every household, &c., and

in all the principal cities of the Globe. Dr. Skinner,

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