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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 23, No. 08): August 20, 1869

Maxham & Wing

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VIRELAI.

A lark in the mesh of the tangled vine,
A bee that drowns in the flower-cup's wine,
A fly in the sunshine—such is man,
All things must end, as all began.

Where is the time for hope or doubt?
A puff of the wind and life is out.
A turn of the wheel and rest is won.
All things must end that have begun.

Golden morning and purple night,
Life that falls with the falling light!
Death is the only deathless one,
All things must end that have begun.

Fading waits on the brief beginning.
Is the prize worth the stress of winning?
Fren in the drawing the day is done.
All things must end that have begun.

Weary waiting and weary striving,
Glad outsteering and glad arriving;
What is it worth when the goal is won?
All things must end that have begun.

Speedily fades the morning glitter;
Love grows irksome and wine grows bitter.
Two are parted from what was one.
All things must end that have begun.

Toil and pain and the evening rest,
Joy is weary and sleep is best.
Fair and softly the day is done.
All things must end that have begun.

[St. Paul Magazine.]

HAMLET AND OPHELIA.

Do not for a moment suppose that my story is to be Shakespearean, or dramatic—comedy or tragedy. I am only going to tell you how I, Mark Livingstone Dupont, fell in love with Helen Langdon and how, after perhaps a little more than the usual amount of tribulation, I married her. That's all. But everything in this world, be it baby or butterfly, must have a name; and when I was trying to find a little wherewithal to adorn the head of this manuscript, my pen refused to write any thing but what it did write—Hamlet and Ophelia. Well; if you read on to the end, you will understand, perhaps, why it is guilty of such nonsense, and also why I once told you I would go farther to see Booth in Hamlet than in any other character under the sun. We read Hamlet at our house once a quarter, regularly; and last night, hearing a tremendous racket overhead, I stole softly up stairs to see what might be the matter. It was only Tom and Harry, one personating the Ghost in white face-cloth and winding-sheet—he did not believe in a ghost that was "armed from top to toe" and "wore its beaver up," not he!—the other spouting "To be, or not to be," at the top of his voice. This latter gentleman will be six years old next Christmas.

But, to begin at the beginning: When I came back from my two years of European life, in the June of '56, I found the house in Thirty-fourth Street in a dreadfully-dismantled condition—carpets up, curtains down, and mother and Clara about to start off on their summer pleasuring.

"Dear me!" said the former, as we sat in the dining-room—the only habitable spot downstairs—on the first evening after my return, "if I had dreamed of your coming home so soon, I would not have made a single move. I didn't care a fig for going to Newport—that's the plain truth. But we did not expect you until September, and we thought we might as well stay here through the summer. Clara, let's have the carpets down, again, and stay at home, after all."

"No, no," I answered; "you shall do no such thing. Clara looks worn and jaded; her first winter 'out' has been a little too much for her, and she needs change of air. We will all go to Newport for a few weeks; then, wherever you please—north, south, east, or west. There will be nothing down here of any account, and I am at your service until October; then the new firm of Livingstone, Dupont & Co. will go to work in good earnest."

Clara clapped her dainty hands, laughing gleefully. "Mark, dear, you are a jewel. Your proposition is the very thing. We shall see twice as much of you as if we remained in town, and you were at the counting-house all day. You'll have plenty of time to tell us all about your adventures abroad—love-affairs, flirtations, and all." And my little sister seated herself upon my knee, and laid her soft cheek against my brown beard.

I need not tell you how we talked on far into the night, how many questions were asked and answered, how we went back into the past, and spoke tenderly of the husband and father whose grave had been green for many summers, how we went forward into the future, where my mother saw peace and quiet contentment awaiting her, and Clara and I a world of new delights.

"Come, come, children," said my mother, at last, "you must get to bed; and to-morrow we are off for Newport!"

But neither Newport, nor Niagara, nor Saratoga, proved to be just what Clara needed to bring her lost roses back again.

"She wants rest," I said, as she came down to breakfast, one morning, pale and slightly hollow-eyed, after a hop at the United States. "She might as well be back in Thirty-fourth Street, going to parties every night, as to be here, dressing and dancing and promenading. Mother, let us go up among the mountains—somewhere in Vermont—and keep quiet for a while."

That is the way we happened to stay two months in Valleythorpe.

It was quiet enough there. A sweet repose dwelt everywhere. The birds sang all day long; the creek, gliding down from the mountains, dark and cool, loitering through the meadows, and lingering under the willows, came into broad sunshine when it reached the village, and glowed and flashed like molten diamonds. And, oh, the mist that at sunrise and sunset hung over the valleys, and wrapped the everlasting hills in purple splendor!

But, as I said, it was very quiet—a veritable Sleepy Hollow, where Rip Van Winkle might have taken his twenty-years' nap, with naught to disturb his repose. At the "hotel"—why do we not have inns in this country?—a gr-at, roomy building, with wide halls, broad piazzas, well-shaded grounds, and plain but palatable fare, there were perhaps a dozen rustic bedsides ourselves. Very pleasant people they were, most of them; and there were a few of us, and we were so dependent upon each other for society, that we soon became quite like a band of friends, a sort of family party. We rode, we drove, we fished, we hunted—mind, I do not say we found any game—we picnicked, we got up excursions to Killington, to Lake Bomoseen, to the Falls; we went berrying, and came home fired enough, fier an hour or two of pleasant chat in the parlors, to go to bed early and sleep the healthful, refreshing sleep of childhood. Clara had brown her languor and pallor and lassitude to the winds, and was fast becoming herself again. But one week it rained. Rained! That is a weak expression. It poured. From morning till night, from night till morning, there was one perpetual deluge of rain. It was well enough for a day or two. But, after we had

read all each other's books, played dominoes and checkers and backgammon and euchre till we were tired; and after the ladies had used up all their Berlin wools, and the gentlemen had put in order every gun and fish-pole, reel and line—the thing began to grow monotonous. And still it rained.

"Why can't we get up tableaux, or something?" asked Mrs. Ashton, a pretty brunette, who was the life and soul of the party. "For sweet pity's sake, let us do something, and not waste our time in this way any longer."

We caught at the idea, as children catch at sugar lumps, and were soon studying pictures, planning costumes, and discussing effects, with all the enthusiasm of girls at a boarding-school. Old or young, it was all the same. I do not know but Senator L.—and Judge P.—were as much interested in the getting-up of our little affair as John Henderson and I were, or as Clara and Margaret Temple.

"Oh, Mr. Dupont! I come here a moment, if you please," cried little Mrs. Ashton, as she stood by the centre-table, turning over a volume of engravings that some one had fished up from the bottom of his or her trunk. "See here; this is the very thing for you and Grace Henderson—Hamlet and Ophelia. Isn't it beautiful? You will make a capital Hamlet; and, as for Grace, she is Ophelia herself."

"Very well," I answered; "anything for fun. I am entirely at your service, ladies; only tell me what to do."

"But we could never copy those costumes here, Mrs. Ashton," said Grace, who had drawn near, and was looking over her friend's shoulder. "Just think of it—Hamlet in black velvet, and Ophelia in—what does the description say?—yellow satin? I have nothing that would be suitable, not a thing."

Mrs. Ashton laughed merrily. "Leave all that to me, and don't ask questions. My Lord Hamlet, your 'inky cloak' shall be ready for you. And, as for you, my fair Ophelia, come up to my chamber, and we will see what we shall see. Mr. Dupont, if you will attend to the arrangement of the stage and curtain, that is all we ask of you. And, oh, Mr. Henderson," she added, when half-way up-stairs, "we should have an audience. There are a dozen families in the village, who have been more than polite to us, and we ought to return their civilities in some way. Wouldn't it be well to invite them?" and off she went.

There was surely some magic in that woman's fingers. It was wonderful—or it seemed so to us of the masculine gender—to see how, by some curious slight of hand, she would transform the prosaic garments of everyday life into quaint, picturesque costumes, that looked as if they belonged to the far-off realm of poetry and romance. Clara could tell you all about it—how we had the three beautiful scenes from The Three Fishers—John Allen and Priscilla—Faust and Margaret, and I don't know what all. But just half an hour before it was time for the "exercises" to begin, Mrs. Ashton sent for me in great perturbation of mind.

"Whatever shall we do, Mr. Dupont?" she said, half out of breath. "Grace Henderson is sick—gone to bed with one of her terrible headaches—and there isn't another Ophelia in this house, not one."

"Take the character yourself, can't you?" she looked at me with wide eyes. "I take it? Just imagine me an Ophelia! You have no idea of the fitness of things, if you made that proposition seriously, Mr. Dupont."

"We'll give up the tableau, then. There are enough without it."

"We shall have to give it up, I suppose. But I do think it is too bad. Your costume was all ready, and Grace made such a lovely Ophelia—lovely!"

She turned away disconsolately, and I lit a cigar and strolled off under the trees—for the rain had ceased as soon as we set our lives seriously at work within-doors.

"We are all right, and can have Hamlet and Ophelia after all, Mr. Dupont. A friend of mine who is on her way to the White Mountains, has just come in on the late train. She leaves at five in the morning, but I have persuaded her to be our Ophelia. She will do it charmingly—better than Grace, even. You have just time to dress. Then meet me in the little room at the head of the stairs, and I will present you to her. No, on second thoughts, you shall not see her until you meet upon the stage."

"All right," I said, turning away. "What did you say her name was?"

"I did not take my usual vacation that summer. How could I take it, and leave Helen behind me in the hot and dusty city, bending wearily over her desk from morning till night?"

But as August approached, and the weather became more and more oppressive, I fancied that she drooped a little, and that her cheek was paling. One day she was absent from her desk; and that evening, with a small basket of fruit and flowers, I went to her boarding-place—a pleasant home that I had found for her with a motherly old lady of my acquaintance.

"Is Miss Langdon sick?" I asked of her hostess, who herself answered the door-bell. "I feared she might be, as she was not at the counting-house to-day."

"Not sick, exactly, Mr. Dupont. But she is kind of worn out. She ought to get out into the country somewhere, if it was only for a week. She needs green grass, and flowers, and new milk."

"She shall have them," I answered. "Is she well enough to come down to the parlor, Mrs. Kingsley?"

"Oh, yes, sir, I guess so," she answered. "Walk in, Mr. Dupont, and I will see."

Helen came down presently. There was a faint flush upon her cheek, instead of her ordinary pallor. I was not in the habit of calling at her boarding-place, and my visit was a surprise.

"Oh, Mr. Dupont," she said, as she entered, "I was so sorry not to be at my desk to-day, but my head was very painful—and—"

"Stop!" I said, laying my hand upon her arm and leading her to the sofa. "Do not for one moment imagine that I came on that business. I feared you were sick, however, and I have brought you these, and I raised the cover of the basket."

Her eye brightened as she lifted the roses and pansies, and peeped at the grapes beneath. "Thank you," she said, softly, under her breath. "You are too kind."

"No, I am not too kind," I answered. "But you are too pale. This heat oppresses you. You need the mountains, Miss Langdon—Helen—she started, and withdrew herself a little, for I had never given her that name before.

"Will you go with me to Valleythorpe?" "To Valleythorpe?" she repeated slowly, as one bewildered. "To Valleythorpe?"

"Yes, we were there together, once, you and I."

"You and I, Mr. Dupont?"

"You and I, Helen. Hamlet and Ophelia," I whispered. "Have you forgotten?"

"No," she answered, covering her face with her hands, while her forehead crimsoned. "No. But I supposed you had forgotten it. Your name had escaped my memory, but I knew you as soon as I saw you, in an omnibus down near Fulton Street, ever so long ago!"

Now, if you think I am going to tell you what I said next, you are very much mistaken. But I would and won't her that night—my love, my darling, my precious Helen, my wife.

She gave herself to me, wholly and unreservedly. Some women would have held aloof in their pride, and would have said, "You are rich, I am poor. You are my employer, I am but a clerk who receives wages at your hands. You are one of the 'curled darlings' of fortune, I am one of the world's workers. Go your way." But she—she regarded these things, my wealth, her poverty, as the merest incidentals, not worthy to be taken into the account beside our love. We were man and woman—we had crowned each other king and queen of hearts, and should trifle like these come between us?

The next day I took my mother to see Helen; and, the week after that, we three went to Valleythorpe, to remain a month or two; and in October there was to be a wedding in Thirty-fourth Street.

But one evening, as we sat by the beautiful waterfall watching the changing shadows and the iridescent spray, while her hand lay lightly in my own:

"Helen, I wish you would give yourself to me here, in Valleythorpe."

"I have given myself to you, Mark. How can I give you what is already yours?"

"Give me my wife, Helen," I whispered, while my lips touched her forehead. "Here in Valleythorpe, where our love dream began, let it be consummated. Darling, will you do me this grace?"

And so it happened that we were married in Valleythorpe.

"ONLY A SHOP GIRL."—The other day I heard these words used by a lady friend while speaking of an acquaintance, an estimable young lady, who was not ashamed of the fact that she earned her living on a shoe machine. The tone used by the lady referred to seemed to convey the impression that the young girl in question was really injured by being "only a shop girl." Now I know a great many people who have just such erroneous impressions, who really feel that if a girl works for a living she is a little below par in genteel society; but it seems to me that those people who earn their own subsistence are the only independent ones about us. It is no degradation to either man or woman to be honorably employed; on the other hand, I always feel a respect for a young girl who thus takes her fortune into her own hands and quietly works for a living. I know of many girls who have good homes, who are free to live at home without work, but who prefer to work in a shop to idleness at home. Such girls are surely no less worthy of regard. I admire their energy, and say one such is worth a dozen of your lazy milk-and-water affairs, who idle away the hours of life, too lazy to work, and too proud to appreciate the beauty of independent labor. Don't be ashamed to work, girls; go into a shop or kitchen, or anywhere that you can find suitable employment, and if anybody says or even looks "only a shop girl," hold your head a little higher, and instead of taking the remark as a slur on your name or vocation, accept it as a compliment to your industry and independence, ever giving the world, by your industrious habits, the impression that a "shop girl" is really a little above those girls who, for fear of being obliged to work, will be found living upon the hard earnings of parents who can ill afford the burden, but who, with a singular mixture of pride and poverty, encourage the inactivity of their children, and uncomplainingly work early and late to support girls who are much better able to work for themselves, but who at the same time look down

upon a shop girl. I am ashamed for their blind foolishness. I had rather be a shop girl, working to pay my board at home or abroad, cloth myself and enjoy many leisure hours devoted to reading or study. And another thing, girls, remember, it is more honorable to have the hands soiled by work on a shoe machine, than to see the gray hairs growing thicker on a father's head, or the furrows deeper on his brow, and all for hard work to support a family too lazy to support themselves, and too proud to soil their delicate hands by contact with a shoe machine, or any other means of honorable employment. Show me a smart active girl, who is neither afraid nor ashamed to work, and I will show you a girl who will make a good wife and a useful member of society.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIVING.—He who works a stated number of hours daily, for a stated price, and who regularly receives his wages and lives within his income, is said to be the most independent man in the world. With his tools he lays aside his care, and in his family or with his friends spends a happy life—with nothing whatever to perplex him, and every thing to give content. This is one view of the matter, and is probably entertained by those who are wearied and perplexed with the cares and responsibilities of superintending a large business, or conducting intricate operations. People are always inclined to imagine any other position better, in some respects, than their own. The happy man above described envies his employer, and wishes that instead of being the mere agent, bound to move at another's direction, he could change places with his principal. For he knows his own embarrassments and cares, and if he has not the burden of the direction of great affairs, he has the daily anxiety of contriving how he shall make a stated sum meet unexpected exigencies. It may be a daily puzzle to him to keep down the demands of pride or necessity. He has, moreover, the contingencies of business to fear, as well as employer; for if the principal is unsuccessful, the employed suffer, and he may on any day receive notice that his services are no longer required. And as to dismissing all care and thought about his employer's interest, if he can do that, he is precisely the person whose labor can be most easily dispensed with. The service of no man so purely mercenary is worth much.

True independence, so far as one can be independent, is accessible both to employers and employed. The secret is, to undertake no more than can be managed; and to determine that you will have hours of relaxation, when you can dismiss the cares of business from your thoughts. As poor Richard has it, "Drive your business, and not let your business drive you." In eager competition, men give themselves too little rest, and undertake too much. Some one asked an English statesman and jurist, how he could get through the amount of labor which he performed. "As a thief gets through a horse-pond," was the answer—"I am dragged through it." There is too much of this "dragging," both among the English and among ourselves. Sometimes men make solid gains, and secure wealth, when too much fatigued to enjoy it. But too often they make shipwreck. Hudson, the English projector, whose popular designation a few years ago was "the railway king," is now so reduced in pocket that his friends are raising a subscription to purchase a small annuity for him; that his life may not close in absolute penury. The true philosophy is to regard life as a thing to be pushed moderately, and enjoyed as it passes. It should never be treated, as too many do, as a great game of hazard. Nor should we fancy that all in which we are interested depends entirely upon ourselves. Other people, it must be conceded, can do something. The best business results are obtained by finding out trustworthy people, and confiding in them. The experiment of entire direction on a grand scale has been tried by the Emperor of the French, certainly one of the strongest men that the world has seen; but even he is beginning to learn that one man is not competent for every thing; and he, we suspect, may envy the contented laborer, who has only to do his daily work and receive his daily wages. There are thousands like him. Their empires are narrower, but their experience is the same: to-day, success; to-morrow, disappointment.—[Philadelphia Ledger.]

HOW TO MAKE A TOWN PROSPEROUS.—About thirty years ago a few citizens of New Braintree, in Massachusetts, met together and resolved that the best interests of the town required a tavern in which spirituous liquors should not be sold, as the fact was patent to all that too many of the young men in the place would congregate at the "village inn," and were forming habits of social drinking. After talking over the importance of the matter, and satisfying themselves that the enterprise they proposed would not prove a paying one, they subscribed some \$7,000, built a hotel, furnished it, and engaged a landlord to run it free of rent. Soon after this reform the people of the town came to the conclusion that it was an unprofitable business to farm out the poor of the town, as had long been the practice, to the lowest bidder; and at a town meeting they voted to buy a poor house farm, and put the poor at work. This was also carried into effect. Twenty-five years have passed away, and going to that quiet, thrifty town, not long ago, the stage driver said to us, on passing the "poor house farm": "There is a funny place." "Why so?" we asked. "Because it is a poor house farm, and not a pauper in it. And I suppose the reason is, some thirty years ago a temperance tavern was started here—no liquors have been sold, and there is no drinking nor drunkenness, and not a pauper in the town."

HOME-MADE PERFUMERY.—In answer to numerous inquiries in regard to the methods employed in the extraction of the odoriferous principles of flowers by the use of glycerine, the Scientific American explains the process as follows. Its simplicity will recommend itself to those who wish to manufacture their own perfumery.

The process is that of simple contact. Glycerine when pure is devoid of odor and not liable to turn rancid, and is therefore much superior to oils or fats for the purpose. The extraction of the odoriferous oils is performed by introducing the flowers, such as that of the jasmine, hyacinth, narcissus, lilac, syringa, violet, rose, etc., into a vessel filled with glycerine, in which they are allowed to remain for three weeks. At the expiration of this time, the liquid is strained off and contains the odoriferous principles of the flowers. The glycerine has been converted into a delightfully perfumed extract which may be used as is, for hair dressing, or it may be dissolved in all proportions in water or alcohol forming various highly perfumed and variously scented liquors or washes. Some of the less volatile essential oils may also be transferred to ether, and from it to alcohol.

"Oh, where do you get the red for your cheeks?" said a pale, wan young lady to a bright laughing mix. "Where the roses get their life in the air and sunlight," was the quick reply.

Waterville Mail.



Waterville Mail.

SPR. MAXHAM, DAN'L R. WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... AUG. 20, 1869.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York...

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

TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

A convention of the voters of Kennebec County, who favor the election of N. G. Hichborn for Governor, was held here on Thursday...

After the reading of the call, a committee, consisting of Henry Woodward, Daniel Rollins, and R. M. Mansur, was appointed to report permanent officers of the convention...

The committee to nominate candidates for county officers submitted the following list which was adopted:

- Senators—Eli Jones, China; G. W. Quimby, Augusta; F. E. Webb, Winthrop. County Attorney—Ezra Kempton, Mt. Vernon. County Treasurer—C. B. Cates, Vassalboro'. County Commissioner—Alfred Winslow, Waterville.

Resolved, That, believing in the principles embraced in the platform adopted by the State Temperance Convention, held at Portland on the 29th of June last...

Resolved, That we cordially recommend to the voters of this county, the nominees of the Convention, as every way worth their votes and support...

Maj. Arthur Deering, of Richmond, State Lecturer, made a spirited talk to the Convention, his speech abounding in humorous and telling hits; and A. G. Lebroke, Esq., of Foxcroft, formerly a member of the Republican State Committee...

The importance of thorough party organization was urged by Messrs. Greeley, Lebroke, Mansur, the chairman, and others; and the circulation of temperance documents, including the Riverside Echo of Portland, and the Home Journal of Gardiner, was also recommended.

Carlton has a beautiful stereoscopic picture of Memorial Hall, just such as everybody wants to enclose in a letter to their friends abroad. It costs but a trifle, and goes for a letter postage. Go and get one.

Calvin Osgood, Esq., an old and highly esteemed resident of Garland, was seriously if not fatally injured a few days since by falling from a cart, as we learn from the Bangor Whig

NECROLOGY

Of the Alumni of Colby University, FOR THE YEAR ENDING AUG. 12th, 1868.

[The last year's Necrology was not printed in full and is now published to supply persons who have applied for it. C. E. H.]

But two deaths of alumni are known to have occurred during the last academic year. Information of a third, which took place in the previous year, has reached the necrologist since the last anniversary.

Of the class of 1836, MOSES BURBANK died in Ludlow, Vermont, March 11, 1867, aged 55 years and 5 months. He was son of Moses T. and Betsey (Church) Burbank, and was born in Campton, N. H., Oct. 24, 1811. He was fitted for college at the New-Hampshire Institute. The first two years after his graduation were spent in teaching at Hampton Falls. In 1838 he went to Kentucky, where he taught, first in Shelbyville and afterwards in Taylorsville, till 1845, when he returned to New England. The information communicated relative to his subsequent life is somewhat indefinite. Of the nine years from 1845 to 1854 it is only known that five were spent in Mass., probably in teaching. In 1854 he removed to Ludlow to take charge of the Academy in that town, and there labored as an instructor till near the close of his life. In Dec. 1866, in connection with a partner, he commenced the publication of the Back River Gazette, of which he was editor during the few months of life that remained to him. He died of softening of the brain.

Mr. Burbank was a man of very deep and earnest religious character, and, in an unusual degree, enjoyed the respect and confidence of a large circle of friends. He married, Nov. 5th, 1839, Nancy A. Barker of Methuen, Mass., who died at Methuen, Dec. 23, 1848. On Aug. 21st, 1849, he married Laura A. Willard of Newton, Mass. One son of the first wife is now living, and is a citizen of Covington, Ky. The last wife, with her three surviving children are living in Ludlow.

Of the class of 1858, SABINE EMERY died in Baltimore, Maryland, March 21st, 1868, aged 34 years. He was son of Henry Tilton and Mercy E. (Stover) Emery, and was born in Eastport, Feb. 8th, 1834. He completed his studies preparatory for college at the Academy in Lewisburg, Penn., and Waterville Academy. After graduating he engaged for a time in teaching, first as principal of Bloomfield Academy and subsequently of the High School in his native town.

On the 4th of Sept. 1861, he entered the army and was commissioned successively Capt., Maj., Lieut. Col., and Col. of the 9th regiment of Maine Volunteers, with which corps he held connection till his discharge from service on May 25th, 1864. His regiment was with the fleet at the capture of Hilton Head, at Fort Wagner, and also at Fort Fisher. During the attack upon Fort Wagner, on July 18, 1863, he was seriously wounded by a minnie ball in the leg, and received a contused wound of the left breast from the fragment of a shell. Copious hemorrhage of the lungs followed, from which never fully recovering, he at length fell into a lingering consumption, of which he died.

As a soldier, Col. Emery displayed a personal fearlessness for which he had been from his earliest years remarkable. He seemed absolutely destitute of the sense of danger, and while this quality made him a most daring and brilliant leader, it sometimes brought upon him censure for rashness.

Previously to his military service he had commenced the study of law with Hon. Stephen Colburn of Skowhegan. He was admitted to the bar at Bangor, on the 22d of Oct., 1864. Infirmary of health led him to seek a milder climate than that of Maine, and he therefore removed to Baltimore, where he was admitted to practice in the courts of Maryland, on April 1st, 1865.

He married, Oct. 26th, 1862, Louise M. Flint, of Winslow, who, with their two children, is now at Eastport.

Of the class of 1862, FREDERICK HALE died in Woodstock, Vermont, May 6th, 1868, aged 28 years and 6 months. He was son of James S. and Betsey (Staples) Hale, and was born in Turner, Oct. 21, 1839. He was fitted for college at the Turner Grammar School and the Wesleyan Seminary at Keen's Hill. On graduation, he began immediately the study of law at Ellsworth, in the office of his brother, Eugene Hale, Esq. He was admitted to practice in Oct., 1863, and entered at once upon the business of his profession, as a partner with his brother. His oration for the degree of Master of Arts, at the Commencement in 1865, was regarded as a highly creditable performance, and made a marked impression upon his audience. He was studious and successful as a lawyer, and is thought to have shortened his days by undue application. Mr. Hale was a man of decided talent, tenacious of purpose, upright and steadfast in character. He died of tubercular consumption.

CATTLE MARKETS.—Eastern cattle made their appearance in fair numbers this week for the first time this summer, 184 cattle being reported from Maine. Not being expected, however, the demand was small and prices not satisfactory to the seller. The Boston Advertiser reports that J. Withee sold one pair of good 7 ft oxen for \$235; two pairs of 3-year-old steers, 6 ft 3 in. for \$125; 6 ft 5 in. for \$135; 3 two-year-old heifers for \$100; one steer estimated to dress 750 lbs for \$70; one odd ox \$60. G. Wells one pair of 7 ft 2 in oxen, said to have cost \$245 at home, for \$230; one pair 6 ft 9 in for \$205; and ten-year-olds for \$84 per head.

Sheep and lambs appeared in large numbers and prices were low. I. S. Kallach, Esq., who made the little trip from Kansas to Waterville to enjoy Commencement, has made some choice purchases of stock for his farm at Ottawa. Among them are a beautiful Jersey cow, of Conductor Barrell, of the M. C. Railroad, for which he pays \$225; and two calves, of Dr. Boutelle, at 200 do. All are of the purest blood, and very fine animals. A pair of horses, of high price, are also in the list—bought in Belfast. Our Jersey breeders are very careful in regard to pedigree, and Mr. K. may rely upon the record of the "No. Kennebec Jersey Stock Club."

GOOD FISHING can be found in McGrath Pond, not far away, as may be seen by advertisement.

OUR TABLE.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW for July has the following table of contents:—

Indian Railway Reform; The Four Ancient Books of Wales; Labor and Capital; Patents, Patentees, and the Public; Mr. Mill's Analysis of the Mind; Prostitution in Relation to the National Health; Contemporary Literature.

The article on Prostitution, while it takes a more hopeful view of the prospect of reducing the great social evil, contains some appalling statements.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW for July comes to us with the following bill of fare:—

The Unpublished Works of Guicciardini; Lecky's History of European Morals; Victor Jacquemont's Letters; Shakespearean Glossaries; John Bull's Almanac Guide; Mr. Somerville on Molecular Science; The Ring and the Book; Freeman's History of the Norman Conquest; Foster's Life of Landor; The Marriage Law of the Empire.

A good number with some very interesting and valuable articles. The four great British Quarterly Review and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 37 Walker Street, New York, the terms of subscription being as follows:—For any one of the four Reviews, \$4 per annum; any two of the Reviews, \$7; any three of the Reviews, \$10; all four Reviews, \$13; Blackwood's Magazine, \$4; Blackwood and one Review, \$7; Blackwood and any two Reviews, \$10; Blackwood and any three of the Reviews, \$13; Blackwood and the four Reviews, \$15—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works are sold by the principal booksellers and the British Reviews commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works under the new rates will be but 66 cents a year.

HOURLS AT HOME.—The September number of this popular monthly of instruction and recreation, contains two more chapters of "Compton Friars," by the author of "Mary Powell;" the conclusion of "Frolics of the Pond," by J. T. Headley; another instalment of "Christopher Kroy," a Story of New York Life; "Butterfly and Thistle," a poem by Julia Ward Howe; and many other articles, which we will not name. The number is full of good wholesome reading.

Published by Charles Scribner & Co., New York, at \$3 a year. THE LADY'S FRIEND for September.—A handsome steel engraving of Portia, the heroine of "The Merchant of Venice," opens the September number and is followed by the usual large and brilliant fashion plate, by an appropriate engraving of a Picnic, and by engravings of children's fashions, Young Lady's Toilet, Mantel, Hoopdresses, Bods, Corsage, &c. Among the literary matters are "The Prize of Two Men's Lives," by Amanda Douglars; "Ingratitude," by Florence Percy; "Roland Yorke," by Mrs. Henry Wood. Published by Deacon & Peterson, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, at \$2.50 a year (which also includes a large steel engraving).

THE MANUFACTURER AND BUILDER for August abounds in valuable information, and is unusually rich in embellishments. This excellent monthly has a large list of subscribers in our village. Published by Western & Company, New York, at \$1.50 a year.

THE EXCURSION of the Sabbath Schools of Waterville, Winslow, Benton and Vassalboro', on Monday, was a very enjoyable affair. The party numbered between six and seven hundred, with not a rowdy, or a rude fellow even, among them; the accommodations were ample, on cars and boat; a cloudy screen interposed to shade from the burning sun; no accident occurred to damp the spirits of the party; the North Vassalboro' Band was along to give us good music; and all were returned to their homes in good season, refreshed and invigorated by the experience of the day.

After a short and, pleasant ride on the cars, the large company boarded the Eastern Queen at Hallowell, and were taken down through the beautiful scenery of the Kennebec—not surpassed in this or any other country—past the flourishing towns on the river banks, through Merry-meeting Bay with its picturesque reaches and headlands; by the city of Bath, and then on toward the ocean, until we came in sight of the Fort on Hunnewell's Point. Here, to the great disgust of a large majority of those on board, and the indignation of a few, the boat turned about, and put back for Bath where she lay idle at the wharf for an hour—while time the passengers would much rather have employed in lengthening their trip seaward. And thus it happened, that, though not down in the programme, a stream of healthy country life flowed through the streets of this ancient and somewhat seedy city, (burdock, principally) of which we saw immense crops growing at various points) giving its sleepy denizens a refreshing sensation, and imparting unwonted activity to the fruit, cake and peanut trade. We saw an ancient mariner, on a corner, provoking rude laughter from a few cronies of the baser sort, by affecting to see some exhibitions of greenness in our gallant youths and fair maidens as they promenade the streets, inviting special attention to the traditional dividing of the sheet of molasses gingerbread—but it was a slander, having no existence save in his prurient imagination.

As in duty bound, we reported at the Times office, and found Maj. Shorey—himself a Waterville boy—at his post, polite and courteous. We looked at the new Court house, and other buildings of note within reach; but we could not help seeing that shipping was scarce at the wharves, and that here and above and below Bath, though there were some vessels building, yet there were many deserted ship yards.

The run up was very pleasant, and as the tide was out we took the cars at Gardiner, and found ourselves safely at home at seven o'clock, with only one thing to regret, namely—that our voyage was cut a little short at the further end.

Ground has been broken on the extension of Maine Street to Water Street, past the west side of the Continental House. It will not go in a direct line, as at first proposed, striking Water Street near the head of the old town landing, but will sweep round to the west, by a graceful curve and an easy grade, and passing between the house and barn of the Asa Redington homestead, enter Water Street, nearly on a line with the Street at that point of intersection.

The Unitarian Church will be closed for three successive Sundays, beginning with the Sunday Aug. 22nd, and ending with the Sunday Sept. 5th.

WHOSE RIGHTS?—MAN'S OR WOMAN'S?

The Portland Argus announces the fact that eight or ten "bad girls" are in the jail of that city for the crime mildly called "night-walking." A writer in the same paper makes the announcement the subject of some very pertinent suggestions:

Is there one man in Portland jail sentenced there for the crime which it would have been impossible for these women to have committed without man's becoming equally guilty with her? If a man and woman were to commit a theft together would the man go free of apprehension, and the woman suffer for the crime of both? In any other offence, against the law, would that be the case? That the crime of nightwalking cannot be abolished, so long as the wealthy, distinguished, male nightwalker is left at liberty to pursue his vocation of preparing fresh tenants for the convict's cell, as we are told, may be true. He may manage the execution of the law, so as to screen himself and make woman suffer for his vice, so far as that fact goes; but all men have not given themselves up to self-degradation, and the corruption of women in that way. We are not sure that if women, as a class, were to frown on the "degraded wretches"—morally in the degraded they are equally with the convict in his cell—that it would prove their redemption from their vice. We are by no means sure that if their lady acquaintances, their wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters were to array themselves in frowns before them, were to hand them over to the civil authorities, and obtain a sentence for them, to close confinement and penal servitude, for thirty or sixty days, as female convicts are now treated, that society would be protected from the evils produced by the commission of the crime.

We have known a woman to receive her twenty-seventh sentence; which is sufficient proof that her penal punishment did not deter her from the recommission of her crime, neither did the social frowns of society. The present system of punishment might be better adapted to man's character, and prove more effectual in deterring him from committing the offence; but that remains to be proved from the experiment of practical application. The result would probably remain as in the case of woman, that the influence of his passions over him, is stronger than the influence of the restraints applied. If man could be deterred from the commission of this crime, woman's salvation from it would certainly be secured.

Several of these convicts are young girls, who might be saved a life of sin and suffering were the right influence exerted over them. But how can a few days of mere personal restraint effect that? They have the opportunity to think upon the error of their ways. But they have no moral knowledge to direct their thoughts to practice ways of upright doing when they leave prison. If they had moral knowledge and were able to exercise it, for themselves, what opportunity is given them to do so, when they go out into the world again to seek a "support." If woman cannot make laws and apply them to her fellow women, officially, she may find the opportunity, in this case, to apply the law of love to her condition of sin and sufferings. "Sick and in prison, and ye visited me." For what? To induce those young girls to commence an honest life, to teach them how to do it, and to assist them in doing it.

The writer closes by quoting from Prof. Douglas, of Brown University, "The American system of prison discipline is the worst in existence,"—and from Gov. Claflin, "Our whole system of prison discipline is radically wrong,"—and suggesting that "to any one who is really working politically or religiously, for the good of his country, or his fellows, prison work opens one of the broadest fields for useful labor."

ME. STATE & N. E. FAIR.—Our Portland correspondent says—"The Maine State and New England Fairs, which are to be held here on the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th of Sept., bid fair to be a success. The gentlemen who have the matter in charge are now erecting stalls to accommodate at least 1000 head of stock, besides the already built accommodations for at least 250 head. There will be no drawback, as there was last year, as the committee will not stumble over the same stone twice, and practice and experience make perfect. It is expected that a large amount of stock will come from the Canadas, who by a vote of both societies were invited to compete. Now, Messrs. Editors, stir up the farmers of Kennebec County, and let them make the best show, as they did last year. You have the stock, and all it needs is some one to stir the owners up to send it along.

The Portland Press says—"Mr. Henry Taylor, proprietor of the Park, has secured the services of one of Hiram Woodruff's best "right hand men," and has also helpers who have served their apprenticeship at the business, and will put in training any horses sent from here or abroad. The track is in fair condition, and is capable of being made with some labor one of the best." With Mr. T. is also Mr. S. W. Lombard, known in Waterville as a skillful trainer of horses.

A CONVENTION of SCHOOL OFFICIALS, we are requested to say, by County Supervisor Bigelow, will be held in Waterville, on Friday, (Institute week) September 3d, at 10 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of devising a better and more efficient system of supervision and inspection of our schools. It is earnestly desired by Mr. Bigelow that there should be a full attendance. Free return tickets will be furnished on the Maine Central or Portland and Kennebec railroads, and fare at the hotels here will be only \$1.00 per day.

Any man in want of a neat little farm, well adapted to be made an elegant residence, is referred to the advertisement of Mr. Carter. Such an opportunity rarely offers.

THE CORN CROP in this vicinity, must prove almost an entire failure owing to the drought, the crop of apples will be exceedingly light and potatoes must be small in a good many fields. Wheat, oats and barley have succeeded finely.

HENRIETTA YORK has been pardoned by Governor Chamberlain.

A cluster of half a dozen straws of Norway oats, from a small field of Geo. E. Shores, Esq., seems worthy of notice by farmers. It stands a trifle less than six feet high, and the grain looks exceedingly promising. We charge nothing for a look at it. When oats are worth 80 to 90 cts. a bushel it is an object to get the best kind. When they were sold in this market at 25 cts. many farmers thought it a great object to raise them. Now barley for the distilleries has taken their place, and farmers raise it without daring to ask what is to be done with it.

BEATEN.—Without being too precise, we may safely say that samples of beets and carrots from the farm of Mr. Prentiss Flagg, Winslow, are a very close challenge for Mr. Mitchell's village gardening. Perhaps we are a little partial, as Mr. Flagg has taken the Mail over twenty-two years, and Mr. Mitchell a few years less. If they wait till the harvest perhaps the case may be plainer.

A public installation of the officers of the Dunlap R. A. Chapter and of the Keystone Council (whatever they are) took place at China last Thursday. Rev. Mr. Skinner pastor of the Universalist Church in our village, delivered an able address; the Clinton Cornet Band furnished the music; and a grand good time was had by all present.

THE AUGUSTA SAVINGS BANK has in charge about \$625,000, having increased its deposits during the year more than \$200,000. It paid its depositors 7 1-2 per cent the past year.

PROPOSALS for building an addition to one of our brick school houses are invited in our advertising columns.

Major Small of the 1st Division of the Waterville Perch association, will report, as secretary, the detailed proceedings of the late festival, in the next Mail. Weather, numbers, fish, railroads and telegrams favoring, all was O. K., as will be seen.

THE RIVERSIDE, the little steamer which is to run to Waterville when there is water enough, has made a trip to Gatchell's corner. She is the steamer Augusta, reconstructed; and now that she has changed her name and proposes to visit the regions above the dam, those irreverent editors at the capital are poking fun at her—the scamps—likening her to "a duck with the tail feathers driven in." She is a trim little craft, and we shall be glad to welcome her in Ticonic Bay.

The Republican papers of Pennsylvania put this at the head of their columns. "Asa Packer is one of the wealthiest men in the country. Did he ever lend the government a cent in the hour of its trouble?"

That is a good touchstone for testing much of the blatant patriotism of the hour, especially of that which is prominent in the democratic ranks.

Picnics in a town in Pennsylvania are wound up by the girls standing in a long row, while the young men go along the line and kiss them all "good night."

A nice town that; but it is well the name is not mentioned, for if it were known the rush of young men there would be frightful.

In some parts of Texas corn is so abundant that farmers cannot get rid of it at twenty-five cents a bushel.

Let them send it north where we have to pay \$1.45 for it.

THE STATE SABBATH SCHOOL CONVENTION, it is now understood, will meet at Lewiston, on the 14th of Sept., instead of the 21st as at first announced.

HIGHCOCKALORUM.—Some irreverent fellow pokes fun at the Knights Templar, with their four-story titles—"Right Worshipful Grand Master of the Grand Lodge" and "Most Eminent Grand Master of the Grand Encampment" and "Most Excellent Grand High Priest of the Grand Chapter," etc., and says:—"We can imagine that small boys, with paper caps and tin swords, might find amusement in calling themselves by these absurd titles, but that full grown and able-bodied men, of culture and social standing, should keep their countenance while going through such performances, is almost humiliating."

PRINCE ARTHUR, of England, is on his way to America.

An agent of the Cuban government has gone to Europe to negotiate for an acknowledgement of the independence of the island. The Spaniards are very much discouraged by the seizure of the gunboats by the U. S. government.

It is said, with how much truth we know not, that Andrew Johnson never was inside a church but once while President of the United States—and then he got in by mistake.

A Republican Convention meets in Augusta to-day to nominate a candidate for County Attorney, in place of S. C. Harley, deceased.

A mad dog created a great sensation in Litchfield recently, but though several other dogs were bitten and a number of men were attacked, no person was injured. A dog census in that town would now show a falling off in numbers of that kind of stock.

THE APPLE CROP of Maine will be unusually light this year.

Dr. Atwood Crosby, of Waterville, is one of the Examining Surgeons of Pensioners in Maine.

A correspondent of the Rural New Yorker believes that the wrinkles in a cow's horns do not show the number of years it has seen, but the number of times it has shed its coat. He thinks the first wrinkles appear when the animal sheds its hair the third time, and thereafter one is added every time it goes through that experience.

HON. T. S. LANG appeals to the horsemen of Maine, through the columns of the Farmer, to bring out their horses at the Fair in Portland. He says:

Allow me to call your attention to the coming exhibition of the New England Society upon the soil of Maine. I need not refer to the position Maine horses have taken in the market of New England and New York, it is enough to know that they are constantly sought after at good prices. This exhibition brings thousands to our State to observe the products of agricultural industry. No occasion has ever occurred so favorable to you to exhibit what you need not be ashamed to exhibit to the world, Maine horses. And should your brothers of the other New England States show better than yours you ought to be there to see and obtain them. Let all breeds and classes be fully represented. All have their excellences and all their defects. And an exhibition of this kind furnishes just the school for us to improve by. To every man who has a good horse allow me to urge you as a citizen of Maine to stand up for her honor in this exhibition.

General William J. Nagle, well known as a prominent Fenian, committed suicide early on Sunday morning by leaping from an attic window of his residence in New York city. He fell upon the pavement and was instantly killed. He was a native of New York city; thirty-three years of age, and received a thorough business education. He raised a company for the war and entered the 88th regiment as a captain, but after a short though excellent record, left the service in 1863 and entered with enthusiasm into the Fenian organization. In the service of the brotherhood he traveled through the country forming "circles." Afterwards he was made a general in the Fenian army, went with the Jackmel expedition to Ireland, and was arrested and imprisoned for two years in various Irish jails.

This suggestion from the Ohio Farmer comes too late for this season, but just in time to be saved for next year's use: On small farms where the horse-fork is not used, much hard labor may be saved by building up one-half of the hay-mow at a time. For instance, with the first hay drawn, fill either the right or left-hand end of the bay, up as far as the big beam, then rake down the side, and while this part is getting filled the other half. The two parts being filled at different times, will not settle alike, and of course will not unite, so there will be no use for a hay-knife in winter. The principal benefit of this plan is derived by lessening the hard labor while unloading. One-half of the mow being lower than the other, the top of the load may be thrown on the highest part, and the balance below, which saves pitching from the rack over the big beam. After trying this mode of mowing away hay, it will not be abandoned. There is still another advantage; the greatest heat caused by fermentation is always in the center of the mow, and the seam here gives escape to the generated gases.

PERTINENT QUESTIONS.—The New York Times says that Fellows, who when intoxicated recently, causelessly and brutally killed Alexander Swinon, in a liquor shop at Port Jarvis, N. Y., has since the murder "cried out in tones of bitter anguish, 'Why, oh, why did my friends let me go in?' " "Why did they not stop me?" "The pertinent questions which the murderer should have asked, it seems to us, were, first, 'Why did I ever enter upon the practice of occasional drinking when it is so sure to end in ruin?' and, second, 'Why did the State, whose business it is to protect the weak, suffer a rum-shop to exist to tempt me to destruction?' " Perhaps the opponents of prohibition and its vigorous execution can give an answer.—[Lewiston Journal.

Geo. W. Viles, who about ten or twelve years ago was guilty of forgery to the amount of \$15,000 or more in Maine, and left the State leaving behind him a wife and five children, has turned up at Mt. Pleasant, Michigan. He has been engaged in the lumber business there and was considered one of their most respectable citizens. Recently two officers from Maine accompanied by the Deputy Sheriff of East Saginaw attempted to arrest him in his bed but he proved to be too lively for them as he escaped to the woods leaving in their hands his only garment. He is a bigamist as well as a forger, having a wife and two children at Mt. Pleasant.

A steambot captain on the lakes was recently feeling his way along in the dark, when the lookout ahead sung out, "Schooner without a light." It was a close shave, and, as the steamer passed the schooner, the captain sung out, "What are you doing with your infernal schooner here in the dark without a light?" To his dismay, the skipper, who was a Frenchman, answered; "Vat ze diable you do here viz your ole steamboat in three feet water, eh?" and just then the steamer landed high and dry on a sandbank.

KENNEBEC CAMP MEETING.—We learn from the Gardiner Reporter that the annual camp-meeting at the beautiful grounds a few miles south of Gardiner, is announced to commence on Wednesday, September 1st, at 2 o'clock P. M., and continue till Thursday of the following week. Ample boarding accommodations will be provided at \$6 for the term, or \$1 per day; baiting 50 cents. The grounds will be closed to visitors from Saturday evening to Monday morning, and no Sunday trains or boats. The fare on the Portland & Kennebec and Androscoggin railroads will be reduced about one-half. The railroad station is one hundred rods by measurement from the camp. Transportation for camp baggage and passengers will be furnished at reasonable rates.

Do not be afraid to eat perfectly ripe fruit at the proper times—the morning is the best—and in reasonable quantities. Nature supplies fruit in summer to be eaten in summer. Dr. Snow of Providence, R. I., a noted collector of vital-statistics declares that fruit and vegetables have almost no influence whatever in the mortality reported from summer complaints: that nearly all the deaths occur among very young children, who do not eat fruit and vegetables and that in all probability total abstinence from fruit and vegetables, by the whole community, would induce more fatal sickness than the most unlimited indulgence in them.

Mr. F. SIMMONS, a sculptor well known in Maine where he has done some excellent work, has an order for a monument to be erected in Annapolis, Maryland, in commemoration of the sailors who fell during the late war. The monument will cost \$20,000.

A colored man and a white woman applied to the Clerk of the Court in Washington, on Tuesday, for a marriage license, which was granted. This is the first application of the kind in the District.



Waterville Mail.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO THE SOFT PART OF THE UNION.

Published on Friday by MAXHAM & WING, Editors and Proprietors.

TERMS. TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.

PRICES OF ADVERTISING IN THE MAIL.

Table with 2 columns: Description of ad space and Price. Includes rates for one square, one column, and various durations.

POST OFFICE NOTICE—WATERVILLE.

DEPARTMENT OF MAILS. Western Mail delivered daily at 10 A.M.

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

Chatting at Wiesbaden about the young fellow who was to become his son-in-law.

Now that Pendleton is the candidate for Governor of the Ohio Democracy.

So rapid progress is making in the Mont Cenis tunnel that very little doubt is now entertained.

Commodore Vanderbilt's daughter teaches her daughters to mend their own stockings.

Good News.—Sweet potatoes are likely to be very plentiful this year.

The river Nile is lower than it has been within a hundred and fifty years.

An Iowa paper apologizes for tardiness of issue, having been "retarded slightly by the arrival of an extra mail."

When did the alphabet get into a row? When A bet, B fit, C dried, N raged, Q bit, and X pounded.

The oldest lunatic on record—Time out of mind.

Mr. Joseph Scribner of Basel, while attempting to wade across the Androsogog River.

The re-union of the Fifth Maine regiment will take place on the 20th instant.

MULTUM IN PARVO.—Dr. Foster's instant relief. Send for sample bottles.

Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil is a very valuable compound for rheumatism.

Letters from Cuba to the 9th give encouraging accounts of the hopes and situation of the revolutionary forces.

Gen. Jordan's army is being gradually reinforced by conscripted Cubans.

Gen. John A. Dix, late Minister to France, was arrested Tuesday at the suit of John Mitchell.

Gov. Baldwin of Michigan, who has been in Maine on a brief visit, left for home, Tuesday.

Charles C. Benson, a telegraph operator of Waterville, in jumping from the cars at West Waterville Tuesday afternoon.

A party of young Americans were standing in front of an ancient saddle-shop.

It is predicted by the New York papers that "drumming" will be sharper the coming season than ever before.

The whole country was indignant some months ago over the dastardly act of persons in Michigan who twice girded all the trees of fine large orchard.

The Vienna common council has voted to petition the government to suppress all convents and religious communities.

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PLAIN TALK TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—The London News tells the House of Lords truths that have usually to be told on this side of the Atlantic.

When we have had a few more sessions of Parliament like the last, with a series of such failure on legislation, and with the continuance of such a waste of the time and energy of the working half of the Legislature.

All the religious publishing houses in Boston made liberal contributions to the military asylum at Augusta, Thursday.

The Somerset Central Agricultural Society will hold their annual cattle show and fair on the Societies grounds at Skowhegan, Sept. 29th, 30th, and Oct. 1st.

A Philadelphia paper says that if rain does not come soon the eels and catfish in the Schuylkill will be swimming round with tin cups in their mouths.

One of the most common fatalities now recorded is the loss of life by blunders of druggists' clerks.

A young boy in Canada has established a minkery, where he breeds minks for their skins.

The Toledo (O.) Blade tells a good story about a Columbus Copperhead, one of the venomous kind, who reeled into the Democratic State Convention.

The Supreme Judicial Court adjourned on Friday morning. A large amount of business was before the Court.

When did the alphabet get into a row? When A bet, B fit, C dried, N raged, Q bit, and X pounded.

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A Boy's Letter.—Dear Jimmy: Ask your mother to bring you up plenty of worms to catch them with. You stick the hook in 'em, and they wiggle bully.

They have cows here, and I go to see them milked. They don't pump it out of their tails, like you and I thought they did.

I think Mr. Jenkins is a blamed fool. He made believe find a deer's track the other day and when I looked it it, it was nothing but the marks of cousin Laura's boot.

The Skowhegan Reporter says that the rust for the blueberry plains has commenced. Large numbers of teams pass through the North Village daily and nightly for the Dead River Valley.

USE RENNE'S PAIN KILLING MAGIC OIL. "It Works like a Charm."

RENNÉ'S PAIN-KILLING MAGIC OIL cures Headache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Stomach Pains, Colic, Cholera, and all other kinds of Pains.

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TO OWNERS OF HORSES AND CATTLE.

TORBIAS' DERBY CONDITION POWDERS ARE WARRANTED OF SUPERIOR TO ANY OTHERS, FOR THE CURE OF DISTEMPERS, COLIC, COUGHS, HIND-BOUNDS, COLDS, &c.

Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup. Suffered Tonic and Mandrake Pills will cure Consumption, Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia.

THIRTY YEARS EXPERIENCE in the Treatment of Chronic and Acute Diseases.—A PHYSICIAN'S ORIGINAL VIEW OF MARRIAGE.

THIS IS NO UNBUBBLED.—By sending \$5 etc. with name and color of eyes and hair, you will receive by return mail, a correct picture of your future husband or wife.

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New Advertisements.

Only One Dollar. FOR MONTHS HERALD to Jan. 1st, 1870. A first-class Illustrated Religious Journal of 16 pages.

Musket Shot-Guns Warranted. To shoot clean and true, they are \$2.50. Wanted, Army Guns and Revolvers.

EMPLOYMENT THAT PAYS. For particulars, address S. M. SPENCER & Co., Brattleboro, Vt.

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BOOTHBY'S Insurance Agency!

Office at Express Office, Main-St., Waterville. HOME INSURANCE COMPANY. Cash Capital and Surplus \$3,000,282.30

SECURITY INSURANCE COMPANY. Cash Capital and Surplus \$1,700,611.01

PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY OF BOSTON. Cash Capital and Surplus \$1,445,835.00

SPRINGFIELD RE & MARINE INSURANCE CO. Cash Capital and Surplus \$901,657.00

NORTH AMERICAN FIRE INS. CO. Cash Capital and Surplus \$449,850.55

I will write Policies against Accidents of all kinds. L. T. BOOTHBY, Agent.

BOOT AND SHOE STORE. Old Stand opposite the P. O.

Boots and Shoes. F. W. HASKELL

LADIES AND CHILDREN'S WEAR. O. F. MAYO

SOMETHING NEW. American Mower

Entirely different from anything else. The Pitman Road works directly through the off Driving Wheel.

It has the largest wheels, and most perfect gear. It is the most perfect mowing machine.

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Rubbers, Rubbers.

MEN'S, BOYS' & YOUTH'S RUBBER BOOTS. Women's & Misses' RUBBER BOOTS.

Just what every one ought to wear in a Wet and Splashy Time.

Also Men's, Women's, and Children's Rubber Overs, For Sale at MAXWELL'S.

Keep your head cool and your feet warm, and you are all right. What is the use of going with cold, damp feet.

If you don't want Overshoes, just call and see the VARIETY OF BOOTS & SHOES.

FOR OLD AND YOUNG. At MAXWELL'S.

L. P. MAYO, Teacher of Piano-forte and Organ.

MARBLE WORKS. The subscribers will furnish at short notice.

MONUMENTS, GRAVE STONES, &c. made of the best marble.

Persons wishing to purchase a reliable and accurate watch, call on W. A. F. STEVENS & SON.

ATWOOD CROSBY, M.D. DR. BOUTELLE, WATERVILLE, ME.

DR. G. S. PALMER, DENTAL OFFICE, over ALDEN'S JEWELRY STORE.

DR. E. F. WHITMAN, Oculist and Aurist. Artificial Eyes Inserted without Pain.

Foundry Notice. The subscriber having purchased the whole of the Fall Foundry, near the Main Central Railroad Depot.

MACHINE SHOP. Connected therewith, I prepared to furnish all kinds of machinery.

MISS FISHER. IS NOW PREPARED TO SHOW TO CUSTOMERS HATS, BONNETS, RIBBONS AND FLOWERS.

Agents Wanted for CHAMBERLIN'S LAW BOOK. For the People!

HOUSE, SIGN AND CARRIAGE PAINTING. Has taken the Shop at the Old Sisson Stand on Temple Street.

CARRIAGE REPAIRING. All work entrusted to me will be warranted to give satisfaction.

Carriage Repository. THE subscriber has on hand, for sale, at his Repository, COR. MAIN & TEMPLE STS., WATERVILLE.

FOOTZ'S MIXTURE. The Great External Remedy. For Man and Beast. It will Cure Rheumatism.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator on the estate of SUMNER PERCIVAL, late of Waterville, in the county of Kennebec.

FARMERS ATTENTION! THE subscriber is manufacturing, and has for sale, at the Foundry, near the Main Central Railroad Station in Waterville, the celebrated DRUMMOND, RICHARDSON & CO PATENT CULTURER HARROW.

DOORS, SASH, BLINDS, AND WINDOW FRAMES. FOR THE NEXT SIXTY DAYS we will fill orders for the above Goods at REDUCED PRICES.

BLACK AND WHITE ALPACAS. C. E. McFADDEN'S

THE MISSISSQUI POWDER. actually cures Cancer and Scrofulous diseases of the Skin.

FEATHERS. OF every style, for sale by E. S. FISHER.

BROADLOTHS, TRICOTS, AND DOSKIN'S. WE have good lines of these Goods on hand.

THE SALEM PURE WHITE LEAD. WARRANTED as pure and white as any Lead in the world.

THE RICHMOND RANGE. So highly praised by those who have used it.

THE STANDARD ARTICLE. Uniform and excellent in quantity, and very durable.

TO PRINTERS. OSGOOD'S ELASTIC COMPOSITION, FOR PRINTER'S INKING ROLLERS.

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS AND WINDOW FRAMES. THE undersigned has his New Factory at Cromwell's Mills.

SHADE HATS. BROWN, BLACK AND WHITE. Also, SHAKERS. At the MISSES FISHER'S.

LOST. On Wednesday, July 28, on Main or Temple at a Gentleman's Pin, diamond shank.

THE PATENT CULTURER HARROW. Good Stock at C. E. McFADDEN'S.

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Kendall's Mills Column.

J. H. GILBRETH, KENDALL'S MILLS. Has a splendid assortment of HARDWARE, BUILDING MATERIAL, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Farmers' and Mechanics' Tools, Tin Ware, &c. &c.

REMOVAL. DR. A. PINKHAM. SURGEON DENTIST. KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

F. KENRICK, JR., Manufacturer and Dealer in CARRIAGES AND SLEIGHS. KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

STOVES! STOVES! STOVES! The Model Cook.

By looking over the map the reader will perceive that it is a beautiful and fertile tract of land.

THE CLIMATE. The climate is delightful; the winters being salubrious and open, whilst the summers are warmer than in the north.

CONVENIENCES AT HAND. Building material is plenty. Fish and oysters are plentiful and cheap.

POPULATION. In the Autumn of 1861, the population of Vineland consisted of four families.

CHURCHES. Consisting of Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal, Unitarian and other denominations.

FRUIT AND VINE. growing country, as this culture is the most profitable and best adapted to the market.

TO MANUFACTURERS. The town of Vineland is a manufacturing business, being near Philadelphia, and the surrounding country has a large population.

TO VISITORS WHO WILL SEE. The visitor will see good crops growing in Vineland as well as any where in the Union.

TO PRINTERS. OSGOOD'S ELASTIC COMPOSITION, FOR PRINTER'S INKING ROLLERS.

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VINELAND. TO ALL WANTING FARMS.

New Settlement of Vineland. A Rare Opportunity, in the best Market and most delightful and healthful Climate in the Union.

PRICE AND TERMS. The land is sold at the rate of \$25 per acre for the farm land, and the balance by half-yearly instalments.

THE SOIL. is in great part, a rich clay loam, suitable for Wheat, Grass and Potatoes.

THE CLIMATE. The climate is delightful; the winters being salubrious and open, whilst the summers are warmer than in the north.

CONVENIENCES AT HAND. Building material is plenty. Fish and oysters are plentiful and cheap.

POPULATION. In the Autumn of 1861, the population of Vineland consisted of four families.

CHURCHES. Consisting of Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal, Unitarian and other denominations.

FRUIT AND VINE. growing country, as this culture is the most profitable and best adapted to the market.

TO MANUFACTURERS. The town of Vineland is a manufacturing business, being near Philadelphia, and the surrounding country has a large population.

TO VISITORS WHO WILL SEE. The visitor will see good crops growing in Vineland as well as any where in the Union.

TO PRINTERS. OSGOOD'S ELASTIC COMPOSITION, FOR PRINTER'S INKING ROLLERS.

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS AND WINDOW FRAMES. THE undersigned has his New Factory at Cromwell's Mills.

SHADE HATS. BROWN, BLACK AND WHITE. Also, SHAKERS. At the MISSES FISHER'S.

LOST. On Wednesday, July 28, on Main or Temple at a Gentleman's Pin, diamond shank.

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MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Summer Arrangement. TRAINS will leave Waterville for Lewiston Portland, Bangor and intermediate stations at 6 A. M., (Freight), and 10 A. M., (Passenger).

PORTLAND AND KEN. RAILROAD. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. Commencing May 8, 1869.

THE Passenger Train for Portland and Boston will leave Waterville at 10:00 A. M., connecting at Brunswick with the Androscoggin R. R. for Lewiston and Farmington.

FOR BOSTON. The new and superior sea-going Steamers JOHN BROOKS, and MONTREAL, having been fitted up at great expense with a large number of beautiful State Rooms.

MAINE STEAMSHIP COMPANY. NEW ARRANGEMENT. SEMI-WEEKLY LINE.

On and after the 18th Inst. the fine Steamers, Deigo and Franconia, will until further notice run as follows.

Leave Waterville for Portland, every MONDAY and THURSDAY, at 5 P. M.

Leave Portland for Waterville, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, at 9 A. M.

Leave Waterville for Bangor, every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 5 P. M.

Leave Bangor for Waterville, every THURSDAY and SUNDAY, at 9 A. M.

Leave Waterville for Lewiston, every MONDAY and THURSDAY, at 5 P. M.

Leave Lewiston for Waterville, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, at 9 A. M.

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AMERICAN AND FOREIGN PATENTS.

R. H. EDDY, SOLICITOR OF PATENTS. Late Agent of the United States Patent Office, Washington, under the Act of 1857.

No. 78 State Street, opposite Kilby Street BOSTON.

AFTER an extensive practice of upwards of twenty years continues to secure patents in the United States, in Great Britain, France and other foreign countries.

CHARLES W. MASON, Commissioner of Patents. I have no hesitation in assuring inventors that they cannot employ a man more competent and trustworthy and more capable of executing on reasonable terms and with dispatch, the various duties of a Patent Attorney.

EDMUND BURKE, Late Commissioner of Patents. Mr. R. H. Eddy has made for me THIRTEEN applications, in all but ONE of which patents have been granted, and that ONE is now in the hands of the Commissioner of Patents.

TESTIMONIALS. I regard Mr. Eddy as one of the most CAPABLE and SUCCESSFUL practitioners with whom I have official intercourse.

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