



6-19-1868

The Waterville Mail (Vol. 21, No. 51): June 19, 1868

Maxham & Wing

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Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 21, No. 51): June 19, 1868" (1868). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 251.
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FAINTING BY THE WAY.

The way seemed dark about me—overhead
The clouds have long since met in gloomy spread,
And when I looked to see the day break through,
Cloud after cloud came up with volume now.

And in that shadow I have passed along,
Feeling myself grow weak as it grew strong,
Walking in doubt, and searching for the way,
And often at a stand, as now to-day.

And if before me on the path there lies
A spot of brightness from imagined skies,
Imagined shadows fall across it too,
And the far future takes the present's hue.

Perplexities do throng upon my sight,
Like sounding fog-banks, to obscure the light,
Some new dilemma rises every day,
And I can only shut my eyes and pray.

Lord, I am not sufficient for these things,
Give me the light that thy sweet presence brings;
Give me thy grace, give me thy constant strength—
Lord, for my comfort now appear at length.

It may be that my way doth seem confused,
Because my heart of thy way is afraid;
Because my eyes have constantly refused
To see the only opening thus hast made.

Because my will would cross some flowery plain
Where thou hast thrown a hedge from side to side;
And turn from the stony walk of pain,
Its trouble or its ease not even tried.

If thus I try to force my way along,
The smoothest road numbered is for me;
For were I an angel, swift and strong,
I could not go unaltered by thee.

And now I pray thee, Lord, to lead thy child—
Poor wretched wanderer from thy grace and love—
Whatever way thou pleasest through the wild,
So it but take thee to thy home above.

[From Balfour's Monthly.]

A PAIR OF NOBODIES.

BY LOTTIE BROWN.

WAINWRIGHT HALL and its surroundings, when viewed in the dim twilight of a rainy autumnal day, was by no means suggestive of social comfort, and one would hardly dream of a union between them; and Doctor Wainwright, standing at one of the long windows of the library, gave a grunt of satisfaction as he gazed out upon the west lawn, and in among the trees from whose leaves the rain had been dropping steadily ever since his arrival, and, judging from the appearance of the dull-hued clouds that were slowly settling down, was likely to do so for hours to come; and tapping the glass he whistled in a sort of triumphant manner as if all this was working something greatly to his advantage.

This handsome young doctor was by no means of a misanthropical turn of mind, but when he bought this old tumble-down mansion it was with a sort of exultation in the thought that in so doing he had purchased the right to enjoy at certain periods his bachelorhood as he pleased. Even after a score or more of masons, carpenters, etc., had spent weeks in altering the house, and making it habitable, he had not the most indistinct idea that his privacy would ever be intruded upon, and therefore when Mrs. Dornton, his young and fashionable sister, declared her intention of accompanying him with a few of her dear friends, and opening his den, and trying to make it homelike for a few weeks, the reader may rest assured that it was received with contentment; and therefore, when on their departure for Norton a dull drizzling rain set in, and continued during the long day, it was no wonder that he anxiously looked forward to their arrival as a termination of his sufferings, and an end to the gaitery in which the whole party had indulged during the long, comfortless journey.

Standing out boldly against the dull sky, the rain washing away every trace of beauty and bringing out into bold relief every harsh, ugly feature, the old house looked more like some gloomy old castle than the hospitable home of a quiet American gentleman; and the effect was by no means lessened by the tall, dark trees which surrounded it, amidst whose branches the wind swept with a low, mournful sound, driving the rain against the windows in fitful gusts.

Doctor Wainwright thrust his head out of the carriage window, as they drove up the long, dark avenue, and, satisfied with the gloomy aspect, informed the company that they were already within his grounds, and then anxiously awaited the effect.

"How grandly beautiful!" exclaimed Mrs. Dornton.

"Perfect!" exclaimed Miss LeFarge, her friend and companion.

Doctor Wainwright groaned.

"Pshaw!" screamed Miss Grey, "it's a perfect old barn!"

"God bless you!" inwardly ejaculated the doctor, and thus they reached the door of Wainwright Hall, and in the quiet of the library, under the influence of Miss Grey's exclamation, and the gloomy appearance in general, the doctor felt that his hour of triumph had indeed come, and that one week would clear his house, and leave him alone in his glory; and not even the sudden opening of the library door, letting a flood of warm light into the cold, dark room, and revealing a well-laden table, sparkling with silver and glass, for a moment convinced him to the contrary.

"You are not disposed to play the host to-night, so I have taken the liberty, you see, of providing your guests with necessary comforts," said Mrs. Dornton, laughing as she dragged him out into the warm sitting-room.

"Ladies, I told you that here in his den, you would see him in his natural state, a perfect bear. You perceive already he had forgotten that we live."

"Not so, ladies, upon my honor. I only retired for the moment to allow you a few minutes to yourselves, and, would you believe it, I was thinking of you the very moment Mary entered. I was wondering what effect this gloomy old house, and disagreeable surroundings, would have upon your gay spirits."

"Not a pleasant one, I frankly confess, Doctor Wainwright," said Miss Grey, "that is, so far as I am concerned. I don't speak for Mrs. Dornton or Miss LeFarge."

"I'll speak for both! I like it very well. It is grand, picturesque; but I promise you that in one week from to-day you shall be alone in your own gloomy thoughts, and your old house. It will never do to remain here longer at this season of the year," and Mrs. Dornton took her seat at the head of the table, with the air of one that had relieved herself of a great burden, and her brother, truly relieved of the same, handed the ladies to their places, and then seated himself, in a happier state of mind than he had dared to dream of indulging on this particular evening.

And this was the way that Doctor Wainwright came to be the bachelor den of Doctor Edward Wainwright, for, true to her word, Mrs. Dornton took her departure at an early day, and left him alone as he desired.

He was by no means a woman hater, but one of those unfortunate beings who loved peace and quiet, but whose path had unfortunately been laid through that portion of the world frequented only by fashion, and its heartless train; by women, whose ideas of home and happiness were exactly opposite to his own; and he hoped that his house and surroundings had produced an effect upon Mrs. Dornton that would prove lasting, and, in that way, keep

this, his only place of rest and quiet, free from herself and her followers.

"There! I like this," said he to himself, as he sat by the window a day or two after their departure. "There is a sort of freedom here that I never before realized. Now, here I am, monarch of all I survey, and afraid of nothing in the shape of an interruption. There are no inquisitive females bursting in upon me, and prying into my affairs with a curiosity that is unbearable. Here, at least, I am free from that. After all, this is not such a gloomy place as Mary thought it. Now I consider myself happy for once in my life. Ah! what is that?" And he stepped quietly into the shadow of the curtain.

"No, my dear, there is not the slightest danger of Doctor Wainwright ever troubling you; he has enough to do with his books, his gun, his horses, and his own gloomy thoughts," said the voice of the housekeeper, as she ushered some person into the little room.

"I would not like to play the part of an intruder here."

"A remarkably sweet voice," said Doctor Wainwright.

"But I do not like the idea of giving up this fine piano—although I dare say he would think me taking a great liberty."

"Not at all! If I had thought so, I certainly would never have invited you to come here to play. But there! I must run, for there is a world of work to do since these city ladies turned the house completely upside down. Enjoy yourself as long as you choose. I'll warrant you there is no danger of being interrupted."

With this the housekeeper left the room. Doctor Wainwright peeped out. She was at the piano, so he could not see her face—only a small, neat figure, and a mass of dark brown curls, and a pair of white, well-shaped hands, flitting in and out, among the sheets of music. Presently she pushed them all away and began to play.

It was some grand old piece, and the white hands flew over the keys throwing out music that thrilled the ear of the listener as he leaned against the window, watching her with breathless interest.

Then she sang, song after song, until, evidently weary of it, she turned half way around on the stool and looked at some music that lay on a stand near her. Then he saw her face. It was just the face to belong to a form and hand like hers—a pretty one, with soft brown eyes and womanly mouth.

Had she been plain he would have kept perfectly quiet, or at his first opportunity slipped out, and the matter would have ended there; but as she happened to be nothing of the sort, he stepped out from his place of concealment, and stood before her with a hasty—

"Do not be alarmed. I must beg pardon for my abrupt entrance."

She dropped the music, and rising, said:

"O no! It is I who should beg your pardon for thus intruding on your privacy."

"Be seated, please, and do not speak of intrusion. May I ask whom I have the pleasure of addressing?"

"I? O, I am—I am—nobody at all, sir."

"Nobody? That is strange. I did not know that there existed another nobody in this world. I thought I alone had right to that title."

"You are Doctor Wainwright?"

"Yes, but nobody for all that."

"Who says so?"

"Everybody."

"Then it must be so."

"Are you fond of music?"

"Very."

"Will you do me a favor?"

"Certainly."

"Come here as often in the future as has been your wont in the past, and use the piano, and also the library, which is close at hand."

"O, thank you. You are very kind."

"I will not interrupt you again."

"You have not interrupted me, sir."

"Yes I have. I know when I interrupt as well as when I am interrupted."

"You are very strange."

"Nobodies always are."

"Then of course I am strange."

"Well, rather!"

"It is late. I have duties to attend."

"Late? No, it is not nine yet."

"My day's work begins at nine o'clock."

"Shall I attend you?"

"No! Thank you. And the brown curls vanished through the open door."

Doctor Wainwright laughed.

"This is odd, and no mistake. I wonder who she is?"

There was the housekeeper, and he sought her and inquired.

"O, she's nobody, sir."

"Nonsense! That is just what she told me herself. She must have a name and habitation."

"Her name, sir, is Amy Lindsay. She is the school teacher in the village, and on old little body. No one knows where she came from, or anything about her, any more than that she is a perfect lady, and so no one troubles her with questions. I heard her play at Mrs. Neal's, and thinking that you would not object, I told her to come up to the Hall and use the piano once in a while, and she has done so every now and then when you were away. She does not like strangers."

"Humph! I thought so!"

Thus the owner of Wainwright Hall found his privacy broken in upon, pleasantly to be sure, still without a murmur. Often returning from his lonely excursions, he heard her voice ringing through the parlor, or found a neat little figure hidden away in the big armchair in the library, busily reading some work that seemed a treat to her, and often he drew her into conversation, or read to her from some of his favorites, keeping her there as long as propriety would permit. Once he engaged her until dark, and then begged her company to tea, and afterwards saw her safely home to her boarding-place.

In his walks, he ventured, one afternoon, to pass the schoolhouse as she came forth with her troop of scholars, and he walked beside her to her door, wishing at the same time that he was a schoolboy, if for no other reason, than for the privilege of holding her hand as the bold urchin who walked with them.

"Rather strange," he thought, as he walked towards home. "I used to have a strong aversion to schoolmarm. It is wonderful how time

changes a person. Wonder what Mary would say?"

Wainwright Hall looked quite bright and cheerful in the radiance of the setting sun, even although the snow lay on every hand, and the trees, bereft of their green mantle, seemed rugged and old. As he walked up the broad avenue, he thought:

"Not a bad place this, to live a married life in. I wonder if Amy would dislike it? She might object to the master, if not to the house! I've half a mind to ask her."

There was a little start at the idea of this, for never before in his life had he harbored such a thought, and its abruptness startled him.

That night, sitting in his library, he looked about him with a feeling of dissatisfaction. A bright fire, a softly carpeted floor, rows of handsomely-bound books staring him in the face, a few choice pictures upon the walls, a small table with a repast rich and ample, and his worthy self half-buried in the depths of his cushioned chair! Could one fancy that this was not a most enviable position? Surely there was no lack of wealth and ease, and what more can any one wish?

With half-closed eyes, Wainwright's fancy fitted out the picture.

A sweet-faced woman, with Amy Lindsay's brown hair and eyes, sitting opposite him with her bright, happy face and ringing laugh, her white hand fitting in and out among the books, and ever and anon lifting her brown eyes to his, full of confidence and love!

"Pshaw!"

He gave a sort of impatient kick that made the dishes rattle. No wonder the world called him selfish, when he lived in this sort of a way, year after year, in a world full of good women. But as he could not be married just at that moment he ate his supper, and then, taking down a book, tried to become interested in its contents.

Perhaps in his manner he had unconsciously betrayed to her something that told her what was in his heart, for she, woman-like, had a desire to tease him, or rather to appear indifferent, for she did not show herself at the Hall for five long weeks; and perhaps it might have been longer had not the impatient owner gone out one Saturday afternoon, and, begging her company for a sleigh-ride, carried her around to his own door, inside of which Mrs. Merton kept her captive all the long afternoon and evening.

"Doctor Wainwright, I am going away to-morrow. So, I suppose, I must say good-by! I do not like it. It is a sad world."

"Going away, Amy? Wainwright Hall will be dull indeed. I shall miss you very much. It is dull at best, and without an occasional visit from you it will be perfectly unbearable. It has afforded me for the past few months the happiest hours I have known. I could live here all my life. Will you, Amy?"

Amy looked up quickly, her face crimsoning, and read in his eyes more than his words expressed, and her own drooped beneath his searching gaze.

"I am waiting for my answer, Amy."

"You surprise me."

"No, I do not. Your woman's head has discovered it ere this, if your heart has not."

Amy laughed.

"Will you wait for my answer?"

"How long?"

"Until we meet again."

"And that will be—?"

"Soon."

"May I write?"

"No. I want a good opportunity to think. Put good-by until we meet!" And Amy gave him her hand.

"Good-by, child! I believe that we shall meet soon. Amy, good-by."

Had Mrs. Dornton been present, she would have had plenty of company in her growing complaints at the dullness of his house, for, after the departure of Miss Lindsay, the sunshine seemed to have gone out completely. The winter had nearly passed, and everything, outside as well as in, wore a more sombre attire. The dull, gray sky, the frequent rains and winds, the gloomy appearance in general, by no means lessened the gloom that seemed to have settled upon him, and, for the first time during his residence at the Hall, he felt the want of society, and began to devise means by which he might pass away the balance of the dull winter.

Suddenly there came a letter from Mrs. Dornton, and he was suddenly made aware of the fact that he had a sister in existence; and a few evenings later he found himself not uncomfortably situated in her hospitable home in the city.

"I really believe, Edward, that you found some attraction at Norton, beside that old haunted house of yours, or you never would have remained there all this fall and winter. Say, is there not some fair rustic pining away on account of your absence?" said Mrs. Dornton, as her husband and brother sat one evening over the chess-board.

"Stuff, Mary."

"O, I believe it. Come, tell us about it? It will be the best joke of the season."

"I dare say! For that very reason I will not satisfy your curiosity."

"Curiosity! I must positively beg your pardon, but I am not afflicted with that malady."

"You will find out in time."

Like the good-natured fellow he was, he became a martyr to the whims of his pretty sister, and for the next few weeks accompanied her upon shopping expeditions, to the opera, drove her about town, and in many other ways wasted his time, and so, as a matter of course, escorted her one evening to Mrs. Hanson's party, at the same time wishing himself back to Wainwright Hall, rather than to be subjected to three or four hours of such mental torture as he felt it to be his lot to undergo. But knowing his sister's disposition, he preferred even this to the storm which he would bring down upon himself by hesitating for a moment to comply with her wishes; and so he pocketed his dislike, and found himself in the brilliantly-lighted room at a seasonable hour, doing, to the best of his ability, the agreeable to several old maids and manoeuvring mothers, or now and then chatting with some old friend, during himself through in the best possible manner.

Late in the evening, standing beside Miss Grey, a light form in a cloud of snowy lace floated past him, and by a slight turn of the head, the sweet face of Amy Lindsay flashed upon his astonished sight.

"Who was that, Miss Grey?"

"O! Nobody at all."

"Indeed! She has the air of a somebody."

"Well, she is, I suppose. It is Miss Lindsay, and that old gentleman is her father. A year or two ago he failed in business, and the family was reduced to poverty. Instead of holding up her head, as a sensible woman would have done, this Amy conceived a romantic idea of keeping it with her own hands, and—would you believe it? she actually retired from society, and went away to some country place as a school teacher—or something of the kind. Wasn't it an absurd idea?"

"Perfectly ridiculous!"

"Some strange freak of fortune has restored them to their position, and now this ex-schoolmarm ventures to put on appearances. They are highly respected, I believe."

Doctor Wainwright was on nettles for the next ten minutes, until he was relieved from the troublesome task of entertaining Miss Grey, and then he made his way through the crowd in search of Amy. He found her engaged with a friend for the moment, and he quietly waited until he could approach and speak to her alone.

In a few moments he saw an opportunity, and stepping forward greeted her.

"Doctor Wainwright!"

"Amy!"

"I am surprised to meet you."

"And I much more so. How does all this happen?"

"It's a long story, and I'll tell you some day."

"When you are at the Hall?"

"Yes."

"Is that your answer?"

"Yes."

"And you will return with me?"

"Yes."

"I told you so!" triumphantly exclaimed Mrs. Dornton, as her brother and his lovely betrothed stood near her; "and it all came of buying Wainwright Hall."

"Of course I had nothing to do with it."

"No; you're a nobody."

"I told you so, Amy."

"So we are a pair of nobodies."

"Happy Women.—One of the trials of womanhood is the fear of being an old maid. To escape this dreadful doom, young girls rush into matrimony with a recklessness which astonishes the beholder; never pausing to remember that the loss of liberty, happiness and self-reliance is poorly repaid by the barren honor of being called 'Mrs.' instead of 'Miss.'"

Fortunately, this foolish prejudice is fast disappearing, conquered by the success of a certain class belonging to the sisterhood. This class is composed of superior women who, from various causes, remain single, and devote themselves to some earnest work; espousing philanthropy, art, literature, music, medicine, or whatever task taste, necessity, or chance suggests, and remaining faithful to and as happy in their choice as married women with husbands and homes. It being my good fortune to know several such, I venture to offer a little sketch of them to those of my young countrywomen who, from choice or necessity, stand alone, seeking to find the happiness which is the right of all.

Here is L., a rich man's daughter; pretty, accomplished, sensible and good. She tried fashionable life and found that it did not satisfy her. No lover was happy enough to make a response in her heart, and at twenty-three she looked about her for something to occupy and interest her. She was attracted toward the study of medicine; became absorbed in it; went alone to Paris and London; studied faithfully; received her diploma, and, having practiced successfully for a time, was appointed the resident physician for a city hospital. Here, doing a truly womanly work, she finds no time for ennui, unhappiness, or the vague longing for something to fill heart and life, which leads so many women to take refuge in frivolous or dangerous amusements and pursuits. She never talks of her mission or her rights, but beautifully fulfills the one and quietly assumes the others. Few criticisms or condemn her course, and none question her success. Respected and beloved by all who know her, she finds genuine satisfaction in her work, and is the busiest, happiest, most useful woman whom I know.

Next comes M., a brilliant, talented girl, full of energy, ambition and noble aspirations. Poor yet attractive, through natural gifts and graces, to her came the great temptation of such a girl's life—a rich lover; an excellent young man, but her inferior in all respects. She felt this, and so did he, but hoping that love would make them equals, he urged his suit.

"If I loved him," she said, "my way would be plain, and I should not hesitate a minute. But, I do not; I've tried, and I am sure I never can feel toward him as I should. It is a great temptation, for I long to cultivate my talent, to help my family, to see the world and enjoy life, and all this may be done if I say 'Yes.' People tell me that I am foolish to reject this good fortune; that it is my duty to accept it; that I shall get along very well without love, and talk as if it were a business transaction. It is hard to say 'No,' but I must, for in marriage I want to look up, not down. I cannot make it seem right to take this offer, and I must let it go, for I dare not sell my liberty."

She made her choice, turned away from the pleasant future laid before her, and took up her lonely life. With her one talent in her hand, she faced poverty, cheerfully teaching music year after year; hoping always, complaining never, and finding herself a stronger, happier woman for the act. A richer woman, also; for though the husband was lost, a true friend was gained—since the lover, with respect added to his love, said manfully, "She is right; God bless her!"

S., is poor, plain, ungifted and ordinary in all things but one—a cheerful, helpful spirit, that loves its neighbor better than itself, and cannot rest till it has proved its sincerity. Few, so placed would have lived forty hard, dull years without becoming either sharp and sour, or bitter and blue. But S., is as sweet and sunny as a child; and, to those who know her, the personification of content. The only talent is that of loving every helpless, suffering fellow creature whom she meets. Finding her round of home duties too small for her benevolence, she became one of the home missionaries whose reports are never read, whose salaries are never

paid on earth. Poverty-stricken homes, sick-beds, sinful souls and sorrowing hearts attract her as irresistibly as pleasure attracts other women, and she faithfully ministers to such, unknown and unrewarded.

"I never had a lover, and I never can have, you know. I'm so plain," she says, with a smile that is pathetic in its humility, its unconscious wisdom.

She is mistaken here, for there are many to whom that plain face is beautiful, that helpful hand very dear. Her lovers are not of the romantic sort; but old women, little children, erring men, and forlorn girls give her an affection as endearing and sincere as any husband could have done. Few will know her worth here, but, in the long hereafter, I am sure S. will be blessed with eternal beauty, happiness and love.

A. is a woman of a strongly individual type, who in the course of an unusually varied experience has seen so much of what a wise man has called "the tragedy of modern married life," that she is afraid to try it. Knowing that for one of a peculiar nature like herself such an experiment would be doubly hazardous, she has obeyed instinct and has become a chronic old maid. Filial and fraternal love must satisfy her, and grateful that such ties are possible, she lives for them and is contented. Literature is a fond and faithful spouse, and the little family that has sprung up around her, though perhaps unloving and uninteresting to others, is a profitable source of satisfaction to her maternal heart. After a somewhat tempestuous voyage, she is glad to find herself in a quiet haven whence she can look back upon her vanished youth, and feel that though the blossom time of life is past, a little fruit remains to ripen in the early autumn coming on. Not lonely, for parents, brothers and sisters, friends and babies keep her heart full and warm; not idle, for necessity, stern, yet kindly teacher, has taught her the worth of work; not unhappy, for love and labor, like good angels, walk at either hand, and the divine Friend fills the world with strength and beauty for the soul and eye that have learned to feel and see it thankfully.

My sisters, don't be afraid of the words "old maid," for it is in your power to make this a term of honor, not reproach. It is not necessary to be a sour, spiteful spinster, with nothing to do but brew tea, talk scandal and tend a pocket handkerchief. No, the world is full of work, needing all the hearts, hands and hands we can bring to do it. Never was there so splendid an opportunity for women to enjoy their liberty and prove that they deserve it by using it wisely. If love comes as it should come, accept it in God's name and be worthy of his best blessing. If it never comes, then in God's name reject the shadow of it, for that can never satisfy a hungry heart. Do not be ashamed to own the truth—do not be daunted by the fear of ridicule and loneliness, nor saddened by the loss of a woman's tenderness. Be true to yourselves; cherish whatever talent you may possess, and in using it faithfully for the good of others you will most assuredly find happiness for yourself, and make a life no failure, but a beautiful success.

A VERY TOUGH STORY ABOUT TWENTY-THREE EGGS.—A writer for "Our Young Folks" vouches for the truth of the following story:

At eight years old I was wide awake, and saw as many things between daybreak and nine o'clock at night, as any boy in the country, and was, without, fond of telling quite as much as I saw, and now and then a good deal more.

My mother sometimes suspected me of great powers of exaggeration, but as, on looking into my statements, she could never detect me in a direct lie, I was little likely to receive the correction which I was often conscious of, deserving. This came to me in an unexpected manner, and the way I was helped out of the worst and last falsehood I ever told has always been a mystery to me.

I was loitering in the kitchen one morning, when my mother was at work making tarts, when—tarts suggesting cake, and cake, eggs—she turned to me and said, "I don't see as your new-fangled chickens turned out any better than old ones. We don't seem to have any more eggs."

Here my mother touched a tender spot. I had bought the chickens with my own money and on the positive assurance of their being magnificent layers.

"Yes, they do," I said—not stopping to think what my hasty vindication might cost me—"yes, they do; they lay splendidly. I found a nest with ever so many eggs in it this morning."

"Then why didn't you bring them in?"

"I had no basket, and then I forgot it; but there's a hole there, under the cow's rack, and I counted 23 eggs."

That was a stunner, but my mother did not drop her rolling pin, nor give any sign that she discredited my assertion. She only said quietly, "Take a basket, Bridget, and go with Harry to the barn."

Waterville Mail.

RPH MAXHAM, DAN L. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . JUNE 19, 1868.



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IMPORTANT!—Special attention is called to the important (to us) fact that the present volume of the Mail is just at its close "O that men would understand!"—[Bible.]

THE WATER POWER CO.

Our water power plans gain boldness and energy as they approach action. This is a good sign—faith having been one thing needful for half a century. There ought by this time to be a great accumulation of power at the bulk-head of our energies. If there are no quick-sands at our base of action, there will be a strong current upon the wheels when the gate is hoisted. This is the crisis to which the directors seem to aim, and they need fear no conservatism in their constituents to hold them back. All are impatient to see a strong and well advised movement.

The motion to repair the old dam has already expanded to a resolution to build a new one. Some fifteen to twenty thousand dollars is the expenditure contemplated. Materials and labor are already contracted for, and will in a few days be gathering on the premises. Mr. Thomas J. Emery, of Fairfield, a man of extensive and very successful experience, is engaged to take charge of the work. The locality is to be either that of the present dam, or a few feet lower down. The side dam, extending about 900 feet down from the bulk-head near the grist-mill, is to be 75 feet outside of the old one, and about 20 feet high. The width of the bulk-head is to be about 75 feet, from which to the Island is some 400 feet. The extension of the dam across from the Island, about 200 feet, is probable, but not fully determined. Low water will settle the question.

Three or four months, as now seems probable, will witness the completion of the new dam. Prudent men, wanting sites or water power, will never find a better time than the present to negotiate for them. The Company will be impatient to gain courage from the occupancy of their property, and will tender their best bargains first. Every sale will increase the value of what remains. Our own citizens, especially, have a double interest in securing the first chances, and helping others to follow.

It would be more curious than strange if Mr. Chase should finally turn up the democratic candidate for president. The cardinal principle of that party being opposition to negro suffrage, and Mr. Chase having just now re-affirmed his position in its favor, there would not be a plank left of the party platform except whiskey. Suppose Mr. Chase to be elected, what a hot-potch the party would exhibit!—and what harmony between their president and his southern friends! If he is not nominated his friends threaten to organize a third party. At the last moment Johnson shows a determination to compete for the votes of the south, all which, it is claimed, he can have. The Pendleton faction is rabid against the negro, and will fight Johnson as earnestly as Chase. Now, if we could believe the party as a body care half as much for the negro question, one way or the other, as they do for whiskey, what kind of a union should we expect them to effect?

INSURANCE.—It will be seen by reference to the Advertisement of Mr. Boothby, the veteran insurance agent, that he has added the venerable old "Phoenix" of Hartford, to his previously substantial list of agencies. With its stock selling at a premium of 75 per cent., and its assets nearly a million and a quarter, it looks well enough for the most careful. In the line of insurance Mr. Boothby has secured very marked success—and we wish him still more.

They hope to have the cars running to Dexter early in August.

EXCURSION.—The Baptist Sabbath School, of our village, will make an excursion to Skowhegan, on Wednesday next, to attend a County Convention to be held in the new Hall. As the train will be open to all, a large crowd will probably go up, if the weather should be pleasant, for it is not often that an opportunity offers to visit our up river neighbors and return the same day. The fare for the round trip will be 25 cents for children, and 40 cents for adults. The train will leave here five minutes before 9 o'clock A. M. and return at 4:30 P. M. arriving here at 5:30.

A NEW SOAP.—We have already alluded to a new enterprise in the manufacture of soap at North Vassalboro' by Messrs. Lincoln & Son. The manufacturers are men of large experience, and know very well the difficulty of introducing anything new in this line, without the advantage of very decided merit. This they claim, and seem determined to bring their claim to the test of actual use. They are putting it upon the market, confident that a fair trial will bring it into extensive use. In addition to other very marked qualities it can be sold lower than any other soap. As a labor saving soap, for the general uses of the family, they say "it has no rival." For keeping clothes pure and white, and for cleaning kettles and leaving them soft and smooth, nothing equals it. Putting it up in barrels, for large manufacturers, they expect to find a wide demand in that direction. They name it the "Florence Soda Soap," and we very confidently advise buyers to inquire for it, and give it a trial. We have proved it, in a limited way, to be all that they represented it.

Admirers of fine horses are referred to Mr. Black's advertisement of his horse, "Young Brandy." For beauty and style, well combined with substantial points, this horse will fill the most critical eye. These are days of sharp rivalry in horse flesh, and here is a solitary instance in which we can heartily recommend "Brandy."

The congressional election in the second district, Mr. Perham's, promises to be a warm contest. Very hungry and very strong men are after Mr. Perham's place. Among the prominent candidates are Mr. Dingley of the Lewiston Journal, Mr. Gilbert of Bath, and Col. Frye, of Lewiston. Later has got the nomination.

Rochester has given a house worth \$25,000 to Dr. Anderson, the President of the University. President Anderson was a Bath Boy. [And a Waterville man; graduating here in 1840, and afterwards acting as Tutor for two years and then filling the office of Professor of Rhetoric from '48 to '50.]

DEACON JOSEPH BARROWS, of Hebron, a man widely and favorably known, died on the 9th inst., at the age of 83. He was Secretary of Hebron Academy, and had filled various positions of honor and trust.

THE ORPHAN GIRL'S HOME, at Newton Centre, Mass., was destroyed by fire last Sunday afternoon. The fire is supposed to have been of incendiary origin.

H. W. LONGFELLOW is having an enthusiastic reception in England. The University of Cambridge conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws on the 16th inst.

The street Commissioners are tearing up the old plank sidewalk on College Street and replacing it with gravel. For a little while it may occasion some inconvenience, but when it is well trodden, the change will no doubt be regarded as an improvement by all.

HON. RIVERDY JOHNSON has been appointed minister to England, in place of Mr. Adams, who tendered his resignation some months ago.

There will be baptismal services at the Bay next Sabbath morning at half past nine o'clock.

The Me. State Convention of Universalists will commence a three days session in Norway on the 23d inst.

An Engine and some platform cars went over the Maine Central Railroad for the European and North American Railroad, recently.

A severe tempest of thunder, lightning, hail and rain passed over the town of Oxford, on Saturday last, being particularly severe on the locality known as Allen's Hill. The house of Newell Linnell was struck, and his father, John Linnell, Esq., about eighty years of age, was killed, and a child was stunned. Considerable damage was done by the hail.

If you wish to see as good a photographic likeness as was ever made, ask our neighbor, John B. Bradbury to let you look at one just taken for him by Carleton of our village. We don't believe it can be excelled.

JUVENILE CONCERT.—It is known to parents in our village generally that for some months past a free singing school for children has been open at Temperance Hall, in charge of Miss Jewell, of Skowhegan. The improvement of the pupils seems to warrant a public exhibition, which has been arranged to take place at the Congregational church on Friday evening of next week. The festival will no doubt be a very pleasant one, and our citizens will no doubt see the force of its claim to patronage.

An agreeable surprise was enjoyed by the members of Waterville Lodge, I. O. of G. T. at their meeting on Tuesday evening. Bro. J. Nye, lately returned from the annual session of R. W. G. Lodge, after congratulatory remarks on the prosperity of the Order, presented the Lodge with a beautiful set of Officers' regalia. The gift was gratefully received, and the usual expression of thanks tendered the generous giver. The order is in a flourishing condition.

OUR TABLE.

THE GALAXY for June contains two more chapters of "Beechdale," by Marion Harland; "A Few Words about the Xerxes—The Brain and Spinal Cord," by W. A. Hammond, M. D.; "Our Great Diamonds," "The National Prospects and Resources," a genial notice of "Eastman Johnson," the artist, with a specimen of his pictures; several cleverly written stories; and an article on "The Church of the Future," which will attract attention, and of which we are promised a continuation. It may surprise many persons to learn that in the writer's opinion, the Methodists are to swallow up all other organizations, and perhaps with some modifications be the Church of the Future. Besides what is named above there are nearly fifty pages of interesting "Galaxy Miscellany," "Driftwood," "Literature and Art," and "Nebulae," with several embellishments by Hennessy. It is a capital number.

Published by Sheldon & Co., New York, at \$4 a year. PETERS' PARLOR COMPANION for June contains, as usual, sixteen pages of choice music arranged for the Piano and Violin, with Piano accompaniment, and is mainly occupied with "La Grande Duchesse Lancers," by J. Offenbach, arranged by W. Dressler, and "La Belle Helene Valse."

PETERS' MONTHLY GLEE HIVE for June contains the March Chorus and the "Goose March," from "La Belle Helene," with "You're Welcome, always Welcome," quartet for mixed voices. "Thou art so near and yet so far," arranged as a quartet for male voices; and several other pieces, some of which are of a sacred character.

These two publications are issued by J. L. Peters, New York, at \$3 each per annum.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for July begins the fifty-fourth volume. "Peterson" has now been published for twenty-seven years, and its great circulation proves it to be a very popular literary magazine. The present issue is one of the best we have ever seen. A splendid steel engraving, "Undine and the Knight," leads off; then follows a double page colored steel fashion plate, with five full length figures; and then we have numerous wood-cut of new bonnets, capes, bodies, &c., &c., besides a score of patterns for the work-table; among them, two printed in colors. Mrs. Ann S. Stephens continues her interesting novel, "The Bride of the Prairie;" while "The Tragedy of Faustus" deepens in mystery and power. Frank Lee Benedict has a charming story, and there are many others. "Now is a good time to subscribe for 'Peterson.'" Terms, \$2.00 a year. To clubs, three copies for \$4.50, or five for \$8.00, and in the latter case, an extra copy for a premium. Address Chas. J. Peterson, 306 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW for April has the following table of contents:

Don Quixote; The Pilgrim and the Shrine; Moslem Notions of Government; The Irish Question; Hindu Epic Poetry; The Mahabharata; Popular Education; The Church System of Ireland and Canada; Spiritual Wives; Democratic Government in Victoria; Contemporary Literature.

It is seen that the topics treated of, are for the most part of deep popular interest, and that they are discussed with eminent ability the character of the Westminster is sufficient guarantee.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews 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 will be delivered free of postage.

New volumes of Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works under the new rates will be but 56 cents a year.

With our first paper in July we intend to commence directing each subscriber's paper with his printed name and the time to which he has paid. This plan is now in general use.

NEW YORK CIRCUS.—Wednesday, July 1st, is the day upon which this famous equestrian establishment is to visit Waterville, for the first time. It should be understood that the New York Circus is a very different affair from the ordinary travelling shows which abound all over the country. It is a troupe which is permanently located in a splendid iron building near Union Square in the city of New York, and only travels during a brief season, while it is too hot to perform in a building. It will only exhibit in seven towns in the whole State, the expenses of the establishment being so great that there are but few places that it would pay the management to stop in. The company is transported by railroad, on special trains chartered for the purpose. In the performances of this troupe the public may anticipate a display of horsemanship and athletic feats far superior to anything of the kind ever witnessed here, as the company is acknowledged to be the best ever seen in this country, if not in the world.

To prevent disappointment it should be observed that the New York Circus will not arrive until the 1st of July. The citizens of Fairfield propose to celebrate the coming 4th of July by dedicating the Soldier's Monument at Kendall's Mills. Distinguished speakers are engaged, among whom are Gov. Chamberlain, and Gen. Caldwell. Report also promises an address from Gen. Selden Connor, who is to preside over the meeting. Thus far there has been no plan for celebrating at Waterville, and we propose that our citizens fall in with the Fairfield audience at Kendall's Mills, and thus enjoy a rare feast without the labor of providing it.

Among the graduates at the recent Commencement at Kent's Hill, who received the degree of A. B., were Miss Susan L. Stevens, of West Waterville, and Miss Ellen A. Wing, of Fairfield. Miss Wing also received a prize for Ladies' Composition.

"The Grafton Mineral Paint" advertised in this paper, promises to give very marked satisfaction, and of course to come into general use. For out-door paint it is without doubt fully as desirable as anything in use, and the price much lower. Arnold & Meader have it for sale.

The supply of stock at the cattle markets this week was large, and prices generally were rather weak, but without material change.

The Maine Central Company of Free Baptists hold their annual session with the Free Baptist Society of Augusta, next week, June 24th and 25th. Free return tickets are furnished by the Railroads to those who pass over the roads to attend the Conference.

Show us a "carpet-bagger" and we will show you a supporter of Grant and Colfax. Show us a loyal Southerner who is true to his State and his country, and we will show you a man who will not support Grant and Colfax.—[World.]

Show us a soldier who fought for the flag, or a civilian who encouraged the soldier with his vote and his purse, and we will show you a supporter of Grant and Colfax. Show us an original rebel who did all he could to precipitate the war, and we will show you a man who will not support Grant and Colfax.

Show us a Confederate who starved the Federal prisoners at Libby, Andersonville, and Salisbury, and we will show you a man who will not support Grant and Colfax.—[N. Y. Com. Advertiser.]

The Maine Central Railroad Company are building at their works in Waterville a first class locomotive of twenty-five tons, 14x22 cylinder. This road, with Superintendent Noyes and Master Mechanic Philbrick, has all the ability that such work demands, and the only requirement is larger workshops, which at no distant day they will have. This company are building new and entirely rebuilding their old passenger cars into Monitor cars, and to-day their rolling stock is not surpassed on any road.—[Argus.]

FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE.—Levi Jack, an insane deaf and dumb mute, set fire to the barn connected with the house on the Poor Farm at Dixmont last Thursday evening, destroying the buildings, consisting of house, ell and a large stable with the entire contents. Mrs. Peabody, an elderly lady, was burned to death. Mrs. B. was a pauper and quite infirm, and is supposed to have been unable to get out before the flames reached her. At an examination at Newport, Friday, Jack confessed that he set the fire and assigned no reason other than that he was insane. He was taken to Bangor for trial. He also confessed to having set fire to the farm buildings a few years since. The amount of property destroyed was about \$5,000. Insured \$1,000.—[Argus.]

We learn from the Skowhegan Reporter that John C. Bickford, of Smithfield, was arrested on the charge of having aided in the unneighborly act of tarring and feathering one Micah W. Norton, of New Portland, in June, 1866. A preliminary examination was had before Justice Peet, of Norridgewock, on Saturday last, and Bickford was held for his appearance at the S. J. C. next September, in the sum of \$300. The cause assigned for this treatment of Norton is, that he has notoriously abused his family, and committed other acts detrimental to the public safety.

A very destructive fire occurred recently at Marquette, Michigan. Over one hundred buildings in the business portion of the town, including forty stores, the U. S. Land Office, Custom House, County Treasurer's Office, and all the records were destroyed. The Railroad and other docks were also burned. The loss is estimated at \$1,000,000; insurance very small.

The Columbus (Ga) Sun, published in the city where poor Ashburn was foully murdered at midnight by a gang of "well dressed gentlemen" wearing masks, uttered this threat of assassination the day before receiving the news of the nomination of Gen. Grant at Chicago; "We don't know who will be nominated; we don't care who may be. The unhappy wretch who may be fallen upon will never wear Presidential robes."

We learn that the Surveyors on the Somerset Railroad have completed the survey from Waterville to Norridgewock. The route is far as represented as a very favorable one. The Survey from Norridgewock to this place will be completed this week.—[Union Advocate.]

Recently, Prince Michael, the reigning prince of Servia, was shot and instantly killed while walking in the public park; his cousin who accompanied him was also killed, and other members of the party were wounded. Two of the assassins have been arrested and one is still at large.

Extensive preparations are being made for laying the corner stone of the new Masonic Hall at Newport, which takes place June 24th. Masons from all parts of the State are expected to be present.

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

Mr. Sewell, the publisher of The Little Corporal at Chicago, has issued a fine facsimile of a 19th century's famous picture, made a hundred years ago, representing eight children landing British Frigates in Boston Harbor for the purpose of "supporting" the dignity of Britain, and chastising the "insolence of America." He will give it as a premium to every one who renews his subscription to the Little Corporal, and sends one new one besides.

A citizen of Portland procured from Paris a door mat made of steel wire, with the word "Salve" (welcome) wrought in the centre. A visitor, overcome by curiosity, innocently asked the host what kind of salve he manufactured and advertised on his door mat.

Mr. Lewis, in the employ of Mr. Asa B. Jones at Lewiston, while fastening a Herford bull a few days since, was attacked by him, and his high nose broken in three places and a bone in his hand.

The friends of John C. Breckinridge say that he is anxious to be pardoned and come home and return to the practice of law in Kentucky. He will soon leave Europe for Canada, where he will remain until he gets permission, in the form of a pardon, to go to Kentucky.

In Seabrook on Tuesday of last week, Mr. Charles Adams committed suicide by hanging himself. He was a man of sterling character and was highly esteemed. San Francisco stands against the conviction of a man for abusing a Chinese, heretofore fair game for every one. Brick Pomeroy has succeeded in carrying La Crosse, where his paper is printed, for the republicans, by 2300 majority.

A Belfast correspondent of the Whig says: A natural curiosity in the form of a musical prodigy, has been exhibited in our streets during the past week. It is a little boy three years old, who drums several tunes, accompanying the life, with astonishing skill for a child so young. He is a veritable drum boy, and a musical wonder.

The will of M. Comte, the positive philosopher, is again brought before the French courts, on the ground that he was not of sound mind. The will has once been proved and allowed, but the French law does not make such a decision a final one until fifteen years from the death of the testator have elapsed.

An exchange reports a very natural comment on the Nashville news of an action in throwing a bottle of claret overboard to lighten the balloon. Said Pat: "And why didn't they chuck it?"

MONEY NO OBJECT, compared with the benefit derived from the use of "Barrett's Hair Restorative," which can truly be termed a "None Such."

The election returns, now complete from 31 districts of South Carolina, indicate that the radicals have carried 16 and the democrats 16 districts.

WITHIN THE WHOLE RANGE of tonic and alterative medicines known, none is entitled to more consideration than the Peruvian Syrup. In all cases of enfeebled and debilitated constitutions it is the very remedy needed. The most positive proof of this can be adduced.

Three children who were standing in the porch of a schoolhouse at Monroe, Conn., were instantly killed by a lightning stroke Tuesday morning.

My Wife's Choice, and the whole family prefer it. Mrs. S. A. Allen's Improved (new style) Hair Restorer or Dressing (in one bottle). Every Druggist sells it. Price One Dollar.

Mr. Henry W. Longfellow has arrived at London, and has been received with marked attention.

Union Mower, 1868.



AND WHITCOMB RAKE.

A. F. HOLT, General Agent for Franklin, Kennebec and Somerset Counties.

A complete assortment of Extras, for sale by J. P. CAFFEY, Waterville.

ORIENTAL

THE ORIENTAL TEA COMPANY, Boston, are constantly receiving from the best tea districts in China and Japan, large invoices of Focnoon Black, Uncolored Japan, and MOYUNE GREEN, Teas of strict purity and uniform high standard quality. We sell these fine goods by the pound at Cargo prices—a saving to consumers of fifty per cent.

Black	OOLONG	70	80	90	best	\$7.00
Uncol'd	JAPAN	50	60	70	best	1.25
Green	Y. HYSON	50	60	70	best	1.25
Green	O. HYSON	1.00	1.10	1.25	best	1.40
Green	GUNPR	1.25	1.40	best	best	1.50
Mixed	BLK & GR	50	60	70	best	1.10
Mixed	BLK & JAP	50	60	70	best	1.10
Black	E. DRUCKFEST	50	60	70	best	1.10

COMPANY

The great success and unparalleled popularity of our COFFEE DEPARTMENT is due to our buying only the best "field ripe" coffee, roasting and grinding it ourselves, fresh every day, and selling it pure and undiluted at 20 cents, 30 cents, 35 cents, 40 cents, and 50 cents per pound. We supply clubs throughout the country. We have arranged with

G. H. MATTHEWS, CORNER MAIN & TEMPLE STS., WATERVILLE, to act as agent for distributing our goods in this vicinity, of our guaranteed standard qualities and prices, (cost of freight only added.) His liberality in acting as our

AGENT FOR

this locality, thus placing the advantages of our system within reach of the public here, will undoubtedly make his unsurpassed stock of GROCERIES, CONFECTIONERY, ICE CREAM, OYSTERS, PASTRY, CIGARS, &c., become more attractive than ever to the citizens of

WATERVILLE.

All goods from our House warranted to give perfect satisfaction, or the money refunded at any time.

ORIENTAL TEA COMPANY, Boston.

JERSEY HEIFER FOR SALE.

A CHOICE half-blood Jersey Heifer, with her heifer calf, three-quarters Jersey—will be sold at moderate prices. Vassalboro', June 10, 1868. W. H. PEARSON.

CEDAR POSTS.

THE subscriber has a large lot of nice Cedar Posts, which he will sell at fair prices in lots to suit purchasers. MORRIS SOUL E. Waterville, June 10, 1868.

CLOTHES REEL.

WE have the best CLOTHES REEL ever invented. It folds up like an umbrella; can be taken in 10 minutes. It has one hundred and twenty feet of line. Price set up and ready for use, \$1.50. Warranted to give satisfaction or no sale. ARNOLD & MEADER.

Graham Flour AND CRACKED WHEAT.

Fresh and Nice, at the GRIST MILL—KENDALL'S MILLS.

"Young Brandy"

THIS beautiful French brandy will be kept Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday of each week, through the season of August, and sold on one lot, at the Fair Ground of the No. Ken. Agricultural Society.

Terms \$10—\$8 and \$5. No risks taken. Young Brandy is a beautiful dark chestnut, black point, seven years old, and will keep about 1200 lbs. The size was given of the famous "Old Brandy," dam a Messenger brand. In elegance of style, and general points of excellence, he has far superior to any other brand of brandy in the market. It will do well to call and examine Young Brandy. Geo. SHAW, Grocer, D. W. BLACK, Proprietor, Waterville, June 15, 1868.

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—In Probate Court at Augusta, on the second Monday of June, 1868. SAIAH MARSTON, Administrator on the Estate of REITHA CHASE, late of Waterville, in said County, deceased, having presented his account of administration of the Estate of said deceased, for allowance.

Ordered, that notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the third Monday of July next, in the Maine State Gazette, and in the Waterville Mail, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause if any, why the account of said petitioner should not be granted. H. K. BAKER, Judge. Attest, J. BURTON, Register.

TO S. HEATH, ESQ., one of the Justices of the Peace within and for the County of Kennebec: The subscribers, part owners of the Dam and Water Power on Ticonic Falls, in said County, thinking it necessary to rebuild and repair the Dam on the same, in whole or in part, that the same may be made serviceable, request you to call a meeting of the owners of said Dam and Water Power, at the office of the Treasurer of the Ticonic Water Power and Manufacturing Company, in Waterville, in said County, on Thursday, the 30th day of July next, at 2 o'clock P. M., to see if they will vote for and make provision for the rebuilding and repairing of said Dam, so as to make the same serviceable. Ticonic Water Power and Manufacturing Company. By G. A. PHILLIPS, Treasurer. Waterville, June 16, 1868.

STATE OF MAINE.

KENNEBEC Co. June 16, 1868. G. A. PHILLIPS, Treasurer of Ticonic Water Power and Manufacturing Company.

You are hereby required in the name of said State to notify the owners of the Dam and Water Power on Ticonic Falls, in said County, to meet at the Office of the Treasurer of said Water Power and Manufacturing Co. in Waterville, in said County, on Thursday, the 30th day of July next, at 2 o'clock P. M., to act on the following articles:

- 1st. To choose a Chairman to govern said meeting.
- 2d. To choose a clerk.
- 3d. To see if they will vote for and make provision for the rebuilding and repairing of the dam on said Falls, so as to make the same serviceable.

By causing this warrant to be published in the Waterville Mail, a newspaper published in said County, three weeks successively, the last publication to be not less than ten days prior to the day before said meeting. Given under my hand and seal at Waterville, in said County, the day and year aforesaid.

S. HEATH, Justice of the Peace. In pursuance of the above warrant to me directed, I hereby notify the owners of the Dam and Water Power on Ticonic Falls in the County of Kennebec, to meet at the time and place, and for the purpose set forth in the preceding warrant.

ISNT IT SPLENDID? WHAT?

Why are we not going to burn ourselves all this summer, by cooking, for we can get our PIES CAKES, &c. of Matthews, who has made arrangements to keep all kinds on hand, or will make at short notice. Also, Ice Cream by the Gallon.



IMPORTANT

AND Special Notice To those afflicted with

Defective Eyesight.

Messrs. LAZARUS & MORRIS,

OPTICIANS, AND OCULISTS,

OF HARTFORD, CONN.,

Respectfully announce to the citizens of this place and vicinity, that they have appointed

ALDEN BROTHERS,

Watchmakers and Jewellers,

MAIN STREET, WATERVILLE.

Sole Agents for

