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Maxham & Wing

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MINNEHAHA.

Oh! the happy happy laughter of the ever singing water,
Running races with each other, to their mother, the calm
main, with their little ripples, silver-tinkling o'er the
shallows,
And their slumbers, dreaming musically, to their deep beds
on the plain.

Curled gloomily by pine trees, cradled darkly in thick
masses,
O'er the stones that wound their baby feet, their merry
footsteps ring,
Torn and tattered, rent and shattered in their hurry and
their flurry,
They only know of sorrow, as their teacher how to sing.

So they sing in little trebles to the dancing of the pebbles,
And they sing a jiggish bass when the skies are rent
asunder
With the lightning's sudden flashing, and the rainstorm's
cleat and dashing.

Till the crashing of rocks rent away re-echoes Heaven's
thunder.
And their song is dear and holy to the high and to the lowly:
For "ever, ever homeward" is still their glad refrain,
"Though the storm and tempest vex us through the rock
and most perplex us,
We are ever drawing nearer to our mother, the calm
main."

"So the wild birds sing above us, and the little wild
flowers below us,
For the happiness God gives us, to other hearts we bring,
Here by deadened matter tangled, there by hard rocks
and most perplex us,
We are loved, and we are loving, so through all our ways
we sing."

Oh! the happy happy music of the tender, earnest
spirit,
Pressing upward o'er all trouble to its true and perfect
rest,
Ever singing, ever bringing good to everything around it,
Ever sacrificing self, and in the sacrifice most blest.
[From the "New Dominion Monthly" for June.]

MORMONISM.—A correspondent of the Missouri Democrat, makes the following talk of polygamy and the condition of women in Utah:—

We had many and favorable opportunities of getting information, often in a confidential manner, both from men and women, and there seemed to me an unusual degree of frankness of speech. I had always supposed (and still cannot help hoping) that the plurality of wives is only an incidental matter, which can be laid aside at any time without disturbing the foundations of the sect, and so expressed myself to several leading men whom I had met; but the universal answer was to correct my mistake. Polygamy was boldly declared to be an accepted duty and a revealed law. The men spoke of it as a duty and a privilege, the women as a hard trial to which they must submit, knowing as many of them said, "that they must become perfect through sufferings." Two of the prominent citizens told me that more than half of the men in Salt Lake City have complied with the rule, having two or more wives; and several of them concurred in saying that it was the common usage. No one, they said, pretends to know how many wives his neighbor has, and it is none of his business to ask. The mystery of "sealing" I could not get satisfactorily explained, but it seemed to me to open a wide door to practices which would deserve a very harsh name. In fact I could see how the law of polygamy, taking it practically, and with a knowledge of human nature as it is, should lessen the social evils, or correct any of the bad tendencies of social life for which there can be no excuse. If polygamy could be ruled out, there would be a great deal of praise of the Mormon government. The masses of their community taken from great poverty and degradation, have been improved in their temporal condition, and the absolute laws under which they are brought, and to which they submit, either because they cannot help themselves, or because their superstitious self-surrender is better for them at present, than a liberty to which they never were trained. But all the good that can possibly exist there, even if their prosperity is doubled, can never counter-balance the degrading and sensual tendencies now working, and which time will make worse and worse.

It is claimed by the Mormon leaders that the women are contented and as happy as anywhere else, but to believe it would be to falsify all the natural emotions of woman's heart. It is said that women are not forced to marry, but they are led into marriage at a very early age, and by a usage or social law which they cannot evade or control. A husband was pointed out to us with two adjacent cottages, in which a man lived with three sisters, as his wives. Another married two sisters in one day. A mother and a daughter, as I was told, were wives of the same man, and there is no doubt that such is the fact. Can decent women be happy under such circumstances as these? I saw some who had sacrificed themselves under a sincere conviction of duty, and who were striving to bear their cross patiently; but if I may judge from the faces of those whom I met, especially on the street and in public places, the prevailing condition is one of moral inertia, a lowered and unwomanly state of mind, an indifference to all the most sacred relations of married life, an absence of all the refined sentiments, which entitle woman to a feeling of self-respect.

TREATMENT OF SCARLET FEVER.—Dr. Charles T. Thompson reports in the Lancet his manner of treatment in scarlet fever as follows: The patient is immersed in a warm bath in the early stage of the disease, and this is repeated frequently, or as often as the strength of the patient will allow. The first effect is to produce a soothing and refreshing feeling in the patient, to be followed soon by such an eruption on the surface, of so vivid a color, and in such amount as would astonish those who have never witnessed it. This one of the greatest dangers of this fearful disease—the suppression of the eruption—is escaped.

The appetite generally returns after the first or second bath, and the strength of the patient is kept up by nutritious food. The bath prevents the dissemination of the disease, by removing the excreta from the skin as soon as it is deposited. This treatment promotes cuticular desquamation. The body should be gently dried by soft linen cloths after the bath.

By this procedure the various secretions are deprived of their noxious properties, and the irritation of internal organs is quickly relieved, thus dissipating infection. Another benefit is that a very serious case is soon reduced to a mild one, and the patient recovers in less than half the usual time. Since Dr. Thompson has pursued this practice—during the last fifteen years—he has never lost a patient from scarlet fever.

A VIRGINIA MARKET WAGON.—A Yankee correspondent gives the following description of a vehicle in which he ingloriously journeyed not long ago, over the sacred soil of Virginia: "Ho! ho! What a cart! What a cow! What woman! If you had been there to see them you would have laughed until you cried. The wheels—and there were only two—had six spokes made of round saplings just as they came from the forest. The hubs were square blocks of wood with a willow strip nailed around to prevent splitting. The felloes were ash rails bent around the spokes and tied on, the axle was an ash tree with the knots sticking

Waterville Mail.

VOL. XXII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE. . . . FRIDAY, JUNE 25, 1869.

NO. 52.

out in every direction,—the shafts or thills were round unressed poles and the "box" was a skeleton frame made of rails in which were many useless auger holes, while the whole "kerrige" was of the most primitive order. On a round pole which was supported by two slender uprights, sat a corpulent woman with a foot on each shaft, a big basket of vegetables suspended at her back from a rope around her waist and a single rein held firmly in both hands, which prevented the aforesaid basket from pulling her over backward.

The strange vehicle and strange, dirty, soured, bonnetless riders, were drawn by a little chuckle-headed specimen of a cow, which had been kept on a low diet so long that she would have answered well for a skeleton museum. What little hide she had was really fit for no other purpose but to hold her awkward bones together. The piece of a clothes line which served the purpose of a guide, as well as, to preserve the equilibrium of the amazonian driver, was fastened to the only unbroken horn, and was lashed against the side of the cow, to turn in case the driver wished to the right; while a nervous jerk indicated the desire of the mistress that her cow should stop "haw," or turn to the left.

THE CLASSIFICATION OF BIRDS.—You talked Master B., the other day about "classing," as you call it, the pigeons along with the cocks and hens. If you had thought of their nests, you would never have made that mistake. "Why Mr. Bels?" said I, "would you class birds by their nests?" "And why not if they are to be classed at all?" There is no one thing that birds are so constant and regular in as the making of their nests, more especially in their lining. Who ever saw a wren or a tit's nest that was not full of feathers, or a warbler's with a feather in it? Did you ever know a blackbird line its nest with aught but fibrous roots, or a song-thrush collect any soft lining at all? Did you ever see a finch's nest that was not finished to a hair, or a missel-thrush that has not left a lock of wool hanging over the side? Many a missel's has escaped taking from the belief that it had been taken already. The lining of a rook's nest is always slovenly, moss and wool mostly; a carrion crow's is round and smooth as a basin, cow and horse-hair. Then look at the little grebe—the didapper, as you call her—she dives down to the bottom of the pool for every morsel of weed with which she lines her nest; the coot and the moorhen fetch theirs from a distance; while the swan sits on her nest and catches the floating pieces as they pass." I acknowledged the uniformity of birds in this matter, and remarked that birds were very clever in the art of concealing their nests; but the old man would not admit this. "I don't believe, Master B., that they ever think of hiding their nests at all, at least not until they have been taken once or twice; and then, as in everything else, they profit by experience. Why should a bird think that you and I want to take its nest? If they did, they would never come as they do near houses and homesteads to build. Nine-tenths of the blackbirds' and thrushes' nests in a wood are within ten feet of the ride. Nature provides for the protection of the eggs by coloring them like the substance near which they are laid. Eggs on the ground are dark; eggs in the bush are green or blue; white eggs are always hid in holes of trees or banks. There are such like differences in the eggs of different birds; but the same birds line their nests the same way, just as they lay the same eggs." This axiom I verified in numerous instances in after years. I remember an especial one in a wild part of Ireland called Ballygory, where I lived for some years. There is not a tree in the barony, not one, I think, within four miles of where I was located. I had observed that the water-ouzel invariably places four or five dried oak leaves beneath the first lining of her nest. On examining one taken close to my house, I found the five leaves oak leaves, as usual. Where did they come from?—[Flood, Field and Forest. By George Roper.]

SEVERE BUT JUST.—The New York Sun, discussing the income tax, thus describes that portion of highly respectable people who evade the law: "There is a curious theory on this subject of paying taxes to the government current among well-to-do people, who would be shocked at any charge of personal immorality. They meet their notes punctually enough; their landlord never has to call twice, for his rent, and their butcher, their baker and their grocer are satisfied with a similar promptness. When a tax is put upon them in such a shape that it cannot be dodged, they draw their check like men. They may be seen at the tax receiver's office in the Park, waiting in long lines for a chance to anticipate the amount assessed by the city on their real estate, and thus save a few days' interest. . . . With our form of government, which is carried on by the people and for the people, we are all partners together; and when any one keeps back the share due from him to help defray the national expenses, he simply cheats the rest of us out of enough more than our proper quota to make up the deficiency. And it makes no difference whether this comes to pass by positive lying or by the silent trickery of withholding one's name and address from the assessors of internal revenue. We therefore charge upon the rich men of the country who either make no income returns or make them untruthfully the guilt of swindling their fellow citizens. They are morally as much thieves as the pick-pocket or the shoplifter."

HOW THE PEW SYSTEM AROSE.—At the beginning of the present century the fine parish church of Appleby, Atherstone, was, as all churches had been, entirely open and available to all worshippers. But it entered the mind of an elderly lady that she would prefer to know where to sit. It was unpleasant to think that anybody should be placed beside her. She accordingly begged to be allowed to put up a piece of boarding to screen herself from the rest of the world. "No sooner did it appear than another wanted a partition to enable her to enjoy, as her own, some particular spot. Then an old man thought he would like to have some accommodation reserved for him. This closing in, of the church for private purposes gave its interior such an irregular and patchy appearance that it was irregularly resolved to pew the whole building which was accordingly done, a

large share of the expense being defrayed by a family well known in the neighborhood. The manner of the removal of ancient land-marks in this parish church—by which our fathers had set—has been testified by persons who have lived in the present generation. And so this pew system has grown and grown on, until it has become ingrained in our church life. We hug it to our bosom, little aware how this cherished thing is sucking the church's very life-blood. Wherever the Anglican communion penetrates there this system is set up. The Bishop of Wisconsin recently referred to an ancient Syrian temple, which for century on century, whether used by idolaters, Mohammedans, or modern Christians, had preserved its ancient freedom to its worshippers, and let it pass into whose hand it might, it would never lose this character until it should fall into the hands of the Episcopal Church.—[Mr. H. Clark (of Liverpool) at Zion College.]

THACKERAY ON CONVENTS.—In Thackeray's Irish Sketch Book is an article on Convents. Referring to the Ursuline Convent at Blackrock, near Cork, he says:—

In the grille is a little wicket and a ledge before it. It is to this wicket that women are brought to kneel; and a bishop is in a chapel on the other side, and takes their vows. I have never seen the like before, and felt a sort of shudder in looking at the place. There rest the girl's knees as she offers herself up, and forswears the sacred affections which God gave her; there she kneels and denies forever the beautiful duties of her being—no tender maternal yearnings—no gentle attachments are to be had for her or from her—there she kneels and commits suicide upon her heart. O honest Martin Luther! thank God you came to pull that unnatural altar down—that cursed Paganism! I came out of the place quite sick; and looking before me, there, thank God! was the blue spire of Monkstown church, soaring up into the free sky—a river in front rolling away to the sea—liberty, sunshine, all sorts of gladness and motion round about; and I could but thank Heaven for it, and the Being whose service is freedom, and who has given us affections that we may use them; and a noble word to live in, that we may admire it and Him who made it—not shrink from it as though we dared not live there, but turn our backs upon it, and its bountiful Provider. I declare I think for my part, that we have as much right to permit Suttees in India as to allow women in the United Kingdom to take those wicked vows, or Catholic bishops to receive them.

INTESTINAL WORMS.—It is now quite certain that the ova or eggs of the oxyuri or common pin-worm, require light and air to hatch them, and that they are always deposited outside of the sphincter muscle, where the conditions are favorable for hatching. It is also probable that by keeping those parts well anointed with lard, the eggs cannot be deposited; and, as the life of the parasite does not exceed six or seven days, they may be completely removed from the intestines in that time by the use of lard. Numerous instances of complete success with the remedy, in the case of children and animals, have come to our knowledge in the last six months, and therefore we think it worthy of trial. This discovery lays upon the shelf all the "worm lozenges," "vermifuges," and "pink and senna" draughts, so disgusting to mothers and children, and substitutes therefor a innocent external application.—[Boston Jour. Chemistry.]

MEAN MEN.—Henry Ward Beecher says of mean men: "I have great hope of a wicked man; slender hope of a mean one. A wicked man may be converted and become a prominent saint. A mean man ought to be converted six or seven times, one right after the other, to give him a fair start, and put him on equality with a bold, wicked man. I have known men who thought the object of conversion was to cleanse them as a garment is cleansed, and that when they are converted they were to be hung up in the Lord's wardrobe, the door of which was to be shut, so that no dust could get at them. A coat that is not used the month out, and a Christian who is hung up so that he shall not be tempted, the moth eat him; and they have poor food at that."

HOW TO MAKE SOAP BUBBLES.—Akin to these experiments in colored waters is the art of blowing soap bubbles to show the changing colors of the rainbow. Take three-quarters of a pint of water that has been boiled and become cold and put into it a quarter of an ounce of Castile soap, cut up fine. Put this into a pint bottle and set it in hot water in a saucepan, on the fire; there let it remain an hour or so, now and then giving it a good shaking, till the soap is dissolved. Let the fluid stand quiet for a few hours for the impurities and coloring matter of the soap to settle; then pour off the fluid and add to it four ounces of glycerine, and your soap bubble solution is ready. In an ordinary way you may blow the bubbles easily with a clean tobacco-pipe, but if you wish to attain scientific perfection, you had better employ a glass pipe. By adding a larger quantity of glycerine you may make these bubbles so strong that you can play battleship with them. You may, of course, make soap bubbles in an easier way, but they will not be so brilliant as by the above process.

PRIZE FIGHTING.—It is said that seven thousand spectators were present at the recent bloody fight between McCoolle and Allen for \$1000 on a side. They fought nine rounds, and if anything in this world is absolutely sickening and disgusting, it was this miserable contest for the mastery between two muscular men. Their faces were gashed and bleeding from forehead to chin, eyes horribly disfigured with gaping wounds under them, teeth knocked out, lips cut in all directions, blood running down their bodies, and limbs trembling in every joint. Both were severely punished, and nobody cries on account of it. They were worse than bulldogs, for, as Beecher says, beasts never fall below their natures.—[Port. Press.]

The ex-president of the Royal Astronomical Society of England starts his readers by drawing the conclusion, in a new essay, that the length of our day has been certainly increasing; and "the length of the day may be expected ultimately to become a year!" However, one's nerves become steady again when the estimate of the increase proves to be an increase of six seconds in the course of a million years. As Mr. Pritchard justly remarks, the day will not be lengthened into a year "in our time."

POLLARD'S "LIFE OF JEFF DAVIS."—The publishers of Mr. E. A. Pollard's Life of Jefferson Davis, with a Secret History of the "Southern Confederacy," have furnished us with some of the advance sheets of that work. Mr. Pollard claims to have a great deal of private information as to incidents of the war, and makes his assertions with a positiveness which will carry credence with it. The following paragraph is a fair example:—

"Mr. Davis could not fail to perceive the significance of the Chicago Convention and was certainly intelligent enough to understand the condition of parties in the North. He had private correspondence in that convention. Indeed it is well known that during the entire war, Mr. Davis maintained secret communications with many distinguished northern politicians, generally those of the democratic party. The letters and documents he received from them were so numerous that they were kept in a special, private archive entitled the Presidential Bureau of Correspondents. These confidences were kept from Congress, and even from his Cabinet; few persons in Richmond ever knew of the existence of such a bureau; no curiosity was ever admitted to its papers; and so anxious was Mr. Davis to conceal them that it is a curious fact that some days before the surrender of Richmond, he had them conveyed to a secret place, where they are yet supposed to be safely deposited. In this underground correspondence Mr. Davis had been well informed of the Chicago Convention; that it meant peace for the North and independence for the South, as a distinguished gentleman of New England wrote him, and that all there was of doubt of the success of the Chicago nominees depended on the success of his own administration at Richmond."

Mr. Pollard denounces the "atrocious northern inventions" concerning cruelty to prisoners, but the incidents given in his own narrative tally well with the accounts of the prisoners themselves. He throws the responsibility however not upon Mr. Davis nor even Wirz for his share in the matter, but upon the commissary general of the confederacy. But his pages of reminiscences of affairs in Richmond are full of such anecdotes as these:—

"There was an officer of the rank of lieutenant, who had charge of the unfortunate creatures, who subsisted them by irregular purchases in the Richmond markets, and who was left to determine, as of his own discretion, the measure and article of food. He was removed for a singular freak some weeks after the battle of Manassas. Having had a drunken quarrel with the quartermaster as to who should bury the dead of the prison, he had left two corpses in front of the office of the latter, in a wagon halted in one of the most public streets near the capitol, and unwhitening the horses in sight of a horrified crowd, had abandoned the dead Yankees to take their chances of burial as the authorities, other than himself, might determine. It was a day's scandal in Richmond, and the brutal officer was removed. But for forty-eight hours nearly two thousand prisoners were without a mouthful of food until a subordinate of the prison, moved by their cries or alarmed by their mutiny, found some barrels of corn meal in the stores of the prison, and fed it to them in buckets of mush."

The next day Captain Warner represented to General Winder, the principal officer in charge of the prisoners, that there was no subsistence for them and that they were in the actual pangs of hunger. He was directed at once to make a requisition on Colonel Northrop the cross-grained and eccentric commissary general—an officer whose idea of importance was to have a fit of insolence whenever he was approached, and who was either gruff or hysterical in his official intercourse. "I know nothing of Yankee prisoners," he said, "throw them all into the James River!" "At least," said Captain Warner, "tell me how I am to keep my accounts for the prisoners' subsistence."

"Sir," said Northrop, slightly inclining his eyes to the anxious inquirer, "I have not the will or the time to speak with you. Chuck the scoundrels into the river!"

JENNIE T. HAZEN. in the Western Rural, says: does it pay to make rag carpets? We think it does not; and will give some reasons for our decision.

In the first place, if you reckon your time as worth anything, it don't pay.

In the second place, if you cut or tear up garments which might be worn longer as they are, or cut over for some other purpose, it don't pay.

If you buy new cloth, red or green—as I have known women do—it don't pay.

If you devote all your time to it, to the utter exclusion of other duties, it don't pay.

If you hire it woven, and pay fifteen cents per yard, it don't pay.

If you weave it yourself, up-stairs in a cold room, or in a wood-house, and take a cold which may terminate in something very serious if not fatal, it don't pay.

If you buy your dye-stuffs at the present prices, it don't pay.

If you can do any other kind of work, and earn a carpet, it don't pay.

If it is made for the "other room," and is to be kept immaculate from the tread of profane feet, except on company days, it don't pay.

If it involves the sitting up of half the night, when nature demands repose, it don't pay.

If it makes you nervous and cross, and you scold your husband and spank the children, it don't pay.

If your husband only knew how many sick-headaches, and sleepless nights, and matrimonial squalls, would never have been, but for the making of the rag carpet, he would put his willing hand into his pocket, and give you money to buy a nice ingrain floor covering, and say to you, "Mollie, never make another rag carpet; it don't pay."

Now, ladies, we have given our opinion; let us hear yours. Count the cost of your rag carpets, and give us the results. Don't forget to count how many dress-shirts, and aprons, how many sheets and blankets, went into its making; count the cost of every item; and make it a candid statement to us, and others, who, like us, are not a little skeptical upon this important question.

WATCHWORDS OF LIFE.

While there's a hand to strike!	Hope.
While there's a heart to love!	Dare.
While there's a hand to work!	Trust.
While there's a heart to love!	Love.
While there's a hand to work!	Learn.
While there's a heart to love!	That there's a work for each!
While there's a hand to work!	That there's a strength in God!
While there's a heart to love!	That there's a crown reserved!
While there's a hand to work!	Though 'neath the cloud and rod!
While there's a heart to love!	When there's a foe that wrongs!
While there's a hand to work!	When there's a brother's need!
While there's a heart to love!	When there's a tempter near!
While there's a hand to work!	Both in thy word and deed!

OUR TABLE.

TILTON'S JOURNAL OF HORTICULTURE

AND FLORAL MAGAZINE for June, completes the fifth volume of this elegant monthly. Its contents are as follows:—

Hardiness in Pears; The Zinnia Family; Emile P. Hayat Pear; Parlor Plants No. 4; Older and Older Manufacture; White Cucumbers; Mammoth Quince; Keeping Peas; Pruning Trees; The Story of Vineland; Comessa De Chabril and Rose; Draining Flower Pots; King of the Earlies; Potatoes; Lobelia Cardinalis; Akelbia Quintana; and over thirty pages of interesting Notes and Gleanings, Editor's Letter-Box, &c. The number contains numerous fine embellishments, with title page and index of the volume.

Published by J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, at \$3 a year.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for June,

an eminently readable number has the following table of contents:—

Late for the Train; Historical Sketches of the Reign of George II. No. 41—The Septic; A Year and a Day; Part 2; Sir John Lawrence, Part 3; American Reasons for Peace; Cornelius O'Dowd—who treats of "The Tempter," "Selling a Horse," and "Island—in-Terrace." As this number completes a volume, a title page and an index are given.

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.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.

This excellent illustrated journal of science and mechanics, which in its specialty is without a rival in this country, and probably has no superior anywhere, completes its twentieth volume with the number for this week. It is therefore a favorable time to commence subscriptions; and especially to those interested in the matters of which it treats, and this includes many besides practical mechanics, can afford to do without it. Published by Munn & Co., 27 Park Row, New York, at \$3.00 a year.

"ONWARD."

Mayne Reid's magazine, we find still lives. We received the January and February numbers, of which we made notice, since which we have seen nothing of it until now, when the July number, the first of a new volume, comes to us for notice. The number is full of attractive stories, etc., but as there are several serial articles its value is very much lessened without the full set. There are several spirited illustrations in the number.

Published by Captain Mayne Reid, 110 Nassau St., New York, at \$2 a year.

"THE UNIVERSAL."

The Chicago Evening Post says: "The Chicagoan, started over a year ago in this city as an literary weekly, attracting much attention for its bold and extreme views on social questions, is about to be enlarged and the name changed to THE UNIVERSAL. Mr. Lewis, the publisher, (who is also the publisher of the 'Western Rural') has purchased the Chicago 'Socius' and 'Advance Guard,' which are to be merged in the Universal. In the first number of the latter, to be issued about June 24, will appear an important paper from the pen of the eminent Robert Dale Owen, entitled 'Spiritualism a Moral and Social Necessity,' also the commencement of a story, entitled 'Married; or, A Woman's Deception,' by Mrs. Corbin, author of 'Robespierre, a Woman's Secret,' etc.; also a story, complete in one issue, by Mrs. Jennie T. Hazen, entitled 'Jenny or The Married Man's Story.' The Editor, of Boston, and others, are engaged as regular writers. The Universal will be a very interesting and valuable addition to the literature of the day."

Whatever may be said of thought of the views presented in the above journal, they are being widely disseminated, as an already large circulation would indicate. The facts given concerning social crimes are startling. The Universal is \$2.50 per year, but it is sent three months (thirteen numbers) on trial for Fifty Cents, or a specimen number ten cents. Address the publisher, H. K. F. Law's, Chicago.

A NEW FACT ABOUT THE ASSASSIN

PAYNE.—A correspondent of the Chicago Tribune writes as follows:

"Some time ago a friend introduced me to Frederick Stone, of Port Tobacco (Indiana Potomac) on the lower Potomac, who was counsel to Dr. Mudd, the surgeon of John Wilkes Booth. Stone is now member of Congress from the Fifth district of Maryland, and is a modest, semi-literary lawyer. He went in his professional capacity to see Payne or Powell, the attempted assassin of Wm. H. Seward, and returned to my introducer with this statement:

"That fellow is the most extraordinary and irredeemable ruffian in Christendom. He is built like a gigantic savage, has no idea of fear, possesses no sensibilities, and wants to die with promptitude."

"He said to me, 'I don't fear, I deserve to be hanged, and expected it. I don't want to be led out into court every day with chains on my legs and a daily hurrah. I meant to kill that old Seward, and how I failed I can't imagine. I believe I was right in trying to kill him, and all I regret is that I didn't kill him. First time I went at him with my knife, and then with my pistol butt—if I had possessed anything else I should have finished him.'"

"Stone asked him the intent and nature of the conspiracy."

"It was a plan to carry off Lincoln and give him up to the Confederates," said Payne; "but when that failed, Booth, who was the only one in earnest, proposed to kill Lincoln and all the Cabinet. All the rest backed out, and scattered like a lot of beggars. We never heard of Sumner, of Arnold, or any of them again. I told Booth that I would go in with him, and he preferred to kill Lincoln, while I was set upon Seward. If Atzerodt or Harold were in the matter they were mere hangers on. I deserve to be killed and so does Booth. The rest were mere women and babies."

"Among the peculiarities of that time of assassination may be mentioned the fact that a poet, who recently figured in some of the floral decoration ceremonies of this vicinity had been invited by Wilkes Booth to come to his room on the night of the murder. While on his way there he heard the name of his anticipated host mentioned in connection with the crime."

"I dare say," he said frequently afterwards, "that if I had left my card at Booth's room that night, I should have been sent to the Dry Tortugas." Stone is a grandson of a signer of the Declaration of Independence from Maryland, and a great-grandson of Lord Baltimore, the famous Protestant Virginian Governor of the same commonwealth."

A MODEL M. D.—I had just finished my supper, and was enjoying my cigar on the deck, when I heard a man declaiming, in a loud voice, to two or three attentive listeners (but evidently intended for "whoever it might concern" at the same time) on *Pathology*. Being, as it were, thus invited, I also became a listener to something like the following:—

"There it is now! Well some people talk about seated fevers. I don't know any thing about seated fevers; there ain't no such thing as a seated fever. A skelter bite is a seated fever; cure the bite and the fever quits you quick enough. Jos' so with a bile—the same thing. There ain't no such thing, I tell you, as a seated fever. Fact is, and you can't rub it out, your regular doctor practices according to books; now I practice according to common-sense. Take a case now: There was Dr. Rugg, of our village, the very Sampson of the Materier Medikor. Wall, he treats fevers according to the books. What's the consequence? I get all the patients! He met me one day, and says he to me, says he, 'How is it that you get all the fever cases?' I told him exactly how it was; and it is so."

"Well, doctor," interrupted one of the listeners, "how do you treat fevers?"

"Well, there it is you see! You ask me how I treat fevers. If you'd asked me when I first commenced practicing, I could ha' told you—can't tell you now. I treat cases sally as I find 'em—according, as I said afore, to common-sense. And there it is! Now there was Mrs. Scuttle; she was taken sick. All the folks said she had the consumption; hadn't the consumption more'n you've got it [singing out a burly listener, who weighed some two hundred and fifty or three hundred lb.] had two doctors at her at once; didn't do her a single mossil o' good. Wal, they sent for me; and as I went into the house I saw a lot of tanny and a flock of chickens by the door. Felt her pulse. Says I—and she'll never forget it till her dying day does come—says I, 'You ain't no more got the consumption than I've got it, not a bit.' And there 'twas, you see! In two weeks I cured her."

"Well, but Doctor, how did you cure her?"

"There it is again! I told you I saw a lot of tanny and a flock of chickens growing at the door. I gin her some of the tanny and a fresh laid egg—brought her right up! It's kill or cure with me. Fact is, gentlemen," continued the doctor, "I call myself an officer. My saddle-bags is my soldiers, my disease my infantry; I rush at him, and 'ther he or me has got to conquer! I never give in."—[DRAWER, Harper's Magazine for July.]

HOW SMALL EXPENDITURES COUNT.

Five cents per morning. A mere trifle. Thirty-five cents per week. Not much, yet it would buy coffee or sugar for a whole family, \$18.25 a year. And this amount invested in a savings bank at the end of each year, and the interest thereon at six per cent. computed annually, would in twelve years amount to more than \$670. Enough to buy a good farm in the West.

Five cents before breakfast, dinner, and supper; you'd hardly miss it, yet 't fifteen cents a day; \$1.05 per week. Enough to buy a wife or daughter a dress. \$51.60 a year. Enough to buy a small library of books. Invest this as before, and in twenty years you would have over \$2,000. Quite enough to buy a good house and a lot.

Ten cents each morning; hardly worth a second thought; yet with it you can buy a paper of pins or a spool of thread. Seventy cents per week; 'twould buy several yards of muslin. \$36.50 in one year. Deposit this amount as before, and you would have \$1,340 in twenty years; quite a snug little fortune. Ten cents before each breakfast, dinner, and supper—thirty cents a day. It would buy a book for the children. \$210 a week, enough to pay for a year's subscription to a good newspaper. \$109.20 per year. With it you could buy a good melodeon on which your wife or daughter could produce sweet music to pleasantly while the evening hours away. And this amount, invested as before, would in forty years produce the desirable amount of \$12,000.

Boys, learn a lesson. If you would be a happy youth, lead a sober life, and be a wealthy and influential man instead of squandering your extra change, invest in a library or a savings bank.

If you would be a miserable youth, lead a drunken life, abuse your children, grieve

Waterville Mail.

EPI MAXHAM, DAN L. R. WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... JUNE 25, 1869.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. FITZGERALD & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York; R. R. Niles, Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. P. Russell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 40 Park Row, New York; and T. G. Evans, Advertising Agent, 129 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the WATERVILLE MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required at the office.

LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

Nothing either to the business or editorial departments of the paper, should be addressed to 'MAXHAM & WING, or WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE.'

OUR ANNIVERSARY!

The present number of the Mail closes its 25th volume. To keep up with the fashion of the times, and to treat the printer in an honorable business way, as they treat others, subscribers should at once pay arrears, according to bills sent some weeks ago. The large number whose rule it is to pay in advance will be gratefully met with receipts for vol. 25.

HAYING.—If farmers do not begin early to get their hay this year it will not be for want of being reminded of the propriety of doing so. There was so much smutty and otherwise poor hay last year, and the consequences so bad, in an unusually long winter, that nobody can escape the conviction that "early cut hay," so often spoken of among farmers, means more than it used to, before the days of mowing machines. Only a few farmers are so circumstanced as to regard to help and other means that they can get all their hay at a proper time; while those who sell their hay think they must let it stand for more growth; and others believe that because cattle eat it so heartily the early cut hay does not spend so well as when allowed to get ripe. Those who have carefully tried it and noted the result, especially with milch cows and young cattle and sheep, need no further evidence. We believe that smutty and late cut hay was in a large measure the cause of the great mortality among sheep last winter. Sweet early cut hay—cut and well cured in the first blossom—would have saved most of them. The effect upon early lambs is still more obvious—the dams have no milk, refuse to own their lambs, and the little weak and neglected things make no effort to live, but adopt the most trifling excuse for dying. It is a sad blunder to conclude, as many do, that the early cut hay is too "loosening"—the same mistake being made in regard to "aftermath" or second crop. This last is rarely well cured; but when cut early and well made, it is the very best of hay for milch cows, lambs and calves. We know that many have come to a different conclusion. One after another the best farmers are coming to this decision.

THE UNIVERSALIST STATE CONVENTION has been in session at Augusta this week, with a good attendance, notwithstanding the threatening weather. It is organized by the choice of the following officers:—

Gen. S. F. Hersey, of Bangor, President; Sidney Porham, Vice President; Rev. G. Bailey, of Belfast, Secretary.

PHILOSPHICAL.—The editor of the Somerset Reporter, after giving the result of the recent sharp railroad contest, concludes with this sage reflection:—

Last winter we came to the conclusion that railroad making is a business ill adapted to the cultivation of the christian graces; and the man who has a hand to hand fight to keep in subjection the world, the flesh and the devil, must, as he values his soul, escape railroad corporations. And we are not inclined to change our mind.

Isn't the same true also of politics?

We learn from the Skowhegan Reporter that the Somerset Railroad Company have commenced building their bridge across the Kennebec at Norridgewock; but in doing so they have made frightful havoc with the charming Clark place, one of the most beautiful on the river, and the home of Sophie May, the author of the Little Prudy and Dotty Dimple Stories, for, as is well known, corporations have no souls.

A telegram from Groton, Mass., reports Joshua Nye, Esq., at that place, confined to his bed by inflammatory rheumatism. He had been attending Commencement at West Point, where his attack commenced; but he was able to get as far as Groton on his way home, when he was compelled to submit to the tyranny of this painful disease. For several days past, we have heard no report of his condition.

RED ABSTRACTION.—Tilton's Journal of Horticulture says that no apple is so universally successful, north, south, east and west, as this popular Russian variety.

MARRIAGE IN LOW LIFE.—Minnie Warren and Commodore Nutt, well known all over the country, were married in Connecticut last Thursday.

AMONG THE POLITICIANS.—Just for the fun of the thing, and to have a pleasant ride with Conductors Howard and Dodge, we went down to Augusta on Wednesday, to attend the Republican County Convention. Following the crowd we made our way to Granite Hall, or rather to the entrance Hall below where the members of the convention were lying around loose for the purpose of button-holing and being button-holed. "Be you going for Webb?" asked a fellow, poking us in the ribs. "Going for Webb!" indeed! Now that shows what may come to a man from being caught in bad company. Just riding down with a set of scheming politicians had so changed our outward man that we were mistaken for a delegate. Lest a worse thing might befall us we incontinently slid.

Returning after an hour's absence, we found the Convention organized for business, Major Lowell, of Hallowell, in the chair, and Henry Fishon, of Vassalboro', Secretary. The credentials had all been presented and the delegations fixed, with the exception of Monmouth. One man, however, appeared without credentials, who claimed to have been chosen at a regular caucus. He was admitted, and subsequently the convention voted to allow him to fill his delegation—which we thought very liberal. Dr. Brickett, of Augusta, moved the re-election of the old County Committee, which was agreeable all around, only one cantankerous fellow protesting (a new man, evidently, not used to the political ropes) who said he had no objection to the individuals personally, but he didn't approve of that matter-of-course way of doing things. He was squelched.

Hon. T. S. Lang from the northern part of the county, was then nominated for re-election by acclamation, following by a great rattling of boot heels; and Joshua Gray, of Gardiner, was chosen as the candidate from the southern portion with a good degree of unanimity. Col. Wing, of Winthrop, nominated F. E. Webb, of his village, as a candidate from the western portion of the county, and somebody brought forward Geo. E. Minot, of Belgrade, for the same place. All had gone smoothly, without break or jolt, up to this point; but now there was an "accident," and one man was run over by the cars and politically slaughtered. Col. Wing, thinking to do his candidate a favor, volunteered the superfluous information that the two gentlemen already nominated were both "narrow gauge" men, and that now it would be nothing more than right to nominate one "broad gauge" man, and such was Mr. Webb, his candidate.

Wasn't the fat in the fire about that time? Such a sizzling and spluttering all over the hall; cries of "Mr. Chairman," "Question," "Let us vote," "Fair Play," "Let's fight it out," mingled with loud appeals of the chairman for order. Major Lowell did his best to quiet the row and have fair play, and having let in a statement on one side he was bound to admit one on the other side; so a tall lank champion of Mr. Minot got the floor to say that he didn't care so much to know how Mr. Webb stood on railroads, but he did want a candidate sound on the republican goose "which his name was Chamberlain," and here he more than insinuated that Webb was shaky. Amid much noise and confusion he proceeded to show how and why. A dozen men were on their feet to reply, but eventually Col. Wing managed to get an opportunity to "purge" his candidate of the atrocious charge; but this was no sooner done than another impetuous fellow wanted to know how the candidate stood on capital punishment, and the chairman pertinently suggested he might also ask him to show his hand on the question of "woman's rights."

In the course of the scrimmage a chunky man flung a brick of another shape and color, at the Winthrop candidate. He accused him of being a lawyer; and we had had enough of that sort of cattle in the legislature, making laws that nobody could understand; and it was time to put in a few honest farmers, men of plain common sense. He sat down amid uproarious applause; and up rose Crosby Hinds, Esq., of Benton, who came gallantly to the defence of his order in a spirited reply, to which, however the delegates were in no humor to listen, for it was near one o'clock and they were getting hungry. His closing remarks were drowned by cries of "question," and the rattling of boot heels. The vote was had and Minot was nominated—another victory for the "narrow gauge." Mark Rollins was then nominated for Commissioner and Alan-on Stark for Treasurer, by acclamation, and the meeting adjourned; and we have been puzzled ever since to know whether that was a railroad meeting or a political convention.

THE FLORENCE SOAP. Manufactured by Mr. D. C. Lincoln, of North Vassalboro', is rapidly growing in favor wherever it is used. It is most highly appreciated in the best families, and many in this vicinity, who have tested it to their satisfaction, buy it by the box. It is a pure article, honestly made, and its detergent properties are unsurpassed, and as a washing or toilet soap it is a great favorite. It is kept by several of our grocers, and we commend it to all for trial.

THE NEW LOCOMOTIVE, built at the Maine Central Machine shops in this village, is as handsome as a picture and a great deal better than she looks. It has been christened "R. B. Dunn," after the energetic President of the road; and the Bangor Whig says that the machine reflects great credit upon the skill and workmanship of Mr. J. W. Philbrick, under whose supervision it was built.

SMITH & EMERY, of the Somerset Reporter, promise to enlarge their sheet in a few weeks. They make a good paper.

OUR TABLE.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—The illustrated articles in the July number are—Early Aeronautics, Border Reminiscences, Making Watches by Machinery, The Birds of Paradise, A Street Army, and there are two illustrations accompanying the story of "A Brave Lady," by the author, John Malin, "Gentleman," and twelve comic illustrations of "The Red Man and the White Man," "My Enemy's Daughter," by Justin McCarthy, is continued, and there are several other good stories, and interesting articles, with poetry, well filled Easy Chair, Drawer, &c.

Published by Harper Brothers, New York, at \$4 a year.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for July has the opening chapters of "The Vicar of Bullampton," a new novel of great interest, by Anthony Trollope, with a full page illustration. The other contents are as follows:—

Thorwald's Lament, by the late Edward Everett; Annexation of Nova Scotia, by a Nova Scotian; My Summer Pets, by Mrs. Mary Treat; Inside a Chinese Gambling-Hall, by H. H. Hall; The Watcher, a Poem, by Edgar Fawcett; Beyond the Breakers, a Novel—Part VII., by Hon. Robert Dale Owen; The Housekeeper's Millennium, by Mrs. M. E. Joslyn Gage; The Philosophy of Absurdity, by Walter Edgar McCann; Princess and Page, a Poem, by Lucy H. Hooper; Only No Love, a Tale after the German, by Mrs. A. L. Wister, concluded; The Devil's Cave, an Adventure in Mexico; Our Relations with England, by Henry Flanders; Fancy Signatures, by Carl Bodtson; The Art of Getting to Sleep, by George Fishburn; Our Monthly Gossip; Literature of the Day.

Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, at \$4 a year.

THE GALAXY for July has the following table of contents:—

Put Yourself in His Place; Our Impending Chinese Problem; The Throne of Louis Philippe; A Light Man; Matrimony; Our Great Farmers; Susan Fielding; A Woman's Side Sift; The Practical View of Spiders' Silk; The East Chapter in the History of the War; Literature and Art, &c., and other interesting reading matter.

Published by Sheldon & Co., Nos. 498 and 500 Broadway, New York, at \$4.00 a year.

THE ECLECTIC.—The July number of this repository of choice foreign literature is embellished with two fine pictures—"Landseer and his Consolations," and "Gutenberg, 1400-1468." The following is a list of the articles in the number:—

Ravenshoe's Five Great Monarchies of the Ancient East; The Etruscans, the English of Antiquity; The Nature of the Interior of the Earth; Can a Catholic Priest contract Matrimony? On Sleep; The Creeds of the East; About St. Paul; Russia and the East; The Northern, Heathen and Christian, concluded; He Knew He Was Right, Chaps. XXV. to XXVIII.; New Expedition to Central Africa; Cromwell and the Jews; The Stars are Lighted, one by one in England and France; Wallenstein and his Times, Part I.; Charles Dickens' Moral Services to Literature; The Council of Trent and the Council of the Vatican; The Sen-Kung at Home; "Gentleman" and "Gentleman"; Poetry; Literary Notices; Science; Art; Varieties.

Published by E. R. Pelton, 108 Fulton St., New York, at \$5 a year.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK—everybody's favorite—for July has a beautiful steel plate, "The Week," a colored fashion-plate of six figures; "The Signal," a tinted picture; "The Exchange," a handsome card; a large extensive sheet of fashions, containing thirty-nine engravings; with numerous other designs of articles in the work department, a plan for a cottage lot.

The reading matter is excellent, including stories by Marian Harland, Lou Churefill, Pique, and Helen Maxwell.

Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

LINES.

Recited at a late Sabbath School Concert in Waterville.

BY ONE OF THE MEMBERS.

Down from the high church-towers,
The bells, in cadence sweet,
Have dropped their silver music,
For Sabbath eve is near;
And scarce their tones have ceased to float
O'er town and river, note by note.

The holy calm of evening,
Of Sabbath evening fair,
Is floating on the breeze;
Is breathed through all the air;
And stars are lighted, one by one,
Like twinkling lamps in heaven hung.

We thank you, friends, for coming
This quiet, holy eve;
We give you hearty welcome,
And gladly you receive.
A center church and joyous lends,
And shows to us that you are friends.

To aged men and women,
A sweet, low, soothing strain,
And ye who now are bearing
Life's burden and life's care,
Ye who are strangers to this place,
Ye, ALL, are welcome, every face.

No strains of rapturous music
We bring to you to-night;
No grand, high-sounding strains
Will here your ears delight;
But simple words, and children's songs,
And what unto this day belongs.

We tell you of a Father
Whose heart is filled with love;
We tell you of a Savior,
Sent down from heaven above;
Sent down that we might learn to live,
And while we're living love to give.

Oh! would that we might copy
His pure and holy life;
And would that we might sorrow
His spirit for the strife;
That spirit, solemn, mild, and true,
That breathed forgiveness when reviled.

Then life would have a richness,
A sweetness, here below;
A deeper, holier meaning,
As on its waters flow;
E'en as the clouds light up at morn,
When gently comes the step of dawn.

"HOME BOOK OF WONDERS," Nature, Science and Art, a desirable book for every family, is one with which soliciting agents can hardly fail in any locality. By referring to Publisher's notice in our advertising columns, it will be seen that he is desirous of securing reliable agents all over the country. At Kendall's Mills and in this village, quite a number of these books were marketed by Miss Jones.

A wonderfully horrible story is going the rounds of the papers, about the poisoning of twelve lumbermen in the northern part of this State by a lizard in their teakettle. It sounds like the revival of an old lie.

DECORATION DAY in Augusta will be observed on Wednesday next, and the Journal is confident from the preparations in progress that the occasion will be one of great interest.

JOHN S. SATWARD, of Augusta, formerly one of the editors and proprietors of the Kennebec Journal, is about to remove to a farm which he has purchased in Boxford, Mass.

ENSIGN WILLIAM WOART, of Augusta, was drowned in San Francisco, on Monday, as we learn from the Journal.

STONE AND MURRAY'S CIRCUS TO-DAY.—The popular Circus of Stone & Murray exhibits in Waterville to-day. Tickets can be purchased at C. A. Henrickson's book store, next to Post Office, a great convenience for those who wish to avoid the crowd around the ticket wagons.

THE GREAT EASTERN is paying out the new Atlantic cable.

THE JUBILEE.

Mr. A. W. Jackson, of the University, represented the Mail at the great peace festival. In addition to his private report of agreeable and liberal courtesies from the press committee, he gives us the following sketch of some things which he saw and enjoyed:—

Now that New York editors have acknowledged the success of the great Peace Jubilee, every one else will of course take it for granted without further testimony. I shall not therefore consume the space allowed me in endeavoring to prove this conceded point, but detail as briefly as I may some of the more general features, together with such particular incidents as were of striking interest.

To commence at the beginning, I think it cannot be denied that the building in which the Jubilee was held is unfortunate in position. It is situated in an out-of-the-way place known as St. James Park, the approaches to which are at all times tedious in consequence of sand. Nor did it add to the attractiveness of the occasion that there were allowed in its vicinity such a multitude of petty shops and side shows with the necessary concomitants of ugly women and impudent men. Further than this I know of nothing which the most exacting critic could reasonably find fault with.

I think the Coliseum, like the Falls of Niagara, disappoints the expectations of the observer at first view. Really it does not look much larger than many buildings in Boston and New York, though perhaps ten times their capacity. It is only as one estimates its ground dimensions that its vast proportions become real to him. One gentleman in my hearing stoutly affirmed that it did not look larger than the Academy of Music. He was a New Yorker, however, which fact may in his particular case in part explain the delusion.

Of the interior of the building it is perhaps sufficient to say that it could hardly have disappointed any one, either as regards magnitude or decorations. It is capable of seating, (so I was told by one who ought to know,) fifty thousand people. Any one would at once infer as high a number as this on contemplating the space occupied by the chorus, (ten thousand singers,) and comparing it with the space remaining for the Orchestra and listeners. It is perfectly symmetrical in its proportions, and so constructed that from any part of the building one may obtain a fine view of the whole. Galleries there properly speaking are none, but balconies on all sides sloping down to within a few feet of the parquette; thus giving the appearance of a consolidated mass of people rising gradually from the center of the building in all directions. One may here realize what is meant by a "sea of faces."

The decorations are very numerous and elegant, but not excessive, as a reporter to the New York World would have people believe. Upon the roof and arches they consist of national colors beautifully arranged in festoons; banners, standards of the different States, Portraits of composers, Handel, Haydn, Beethoven and others. The walls are covered with painted drapery on which are inscribed various mottoes, mainly scriptural. Over the main entrance is an angel of Peace, and a dove with an Olive branch in its beak looks in at one of the front windows. All seem beautifully appropriate, and their general effect testifies to the highest order of skill in arrangement.

The first sensation on hearing the music was with many probably the last one, that of wonder at the perfect harmony resulting from the combination of so many elements. Many of our ablest musicians had pronounced the scheme impossible, and even its warmest friends were not without misgivings till the first piece had been performed by the grand chorus on Tuesday. Many who came the first day to ridicule remained to applaud. The harmony was as perfect as any quartette could have produced.

The harmonious movement of so vast a chorus and Orchestra under the baton of a single director naturally suggested speculation as to the possible number which might be so controlled. A gentleman from Kansas put the question to Mr. Gilmore himself, and his reply was, that if he would have as able supporters as he then had he should feel safe in saying he could successfully direct as many as the entire building would contain.

It was apprehended by many that ten thousand singers and a thousand instruments, however harmonious they might be, would almost deafen at times those inside the building, and be distinctly heard at a considerable distance by those outside. No supposition could have been further from correct. The music was deep, strong, elevating, but in no instance was it loud enough to discomfort the nearest listener within or impart any special gratification to the nearest listeners without.

Though eminently successful throughout the entire week, Wednesday and Thursday were the great days of the Jubilee. The music was perhaps no better on these days than on Friday nor the attendance larger. On Wednesday, however, the occasion was honored by the presence of President Grant, and Thursday was the Anniversary of Bunker Hill. How President Grant was received by the great audience the dailies have informed you; how he conducted himself on the occasion no one need to be informed. He is one of those men who vary little for occasions. I doubt if from the vast multitude that did him reverence a man of less outward pretence could have been selected.

The music on Wednesday was mostly classical, opening with a Festival overture, and followed by two choruses from the Messiah of Handel. The last

"And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed," was grand beyond the possibilities of conception.

The next performance was a solo from Mozart, by Miss Adelaide Phillips. This was well received by the audience, though it was felt by many of her admirers that she did not quite do herself justice. Her voice is contralto and did not seem to be quite adapted to the selection. On Friday, however, she rendered an Aria from Handel in such a manner as to justify the highest expectations that had been entertained of her.

After the next chorus we were privileged to a second solo, sung by Madame Perera Rosa. Of her singing it is useless to attempt to speak, and I only narrate a single instance, showing the quality of her voice. She was supported by Mr. Arbuckle, the cornetist, and in the course of the performance gave with him successive tones. She with her voice, he with his instrument. It would be difficult to say which rung through the building the clearer of the two. The performances of the day were fitly closed with a chorus from Haydn.

by Madame Rosa. The full choir, orchestra and artillery performing the chorus. The effect no pen can describe. Madame Rosa joined her voice in the last chorus, and its full clear tones were recognized in every part of the building above all others. What proof of vocal power can ever be added to this?

The closing performance was Old Hundred, on the last verse of which the audience were invited to unite with the choir. Probably not less than thirty thousand voices were heard in one grand chorus.

There were two features of the five day's Jubilee which it would be unfair not to notice in a sketch, however meagre. One was the absence of every appearance of intoxication. And the other a gentleness of feeling which one met everywhere. Among the thousands crowded within the building and filling every approach to the building outside I do not know that I heard an ungentlemanly word or witnessed an unhandsome act. A large police force was kept constantly about the building, but in no instance were they called upon to exercise authority. Even the ushers, (contrary to experience elsewhere,) were uniformly courteous and obliging.

WEST WATERVILLE ITEMS.

Items are scarce. "Such as I have give I unto thee."

The Savings Bank is doing quite a thriving business. Still there is room.

Real estate is excited.

Capitalists have priced considerable property. Among the list, that owned by the Hatch's, known as their block. They would probably build on adjoining land if either of the proposed purchasers should buy.

Our Post-master intends improving his estate, opposite Hatch's Block.

We have a well kept Hotel, Mr. Bacon, the landlord, had the art of hotel keeping born in him.

The Somerset R. R. progresses finely. The Me. Central seems to be the most prompt of the two, always being up to time.

Liquor selling is not successful here; and there are those (and good temperance men too,) who think that there are laws enough now, if they are only enforced.

Our former townsman, John F. Libby, Esq., is here from Chicago. His health is somewhat impaired. He has been speechless a number of months. Every one of his many friends hope his recovery may be speedy and entire.

Yours, B. R.

WORSE AND WORSE.—Our President is not only no talker but he can't dance—hasn't the capacity, probably, no more than Daniel Webster, who could make a speech. In noticing the proceedings at the Cadets' Hop, at West Point, the Tribune correspondent says:—

"The attempts of the President and Gen. Sherman were by no means successful, the Chief Magistrate seeming to lack energy, the General of the Army, on the other hand, exhibiting an immense amount of motive vim, but wanting sadly in judgment. I was quite shocked to see a first lieutenant punch the President by way of admonition, and a Colonel use violence to his superior officer in the vain effort to keep him in position."

And then, according to Sherman, the President has no ear for music, for when he was about starting for the Jubilee, the following colloquy was overheard:—

"Taking Grant off to that drum match, are you, Underwood?" said Gen. Sherman.

"Yes, General, and I am very sorry you cannot join us."

"Well, it is a kind of disappointment, you know, because I can appreciate those things; but the President! bless your soul, he'll be bored to death. And worse than all that, he has no ear for music. Why, do you know that Grant couldn't tell the difference between Yankee Doodle and Zip Coon?"

At Brunswick, where the soil is light and sandy as it is with us, not only the elms, but the hard pine trees also, which are natives, are dying, and the editor of the Telegraph raises the same query that we did last week—what's the matter with the trees?

FISH WAY AT AUGUSTA.—We are happy to learn, as we do from the Maine Farmer, that Mr. Atkins, the Fish Commissioner, knows his duty and is determined to perform it. He promises to have the fishway at the Augusta dam built this season.

CATTLE MARKETS.—The supply of cattle this week, at Cambridge and Brighton, was small, only 50 being reported by the Boston Advertiser from all the N. E. States, and prices of beef were slightly improved from last week. Sheep and lambs were lower.

PROF. S. K. SMITH of Colby University, we notice, is announced to preach in Skowhegan, next Sabbath.

Several members of the Cuban Junta have been arrested in New York, at the instigation of the Spanish minister.

The regular trains from the west, on both railroads, now arrive in Waterville at half past four o'clock.

Mr. DANIEL WOODWARD, an old resident of Augusta, died very suddenly, of apoplexy, on Thursday.

Report names several sales of real estate in the vicinity of the depot of the Me. Central, indicating an intention to extend their improvements westward from their present center.

REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.—The result of the State Convention is what was generally looked for, the re-nomination of Gov. Chamberlain, by a vote of two to one.

Whole number of delegates, 1105
Chamberlain received, 694
Perham, 375
Scattering, 46

The old temperance plank in the platform was renewed as follows:—

Resolved, That we emphatically renew our adhesion to the principles of prohibition, and a vigorous enforcement of laws to that end.

Mr. BIGELOW, our County Supervisor of Schools, is pronounced the right man in the right place. He has gone to work in earnest.

MAINE BAPTIST STATE CONVENTION.—Maine Baptist State Convention held its session on June 15th and 16th with the Baptist church and society at Oldtown. After the appointment of committees the report on obituaries was presented by Rev. A. K. P. Small of Portland, in which fitting allusion was made to the following ministers who had departed this life during the year. Revs. H. Hawes, N. Robinson, Samuel Fogg and W. J. Durgin. Testimonies were borne to the worth of the above named ministers by Revs. N. Butler, C. Blanchard and Dr. Wilson.

The following officers were nominated: President, Rev. A. K. P. Small; Vice President, J. C. White; Corresponding Secretary, Rev. A. R. Crane, Treasurer, Prof. J. B. Foster; Auditor, Deacon W. A. Stevens.

The Convention sermon was preached by Rev. A. R. Crane of Hallowell, on Luke 10:2. After the sermon the Rev. Mr. Plummer of the East Maine Conference, presented the fraternal greetings of that body.

On Wednesday morning, after prayer, an abstract of the report of the state of religion in the associations was presented by the Rev. H. A. Hart of Yarmouth, from which we learn that the conversions have been numerous, and the aggregate addition to the churches is about 500 for the year. Much has been done in remodeling old and in building new church edifices. The convention has received from the churches \$600 during the year, and above \$1200 has been contributed to the National Theological Institute for the education of the freedmen for the ministry. Other benevolent objects have been aided—such as the foreign Missionary Society, American Baptist Home Missions and Bible Societies—the particulars not being at hand we are unable to give. The number of changes in the Pastorate has been numerous during the year.

The report on Temperance was presented and laid on the table till the evening session, when it was accepted with some alterations.

After listening to the reports of the committees on Foreign Missions, Publications and the Missionary Convention, the Convention adjourned, first passing the usual complimentary resolutions.

The report on temperance, alluded to above, declares intemperance to be one of the greatest obstacles to the spread of the gospel—regards the use of intoxicating drinks as by no means confined to persons outside of the churches—condemns the use of domestic beverages as no less injurious than the strongest stimulants—affirms that there is no middle ground in the cause and urges indiscriminate war on every kind of intoxicating drinks—calls on the ministry to engage in an aggressive work in favor of total abstinence—and urges the duty of all Christian men to aid in the cause by prayer and action.

The Portland Press advocates the introduction of black bass into the ponds and lakes of our State, and informs us that C. G. Atkins, our State Commissioner, is to stock Chimo pond in Edgington with this fine fish.

HON. HENRY J. RAYMOND, editor of the New York Times, died very suddenly, of apoplexy on Friday, at the age of forty nine years. He was eminent both as a writer and a politician.

Under the head of "Another heart broken with," the Portland Argus says: A young woman, good looking and very well dressed, came to the police station with a piteous tale. She had fallen in love and had married Louis Williams, a man who has travelled with Morris Bro's Minut troupe. They started on the thought on a bridal tour, and had left four parents in Wayne, to spend her honeymoon abroad, but alas for her great expectations, at Danville Junction Mr. Williams made himself scarce, and has not been seen since. The young woman has to her sorrow just become acquainted with the fact that this Williams has a wife No. 1 in Saco whose maiden name was Libby. Her love so warm at first got cooled on her trip to the city, and she thinks she shall let him go to the way of all transgressors—if she finds him.

Spain, for months past, has been not the best-abused but the most expensively advised country in Europe. Scarcely one of the predictions uttered has come to pass; so we observe without surprise a disposition towards reflection on the part of the censors. It is even allowed that countries deeming themselves much superior to Spain would not possibly have existed so peacefully in a situation where every kind of liberty is enjoyed, where all parties are armed, and where every day the chances of civil war are openly discussed. Marshal Serrano, with whom much now rests, is a man of great good sense, and it is to his credit and to that of the other leaders of the revolution that they have not added to the troubles of their country by quarrelling among themselves. [Post. Adv.]

Porter and Nye of Maine stood sixteenth and seventeenth in the class of thirty-nine which graduated at West Point Wednesday. Cadets Charles F. Dunn and Edward T. Brown of Maine have joined the fourth class of the next academic year.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—I have used my Wheeler & Wilson over fifteen years. It has done the sewing for two families, and numerous benevolent purposes, without one cent of repairs. I had no personal instructions, but simply followed the printed directions.

Coldwater, Mich. Mrs. R. E. HALE.

William Whittier was badly and Dudley Merrill dangerously and probably fatally injured while raising a building connected with the mills at Farmington Falls—while raising a "bend" the foot of the posts gave way, the timber coming down on Merrill and throwing both to the ground ten feet below.

The popular programme of

