



9-23-1870

The Waterville Mail (Vol. 24, No. 13): September 23, 1870

Maxham & Wing

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville_mail



Part of the [Agriculture Commons](#), [American Popular Culture Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 24, No. 13): September 23, 1870" (1870). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 369.

https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville_mail/369

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Waterville Materials at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby.

THE LOST SHEEP.

There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold;
And one was out on the hills away,
Far from the gates of gold;
Away on the mountains wild and bare—
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer, "This of mine
Has wandered away from me;
And although the rocks be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark the night that the Lord passed through
Ere he found his sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert he heard its cry,
Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way,
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They are shed for one who has gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are the hands so rent and torn?"
"They were pierced to-night by many a thorn."

And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And all from the rocky heights above,
There rose a cry to the gates of heaven,
"Rejoice, I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!"
—Little Sower.

[From Ballou's Monthly for October.]

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION.

BY PAUL GALEY.

FATE sometimes works strange mysteries. At least so singularly do some events interfere themselves with each other, so inexplicably do some natures meet and influence one another, for evil or for good, that one is fain to believe in fate, and loth to ascribe the tangled skein of circumstances to mere chance.

Sydney Bruce and Maude Forrest were a remarkable couple. So all observers said, and there were many observers, and shrewd ones, too, at Newport at the time Mr. Bruce and Miss Forrest made their advent. The season was particularly gay. There was a most dazzling array of beautiful belles, enveloped in all the paraphernalia which the ingenuity of fashion could suggest, attended by elegant young men, and set off by the rich background of superb matrons and stately fathers. There was music, dancing, riding, boating, bathing and all the estocetera.

Sydney Bruce was one of the highest types of the elegant young American of the day. Rather tall, well proportioned, with an intelligent face, black curly mustache and dark eyes, wavy hair brushed back from an intellectual brow, and with a dignified and graceful carriage, he only wanted money and the necessary amount of savoir to make him one of the lions. And such he was, for he lacked in none of the requisites.

But an acute physiognomist would have seen a look about the eyes suggestive of a possibility of something that did not appear on the surface—a latent power of evil that needed but to be aroused to make itself felt. What was there in Sydney Bruce's disposition that caused this vague look of threatening danger? Surely nothing that had yet been called out, for his friends were many, and none knew evil of him. His money, his talent, and his agreeable manners attracted all towards him.

He met Maude Forrest when he had been at Newport three days. He thought first that she was beauty incarnate, then that she was the very embodiment of pride. She was a tall fair-faced blonde, with great masses of wavy yellow hair that enveloped her classic head like a spray of gold. Her eyes were large, of a deep blue, her mouth was perfect in form, and as mobile in its expressiveness as a poet's heart. Her chin and nose might have been cut with Angelo's chisel, and her skin was like alabaster, mixed with the most delicate pink tints of the seashell. In form she was simply magnificent, and her carriage might have been that of a queen in its stateliness. But one could see at a glance that she possessed indomitable pride, and a thoughtful observer could easily imagine that, although her soul was capable of the most tender emotions, she was capable of crushing all with her pride, and stifling the most yearning promptings of her heart, should occasion demand it.

It is not to be wondered that Sydney Bruce and Maude Forrest, having once met, should be attracted towards each other. But why should they have been thrown together? Why should those two intense and highly individualized natures have met and wrought the chain of events that it is my purpose now to relate? I puzzle my brain in vain for an answer, and repeat that fate sometimes works strange mysteries.

Mr. Bruce and Miss Forrest were proming the piazza one evening. Said he: "Does this buzz and whirl of fashion, with which we are surrounded and with which we mingle, please you, Miss Forrest?"

"It pleases me very much. I take a great deal of delight in it."

This reply was rather baffling to Bruce, who had intended to elicit a very different reply from his companion. But he persevered:

"O, there is undoubtedly a certain kind of pleasure about it, but do you find it satisfying?"

"Satisfying? Yes. The excitement is what I crave."

"Ah! but is it not a false excitement that arouses the mind and nerves into an unnatural play?"

"No sir; I do not think so. If I did I should not be here. It is a life that I love—for a little while. Of course, I get enough of it in a few weeks, and then I am ready to settle down in my home again."

Bruce did not reply at the instant.

"You need not try," she continued, "to draw forth any mock sentimentality from me. You may think me giddy-headed, if you please, but I am not going to deny that I thoroughly enjoy the fashionable follies of this life here."

"You call it folly, and yet you say that you enjoy it."

"I say so, and I say it boldly," she said, laughing. "And so do you."

"Do I?"

"Certainly. Have you found no pleasure since you have been here—met with nothing that was really attractive to you?"

"O, indeed I have!" he replied, quickly, looking into her face with an unmistakable meaning.

"She drew herself up and blushed slightly."

"I was not soliciting a compliment, Mr. Bruce," she said, with dignity.

"I beg that you will not imagine that I suspected you of such a thing." And she looked up to see if he was sincere. There was no mistaking his sincerity, as he added, gravely:

"It was not a mere compliment. I meant what I said."

For once Maude Forrest was at a loss for something to say, and her dignity, for the time being, was unavailable. She was silent for some moments. At last she said:

"Let us go into the parlor, Mr. Bruce, and join the others." In with the gay throng they mingled, and, being together more or less, attracted universal attention and whispered comments.

"What a grand couple!" was frequently heard on all sides.

For the next few hours the "grand couple"

were together frequently, and it would seem that they enjoyed each other's society greatly. It was evident that they were congenial spirits.

But Sydney Bruce's mind was a perplexity to himself. Evenings when he was alone, meditating, his thoughts would run thus: "It is strange how I feel towards her. Of her beauty there is no question, and her accomplishments are of the highest. She is wonderfully attractive, too, and sometimes I am on the point of falling madly in love with her. But then comes the thought—guard yourself, but do not lose sight of her. And a feeling of hate comes over me, and I seem to be capable of doing her almost any cruelty. She would make a grand wife, and do credit to any man's home. She is terribly proud, but perhaps no more so than myself. Her smile seems to lure me on, and a mysterious voice seems to whisper me to follow—but for what purpose? Good heavens! I find myself almost loving her and cursing her at the same instant!"

And then he would take a brisk walk to drive the subject from him, and the next day renew his attentions with more assiduity than ever.

Maude herself began to receive him with a dignified cordiality, although her manner never overstepped certain bounds. Hers was a nature whose respect and friendship must first be won, and then—as for love, it was a matter for the most profound consideration. There was no danger of losing her heart hastily. She was too experienced and self-guarded for that.

One day her mother, who was the source from whom Maude had drawn all her loveliness and pride, summoned her to her presence. Maude wondered what was coming, for the manner of the summons was unusual, and her mother was grave, yet seemed to be filled with suppressed excitement.

"Sit down, Maude."

Maude obeyed. Mrs. Forrest after a pause, during which she seemed to be agitated by strong emotions, said:

"My daughter, you know that our family has always been distinguished for pride, and a rigid care in guarding its dignity and honor."

"I know it," said Maude.

"Do you think you are behind the rest of us in that quality?"

"I hope not," replied Maude, with a slight compression of the lips.

"Could you sacrifice something to avenge an insult?"

"Indeed I could. But why do you ask such a question? Have we been insulted?"

"Never mind now. I see you are with Sydney Bruce a great deal."

"Well," replied Maude, coloring, "Do you not approve of that?"

"I cannot tell yet," said her mother, looking at her searchingly. "You do not love him?"

"Love him? Scarcely, as yet, I hope."

"You never must!"

"Do explain your strange words, mother. What is the matter? Is not Sydney Bruce what he should be?"

"I know nothing against him."

"Then why do you talk so? What would you have me do?"

"Guard your heart, Maude," said Mrs. Forrest, impressively, bending forward, "and, when the proper time comes, humble him!"

"Good heavens, mother! how strangely you act and talk," said Maude. "Mr. Bruce is a gentleman. Why should I humble him? and how am I to do it? He is as proud as we are."

"Listen, Maude. Your mother was humbled, brought down into the very dust, once, by Sydney Bruce's father. He was young, and I was young, and I—yes, there is no use in denying it—I loved him. And I fondly believed he loved me. For months we went together and revelled in the sweetest of all dreams of youth, that of a pure and perfect love. It came to be understood that we were to be married, and every one congratulated us on our engagement. We were both of good family and our tastes were congenial. Everything was going on smoothly, and the future seemed one bright vision of happiness, when one day came a stinging, bitter, accusing letter, taunting me with being false, and bidding me a cruel, unregretful farewell. From that day afterwards I never saw Morris Bruce. The false villain! His charges were made up in his own wicked mind, and his heart never felt the first shadow of love towards me. Not one regretful word in the letter, not one moment given for refutation of what he pretended to have heard, not one sentiment that could have been uttered by one who loved another. He left me to face the world and explain as best I could his absence. O, how humbled I was! The curiosity of acquaintances and gossips must be satisfied, and I was the butt of all their speculation and ridicule. You do not know what a revulsion in my heart was produced. My love changed to hate; everything tender within me was hardened and seared over, and I became vindictive and revengeful. If it had not been for my pride, I would have pined away and died, I think, but as it was, I put on a bold face, recovered my accustomed gaiety, and stood before the world, at least, light-hearted and free as I was before I had ever seen Morris Bruce. In the course of a few years I married Lotherp Forrest, your father. It was not for love, for I was no longer capable of such a feeling. But he was rich, and my ambition was to marry well, and thus maintain my pride and baffle my enemies. When you were four years old, your father died. He left a handsome competence, and you know the style we have lived in. You are handsome and accomplished, and can attract any one you choose towards you. You can win the admiration of the proudest man that walks, and if you try you can win his love."

"And now it is for you, if you will, to satisfy the restless craving that has for so many years been gnawing at my heart. It is for you to avenge the insult and wrong that was imposed on your mother. Can you repress all tender feelings, crush down your love, and break Sydney Bruce's heart?"

Mrs. Forrest's face was flushed, her eyes glowed with an intense excitement, and she bent forward towards Maude, with an eager appealing look, as she put the question to her. Maude looked vacantly out of the window and pondered in her own secret soul for some moments. She put the question to herself: "Do I love Sydney Bruce?" Tremblingly she weighed it in the balance of her heart, and answered, "No." Then she turned to her mother with a cold look and said:

"With a cold look and said:

"With a cold look and said:

"With a cold look and said:

Waterville Mail.

VOL. XXIV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.....FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1870.

NO. 13.

"If all you tell me is true, if there are no palliating circumstances, I consent to act as your tool!"

"All I have stated is true. Morris Bruce's accusations were utterly without foundation. He wounded me and humbled me out of the malignance of his own heart. O, it would kill me to see you marry his son; it would be the most exquisite joy to see you bring him down!"

"That is enough," replied Maude. "Now let me go and think."

Thus the compact was sealed and the wounded heart, turned to stone by its terrible experience, exulted in an unnatural joy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PRESIDENT AND HIS CIGAR.—We are not in a complaining mood. We like our Chief Magistrate and believe God has made him an instrument of immeasurable good to the nation. But we dislike his cigar. The President in his public acts is public property; and, as Americans, jealous of American honor, we have a right to protest against this overbearing obtrusion of Presidential tobacco smoke upon public notice. Certain reporters who dog official greatness from Dan to Heersheba, delight to show up the head of the nation in smoke, and seem to prefer, if we understand them, a silent, smoking, smouldering volcano to a living man. We had better have a hard smoker than a hard drinker at the head of affairs, we admit; but the private debaucheries of Frank Pierce and Andrew Johnson are less offensive if possible to the good taste of the nation than this daily parade of General Grant and his cigar!

There are certain vices which should be practiced in secret if at all, and smoking is one. If the President should betake himself to some clubroom or smoke room and do up his fumigations, then he might give officious reporters less occasion to ring the praises on the "inevitable cigar," and do less to poison our children by his pernicious example. Not only do smoky editors take advantage of this weakness of our President; but tobaccoists, greedy of gain, are subjecting it to their sordid purposes. Hitherto these gentlemen have insulted the public taste by positing at their shop-doors some savage, some filthy squaw or some uncleanly and disgusting image to invite attention to their wares—their cigars and "negro-head tobacco," and all this seemed appropriate. But cupidity is audacious, and they now insult American pride by installing at their doors a full life-like wooden bust of President Grant, offering to passing travellers a cigar of his favorite brand! Emblems of majesty are not rare. We have Jupiter with his thunderbolt, Hercules with his club, Asaerus with his scepter, Washington with his declaration of independence, Lincoln with his proclamation of liberty to four millions of Bondsmen, and now in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and seventy we have President Grant and his cigar!

General Grant though a mighty captain, is the victim and we believe the unwilling victim of a despotic and degrading habit which "carries kings into captivity" and "binds princes at its pleasure." Abraham Lincoln, who abhorred tobacco, often bought General Grant to give it up; and the General, we have been told, about as often promised to do so when the exigencies of war would allow. Young America should not copy bad examples, in low places, nor high places; the very victims of the "weed" warn them not to do it. "I have been a slave to tobacco twenty years," said a father. "I suppose I shall die a slave; but if my son should use it I would disinherit him. It is bad enough that his father should live and die a slave." Said General Grant to a certain gentleman who presented him a costly merchandise in front of Petersburg: "Gentlemen, it is true I smoke; but it is a bad habit, and I purpose to drop it. You have presented me with this pipe. I can do no less than thank you for it!" When gentlemen professing Christian purity thus pander to the depraved taste of a superior, we are glad to find that General Grant has the malignancy and good sense to rebuke the servility.

—[Rev. George Trask, in the Independent.]

A WORD TO BOYS.—My young friend, did you ever know—can you call to mind a single case of a person who, having his own way to make in the world, spent his time in the billiard saloons, around hotels, or in any form of dissipation or idleness, succeeded in an eminent degree in any enterprise? Look over your list of friends and acquaintances and note their course. Do you find upon examination that those who to-day are men of influence and honor were not the youths who made the best use of their time, turning it to good account; and on the other hand, do you not find those who stood at corners with a cigar or a pipe in their mouths, went from bad to worse, and from worse to ruin? Sadly must the answer be made—oh, that they were not so! they have failed. Will you not profit by the experience of others? Go not that way. Never be idle. Every moment of your time is a golden one, use it as such; improve the mind, fix your eyes on some noble object, be men. The call is for men, will you not be one of that number who can say, "I am a man?"

AN EXTRACT FROM DICKENS.—"The rain fell heavily; and a dark mist drooping over the distant town hid it from view. The chill wind was howling, and the day was darkening moodily, when Harriet raised her eyes from the work on which she had long since been engaged, saw one of those travellers approaching. A woman. A solitary woman, of some thirty years of age, tall, well-formed, handsome, miserably dressed, the soil of many country roads in varied weather—dust, chalk, clay, gravel—clotted on her gray cloak by the streaming wet; no bonnet on her head, nothing to defend her rich black hair from the rain but a torn handkerchief. As her hands, parting on her sunburnt forehead, swept across her face, there was a reckless and regardless beauty in it; a dauntless and depraved indifference to more than weather; a carelessness of what was cast upon her bare head from heaven or earth, that coupled with her misery and loneliness, touched the heart of her fellow-woman. She thought of all that was perverted and debased within her, no less than without; of the modest graces of the mind, hardened and steeled, like these attractions of the person; of the many gifts of the Creator flung to the winds like the wild hair of all the beautiful ruin upon which the storm was beating and the night was coming."

"Thinking of this, she did not turn away

with a delicate indignation as too many of her own compassionate sex too often do. She pitied her. She asked her to come in, and helped her to bind up her bruised and bleeding foot. The woman caught her arm and drawing it before her own eyes, hid them and wept. "Have you been far?" "Very far. Months upon months over the sea, and far away even then. I have been where convicts go, she added looking full upon her entertainer. "I have been one myself," "Heaven help you and forgive you," was the gentle answer. "Ah! Heaven help me and forgive me!" she returned nodding her head at the fire. "If man would help some of us a little more, God would forgive us all the sooner, perhaps."

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.—One of the most fatal mistakes—and a common one—leading to many beside itself, which I have often heard with amazement, is conveyed in the almost proverbial phrase: "The world owes me a living." The world, my friend, does no such thing. It is not debtor to you, but you are debtor to it, and you cannot work too hard to discharge your obligation. It is not only does not owe you anything, but it is not going to pay you anything except as you earn it. And just so fast as you do that, it will pay—not wealth necessarily, not what you may call success or repute, but the honest return of wages, while God stands by to throw in his benediction to make up any deficiency. We are none of us going to thrive except by work—not by waiting for this or that, not by looking to this and the other man, not by expecting to be lifted, boosted into success. There are Micawbers all the world over—men waiting for the world to get ready to pay the obligation they suppose it to be under, men as miserably useless as they are contemptible. The fact is, this is a very busy world—a bit selfish if you will—and too thoroughly absorbed in various and varying interest to think much about individual men, young or old. Any of us is of mighty little consequence, and if you would like a healthy snub to your estimate of yourself, shut yourself up for a week and see how superbly indifferent the world is as to your absence, and with what marvelous facility it accommodates itself to your loss. The fly upon the coach-wheel in the fable is not more insignificant. The only thing that gives significance to you is your work, your industry and fidelity.

THE WESTERN MAN WHO SAW THE OCEAN.—I saw a man at Newport coming out upon the cliff by Easton's Beach, where the ocean all at once lifts up, and looks face to face with the gazer over the rocks. The ocean was pouring in long rolling waves between Ochre Point and Easton's Point, drumming under Forty Steps and breaking with power and whiteness upon the sandy crescent of the Beach. The man's face was so pathetic and his looks so affected me that I looked myself at the sea again, and felt more than ever the glory of it. He gazed away a little while, and then observing me near his feet, he recovered himself.

"Is that the sea, sir?" he said—the ocean?" "Yes."

"It's not a bay, nor a channel, but it's the whole thing, the genuine Atlantic?" "Yes; there's nothing past that but Europe."

He looked at it again, in silence, for some time, and then remarked:

"It looks just like the pictures of it. It's mighty fine. I never saw it before."

"What part of the world are you from?" "Born in Ohio, sir. Moved to Kansas. Always a Western man. I came East on purpose to look at the sea, and now that I'm here, I guess I'll enjoy an hour of it."

So he sat down on the grassy cliff and looked, and looked, and there I left him, a delighted worshipper. He will, perhaps, go home to tell his boys how it roars, how the boats gallop on it, how the land on its verge wears a naked look as if smitten by its gales.—[G. Alfred Townsend, in the Chicago Tribune.]

THE BIBLE AND TOBACCO.—On that topic Rev. Geo. Trask says:

A distinguished smoker sends us a challenge and says: "Show me chapter and verse in the Bible which condemns my habit and I am done."

The slave holder was wont to say, "Show me chapter and verse which forbids me to own a negro and I am done." Brigham Young now says, "Show me chapter and verse which forbids my Polygamy and I am done." And thus thousands, hugging simple idiocy, totally ignore the grand scope and all-pervading spirit of the Bible.

The Bible, my smoking friend, is a book of principles which appeal to common sense, and God requires us as honest men honestly to apply them to ourselves. The Bible requires you to love your neighbor as yourself, but you annoy and disgust him by your filthy smoke. Men of science say that smokers poison many cubic feet of air about them as really as enemies poison wells of water in war times, and you, whether in bed, in church or in travelling-car, are carrying on this poisoning business. Now the Bible says, "Love, worketh no ill to its neighbor," and does it not condemn you in your selfish indulgence?

The Bible requires you to regard your body as the "Temple of the Holy Ghost," but you make it a temple of noxious smoke. You defile it, "and if any man defile the temple of God, his shall God destroy."

The Bible tells you that the gold and the silver are the Lord's and you are to use money as his steward. Some men, even poor men, in the course of their life, waste the value of a farm on tobacco, and it might frighten you to learn by mathematics how much you waste. Surely this is in the face and eyes of the Bible. The Bible is for the body as well as the soul. The tendency of tobacco is to destroy both soul and body and instead of quoting chapter and verse as you challenge us to do, we might hurl the whole Bible as an avalanche against this abomination.

The Bible bids you whether you eat or drink or whatever you do, to do all for the glory of God. No man in his senses pretends that he glorifies God by chewing his quid or smoking his pipe. A good deacon whilst in his morning devotions was reading the above passage—he stammered, he stopped and then exclaimed, "Wife, wife, how in the world do I glorify God by using tobacco?" Then and there the deacon gave up the idol forever. Friend, go, and do likewise.

OUR TABLE.

HOURS AT HOME.—The October number closes the eleventh volume of this sterling monthly, and its existence under the old familiar name and form; and we should feel that were this indeed to be its utter extinction; but it promises to come again next month, under a new name it is true, but with enough of the old heart to ensure a hearty welcome among its former friends, and enough of new life and vigor and inward excellence and improved outward adornment to give it a still stronger claim upon the lovers of a wholesome literature.

SCIENCE'S MONTHLY, the new magazine, which will absorb "Hours at Home" and "Patnam's Magazine," will make its appearance early in October for November. It will be "An Illustrated Magazine for the People," each number containing numerous fine wood engravings; and it will be under the editorial management of Dr. J. G. Holland (Timothy Tjibbault), so widely and favorably known in the world of letters, who will be assisted by the best writers procurable in this country and Great Britain. Its advent will be looked for with interest, and it will no doubt at once attain a great circulation. The price will be but \$3 a year, and canvassers are wanted for it throughout the country who cannot fail to make good wages. Address Scribner & Co., 654 Broadway, New York.

The eleven volumes of HOURS AT HOME, neatly bound, constituting a valuable library of over 6,000 pages, full of valuable reading, are offered for \$20 for the set.

ARTHER'S HOME MAGAZINE for October contains a brilliant programme for the coming year. It is the announced intention of the publishers of this highly-toned periodical to make it the "Queen of the Lady's Magazines" for 1871. Having striven to make it the best reading magazine of its class, they now propose to give all the attractions of the most popular fashion monthlies, such as colored steel fashion plates, etc., and to add new features never yet attempted by any other paper. Among these are a series of cartoons on topical matters. These are to be finely engraved copies, double in size the ordinary page of the magazine, of choice pictures, and will be a novel and highly popular feature. The excellence and rare interest of its literary contents, combined with all these new attractions, cannot help making ARTHUR'S LADY'S HOME MAGAZINE the favorite of the coming season. Specimens sent free. Published by T. S. Arthur & Sons, Philadelphia, Pa., at \$2 a year; with large reductions for clubs.

THE CHILDREN'S HOME.—We see, by the October number, that the publishers (T. S. Arthur & Sons of Philadelphia) of this pure and beautiful magazine, are preparing for the coming year their budget of good things for the little ones. If you have never taken it for your children, send for a specimen copy; and we are very sure that its appearance among them will make their eyes glow and their hearts beat with pleasure. Price \$1.25 a year.

MOTHERHOOD.—The question has been asked, when does a mother's influence over a child commence? The question is an important one; a question which implies much valuable information to the mother. Few of this class realize how much they have to do in moulding the tastes, disposition and character of their offspring. The work commences long before birth. The strong emotions of a mother begin their work at the first germination of the intelligent existence. Her loves or hates, her thoughts or feelings, are transmitted to the unborn child. Instances in proof of this could be recounted in abundance; instances of the most remarkable and indisputable character. Many a peevish, fretful, hateful, passionate child has received its unpleasant disposition by the law of inheritance—bearing the transmitted disposition of the mother. In its earlier life it is not blameable for being hateful, fretful, and disagreeable to everybody and everything; for it is only acting out the entailed nature it has received.

And the same is true of many appetites it possesses, either latent or active. They are the entailed inheritance of ante-natal life. How important that these facts should be understood by every person who is to become a mother; and that the responsibility they embody should be deeply felt. No science ought to be more thoroughly taught to the future fathers and mothers of the race than this; and yet no science is so much ignored. It is, indeed, a taboored subject, both in the schools and the social circle. Even in the domestic circle it is regarded as too delicate a nature to allow of much discussion. The consequence is that children are being brought into the world mentally, morally and physically diseased—their disordered, disorganized progeny of mothers who know not what they are doing.

After birth the law of associational and impressionable influence comes in to carry forward the work. And here the mother is still the most potent factor in shaping the character of the child. She is with it the most constantly. It loves her, looks to her, leans upon her, is led by her, in trusting, confiding simplicity. It receives its earliest and most lasting impressions at her hands. And how lasting these impressions are may be shown by the relation of one or two incidents. A writer in one of our monthly magazines relates that he distinctly remembers being handed suddenly and with much agitation at the door of a stage coach from the arms of one woman to another. An aunt informed him, in his later life, that his mother had so handed him out of a coach, on the occasion of an incident, when he was just six months old.

Another writer relates the following incident: "A boy seven years of age, the son of a general in the army, who had lost his mother when a year and six months old, saw lying on the floor a bright colored dress which had been worn by her when nursing him but had been remained laid by since her death. The remembrance of it instantly, without any one mentioning to whom it had belonged, awakened the deepest emotions. He lay down at once, wrapped it tenderly around him, and evidently recalled the fact that her arms within it once encircled him."

The memory of a man and woman can recall extraordinary circumstances which occurred before they could speak; and all can recall the vivid impressions of early childhood. An alarm of fire, a startling calamity, a sudden bereavement has left its impressions upon the mind for life; but nothing is more vividly remembered than what mother was wont to do and to say. Her acts, her counsels, her tears, her smiles, her prayers, are among the most sacred treasures of memory.

How deeply ought these things to be impressed upon every mother's heart! How they should add fervor to her prayers for the be-

stowment of God's Spirit upon herself an offering! How they should nerve her to patience amidst the little trials of life; and encourage her to strive to make every word, and look, and thought a ray of heavenly light, a drop of celestial dew, a breath of air of the world above, to the young plant given her to train for fruitfulness on earth, and for transplanting, in due time, to the paradise of heaven.—[Temperance Patriot.]

SPEND WISELY.—Look most to your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out you will always be poor. The art is not in making money, but in keeping it; little expenses, like mice in a barn, when they are many, make great waste. Hair by hair, the heads get bald; straw by straw, the thatch goes off the cottage; and drop by drop, the rain comes into the chamber. A barrel is soon empty, if the tap leaks but a drop a minute. When you mean to save, begin with your mouth; there are many thieves down the red lane. Theology is a great waste. In all other things keep within compass. Never stretch your legs further than the blankets will reach or you will soon be cold. In clothes choose suitable and lasting stuff, and not tawdry fineries. To be warm is the main thing; never mind the looks. A fool may make money, but it needs a wise man to spend it. Remember, it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you give all to back and board, there is nothing left for the savings bank.

KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.—I do not believe in bringing up the young to know life as it is said. I should just as soon think of bringing up a child by cutting some of the cords of his body, and lacerating his nerves, and scarring and tattooing him, and making an Indian of him outright, as an element of beauty, as I should think of developing his manhood by bringing him up to see life—to see its abominable lusts; to see its hideous incarnations of wit; to see its infernal wickedness; to see its extravagant and degrading scenes; to see its miserable carnalities; to see its imaginations set on fire of hell; to see all those temptations and delusions which lead to perdition. Nobody gets over the sight of these things. They who see them always carry scars. They are burned. And though they live they live as men that have been burned. And to let the young go out where the glowing courtesan appears; to let them go where the lustful frequenter of dens of iniquity can come within their reach; to let them go where the young gather together to cheer with bad wit; to let them go where they will be exposed to such temptations—why, a parent is insane who will do it. To say, "a child must be hardened; he has got to get tough somehow, and you may as well put him in the vat, and let him tan"—is this family education? Is that Christian nurture? Is that bringing a child up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord?—[Becher.]

CATTLE SHOWS.

Somerset Central, at Skowhegan, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 27th, 28th and 29th.

West Somerset, at North Anson, Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 11th and 12th.

East Somerset, at Hartland, Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 13th and 14th.

Madison Town Show, on Blackwell's Hill, Thursday, Sept. 15th.

Norridgewock, Smithfield and neighboring towns at South Norridgewock, Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 5th and 6th.

Kennebec, at Readfield Corner, Oct. 5th and 6th.

Waterville Mail.

BEN MAXHAM, J. DANIEL WING.
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... SEPT. 23, 1870.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10
State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York; S. R. Miles
Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street,
Boston; Geo. F. Rowell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 39
Park Row, New York; and T. O. Evans, Advertising Agent, 129
Washington Street, Boston, are agents for the Waterville
Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and to
insert them at the same rates as required by law.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS
relating to the business or editorial departments of the
paper should be addressed to "MAXHAM & WING," or "WATER-
VILLE MAIL OFFICE."

STATE FAIR AT AUGUSTA.

Among the Pens—Tuesday, 1st Day.

Here at the very gates, and early in the
morning, the fine horses are standing in a jam,
while secretary Boardman is repeating to one
after another, in the quiet and consoling man-
ner which so fits him for his difficult place—
"All full—no room!—not a stall!—had to
shut down on horses last week!—gave you
full notice to be in season!—not another one!
Gentlemen, we can't do a thing for you!" It
makes me think of Hagar turning toward the
wilderness to see the poor fellows turning back
to bury their disappointments in the crowd,
while their places are instantly filled with
others doomed to similar grief. Here at the
gate is our honest friend Col. Drummond, to
whose usual six feet of personal dignity is ap-
pended the suggestive climax of "police," the
meaning of which is that if you are all right
you can get inside—otherwise not.

All, everywhere, is bustle and preparation.
The mere lookers-on are not yet here—only
the owners and their helpers. "Getting ready"
is suggested by everything you see or hear.
Tents and stalls and booths are everywhere
getting the last nail; cattle, horses, sheep, hogs,
poultry, and other living things if there be any,
taking their respective places. Here they are
to stand and eat four days at nobody's ex-
pense; to be looked at by everybody; to be
commented upon by wise men and fools—and
women—and then be judged by three to five
men, one or two of whom are generally sup-
posed to know something about them.

Among the exhibitors Waterville and vicinity
are largely represented, and cannot fail, I
am sure, to bear away the best of the premi-
ums. Messrs. Shores, Burleigh, and Blake
will sweep the board for Herefords, Dr. Bou-
telle for Jerseys; Percival, Haines and Dow
for Dyrhams; Pullen, Hallett, Hanscom and
Percival for Cotswolds; Maxham (modestly
speaking) for Merinos; Dow for Essex hogs;
—but I am forestalling the committees, and
will finish my predictions after they distribute
their cards to-morrow.

Here is a list of a few other exhibitors from
our vicinity:—E. C. Bailey, Winslow, Knox
colt; G. H. Getchell, Som. Mills, mare and
colt; Mr. Dillingham, Sidney, Jersey and other
stock; D. M. Wier, Vass., stallion; A. E. Jones,
Fairfield, colt; Wm. Abbott, F. O. Patterson,
J. N. Taggart, J. A. Varney, W. H. Pearson, D.
H. Weeks, E. J. Gilbert, R. M. Smiley, S. R. Jack-
son, S. Chaffee, all of Vassalboro', enter horses;
G. H. Mitchell, J. N. Mitchell, Jr., C. Bickford,
G. H. Boardman, B. F. Otis, P. Letorneau, A.
J. Libby, S. M. Woodcock, W. H. Hersom, A.
Rice, J. D. Richardson, C. L. Gleason, H. D. Bow-
den, G. W. Sawtelle, and C. F. Burrill, all of
Waterville, enter horses; so also do C. Drum-
mond, Winslow, D. L. Sawtelle, Sidney, and
R. Jones, Fairfield. Mr. Gilbreth, Kend. Mills,
exhibits several splendid horses, his famous
Knox among them. A. R. Smiley, Benton, G.
C. Hinescom, Albion, and S. Witham, Smithfield,
show good horses.

H. C. Colcord, Clinton, has an extra pair of
grade Durham yearling steers. Wm. Nowell
and S. O. Osborn, Fairfield, have fine oxen and
steers. Some good stock is here from Bel-
grade, Smithfield and China.

I hear it asserted that the exhibition shows
better neat stock than the New England fair,
both in number and quality.

To-morrow forenoon the committees award
premiums—then I will report further.

WEDNESDAY.

Here is a list, somewhat recapitulated, of
entries I mentioned yesterday:—

Knox Stallion, 2 years old, E. C. Bailey,
Winslow.

Brooding Mare and foal, G. H. Getchell,
Somerset Mills.

Stallion, 5 years, W. A. P. Dillingham, Sidney.

Young Gelding, D. M. Wier, East Vassal-
boro'.

Fairfield boy, A. E. Jones, Fairfield.

Ucaas, Wm. Abbott, Vassalboro'.

3 year old Stallion, C. Drummond, Winslow.

Little Tad, A. R. Smiley, Benton.

3 year old Stallion, F. O. Patterson, Vassal-
boro'.

Gelding, G. H. Boardman, West Waterville.
do do do
Breeding mare and foal, N. Tuttle, Smith-
field.

Mare, H. Crowell, do
Morrill Knox, H. Morrill, do
Knox Mare, J. Hallett, West Waterville.
Pair draught horses, C. Bickford, West
Waterville.

Nellie Otis, B. F. Otis, West Waterville.
Drew Prince, P. Letorneau, do
Gelding, do do
Horse, A. J. Libby, West Waterville.

Gelding, S. M. Woodcock, do
Messenger Mare, S. Witham, Smithfield.
Pathfinder, R. Jones, Fairfield.

Mare and colt, A. Reynolds, Clinton.
Mare and colt, do do
Gelding, G. W. Sawtelle, West Waterville.

Stallion, J. N. Taggart, North Vassalboro'.
Stallion, D. L. Sawtelle, Sidney.
Filly, J. A. Varney, North Vassalboro'.

Gelding, do do
Horse, W. H. Pearson, Vassalboro'.
George, H. C. Burleigh, Fairfield.

Draco Chief, do do
Lady Burleigh, do do
Stallion, H. Jones, do

Mare, P. Letorneau, West Waterville.
Breeding mare and colt, do
Gelding, D. H. Weeks, Vassalboro'.

Filly, do do
Donnybrook, Tucker & Parlin, Kendall's
Mills.

Fred, C. F. Burrill, Waterville.
Mare, E. J. Gilbert, Vassalboro'.
Ben Hampton, R. M. Smiley, Vassalboro'.

Stallion, J. D. Richardson, North Belgrade.
Stallion, A. F. Gerald, Kendall's Mills.
Draco Chief, J. D. Richardson, West Water-
ville.

Carriage horse, W. H. Hersom, West Water-
ville.
Knox Gelding, S. Chaffee, North Vassalbo-
ro'.

Gilbreth Knox, J. R. Gilbreth, Kendall's
Mills.
Hortense and foal, do do
Queen of the Dreads, do do

Stallion, 1 year, do do
Breeding mare and foal, A. Rice, West Wa-
terville.

Mare, C. L. Gleason, do
Gelding, H. D. Bowden, do

ENTRIES AT THE STATE HOUSE.

Quilt, Mrs. A. C. Sawtelle, Sidney.
Two quilts, Mrs. Lizzie Smith, do
Bed spread and stand cover, Mrs. P. Ellis,
Sidney.

Potatoes, 18 varieties, Obed Emery, Fair-
field.
Eight crayon pictures, Miss Anna E. Perci-
val, Augusta.

20 yards of home made cloth, 3 1/2 yards
milled cloth and gentleman's short coat, Mrs.
L. M. Webber, Vassalboro'.

Jar of butter, J. F. Hallett, West Waterville.
Quilt, Miss C. M. Weston, Belgrade.
Heath rug, Mary A. Hanson Vassalboro'.

Dish of Flemish Beauty pears, W. B. Dun-
lap, Polgrade.
Rug, Mrs. J. E. Twitchell, Waterville.

Rug patterns, E. S. Frost, Biddeford.
Rug carpet, A. W. Heath, Sidney.
Grapes, L. Dunbar, Waterville.

Butter, cheese, Jellies, Mrs. W. E. Drum-
mond, Winslow.
Rags, Mrs. F. A. Clark, Sidney.

Seed corn, G. Blackwell, Winslow.
Squashes, Jas. Taylor, Belgrade.
Jelly, do do

In good season this morning the several com-
mittees were moving among the pens and stalls.
An hour or two later they were passing over
the same ground tacking upon the posts blue
or red cards indicating first or second premiums.

Close upon their heels followed a little club of
those specially interested, who fell off or came
on, one here and another there, as they learned
the fate of their several pets. Here is a list of
those for which the readers of the Mail will be
likely to inquire:—

JERSEYS.—Dr. Boutelle, Waterville, 1st
prize and sweepstakes to bull "Humboldt";
1st to cow "Madam Bishop"; sweepstakes to
cow "Susie"; 1st to heifer "Bellflower"; 2d
to heifer "Clover 2d"; 2d to bull "Tam
O'Shanter";—also, the herd premium.

SHORT HORNS.—Herds—First to Warren
Percival of Vassalboro'; second to Wm. H.
Haynes of Smithfield. Bulls—two years old—
First to Wm. H. Haynes of Starks; second to
Warren Percival. One year old—First to
James Sampson of Bowdoinham; second to L.
A. Dow of Waterville. Bull calves—First to
Warren Percival; second to M. W. Cowan of
Sidney. Cows and heifers—Five years old—
First to Warren Percival; second to same.
Four year olds—First to E. Wadsworth of
Livermore Falls; second to Warren Percival.
Three year olds—First to Elijah Wadsworth;
second to Warren Percival. Two year olds—
First to Warren Percival; second to same.

DEVONS.—Sweepstakes. Bulls—First to
Allen Lambard of Augusta. Cows—To same.
Bulls of any age—First to Allen Lambard;
second to J. F. Anderson of South Windham.
One year olds—First to S. B. Page of Winthrop;
second to J. F. Anderson. Bull Calves—First
to A. Lambard; second to J. F. Anderson.
Cows—First, second and third to A.
Lambard. Two year olds—First to Allen
Lambard; second to J. F. Anderson. Yearlings
—First and second to J. F. Anderson. Calves
—First to Allen Lambard; second to S. B.
Page.

AYRSHIRES.—Sweepstakes. Bulls—to J.
N. Dane, Jr., of Kennebec. Cows to same.
For best bulls—First to J. N. Dane, Jr.,
second to E. E. Hindlett of Dresden. Cows
& heifers—First to J. N. Dane, Jr.; second to
same. Two year olds—First to J. N. Dane,
Jr.

MERINO SHEEP.—E. Maxham, 1st on pen
of ewes; 1st on buck "Green Mountain Boy";
2d on buck "Ticonic."

The trotting horses keep up an abiding in-
terest at the track, with a permanent audience
composed of both sexes. Many very fast hor-
ses share the sport. One driver whips cruelly,
but I can't call him by name. Two or three
collisions have kindly spared the lives of as
many men and horses. One loty tumble put
horse and rider over the pole—"so they said."
I can't venture to report races taken, till they
are given officially. These owners of speedy
horses are pretty sensitive men.

"Somebody blundered" in ordering the
eastern gate of the grounds to be closed at the
firing of the 6 o'clock gun at the U. S. arsenal.

Here was where large numbers hurried to the
special trains both up and down the river, at
20 minutes later. An exciting trot had reached
the last heat, and everybody wanted the
last minute. When it was discovered that the
gate was closed large numbers rushed together
to see what was to be done. There was not
five minutes in which to go a mile to the city—
though there was time to belch out a good deal
of tall swearing. An army in Flanders would
have been distanced. Some climbed over, but
it was a dangerous leap down the bank and into
the bushes outside. "Hold on boys!" shout-
ed a man back at the track, "hold on, come
and see this heat, and if that gate isn't open
we'll go through it!" I looked back as I
recognized a voice I had often heard in Wa-
terville, and had no more doubts about the
gate. Before the heat was ended a police-
man was tugging hard at the big padlock.
He couldn't do it! The heat was ended—the
crowd gathered—time grew short, and patience
shorter—the bell rung—the train stopped out-
side! A stick of timber was lying near—"Go
through it boys!" said that same voice—and
gate, timber, boys and all went through, and
down the bank to the cars. I followed. What
else could the boys do?

SENIOR.

The bridge is progressing finely, and un-
der favorable prospects. The fourth and last
span is nearly ready to raise, and will be in its
place early in the coming week. The stone
work on the piers is nearly out of danger from
an ordinary freshet, and an extra crew of work-
men provided for next week will speedily make
all things safe. The remarkably dry and fair
weather has been singularly favorable, and
those who are in any measure qualified to give
an opinion concede to Mr. Haviland the credit
of most excellent management, considering the
obstacles with which he has had to contend.
Those who hope to use the bridge for their
winter business are not likely to be disappoint-
ed, though the old ferry boat will doubtless be
kept in readiness for western travel.

ACCIDENT.—By the fall of a staging at the
college chapel, Monday forenoon, three men
were seriously hurt. Mr. Eleazer C. Getchell,
a well known brick-mason of this village, fell
some thirty feet upon a pile of bricks, having
an arm badly fractured, and receiving wounds
on his forehead and hand. Mr. Peter Jenness
was severely bruised, and it was at first feared
he was fatally injured internally; but he has
since been recovering. Mr. Geo. Ranco had
a leg broken, and was badly jarred and bruised.
The three are now doing well.

A serious accident at the grounds of the
State Fair, Thursday, resulting in breaking a
leg of one person and an arm for another, and
in bruising and laming many others, was caused
by the giving away of the spectators' seats in
front of the judges' stand. We have no de-
tails.

Mrs. Heywood of Waterville, had her
pocket picked of a valuable portemonnaie and
five or six dollars, on Wednesday at the Fair
grounds. She regrets the former more than
the latter, for it was a valued keepsake. (Pos-
sibly the thief, if arrested, will compromise and
restore thus much.)

The Portland Press says that it can only ac-
count for the recent remarks of the editor of
the *Advertiser*, on a certain subject, by the
charitable supposition that he was intoxicated
when he wrote them. The *Press* wrongs the
Advertiser. The man who is running a muck
against the jute chignon is not drunk but crazy
—made so by the tormenting visits of the ghost
of that woman whom he murdered at West
Waterville, and which is haunting him to look
up the poor worm-eaten body that it may have
Christian burial.

EX-GOVERNOR CONY is sick, with no hope
of his recovery.

MR. NEE'S CADETS went to Pittsfield on
Wednesday. The weather was very pleasant
and the large company had a delightful time.

A woman has been admitted to the Typo-
graphical Union of Washington—and yet the
sun continues to rise and set as before.

Now that the State Fair is over, our farmers
will have leisure to turn their attention to their
own local show and make preparations for the
Exhibition of the North Kennebec Society,
which will occur on Monday and Tuesday, Oct.
3d and 4th.

The Newport Sabbath Schools made an ex-
cursion to this village on Saturday last. The
Pittsfield F. W. B. Sabbath School (including
the students of M. C. Institute) had an excu-
sion to North Belgrade, the same day.

Capt. Archibald Clark, Register of Deeds
for Kennebec county, died at his residence in
Augusta on Thursday afternoon, at the age of
37 years, as we learn from the *Journal*.

CATTLE MARKETS.—A delegation of Texas
cattle in market, some of them selling as low as
\$3.50 per cwt. live weight. Ordinary grades
were reported quiet at 7 and 8 c. per pound;
fairish steers and heifers 8 and 11 c.; good
butcher steers up in the teens; while a very
few choice ones sold as high as 14 c. Of workers,
D. Wells sold 6 oxen to Fitch & Co. at \$10
per cwt. 38 sk, average 1134 lbs; 11 cattle at
\$7.50 per cwt, 40 sk, average 732 lbs; 22 ox-
en at \$12 per cwt, dressed weight, average
1400 lbs; one stag at \$60; one pair workers,
6 ft 7 in, at \$155.

The supply of sheep was large and the mar-
ket moderate, good first chop lambs bringing
\$4.50 per head.

Several salmon have recently been taken on
Ticonic falls.

OUR TABLE.

THE CHOICE OF PARIS, a Romance of the
Road. By S. G. W. Benjamin, author of "The
Turk and the Greek." New York: Hurd & Hough-
ton. Cambridge: Riverside Press.

The legends clustering about the Siege of Troy, im-
mortalized in the verse of Homer, are here woven into a
prose romance which will be read with interest by old
and young, leading many to make the acquaintance of
the "Iliad." The story of the great pre-Homeric tragedy
is presented as a harmonious whole; and the author, by
giving to the narrative a life and coloring which brings
the actors near to the reader and makes them flesh and
blood realities, imparts to the sad tale an interest that
will make it agreeable reading even to those who are
already familiar with its brief outlines. The volume is
presented in the usual elegant style of the Riverside
Press.

For sale by Nichols & Hall, Boston, and by C. K.
Mathews, Waterville. Price \$1.25.

FIRST STEPS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE. By
Arthur Gilman, A. M. New York: Hurd & Hough-
ton. Cambridge: Riverside Press.

In neat print and handy form, enclosed in flexible cov-
ers, we have in this little volume a first text book for
those who enter upon the study of English Literature.
To use the language of the preface, "it presents, in as
small compass as possible, a comprehensive view of the
great field; tracing the stages of growth through which
our literature has passed; and so far as practicable with-
in the limits, pointing out the influences which have
caused the fruit of this growth to take now one form,
now another." In carrying out this plan, an outline of
the early history of England is given, and also of our
own country, with brief biographical and critical notices
of the more prominent writers of every age; a classifica-
tion of the languages of Europe; a definition of terms;
and two charts, giving a list of authors and prominent
contemporary events through the two periods of Immature
and Mature English—the whole making a very
useful little work for the student or the general reader.
Sold in Boston by Nichols & Hall, and in Waterville
by C. K. Mathews. Price \$1.

A BATCH OF NEW JUVENILE BOOKS.

Lee & Shepard, the well known enterprising Boston pub-
lishers, do a large business in juvenile books, and have
recently issued a large number, among which are the
following:—*The Boys of Grand Pre School*, by Prof.
James De Mille, author of "The Dodge Club," etc., be-
ing the second of the "B. O. W. C." series which is to
embrace six volumes; *The Little Maid of Olden*, by
May Manning, which is the last of the "Helping-Hand
Series," of six volumes; *Charley and Eva Roberts*,
Home in the West, which is the third volume of the
"Charley Roberts Series," to be completed in six; *The
Pinks and Blues*, or *the Orphan Asylum*, the last of the
"Rosa Abbott Stories," a series of six handsome little
volumes; *The Proverb Stories*,—second series of three
nice little volumes in a neat box, each story illustrating
the proverb taken for its title, and the titles of these
three being "A Wrong Confessed is Half Redressed,"
"A Good Turn Deserves Another," and "Actions Speak
Louder than Words." These books are all neatly print-
ed and bound and handsomely illustrated; and while
furnishing interesting reading they teach useful truths
and enforce wholesome moral lessons. They will make
charming gift books for boys and girls.

For sale in Waterville by C. K. Mathews.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for October
opens with Mr. Parton's article on "Our Israelitish
Brethren," which gives at great length and in a lively
manner the results of the author's inquiries and observa-
tions about and among the Jews in this country. Dr.
Hedge has an essay on "Irony," Mrs. Stowe tells another
story through "Sam Lawson's" lips; Mr. John Bur-
roughs relates the adventures of a troutling excursion;
"A German Landlady" is a sketch from life by "H.
H.," which, we believe, means Miss Helen Hunt; Mr.
Justin McCarthy contributes a very short paper, "Some
English Workmen"; and Mr. T. B. Mury writes of
"The New American Polar Expedition and its Hopes." Perhaps
more general attention will be attracted by Mr.
Wilson's paper in reply to Judge Black than by anything
else in the number. It is eminently calm in tone, and
strongly in contrast with the vehement and abusive tri-
bune which calls it forth. The first of a series of papers
"Four months with Charles Dickens during his visit to
America, in 1842, by his Secretary," is by Mr. G. W.
Putnam.

Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$4 a
year.

THE GALAXY is out for October, and opens
with a portrait of Count Bismarck. Among its more
notable contents we observe "James Buchanan," by
Horatio King, a contribution to the controversy dating
from Mr. Wilson's article on Mr. Stanton; "Does it pay
to visit Y. Semite," Olive Logan, the lady answering the
question with a decided and disgusted negative; "Wil-
liam Murder Out," by Edward Craspey, dealing with
the Nathan affair; "The King of Prussia," by Justin McCar-
thy; and Mark Twain's usual budget together with the
chapters of two serial stories. Published by Sheldon &
Co., New York, at \$4 a year.

THE ELECTRIC for October is embellished
with a fine portrait of the great French dramatic poet,
Racine, and is filled, as usual, with the cream of the
foreign periodicals. Among the articles are—Baths and
Bathing Places, Ancient and Modern; About what the
Old Egyptians Knew; The Old Prisons of Paris and their
Inmates; What fills the Star Depths? The Battle of Fon-
tenoy; The English Revolution of the Nineteenth Cen-
tury; The Power of Sound; Gunpowder and Modern
Artillery; Disraeli and the Ducks; Is the World Round?
with some pages of choice poetry, interesting Foreign
Literary Notes, and well filled departments of Science,
Art, and Varieties.

Published by E. B. Pelton, New York, at \$5 a year.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for October gives us a
continuation of "We Girls, a Home Story," by Mrs. A.
D. Whitney; another chapter of "How to do it," by Ed-
ward E. Hale, this time telling "How to Travel," another
illustrated lesson in Drawing, by Charles A. Barry;
an Acting Charade; and many other good things which
we will not enumerate, with numerous fine illustrations.
Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$2.50
a year.

IMPORTANT NEWSPAPER CHANGE.—The
Heart and Home, a finely illustrated family
journal of a high character, hitherto issued by
Messrs. Pettengill, Bates & Co., has been pur-
chased by Orange Judd & Co., of 245 Broad-
way, New York, the well-known publishers of
the *American Agriculturist*. Messrs. S. M.
Pettengill & Co., whose great Advertising
Agency, established in 1849, is one of the largest
and most reputable in the world, find that
their extensive business requires their exclu-
sive attention, and they therefore transfer
Heart and Home to the new publishers,
whose long experience and abundant facilities
will enable them not only to maintain the past
high character of the paper, but to add materi-
ally to its value. The new Publishers also
announce a reduction of terms to \$3 per year.
The change will not at all affect the *American
Agriculturist*, which will continue independ-
ently as heretofore.—The illustrations of the two
journals will be entirely different. Either of
the journals will be furnished from now to the
end of 1871 (15 months), at the yearly sub-
scription rate, viz.: The Weekly *Heart and
Home*, at \$3; the Monthly *American Agri-
culturist*, \$1.50; or the two for \$4.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for October, an un-
usually good number, full of valuable and at-

tractive reading and profusely illustrated, is for
sale by C. A. Henrickson, who is promptly
supplied with all the periodicals of the day by
the New England News Company of Boston.

We call attention to the advertisement of the
New York *Observer* in another column. It is
sent free on trial to all applicants one month.

FIRE.—The house of Mr. A. J. Shorey,
about a mile and a half this side of the West
Village, was burned, on Thursday afternoon.
The family were absent at the time, and lost
everything but the clothes they had on. Loss
about \$400—no insurance. Cause of fire un-
known.

The following resolutions were adopted by
the Maine State Sabbath School Convention,
at its last session in Bath:

1.—That a well conducted Sabbath School
is one of the most efficient means of restraining
the lost as well as inspiring all with a stronger
love for the word of God.—We therefore ear-
nestly recommend that our Sunday Schools
meet in County Conventions in their respective
Counties at least once a year.

2.—There is no reason in Scripture or in the
nature of things demanding the gathering of
children in Sunday Schools which does not ap-
ply with equal force to adults, both within and
without the church.

3.—That we earnestly recommend that all
teachers should avail themselves of the advan-
tages of the books, papers, teachers' meetings,
institutes and Conventions now provided for
their assistance; and that those who seek to
instruct their classes without hours of prayerful
study of the lesson cannot expect to be success-
ful in their work.

4.—As man and religion are antagonistic
forces, therefore it is the duty of every Sunday
School to see that every scholar and teacher
sign and keep inviolate the pledge of total ab-
stinence from all intoxicating drinks.

5.—That it is the duty of a Christian State,
by the enactment and rigid enforcement of pro-
hibitory laws, to remove from before its youth
the temptation of open drinking saloons.

6.—We earnestly recommend that the pupils
in our Sunday School form associations similar
to the Band of Hope with the triple pledge of
total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, to-
bacco and profanity.

7.—That the temporal, social, moral and reli-
gious condition of the world is essentially con-
trolled by the actual state of the church; there-
fore, to ensure the full triumph of Christianity,
the entire consecration of Christians is impera-
tively demanded.

REV. M. J. KELLY, late Chaplain of the
National Asylum at Togus, has left with a por-
tion of his family for his post of duty in Ore-
gon. On his departure resolutions highly com-
plimentary to him as a man and an officer were
adopted by the Soldiers' Division S. of T. at the
Asylum of which he was an efficient mem-
ber.

THERE is probably little to choose, in the
matter of rapacious and selfish ambition, be-
tween the spirit of Bismarck and Napoleon,
though in God's providence one may lead to
vastly better results than the other. Peter
Bayne writes to the Watchman:

I have not only watched Count Bismarck's
public career but have read his private letters;
and I am bound to say that both present to my
mind a man who looks with measureless scorn
on the modern ideas of popular self-government
and representative parliamentary institutions,
and the growth of nations by intelligence,
virtue and peaceful industry, and whose part
in history has been to recall, with terrible ef-
ficacy, into the system of modern Europe, the
old Hohenzollern ideas of conquest, and the old
Rob Roy creed.

That he should take who has the power,
And he should keep who can.

TRESPASSERS BEWARE!—We are request-
ed to publish chapter 49 of the public laws of
the State of Maine, passed by the Legislature
in 1869, entitled "An act to provide for the
more effectual protection of fruit growers
against trespassers." A great many people
may be benefitted by reading it.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of
Representative in Legislature assembled, as fol-
lows:

SECTION 1. Any person who shall at any time
enter upon any orchard, fruit garden, vineyard,
or any field or enclosure wherein is cultivated
any domestic fruit whatever, and which is
kept for such purpose, without the consent of
the owner or occupant thereof being previously
had and obtained, and with intent to take, or
destroy, or injure anything there growing, shall
be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and on
conviction thereof shall be punished as is pro-
vided in section two.

SECTION 2. Any person who shall wilfully cut
down, destroy, or in any way injure any tree,
shrub, or vine within any enclosure or field
wherein is cultivated any

MISCELLANY.

SABBATH EVE.

How calmly sinks the parting sun!—
Yet twinkling lingers still
And beautiful as dreams of heaven
Its slumbering on the hill
Earth sleeps with all her glorious things
Beneath the Holy Spirit's wings,
And, rendering back the hues above,
Seems resting in a trance of love.

Mysterious music from the pines,
O'er yonder dark rock reclined,
Falls like the whispering words of peace
Upon the heavenly mind;
And winds, with pinions steeped in dew,
Breathe gently as if stealing through
From Eden's bowers, they come to bless
The spirit with their holiness.

And yonder glittering throng of clouds,
Retiring from the sky,
So calmly move, so sweetly glow,
They seem to fancy's eye
Bright creatures of a better sphere,
Come down at noon to worship here,
And from their sacrifice of love
Returning to their homes above.

The spirit of the Holy One
Comes through the silent air
To feeling's hidden springs, and wakes
The gush of music there,
And the far depths of ether beam
So passing fair, we almost dream
That we can rise and wander through
The open paths of trackless blue.

THE LICHENS, A FABLE.—"Mother, how old am I?" said a little lichen.
"Only eighty, my child: you have just begun to live," was the answer.
"And how old are you?"
"Five hundred and twenty. I am still young."
"Are you not discouraged, mother?"
"At what, pray?"
"At your size. Five hundred and twenty years old, and yet so small."
"Not so small either. I cover six inches already. Few of my family have done more than I have."
"But of what use is it to cling to this rock, summer and winter, in storms and winds and colds? What do we live for?"
"To raise wheat."
"Raise wheat?"
"Wheat to be sure."
"We lichens on this cold rock raise wheat?"
"Listen, child: we lichens, with the acid we generate, dissolve and crumble the rocks. Last year you yourself rolled down two little grains. Every grain we make is washed by the rains and rivers to the place where the old soil is worn out and the wheat needs new."
"How often, mother, can I gnaw off enough rock to raise a kernel of wheat?"
"Perhaps once in thirty years."
"And when will that which we dig out this year raise wheat?"

"It may be five hundred years hence. People will then want bread; and it is for this we are now preparing soil, getting the rock ready to raise wheat. This is our work, and it must be patiently done.—[Mrs. Phelps.]

The Watchman & Reflector of Boston publishes an advertisement of California wine and editorially says of it: "We insert it in the interest of Temperance and good morals," upon which the Standard of Chicago makes the following truthful comments:
"That's just what the manufacturers of California wine in Chicago from whiskey and drugs, say. That's what the dealers say in California; but the fact is there is more drunkenness in that State of pure wines than in any other in the Union. A Baptist minister, writing from the wine-growing districts, a short time since, said: 'I came here with the old opinion that plenty of wine would promote the Temperance cause. I am cured. When I see whole families, father and mother, boys and girls, made drunkards by the produce of their own vineyards, I am convinced that wine-making is a curse. California is becoming a State of Drunkards. The people are not satisfied with their wine. It creates an appetite which brandy and other stronger drinks alone can satisfy. You have no idea of the terrible drunkenness which exists in the wine producing districts.' The idea of making, or using, or advertising wine in the interest of 'Temperance and good morals, in the light of facts, is simply absurd. Wine and beer-drinking are the recruiting-stations at which drunkards are made."

WATER IS BEST.—When the "Ocean Monarch" was on fire, the boats of the "New World" were sent by Captain Knight to the rescue of her passengers, and ordered not to leave the wreck while one soul remained on board needing assistance. One of the boats was in charge of Mr. Baltham, third officer of the "New World." The men in this boat, as well as all the rest, toiled nobly and severely during the seven hours they were engaged in plucking the brands out of the fire. As they came near the anchored Brazilian steamer, to put on board the saved, they several times asked for water, and at first half a dozen bottles of liquor were thrown into the boat for them. The liquor was instantly thrown overboard, the noble seaman indignantly demanding: "What kind of refreshment is that for such men on such an occasion? Water! water is what we want." In every instance water was given them; and having finished the errand of mercy on which they were sent, they returned to their ship sober, to make their captain proud of his crew, and the friends of humanity grateful that such men navigate the deep.

ALCOHOL AS A MEDICINE.—"How is it," asks a doubter, "if alcohol is so poisonous, that the best doctors often use it in their medical prescriptions?" The question implies ignorance in the querist that other poisons, and indeed most poisons, are likewise used as medicines, including the most deadly. Mercury, Opium, Nightshade, Hemlock, Arsenic, and even Prussic Acid, are in daily use by the ablest physicians for the cure of human maladies; and though often abused and misapplied, there can be no doubt each and all of them may be and are prescribed by the experienced to remove pain and preserve life. But who thence argues that these articles may be harmlessly and beneficially swallowed by men in health, as their own fancy or depraved appetite may prompt? The laws of health and those of disease are so different, that the fact of a particular substance being useful in certain stages or forms of diseases would rather argue its uselessness to be profusely swallowed in health merely for the sake of sensual gratification. But I do not press that argument. Suffice it that the fact of alcohol being sometimes useful as a medicine does not, and cannot prove that it is innocent as a beverage.—[Horace Greeley.]

When Gen. Sherman went to California he was met at a station by a party of his former friends in the land of gold. One began to shoot off a speech at him—"Gen. Sherman, you took him by the hand and shoulder, and with a good-natured smile said: 'How are you, old fellow; how are you?' The speech was exploded.

New Firm.

WE have this day entered into a partnership, under the name and style of MAYO BROTHERS, to carry on the

BOOT & SHOE BUSINESS,

And will continue to occupy

The Old Stand opposite the Post Office.

Where will be found a full assortment of

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS,

For Ladies', Gentlemen's & Children's Wear.

We propose to enlarge our stock, and shall keep the largest assortment of Ladies', Men's and Children's Boots, Shoes and Rubbers to be found in Waterville.

We shall manufacture to measure

GENTLEMEN'S CALF BOOTS,

BOTH PEGGED AND SEWED.

REPAIRING of all kinds neatly and promptly done. Aiming to do a cash business hereafter, we shall of course be able to give our customers even better terms than heretofore, and we trust by prompt attention to business and fair dealing to deserve and receive a liberal share of public patronage.

O. F. MAYO
O. F. MAYO

Waterville, March 1, 1870.

CARRIAGES!

CARRIAGES!

F. KENRICK & BROTHER

Offer for sale at their Carriage Repositories at Kendall's Mills and Waterville, a complete assortment of Carriages, consisting of

PONY PHAETONS, TOP BUGGIES,

JUMP SEATS, SUNSHADES,

and a variety of

ROAD WAGONS AND LIGHT BUGGIES.

These Carriages, built of the best material, embracing all the modern improvements, are of superior style and finish, and

VERY LOW

Rates at which they will be sold offer great inducements to purchasers.

A good assortment of

Second-hand Carriages

On hand, and new ones exchanged for second-hand.

ORDERS AND INQUIRIES SOLICITED.

ATTENTION!

Persons wishing for

Photographs of Public Buildings,

Private Residences, or Landscapes,

Will do well to call on

CARLETON.

HAVING fitted up, at large expense, for this class of work, I shall be most happy to receive orders from any quarter, hoping to answer them to perfect satisfaction.

Call at my Rooms, and

And beautiful positions, too;

A fine complexion, clear and bright,

A pleasant smile, and all is right."

O. G. CARLETON,

May 7, 1870.—451f.

Main-St., Waterville.

GEO. W. PARLIN,

Surgeon Dentist,

WEST WATERVILLE.

(OFFICE IN BLAISDELL'S BLOCK.)

ALL Dental operations performed in a careful and scientific manner. Particular attention given to inserting ARTIFICIAL TEETH in full and partial sets, on Vulcanite, (hard rubber,) which for beauty and durability is unsurpassed.

Work warranted. Prices reasonable.

West Waterville, June 1, 1870.

Something New

AT OLD PRICES!

Low Prices and Large Sales, the Motto.

REDINGTON'S,

A large assortment

New Crockery.

Splendid Pattern, at prices so low that every one will buy.

Also NEW CARPETING, all grades. FURNITURE of every description cheaper than elsewhere on the river.

Feathers, Mattresses,

Mirrors, Children's Carriages.

Spring Beds, Window Shades.

And everything in the line of

CROCKERY, FURNITURE, AND

CARPETING.

LOWER THAN THE LOWEST.

I shall never be undersold! But will give PRICES LOWER THAN ANY ONE ELSE. Just examine and see.

Old stand of W. A. Caffrey. Opposite the Express Office.

O. H. REDINGTON.

60

Furniture,

Of every description,

at REDINGTON'S.

"OUR FATHER'S HOUSE," or

THE UNWRITTEN WORD.

By DANIEL MARCH, D.D., author of the popular "Night Scenes." This master in thought and language shows us untold riches and beauties in the Great House, with its glowing flowers, singing birds, waving palms, rolling clouds, beautiful bow, sacred mountains, delightful rivers, mighty oceans, thundering voices, and blinding heavens and vast universe with count less beings in millions of worlds, and made to us in the Unwritten Word. Rose-tinted paper, ornate engravings and superb binding. "Rich and varied in thought." "A treasure." "Easy and graceful in style." "Correct, pure and elevating in its tendency." "Beautiful and good." "A household treasure." Commendations like the above from College Presidents and Professors, ministers of all denominations, and the religious and secular press all over the country. Its freshness, purity of language, with clear open type, fine steel engravings, substantial binding, and low price, make it the book for the masses. Agents are selling from 50 to 100 per week.

We want Clergymen, School Teachers, smart young men and ladies to introduce the work for us in every township, and we will pay liberally. No intelligent man or woman need be without a copy of this book.

Send for circular, full description, and terms. Address SINGER & McCORDY, 105 Street, Phila., Pa.; 129 Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio; 69 Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.; 508 N. Sixth St., St. Louis, Mo.; or 102 Main St., Springfield, Mass.

HINKLEY

Knitting Machine.

The Simplest, Cheapest and Best in Use!

Has but One Needle! A Child can Run it!

DESIGNED especially for the use of families, and ladies who desire to knit for the market. Will do every stitch of the knitting in a stocking, ribbing and narrowings readily by hand. Are splendid for work and fancy work. MAKING FIVE DIFFERENT KINDS OF STITCH! Are very easy to manage, and suitable to get out of order. EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE ONE.

We want an Agent in every Town to introduce and sell them, to whom we offer the liberal inducements. Send for our Circular and Sample Stocking.

HINKLEY KNITTING MACHINE CO., East, Me. Or 176 Broadway, N. Y. 119 Wash St., Chicago, Ill.

By 7

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!!!

Introduce by BOOTHBY.

THE OLD STAND

RE-OPENED.

Having bought the Stock in trade of the late W. A. Caffrey, I propose to continue the business at the old stand. I shall have at all times a full assortment of

FURNITURE,

Lounges, Mirrors, Seaters, &c.

And all goods usually kept in this line of business.

In addition to the above goods, I have the largest and best Stock of

CROCKERY & GLASS WARE

Ever opened in Waterville. Also

Tapestry, Three-ply, Ingrain, Hemp, Straw, and Oil Cloth Carpetings.

Burial Caskets and Coffins always on hand, at satisfactory prices.

I shall keep a full assortment of CHAMBER SETS, Walnut, Chestnut, Ash and Pine. The Pine sets I have made by a good workman as can be found on the river. And they are worth very much more than those taken from Germany, as most of them are.

I shall keep a large variety of LAMPS, BRACKETS, GLOBES, &c., &c.

MIRROR PLATES fitted to Frames of all sizes.

REPAIRING and PAINTING Furniture done at all times.

All of the above goods I ask for as low as any one in Waterville will sell. All kinds of furniture for the price, time, and judge for themselves before purchasing.

C. H. REDINGTON.

Rubbers, Rubbers!

MEN'S, BOYS', & YOUTH'S

RUBBER BOOTS,

Women's & Misses'

RUBBER BOOTS—

Just what every one ought to wear in a

Wet and Splashy Time.

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

as low as can be afforded for cash.

Keep your head cool and your feet warm, and you are all right. What is the use of going with cold, damp feet, when you can get such nice Overshoes at MAXWELL'S, to keep them dry and warm.

If you don't want Overshoes, just call and see the

VARIETY OF

BOOTS & SHOES,

FOR OLD AND YOUNG,

high you can have at a very small profit for cash, as that is what I sell in trade.

Don't mistake the old place.

At MAXWELL'S.

N. B.—Those having accounts with W. L. MAXWELL, will oblige him by calling and settling.

PURCHASERS OF MUSIC

Will consult their own interests by subscribing to PERZES MUSICAL MONTHLY. It is issued on the first of each month and gives all the latest and best Music, by such authors as Haydn, Kitzel, Thomas, Bishop, Danke, Frey, Keller, Wymann, etc. Every number contains at least Twelve Pieces of new and good Music, printed and bound in full size, every piece of which is afterward printed in sheet form, from the same plates, and sold at from 20 to 60 cents each, and all we ask for this valuable magazine is 30 cents a copy, \$3 a year, \$1.50 for six months; and we guarantee to every subscriber at least 423 pages of new music, selected by the best authors, and at the best prices.

PERZES MUSICAL MONTHLY to pay us as a Magazine, because we give too much music for the money. It is issued simply to introduce our new music to the musical world. Our subscribers sing and play the music we give them. Their music is theirs, and they can use it as they please. It is a profit to them, and a pleasure to us.

MONTHLY \$60 for \$3. The music, like all our other music, is of the best quality, and is sold at the lowest prices.

Sample Copies can be seen at the office of this paper.

THE SALEM PURE WHITE LEAD

WARRANTED as pure and white as any Lead in the world sold by

ARNOLD & MEADER.

MACHINERY FOR SALE.

(TO CLOSE A CONCERN.)

The following Machinery and other property will be sold at very low prices, to close the firm of Drummond, Richardson & Co., namely:

The entire Machinery and Tools of their

Door, Sash & Blind Manufactory,

Embracing everything necessary to a first class establishment. They are all in good running order.

A Good Stock of

Doors, Sash and Blinds.

Including 125 Brass Ash and Walnut DOORS.

One Good Team Horse.

All the above property will be sold at a great bargain.

All demands due the firm must be immediately closed—and for this purpose have been left with F. Webb, Esq., where prompt attention will be given. All demands against the firm may be left at the same place.

DRUMMOND, RICHARDSON & CO.

THE SINGER

SEWING MACHINE COMPANY.

OPPOSITE THE P. O., WATERVILLE, ME.

Are Agents for the

World Renowned Singer Sewing Machines.

which have been over two years in preparation, and which have been brought to perfection regardless of TIME, LABOR OR EXPENSE, and is now confidently presented to the public as a completely new and improved SEWING MACHINE IN EXISTENCE.

The Machine in question is the SIMPLEST, COMPACT, DURABLE and BEAUTIFUL. It is QUIET, LIGHT RUNNING and CAPABLE OF PERFORMING A RANGE AND VARIETY OF WORK never before attempted upon a single machine—using either Silk, Sewer, Linen or Cotton Thread, and Sewing in all and sundry manner. It is also adapted for HEADING, BRADING, COORDING, TUCKING, QUILTING, FELLING, TRIMMING, BINDING, etc., and is NOVEL and PRACTICAL in its construction, and suitable to get out of order. EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE ONE.

We want an Agent in every Town to introduce and sell them, to whom we offer the liberal inducements. Send for our Circular and Sample Stocking.

HINKLEY KNITTING MACHINE CO., East, Me. Or 176 Broadway, N. Y. 119 Wash St., Chicago, Ill.

By 7

Novelty Wringers.

WE have just received this case of the celebrated NOVELTY WRINGERS that we can offer at good bargains.

ARNOLD & MEADER.

SPRING CARPETS,

at REDINGTON'S.

Kendall's Mills Column.

"Goods Well Bought ARE HALF SOLD."

An old saying, and as true as it is old, and never more true than when applied to the large stock of

FLOUR,

offered by LAWRENCE & BLACKWELL, at the

Grist Mill, Kendall's Mills,

This is no "advertising gas;" we are actually selling splendid bargains, as our already large and rapidly increasing trade fully shows. Our stock is fresh, shipped direct to us from Chicago, and is complete in all grades required in a first class retail business.

Consumers will find it much to their advantage to examine our stock and prices before purchasing.

LAWRENCE & BLACKWELL.

Kendall's Mills, Nov. 12, 1869.

REMOVAL.

D. R. A. PINKHAM.

SURGEON DENTIST,

KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

Has removed to his new office,

NO. 17 NEWHALL ST.,

First door north of Brick Hotel, where he continues to give all orders for the care of his dental services.

E. W. McFADDEN.

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Insurance and Real Estate Agent.

KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

DR. G. S. PALMER,

DENTAL OFFICE,

over

ALDEN'S JEWELRY STORE,

op. People's Nat'l Bank.

WATERVILLE, ME.

Chloroform, Ether or Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when desired.

M. B. Soule & Co.

Attorneys at Law.

OFFICE

OVER I. H. LOW'S APOTHECARY STORE, OPPOSITE THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

Main-St., Waterville, Maine.

M. B. SOULE. J. G. SOULE.

House, Sign, and Carriage Painting.

A. W. NYE,

At the old Stillson Stand on Temple St.

Will be pleased to receive orders for House, Sign, and Carriage Painting, Gilding, Paper