



8-11-1871

The Waterville Mail (Vol. 25, No. 07): August 11, 1871

Maxham & Wing

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Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 25, No. 07): August 11, 1871" (1871). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 415.

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IS YOUR LAMP BURNING?

SAY, is your lamp burning, my brother?
I pay you look quickly and see!
For if it were burning, then surely
Some beams would fall brightly on me.

Strait, strait is the road, but I falter,
And often fall out by the way;
Then lift your lamp higher, my brother,
Lest I should make a fatal delay.

There are many and many around you
Who follow wherever you go;
If you thought they walked in a shadow
Your lamp would burn brighter, I know.

Upon the dark mountain they stumble:
They are bruised on the rocks and they lie
With their white, pleading faces turned upward
To the clouds of the pitiful sky.

There is many a lamp that is lighted,
We behold them anear and afar;
But not many of them, my good brother,
Shine steadily on like a star.

I think were they trimmed night and morning,
They would never burn down or go out,
Though from the four quarters of heaven,
The winds were all blowing about.

If once all the lamps that are lighted
Should steadily blaze in a line,
Wide over the land and the ocean,
What a gliding of glory would shine.

How all the dark places would brighten!
How the mists would roll up and away!
How the earth would all glow out in her gladness
To hail the millennial day.

Say, is your lamp burning, my brother?
I pay you look quickly and see!
For if it were burning, then surely
Some beams would fall brightly on me.

[From Wood's Household Magazine.]

NOT-WORDS ALONE.

BY GEO. S. KAIME.

MR. JONAS CHEERYBLE was sitting before the fire in his down town office, looking over the morning paper, when a young man timidly entered, leaving the door ajar, perhaps as a precautionary measure toward a retreat.

Now, Mr. Jonas Cheeryble, as everybody knew, belonged to that class of God's creatures denominated, "the salt of the earth." That is—he was most emphatically a good man. He was benevolent, he was kind-hearted, even to weakness, some thought; he was earnest in thoughts and in words; he was the head of several charitable organizations; he was the superintendent of the most flourishing Sabbath-school in the city; he was a deacon of the most popular church; and he was an exemplary Christian, I hope and trust; yet, when he looked up at his visitor, a frown gathered on his brow, and harsh words rose to his lips, which even a second thought did not tone down to anything like softness.

"Well, what do you want?" he demanded, impatiently. "I thought I was done with you, sir. I believe you made me a promise that you would not trouble me again, if I would not—well, I will not repeat the conditions."

The young man seemed to shrink within his rags. The hollow eyes grew hollower; the sharp, want-pined features grew sharper; while from his worse than shoeless and wayward feet, to the crown of his poor, weak head, his misery, his hopelessness, his utter degradation appealed, with scores of mute pleadings, for mercy, for help.

"I could not stay away," he whispered, rather than spoke, as he crept toward the fire, and thrust out his long hands to the genial warmth. "I had no other place to go. I am starving. I have been driven from place to place; and where else could I go, unless—to my grave. Mr. Cheeryble had thrown aside his paper, and was striving hard to appear indifferent; but his voice was much softer when he spoke again.

"And what do you expect of me, Alfred?"

"Help, Mr. Cheeryble. I want you to try me just once more."

"What! have I not already given you three trials?" exclaimed Mr. Cheeryble, completely astonished. "How did you repay me for my kindness, sir?"

"Oh, Mr. Cheeryble! I know all that! But I did try—oh! you never can know how hard, until you sink as low as I was then, which God grant you may never do. I did try so faithfully; but I guess I am not quite strong enough by myself. I believe if some one would help me a little, I might, perhaps, break away from the demon. I don't know that I could, but I should like to try it again."

"And you want me to give you the opportunity?" said Mr. Cheeryble, with a discouraging smile.

"Yes, Mr. Cheeryble. If you will give me a situation—anything to keep me busy, I will try. I dare not promise to drink no more, but I will promise to try with all my strength to abstain. Perhaps if you could help me a little, I might conquer."

Mr. Cheeryble did not answer immediately, his kind heart prompted him to listen to the poor man's supplications, but that stern teacher, Experience, whispered: "It is no use. Yet—"

Alfred Blackmer, his sight ten times keener for the rebuff he had met, saw the doubts which perplexed Mr. Cheeryble, and took courage.

"I do believe I can succeed, Mr. Cheeryble. I do not expect any responsible position. A porter's place I should not object to. You think you might give me such a place?"

Mr. Cheeryble saw the yearning look in the hollow eyes—saw the wasted form bent forward—saw the thin-clad limbs trembling with eager hope, and yielded.

"I will try you once more, Alfred; and only once."

How Alfred Blackmer's very form seemed to expand with hope. Then all his good resolutions had not been for naught. Once more he could put his foot on the round of the ladder which leads up to respectability, which leads to independence, which leads to happiness, yes, to everlasting life. What though the ascent were difficult, and the goal so very, very far above him? Others had ascended safely. Why not he? Ah, if he only had a helping hand to guide him in his weakness—to aid him until he should have become strong enough to make his way alone.

"Oh, Mr. Cheeryble!" he exclaimed, forgetting his rags, his hunger, his thirst, his degradation. "Your kindness has saved me! Only an hour ago I stood on the river's bank; the most miserable man in all the world. The water was deep and swift—oh! I can see it now—but there was rest beneath it. If you had sent me away, that would have been my only hope. Oh! I never can thank you enough!"

"I hope you will not repay me as you did the last time," said Mr. Cheeryble. He meant it kindly—meant it as a warning to the erring man, but the words fell like a leaden weight on the young man's heart. The brightness of his face was dimmed, but he was not discouraged—not quite.

"I hope I shall not," he said quite sadly. "It was liquor that did it. I never touched a cent that was not my own until that time, and I believe I never shall again."

"Well, I hope you won't," repeated Mr. Cheeryble, thoughtlessly; "but"—Alfred looked up, dreading the words that were to

follow—"I have very little faith in you, Alfred. You have the making of a man in you, but you lack strength. I do not want to discourage you, but if you hold to your good resolutions a month, it will be a wonder."

Ah! what a mistake that good Mr. Cheeryble was making; yet he could not see it. He was surely undoing the work which had commenced so auspiciously. He was removing every prop, but the sin-le one of pride. Alfred's pained, yet determined face, showed that And would pride alone sustain the frank, mirthful, social Alfred Blackmer? Ah, no!

To be sure, many a one has been saved from a drunkard's grave by pride alone, but they were not like Alfred Blackmer. Thank God that even that can save one human being from self-abasement.

"Yet, Alfred, I hope I shall be disappointed," resumed Mr. Cheeryble. "You must strive—strive hard. If sinners entice thee, consent thou not. Show the world that you can be a man."

"I shall try," answered Alfred. But there was less heart in his words, less confidence in himself; for he felt that he was standing alone. Mr. Cheeryble had been very kind, but he had not promised all that he had asked.

"If I should yield?" asked Alfred "just once, Mr. Cheeryble?"

"You must not, Alfred. Stand up like a man, and say that you will not. Think of the consequences."

"But if I should yield?"

"Then I shall lose all hopes of you."

Loose all hopes! Then for Heaven's sake what can be expected of the poor drunkard? No more hope if he makes one mis-step? What hope is there then? If he walks in the right way for a month, for a week, for even one day, is there not ground for hope that he may do even better than that? Yes! yes! yes! Thank God there is hope while there is life.

Alfred Blackmer was well known to Jonas Cheeryble's employees. There had been a time, and not so very long ago, when he held a very lucrative position in Mr. Cheeryble's counting room. Then came the temptation and the fall, followed by several vain attempts at reformation. Mr. Cheeryble helped him—in his way. He took him back when everybody else refused, and almost surfeited him with advice. That he did all that any man could do, and more than anybody else would have done, was the general opinion; yet it was all for naught.

When, for the fourth time, Alfred went back with Mr. Cheeryble, there was considerable surprise manifested.

"Cheeryble is a saint, if ever one lived on this earth," said the jester about the way. "But he might just as well throw pearls to swine. That Blackmer is a gone case."

And that was the unanimous opinion. Alfred's old acquaintances gave him a welcome, and hoped that he would adhere to his good resolutions, with much other excellent advice easily given, but sometimes hard to follow.

He derived but little benefit from their well-meant words. They stood upon the shore, and told him how he might reach it, if he only had the strength; but they threw him no plank to buoy him up; they cast him no line; they reached him no hand, when, but a step from safety, he looked up to them in mute appeal; and he struggled on alone.

For nearly a month he dragged out the weary days, with that dogged persistence which always ends in despair. He felt forsaken—utterly forsaken. Not even shallow words were given him at the last. He became desperate, and down he went to the very bottom.

"Well, he's gone again," said Mr. Cheeryble, with a sigh, as he took his seat at the dinner table.

"Do you mean Alfred?" asked his wife.

"Yes, Mary. I knew it would be so, but I couldn't turn him away. It is the last time, however. He has made his own bed, and he must lie in it. I am done with him."

"I hope, Jonas, he has not been dishonest again?"

"I took good care that he had no chance for that," said Mr. Cheeryble, with a knowing smile.

"Perhaps it would have been better if you had placed a little more confidence in him, Jonas."

"Not a bit of it, Mary. I tried that once too often. No, no, Mary, it would only have been putting temptation in his way. It is no use. He is past redemption. All day yesterday he was lying in the gutter, in a state of beastly intoxication. No use, Mary; no use!"

"Yet I think I would give him another chance, Jonas."

"No! most emphatically not!" replied Mr. Cheeryble, with more vehemence than he was wont to display. "The moment he has money, it goes for liquor. I have done with him, I wash my hands of him."

Mrs. Cheeryble was one of those quiet, self-sustained women, who move so gently through the world, leaving it the better for living in it. During the year of her married life, not a harsh word or look had ever passed between her and her husband; yet she always had an opinion of her own—often differing from her husband's—and always expressed it. It was done, however, in a way that would give no offence, yet was none the less positive.

"Perhaps you are right, Jonas," was the way she commenced her reply to his last remark, "but you must let me disagree with you the least bit in the world. I think, perhaps, it will be as well for me to study into this case a little, before I make a final decision."

Jonas had not been hasty in his decision, or thought he had not, therefore he did not feel the rebuke, if one were intended.

"I think you will agree with me, then, Mary," he said.

God's beautiful sun never shone upon a more miserable being than Alfred Blackmer, as he dragged his weary way along toward Mr. Jonas Cheeryble's office that pleasant spring morning; yet the fact that he was going there, made it evident that there was one spark of hope left. His shamed face, and drooping eyes, no less than his soiled clothes and battered hat, bore witness against him as he stepped up to Mr. Cheeryble, standing in the door.

"I could not help it," said Alfred, dropping his head before the reproving gaze of Mr. Cheeryble. "I tried hard, but nobody seemed to care anything about me."

"Everybody cares," said Mr. Cheeryble. "Everybody cares but your own self. I am sorry for you, Alfred—very sorry. But I know how it would be. The temptation was too strong for you. I advise you to go away into some country place, where there are fewer temptations. It is your only hope."

"Then you are not going to take me back!" said Alfred with a sinking heart. "I did not touch a drop for almost a month."

"Take you back! How dare you ask such a question? It would only be putting a premium upon your mis-deeds. No, no, Alfred; I have lost all hope of you. Yet I am willing to furnish you the means to get away from your evil associates. How much will you need?"

And Mr. Cheeryble's eyes glistened with moisture as he drew his ever ready wallet.

"I don't think I shall need any, thank you," said Alfred, as he turned away with a weary smile. "I believe I will try something else."

"Poor fellow!" murmured Cheeryble. "I would give a thousand dollars this minute, to see him a sober, industrious man once more. But it is no use. I have done everything I can do. Poor boy! it makes my heart ache to think of him."

Alfred's step was firmer as he left Mr. Cheeryble. He had a purpose in view. He had lost all hope for this world; and God have mercy upon all who have reached that point.

Straight toward the river he had pursued his way. The budding trees, the early spring flowers, the bright sunshine, the happiness all about him, only served to make his misery ten-fold more insufferable.

He stopped—he hardly knew why—and leaned over the iron fence that enclosed Jonas Cheeryble's splendid grounds. He knew whose home that elegant mansion was. In that time, not long ago, before he became the loathsome wretch he was then, he had often been a guest there. And that little child—Alice Cheeryble, father's pet—who was fitting from place to place, cutting the early flowers, he had known when she was a wee babe. Many and many a time he had tossed her upon his knee, and called her his little Ally. Alas! how changed! Would she recognize him? "Ah, no!" he murmured, with a sigh. So he stayed by the fence until she came to pluck a flower that he could have reached with his hand.

"Oh, Mr. Blackmer!" exclaimed the child, after a moment's close scrutiny of his face. "Where have you been so long? I have been wondering to whom I should give this bouquet and here you come along just in the right time. Come in the gate a minute, and I will have it ready for you. But—" a shade of perplexity passed over her childish face—"The lilacs are so high up! You'll get me one, Mr. Blackmer? I'll show you."

He hesitated, for the bushes were nearer the house than he wanted to go.

"Come; they are just up here a little bit o' ways."

He allowed her to lead him up the walk.

"It is little she asks of me," he thought, "but she does not know that it is the last I shall ever do for her."

He broke off the cluster she pointed out, and she took it from his hand with a demure "thank you," that pleased him.

"There, now, I'll have it ready in a moment," said Alice. "Oh, I want a string! will you wait here while I get one? why, there is one hanging out of your pocket! But I have it; thank you. There, isn't that nice! When you get home please put it in water, to keep it fresh."

Alfred shuddered.

"Yes, Ally, I will put it in the water," he answered. "Good-bye, little Ally."

"Good-bye, Mr. Blackmer. If you'll come again to-morrow, I'll give you more flowers."

"Perhaps," he answered.

Was there a doubt? Yes. He had half made up his mind to see Ally once more. The world did not look quite so dark.

He turned to go down the walk and met Mrs. Cheeryble's kindly face.

"Why, Alfred! You are such a stranger!" exclaimed Mrs. Cheeryble, reaching forth her hand, which Alfred timidly took.

The warm, friendly grasp was good for him, just as Mrs. Cheeryble hoped it would be, when she offered her hand. It seemed to draw him further from the brink of despair.

"You must have been away, Alfred."

"I have been back to the city about a month," he replied.

"And have not called! What punishment must I give you?" she asked playfully. "Ah, I know what it shall be. You must stay with me a week, at the very least."

"Oh, madam!" exclaimed Alfred with a startled look. "Mr. Cheeryble—"

"Hush! hush!" said the lady, putting her hand playfully on his arm. "You do not know what an agreeable couple we are—Mr. Cheeryble and I. Do you think our garden has improved? See! there is the tulip you gave us. It is the prettiest thing we have on the grounds. Ally has named it after you. There is that Norway spruce, too, how it has grown! It would just reach to your watch-guard when you put it there, and now it is nearly twice your height."

Mrs. Cheeryble talked so fast that Alfred could not put in a word. Indeed, he did not wish to; it was so much pleasanter to listen.

"Isn't it funny, mother, that Mr. Blackmer should come along just as we had been talking about him?" said Ally, who had been waiting for the chance to say it. "It was about those Norway spruces you brought. What a pity you lost all but this one! I wonder if you couldn't get us some more? Ma has been wishing for some, and she can't get them any where."

"They are very plentiful where I got this," said Alfred, who had partially forgotten his wretchedness; "but the expense of getting them would be considerable."

"Oh, fudge!" exclaimed Ally. "I don't care about the expense."

"But your mother will," said Alfred, turning to Mrs. Cheeryble.

"Would you, ma?"

"Certainly, Ally. But while you have been talking, Alfred, I have been planning. Let us go into the house where it is cooler, and you can tell me what you think of my scheme."

Alfred could not resist the kindness of Mrs. Cheeryble. Not a word, not a look to remind him of his past errors. It was so different from Mr. Cheeryble's voluminous advice.

"You see, Alfred I am quite a financier," said Mrs. Cheeryble, leading the way into a cool, shady room, which was very familiar to the young man. "To get just what trees we should want, would bring them up to an exorbitant figure, but you could bring a hundred or more, perhaps, as well as a dozen, couldn't you?"

"Five hundred, possibly," replied Alfred, who now saw what her plan was, and wondered why he had not thought of it before.

"Every one of which would bring you a good, round price," said Mrs. Cheeryble.

"No doubt of it," answered Alfred, thoughtfully.

"I will advance the money for the trip," added Mrs. Cheeryble; "that was part of my plan, Alfred; and what do you suppose my motive was?"

"I am sure I cannot guess," said Alfred, with a look of mingled dread and perplexity.

"Ah, Alfred, you do not know how parsimonious I have grown," replied Mrs. Cheeryble, with a good imitation of embarrassment. "I thought, perhaps, you might let us have our trees much cheaper."

This reply must have astonished Alfred exceedingly, or he would have fathomed Mrs. Cheeryble's simple rule for lessening his feelings of obligation to her; but he was not more surprised than the lady herself, when he answered with the most evident sincerity.

"Your trees shall cost you nothing, Mrs. Cheeryble."

"It is a bargain, Alfred. But this will interfere with another plan—a selfish one, too? I intended to keep you here a few days to look after the trimming of our trees, and such matters. I can't find a man who knows much more about it than I do myself, and I thought perhaps you would oblige me. Will it make it too late if you postpone your trip until next week?"

"Oh, no, Mrs. Cheeryble," replied Alfred, unconsciously following where she led.—"Next week will be soon enough."

"Then that is settled," said Mrs. Cheeryble, secretly delighted at the success of her hastily formed, and ill-digested project. She had not been quite sure that it was not a little hazardous to put money in Alfred's hands, and send him off for a week or more; therefore, she had added to the original plan, that part which was to retain him under her eye for a few days.

"Really, I don't know what Jonas will say," thought Mrs. Cheeryble, as dinner time drew near. "And I hardly know what to think of it, myself. I wonder how it will end. Well, well, there is one thing certain; Jonas must not know how blindly I went to work. I do hope some good will come of it; and I guess there will."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ARRANGEMENT OF ROOMS.—Give your apartments expressions—character. Rooms which mean nothing are cheerless indeed. Study light and shade, and the combination and arrangement of drapery, furniture and pictures. Allow nothing to look isolated, but let everything present an air of sociability. Observe a room immediately after a number of people have left it and then, as you arrange the furniture, disturb as little as possible the relative positions of chairs in a conversational attitude in some cheery corner, an ottoman within easy distance of a sofa, a chair near your stand of stereoscopic views or engravings, and one where a good light will fall on the book which you may reach from the table near.

Make little studies of effect which shall repay the more than usual observer and do not leave it possible for one to make the criticism which applies to so many homes, even of wealth and elegance—"Fine carpets, handsome furniture, a few pictures and elegant nothings—but how dreary!" The chilling atmosphere is felt at once, and we cannot divest ourselves of the idea that we must maintain a stiff and severe demeanor, to accord with the spirit of the place. Make your homes, then, so easy and cheerful that if we visit you, we may be joyous and unrestrained, and not feel ourselves out of harmony with our surroundings.—[Art Review.]

The Christian Weekly suggests the true remedy for political corruption is not so clear as the disease is evident. Personal invective against individuals cannot prove permanently efficacious. The party press propose a change of party as a panacea. But history does not justify any great expectations from such a remedy. A political platform can no more insure against corrupt followers than a sound creed against inconsistent professors of religion. The self-seeking politician understands well one text of Scripture, which has baffled those commentators who understand Greek better than life: "Where the carcass is, there shall the eagles be gathered together." The carrion bird is not very particular whether the carcass be Democratic or Republican. We shall have no purity in politics till we have learned, whatever our party, to hold personal integrity above the platform, and to acquiesce in the election of no man to a responsible position, whatever his political status, unless his probity is such that we should unhesitatingly trust our private affairs in his hands, and his strength of moral principle such that no political influences can debauch him."

The Chicago "Republican" tells a romantic story about the late Alice Cary. It seems that when the Cary sisters first came to New York they became acquainted with Rufus Wilmot Griswold, a gentleman of some literary reputation, who showed them every kindness. Out of the friendship thus formed a warmer feeling sprang up between Mr. Griswold and Alice. They became engaged; but afterward Mr. Griswold thought he loved another woman and broke the engagement. This happened twenty years ago. Mr. Griswold lived his life and in 1857 lay dying in this city of a lingering disease in poverty and alone. Miss Cary, forgetting the wrong he had done her, took care of him until the very end.

The London Lancet recommends the following cure for bone felon: "As soon as the disease is felt, put directly over the spot a fly blister, about the size of your thumb-nail, and let it remain for six hours, at the expiration of which time, directly under the surface of the blister, may be seen the felon which can be instantly taken out with the point of a needle or lancet."

OUR TABLE.

OLD AND NEW.—The August number continues the accounts of American Colleges by their own officers. Mr. Perkins's philosophical and amusing story, "The Devil-Puzzlers," will command everybody's attention. The second part of Mr. Everett's memoir of his College Life appears. The physicians of the whole country will read with interest Dr. Buckingham's account of the new Medical School of Harvard College, for new it certainly is, so large are the recent changes. Two writers give a full account of Dr. Dollinger, the Luther of the day. "Pink and White Tyranny," is completed, and "Ups and Downs" advances by another part. Edward A. Pollard contributes some interesting Recollections of Appomattox Court House.

Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, at \$4 a year; George A. Colledge, 143 Washington Street, Business Agent.

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE for August, continues to demonstrate the wonderful success which has attended this periodical during the past four years. Its motto seems to be "How Much for How Little?" for there is no other magazine in the world, which gives so much for so little money.—James Parton, Phoebe Cary, Dr. Dio Lewis, Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, Dr. W. W. Hall and Gail Hamilton are regular contributors. Among its occasional contributors are Harriet Beecher Stowe, Horace Greeley, Brick Pomeroy, Mary Clemmer Ames, Joel T. Hendley and John G. Saxo. The publishers have not only procured the very best literary talent, but they have secured such a variety and adaptation of matter as make it a general favor among all classes. It abounds in amusement with instruction in a way to enlighten the understanding and develop the affections; and its monthly visits are as welcome alike by the young, the middle-aged and the old.

Published by S. S. Wood & Co., Newburg, N. Y., at \$1 a year. Sent three months free to any address.

CHEAP MUSIC.—It is seldom that cheapness is associated with merit and real value, but we must make an exception in favor of Peters' Musical Monthly. This valuable work comes to us regularly each month, overflowing with choice new music—some fifteen pieces in every number. It is printed from 36 full-size music-plates, neatly bound, and sells for the modest sum of 30 cents. Volume VIII, began with the July number; and the publisher offers to send two copies—July and August—for 50 cents. Address J. L. Peters, 599 Broadway, New-York.

Think of it! 33 pieces of good music for 50 cents.

MERRY'S MUSEUM.—The August number of this illustrated magazine for boys and girls brings with it other pictures a chromo of "The Welcome Draught," promised in the July number. The number is brimful of good reading for the young, which cannot fail to amuse and instruct. The Declaration is "The Drummer Boy's Burial," and the music is "Up in the Morning."

Published by Horace B. Fuller, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

THE MANUFACTURER AND BUILDER.—The August number presents its usual array of able and instructive articles, all of the highest practical use to the manufacturer and artisan. Among others are papers on "Workmen's cottages," "Paints made of Copper," "Interesting Tests of Girders," "Machinery and Machine-shops," "Manufacture of Horn and Tortoise-Shell," and "On the New Improvement on the Sunbeam," which is practically as well as theoretically demonstrates the fallacy of the theory, lately advanced by General Pléssanton, of bringing animals and vegetables to rapid maturity by exposing them to solar rays passed through violet glass. The publication is one that no mechanic can do without. It avoids technicalities and deals in the practical in such a way as to be readable and interesting. Its cheapness places it within the reach of all, its subscription price being only \$1.50 per year; besides which, the publishers offer liberal premiums to those forming clubs. Published monthly by Western & Co., No. 37 Park Row, New-York.

We commend to our readers' earnest attention Rev. Dr. Cuyler's temperance appeal in the *Illustrated Christian Weekly* of this week. It is entitled, "Over the Falls," and is illustrated with a full-page view of the Falls of Niagara, beautifully designed and printed.

Other illustrated articles are, on the "City of Jericho," "The Velocity of Light," "Help Wanted," showing the need of every young Christian for human help; the "Grain Fleet of the Hudson River;" and the "Lost Sheep Found," besides numerous general articles. For sale by the newsdealers at only five cents per copy.

[From the Portland Advertiser.]

THE LION OF LUCERNE.

Address delivered at the Dedication of the Memorial of the Waterville Alumni who fell in the War for the Union.

BY THE REV. A. K. F. SMALL.

It has been said that heroes never die, and on highest authority. He that saveth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life, (when there is higher demand for it,) shall keep it unto life eternal. There is living which is death, and a death which is immortal life. The Thermopylae of the world are hardly known as places of death, so much as birth-places of immortal fame.

In a tempest of revolution sweeping over the decaying fortunes of Louis XVI. a chosen band of Helvetians, counting fidelity more than life, at their post of duty died. With lion heart into which the death-spear had fatally plunged, but holding faithfully to the last the national shield, each nobly died. Died? No! Had they thus ignobly lived they would have died, and history had never known their worthless names. But so dying they live, and are to live as long as the enduring granite of their country can hold their chiseled names with the record, *Helvetiorum fidei et virtuti*. Yea, the very granite may now be dissolved, its crystal particles may separate into the finest sand and by convulsions be swept into the fathomless sea, but its story, caught by the ears of the listening nations, transferred to mural tablets for temples of learning, moving in all channels of thought, has made secure, for emblem and for patriotic memorial, the life of the Swiss Guard, as long as purest marble and even literature shall remain.

Poor indeed is that country—too poor to be a country, that has not the sacred treasures of sons, who have made themselves a part of their country's undying history. And if such be the result of fidelity to a monarch of questionable position, representative of principles that could not be maintained, whose capital by irrepressible insurrection was about to be over-run, whose fading life was soon to terminate at the shameful guillotine, how shall it be with those whose blood marked the impassable line before a threatened capital not to be overrun but lifted to higher dignity; those standing for no doubtful position or principles, whose names now and forever associated with that of Lincoln shall stand, the national symbols of a cause triumphantly maintained for all nations and for all times!

Highest on the country's honored roll have

we always and justly counted the names of those heroes and statesmen who in '76 and '89 laid the foundations of the republic! But where the glory of names even on a nation's triumphal arch, if its supporting pillars should all be fallen? If the fate of those highest names should be like those of the statue of Napoleon in the Place Vendôme, torn down by vilest malice? The great storm arose, when, as Everett said, "the fair creation of the fathers was apparently crumbling into dishonorable chaos," when the very spirit of the fathers must reappear in a work of saving greater than that of building, or all must be lost.

True to the occasion, leaping into the terrible contest, giving themselves but saving the noble framework of the government in its every main pillar from falling, dropping out only the rotten timbers of weakness to make it yet stronger—when the gallant sons thus held the names of

MISCELLANY.

HINTS TO VISITORS.—If you have farmer friends and relatives, don't take the haying and harvesting season to visit them. Though this may be the pleasantest season for you to leave the city, it is the very worst time in the year for them to entertain you. The over-worked house mother cannot but look with dismay on the arrival of city guests, who must add much to her already heavy burdens.

It is a good rule for all visitors to wait till they are invited. The intimacy between any families needs to be very great to justify any dispensing with this ceremony.

Don't run off to some watering place, leaving one or two of your children on a visit to some friend in the country. Children visitors must always be accompanied by older friends to take charge of them and keep them in order. An endless trouble results often from such heavy inflection on a busy housewife. The children are quite apt to presume on their privileges as visitors, and make themselves so thoroughly at home that everybody wishes that they were so in reality.

A friend endured such inflection nearly two months, two half-grown and boisterous school girls being sent down to her on a visit, to have them cut of the way of the fashionable mother, who was enjoying herself at the seaside. They wrote the next summer, saying if convenient, they would like to make another visit, but the letter remained unanswered. A second letter was sent, but it had no better success. Their only claim upon such hospitality was that the fathers of the different families had transacted business together. When the country friends called at the city mansion, they always found the occupants very much engaged, or just then going out, always full of regrets, etc. In fact, they were quite genteelly turned out of doors. Never try to give your hostess an agreeable surprise, by making a visit unannounced. In such a case as this, the surprise is anything but agreeable. Mention early how long you may remain, and when the time is up, do not, save in very rare cases, extend your visit, although urged to do so. It is better to go away while they really desire you to remain, than to wear out your welcome.

The object in scraping the trunks of old apple trees, is to remove the scales of dead bark, under which insects hide; but as a general rule there is not much advantage in the operation, as there are hundreds of other hiding places nearly as accessible to the tree. The codling moth, for example, if not hiding under these scales, to undergo its transformation, will find fences, boards, brush, grass, weeds, &c., from which the flying insects will readily reach the young apples. Washing the trunks of young trees may assist in promoting a healthy surface bark in some instances. Soap suds answer well, and if weak may be used at any time of year; if stronger, or if a solution of potash is used it should be done when the leaves are off, or the tree not growing. Rough bark may be scraped at any time. We desire it, however, to be distinctly understood that we attach very little importance to these operations; but that good cultivation, for promoting a thrifty, healthy growth, is far more important, and will give a healthy bark, in a much better manner. Those who wash the stems of their trees, it is true, usually have good orchards; but it is because the same industry and attention which induced them to do it, also leads them to attend to good management generally.—[Country Gentleman.

BAD TASTE.—Why are houses and more especially farm-houses in the United States, so universally painted white? A neat white house, half hidden by the foliage of surrounding trees, is often a pretty object, and in perfect good taste; but a grim rectangular structure, standing unrelieved, as too many houses do, receives but an addition to its ugliness by the coat of glaring paint which covers it. A ride through the farming districts of our Western States is too suggestive of a passage through one vast graveyard, with tombstones set at stated intervals. These whitened sepulchres could be made more slightly if painted in any color. Neutral colors are rarely offensive and are easily obtained; only the inclination to conventional causes the present style, and in this matter good taste should not be influenced by the many existing bad examples, save as they show what to avoid.—[American Builder.

BARCLAY'S MAGIC LANTERN.—The New York Sun reports the following post office dialogue:

"Here's my magic lantern," said a mill, in-offensive man in rather seedy apparel, as he drew from his coat-tail pocket a six-sided kaleidoscope about ten inches long, and began an interview with Special Agent Gayler of the New York Post Office Department. "That's my magic lantern."

Mr. Gayler took the fancy-covered paper contrivance, and looking at his customer a moment, said:

"That's a child's toy, a kaleidoscope. Do you think people are fools?"

"But I tell you it is a magic lantern," said the man, "and I demand my letters."

"Well, all I have to say," continued Mr. Gayler, "is that you advertise throughout the country that you will send a magic lantern containing five hundred views to any person who will send you one dollar through the mail. The fraud has been referred to me, and on investigation I find that you are using the Post Office to swindle the public and the Department has ordered me to stop your letters."

Barclay left his magic lantern with Mr. Gayler and retired. He also retired from the magic lantern business.

Said a young man once to a philosopher:—"It is a great blessing to possess whatever one desires." Said the philosopher, "But it is a greater blessing not to desire what we do not possess." "It is the greatest blessing of all," says Christianity, "to earnestly desire what we should possess, for it is only they who hunger for righteousness that shall be filled; only they who seek Christ that shall find him; and only they who knock shall the door of grace be opened."

A New York exchange reports that the two secondaries who committed murder and another deadly assault, on Sunday night on one of the Second Avenue cars, are reported to have been drunk. Foster, the murderer of Putnam, was crazy drunk, to use his own words. It further says that at least four fifths of the more violent assaults that take place in New York, and it might have added elsewhere, are superinduced by rum.

The foolishness of a young fellow in Kittery, in interrupting a school and insulting a teacher, was quite plainly manifest to him, when Trial Justice Putnam of York ordered him to pay a fine and costs or stand committed, and he had to do the latter.

THE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE. The Board of Trustees of the Maine State College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts have elected Rev. Charles F. Allen, a Methodist clergyman of Bangor, President of the College. He has signified his acceptance of the position, and he will enter upon his duties at the beginning of the new term, on the first of September. Prof. M. C. Fernald, who has been acting President since the opening of the College, resumes his position as Professor of Mathematics. Mr. R. L. Packard of Brunswick has been elected as Professor of Chemistry, in place of Professor Peckham, resigned. Mr. Swift has resigned his position as head of the department of Horticulture and Botany. Mr. Sidney J. Smith, of New Haven, has been elected Professor of Natural History, and Mr. W. A. Pike, of Boston, Professor of Civil Engineering. Their course of instruction has been lately remodeled.—[Portland Advertiser.

HOW TO CLEAN PAINT.—If cleanliness is, as some folks say, one of the arts, all that will help it should be made known. Doors, walls, and anything that is painted, may be cleaned with a piece of soft flannel, dipped into warm water, then wrung, and sprinkled with finely powdered French chalk. The paint on being rubbed with this will become quite clean, and it will be saved from the destructive action of soap.

Harry Atkins, aged sixteen years, the son of George Atkins, was drowned in the Cobblestone canoe stream near Moore, McCausland and Co.'s mill, Gardiner, on Saturday noon. His body was recovered in about fifteen minutes.

Dr. Dollinger has lately been interviewed in Munich by a correspondent, on his views upon Papal infallibility, and on his feelings towards Protestants. He is represented as saying that he seems Protestant, hates all Schismatics, hopes for a reconciliation with the Pope, and repudiates the title of "a new Luther."

General Insurance Agency.

J. B. BRADBURY
HAS resumed the practice of
Fire Insurance,
At his Office on Main Street, and now offers the very popular and desirable
Participation Policies,
And all other approved forms, in perfectly safe and reliable Companies.
Public patronage is respectfully solicited.
Waterville, April 22 1871. 45

L. T. BOOTHBY,
General Insurance Ag't,
Office in Phenix Block,
WATERVILLE, ME.

Representing the Leading Insurance Companies of New England and New York.
Reliable Insurance effected on all kinds of property on most favorable terms.

The Sun.
CHARLES A. DANA, Editor.
The Dollar Weekly Sun.

A Newspaper of the Present Times.
Intended for People Now on Earth.
Including Farmers, Mechanics, Merchants, Professional Men, Workers, Thinkers, and all Men of Honest Faith, and the Wives, Sons, and Daughters of all such.
ONLY ONE DOLLAR A YEAR!
ONE HUNDRED COPIES FOR \$50.
Or less than One Cent a Copy. Let there be a \$50 Club at every Post Office.

SEMI-WEEKLY SUN, \$2 A YEAR.
Of the same size and general character as THE WEEKLY, but with a greater variety of miscellaneous reading, and furnishing the news to its subscribers with greater freshness, because it comes twice a week instead of once only.
THE DAILY SUN, \$3 A YEAR.
A premium readable newspaper, with the latest circulation in the world. Free, timely, and fearless in politics. All the news from everywhere. Two cents a copy; by mail, 50 cents a month, or \$5 a year.

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THE DOLLAR WEEKLY SUN.
Five copies, one year, separately addressed, (and an extra copy to the getter up of club).
Ten copies, one year, separately addressed (and an extra copy to the getter up of club).
Fifty copies, one year, to one address (and the Semi-Weekly Sun to the getter up of club).
Fifty copies, one year, to one address (and the Daily Sun to the getter up of club).
One hundred copies, one year, to one address (and the Daily Sun to the getter up of club).
Sixty Dollars.

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Fifty Dollars.

SEND YOUR MONEY
In Post Office orders, checks, or drafts on New York, wherever convenient. A Post Office receipt for the money containing money. Address
L. W. ENGLAND, Publisher.
Sun Office, New York City.

LATHAM'S
Cathartic Extract
The Standard Household Remedy
FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.
A POSITIVE CURE FOR BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, DYSPEPSIA,
And all Diseases having their origin in an impure state of the Blood.
AS A MEDICINE FOR CHILDREN IT IS
INVALUABLE.
Beware of Counterfeits. Buy only of our Agent,
J. H. PLAINFIELD, Waterville,
PRICE 50 CENTS.

Don't wait for a Fire to Warn you
Go at once and insure with
BOOTHBY.

"COMFORT BOOTS."
A FEW more of these Comfort Boots, for Ladies,
At MAXWELL'S.

FOR SALE
ON TO LET.
THE HOUSE of the late Ivory Low, Esq., on College Street, will be sold on easy terms. If not sold, will be let, and possession given the 1st of August.
July 15, 1871. 34
J. F. BLUNT, EX'.

Kendall's Mills Column.

MRS. A. ATWOOD
Returns her sincere thanks to her friends and patrons for past favors, and begs to inform them that she will have from this date a carefully selected line of
Fashionable Millinery.

And having secured
A COMPETENT MILLINER,
(MISS F. A. HAYES.)
Is prepared to fill orders promptly and in the most approved style. She is also desirous to call special attention to her new and choice stock of
FANCY GOODS,
Comprising

Kid and Life Gloves, Hosiery, Real and Imitation Laces, Fancy Ribbons, Bows, Trimmings of all kinds; Hair and Silk Switches, &c., &c.
All of which she is prepared to offer at the lowest market rates.
Kendall's Mills, Me. 6047

REMOVAL.
DR. 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 execute all orders for those in need of dental services.

E. W. McFADDEN.
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
AND
Insurance and Real Estate A
KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

F. C. THAYER, M. D.
OFFICE
IN MERO ANTS' ROW, MAIN ST.
OPPOSITE EBY AND KENDALL'S STORE.
WATERVILLE, MAINE.

Dr. Thayer may be found at his office at all hours, day and night, except when absent on professional business.
46 May, 1871.

F. Kenrick & Bro.,

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
Carriages and Sleighs,
KENDALL'S MILLS.
"Establishments at Kendall's Mills and Waterville Me.
F. KENRICK. 38 E. P. KENRICK.

CARDS!

ALL KINDS.

Wedding,
Address,
Traveling.

Business,
Tags,
Tickets,
&c., &c., &c.

Done in the neatest style and at the lowest rates,
AT THE MAIL OFFICE.

All Right, Again!

WM. L. MAXWELL

having procured two

FIRST CLASS

WORKMEN.

Is ready to fill all orders on Pegged and Calf Boots at the shortest notice possible. Also

REPAIRING

done in the neatest manner at short notice.

If you "want ready made"

BOOTS & SHOES,

or

RUBBER BOOTS & SHOES

of most any kind, call at Maxwell's and get them, for he has got the largest stock and best assortment to be found in town, and of a superior quality.

ARCTIC OVERS,

Congress and Buckle, Men's, Women's and Misses', which will be sold low for cash.

Nov. 10, 1870. 20

WING'S

PILLS

Are an unparalleled cure for Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Liver Complaint and all low and Debilitated conditions of the system.

Have you Dyspepsia, and have "tried every thing else" go and buy a box of WING'S INVIGORATING PILLS and they will cure you.

Have you Jaundice? One box of the PILLS will make you well.

Are you troubled with LIVER COMPLAINT? If you are weak low a picture of circulation sluggish, and all slowness?

Appetite poor, constipation, with Kidney Complaint, with urine high colored, with Pain in the Back, Headache, Nervousness, Palpitation &c.

Be sure to try a box of the Invigorating Pills, and you will find the most sovereign remedy that you ever used.

Are you worn out, thin in flesh, nervous with troublesome cough, and perhaps Neuritis? Then go straightway and get a box of the pills and all you will have to do is to take according to directions to be made entirely well.

Are you now, and have you been for a long time subjected to severe spells of sick-headache, and have tried the "every thing else" and are not cured? Now the time has come for you to get cured. Take the anti-bilious pills, and you'll not fail to a happy experience as the result.

The Invigorating Pills are a positive cure for Amenorrhoea and Chlorosis, or in other words for Irregularities, such as suppression and retention of the Catamenia.

They will surely restore the natural function. Try them and you will find a true friend. This indispensable function of life and health is brought about by secreting or excreting the Urine, and when the secretion has not taken place, no amount of powerful medicine will bring on the usual discharge immediately, no more than a powerful fertilizer will produce corn in a single day. The system must be invigorated, and a special organ nourished into activity, during the proper time by the pills, and a favorable result is sure.

44

BILL HEADS!

Of all Quality, Style and Prices

AT THE MAIL OFFICE.

FOR SALE

ON TO LET.

THE HOUSE of the late Ivory Low, Esq., on College Street, will be sold on easy terms. If not sold, will be let, and possession given the 1st of August.

July 15, 1871. 34
J. F. BLUNT, EX'.

A GREAT MEDICAL DISCOVERY

Dr. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS

Hundreds of Thousands

Bear testimony to their Wonderful Curative Effects.

WHAT ARE THEY?

THEY ARE NOT A VILE

FANCY DRINK,

Made of Pure Rum, Whisky, Proof Spirits, and Refine Liquors, doctored, spiced and sweetened to please the taste, called "Tonic," "Appetizers," "Restorers," &c., that lead the tippler on to drunkenness and ruin, but are a true Medicine, made from the Native Roots and Herbs of California, free from all Alcoholic Stimulants. They are the

GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER AND A LIFE-GIVING PRINCIPLE, a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system, carrying off all poisonous matter and restoring the blood to a healthy condition. No person can take these Bitters according to direction and remain long unwell, provided the bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, Biliousness, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Discharges of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have been most successful. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood, which is generally produced by derangement of the Digestive Organs.

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Breath Offensive, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the regions of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offspring of Dyspepsia.

They invigorate the stomach and stimulate the torpid liver and bowels, which render them of unequalled efficacy in cleansing the blood of all impurities and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

FOR SKIN DISEASES, Eruptions, Tetter, Scab, Itch, Bores, Scalds, Pimples, Eczema, Boils, Carbuncles, Ringworms, Scald Head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Sores, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters. One Bottle in such cases will convince the most incredulous of their curative effect.

1. Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions or sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins, cleanse it when it is foul, and your system will win. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

PIN, TAPE and other WORMS, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. For full directions, read carefully the circular around each bottle, printed in four languages—English, German, French and Spanish.

J. WALKER, Proprietor. R. H. McDONALD & CO., Druggists and General Agents, San Francisco, Cal., and 25 and 34 Commerce Street, New York.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

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DENTAL OFFICE,

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Chloroform, Ether or Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when desired

SERGE & LEATHER BOOTS.

FOR Ladies and Misses, selling low at MAXWELL'S.

LADIES;

YOU can get a pair of New York Boots at 49 MAYO BROTHERS, opposite the P. O.

GENTLE NOTE PAPER.

IN BOXES of the quality, and as cheap as the cheapest. C. K. MATHEWS.

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TO ORDER.

Of the best stock and at the lowest prices,

At MAXWELL'S.

Stereoscopes,

VIEWS, ALBUMS, CHROMOS, FRAMES.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,

591 Broadway, New York,

INVITE the attention of the Trade to their extensive assortment of the above goods, of their own publication, manufacture and importation.

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YOU CAN BUY GOODS

AS CHEAP

OF MAYO BROTHERS

As at any place on the River.

FREEDOM NOTICE.

FOR a valuable consideration I do hereby relinquish to my son Stacy Whittem, his time from this date; I will not claim any of his wages nor pay any debt of his contracting after this date.

Witness: A. M. BULLINS, Noah Whitten, 3rd.

Clinton, April 20, 1871.

Maine Wesleyan Seminary

AND FEMALE COLLEGE.

THE FALL TERM will commence AUGUST 14th, and continue thirteen weeks. Catalogues will be sent on application to President H. P. Torrey.

F. A. ROBINSON, Sec.

Kent's Hill, July 25, 1871.

FOR SALE.

THE HOUSE-LOT on School Street, formerly occupied by J. Furber; also a lot of about 12 acres on corner of road to West Waterville, 2 1/2 mags; also a lot of 30 acres near Mountain, formerly owned by Henry Taylor. Apply to GEO. S. PERVOUL, Administrator.

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Oil Tempered Spring Steel Tooth Wheel

HORSE RAKE!

The Best in Use!

The subscribers invite the attention of farmers to the above Rake, which is specially adapted to the place of most others in use. It is made of the best material, and is simple and durable, and easily kept in repair. Any number of testimonials in its favor may be shown from those who have used it. It may be seen at our store, where farmers and others are advised to examine it.

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Fare in Cabin, \$1.50.
Deck Fare, L. BILLINGS.
May, 1871.

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On and after the 19th inst, the fine steamer Digmo at Framona, will until further notice run as follows:

Leave Galia Wharf, Portland, every MONDAY and THURSDAY at 8 P. M.

The Galia and Framona are fitted with fine accommodations for passengers, making this the most convenient and comfortable route for travellers between New York and Maine.

Goods forwarded to and from Montreal, Quebec, Halifax, St. John, and all parts of Maine. Shippers are requested to send their freight to the Steamer as early as 4 P. M. on the day they leave Portland.

For freight or passage apply to HENRY FOX, Galia's Wharf, Portland, or J. E. AMES, Pier 38 E. R. New York.

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