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Maxham & Wing

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IS IT I?

Three years have turned over and over,
Soft April and dew-dripping May,
Since all where a bank of red clover,
Half ground and half sky stretched away,
A little maid sat at her milking,
And singing a love-singing lay.

Up out of the dew-dripping edges
That bordered the green milking lane,
Up out of the tops of the hedges,
To list to the lilt of her strain,
The brown little heads of the wild birds
Were lifted again and again.

A fair sight it was to behold her,
No shadow of care on her brow,
The girl's arm bare to the shoulder,
That leaned on the flank of her cow.
Oh, May-time, my beautiful May-time!
Say, how hast thou come to her now?

Draw back from the window the curtain,
Look in on the bed where she lies;
The shadows are cold and uncertain,
The sun going out of her skies.
The sick soul aches with waiting
Comes up to look out of her eyes.

Three years have turned over and over,
Clear back to the May-time gone by,
Clear back to that cloud of red clover
That shimmered half ground and half sky,
And the cry from the depths of her anguish,
"My Lord and my God! is it I?"

[From Wood's Household Magazine.]

NOT WORDS ALONE.

BY GEO. S. KALME.

[Continued.]

Mrs. Cheeryble welcomed with no little trepidation, the return of her husband. She was standing by the window, with her well-known form entered the gate. He took a few steps toward the house, then suddenly stopped. Alfred was pruning a tree not far off, and Mr. Cheeryble had discovered him.

Mrs. Cheeryble's first impulse, when she saw her husband stop, was to go out and call him; but she waited a moment, and saw him resume this way to the house, smiling good-naturedly. "I see you have a new workman, Mary," said Mr. Cheeryble. "Of course you know who it is?"

"Certainly, Jonas. Alfred was always a good hand at such work. He has a natural taste for it."

"I wish that were all he had a natural taste for," laughed Mr. Cheeryble.

"Tut! tut! Jonas. That other is an unnatural taste. He'll get over that."

"When he dies?" suggested Mr. Cheeryble.

"Before, I hope, Jonas."

"Nothing would please me better, Mary, but I can't see how that desirable event can be brought about. I believe I have done my duty; and you see what he is to-day. By-the-by, Mary, I advise you to put your valuables under lock and key while he is here."

"Oh, I shall not put temptations in his way," said Mrs. Cheeryble, quietly. "Neither shall I remove what are already in his path, for he would meet them somewhere else, every day of his life: but I shall help him to resist them."

"Very good theory, Mary. But how long is he to stay?"

"All the season, probably."

Mr. Cheeryble dropped his fork and leaned back in his chair, completely surprised.

"You don't mean to say that you have engaged him for all summer?"

"No engagement, Jonas; but I intend to keep him if I can."

"I don't think I like that," said Mr. Cheeryble. "And I'm afraid you will get disgusted yourself."

"I can make the trial, Jonas."

"Well—yes, Mary. But you know I do abhor a drunken man about the premises."

"No more than I do, Jonas."

Mrs. Cheeryble had carried her point, as usual, and she talked more freely of her plans.

"Alfred starts for the 'Lakes' next Monday, for a lot of those nice evergreens."

Down went Mr. Cheeryble's fork again.

"Mrs. Cheeryble—" he never called her Mary when vexed—"who furnishes the funds for this trip?"

"Why, I do, of course," she answered. "We get our trees without costing us a cent, you see."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Cheeryble; while just the shadow of a smile was visible on his wife's kindly face. "I gave you credit for more shrewdness."

"Perhaps I don't quite catch your meaning, Jonas."

"Why, you'll never see your money again, Mary! And I do not think I should place much dependence on the shade of the trees in a hot day."

"It is worth the risk, Jonas."

Alfred worked faithfully the rest of the week. Mrs. Cheeryble and Ally making it so pleasant for him that he scarcely thought of his old haunts. On the following Monday he started for the "Lakes," promising to be back within a week.

Jonas Cheeryble laughed heartily. "I've no faith in him, Mary."

"And he knows it, Jonas."

"I've tried him enough to know what he is," said Mr. Cheeryble, not choosing to notice her last remark. "The money you gave him will go into the pocket of the first rumseller he meets."

"The world was not made in a day, Jonas," was her mild answer.

The week passed without further allusion to Alfred. Mr. Cheeryble thought of him often enough; so did his wife; but by tacit consent, their lips were sealed on that subject.

When, however, the week had lengthened into ten days, and Alfred was still absent, Mr. Cheeryble, who believed that he had been very considerate, felt it his duty, or his privilege, to say something.

"Let me see, how long was Alfred to be gone?" he asked, with a face that would have been very sober, if he had not tried so hard to make it so.

"A week was the time set," said his wife. "I look for him every day."

"Ha! ha! ha! Poor Mary. I am sorry for you. It will shake your faith in human nature wonderfully."

"It is not shaken yet, Jonas. Alfred will be back."

"When his money is all gone, Mary."

"Well, it may prove as you say, Jonas, but you will not speak a word to him about it?"

"Certainly not, Mary, unless you wish it. I am willing you should carry out your plans."

"Thank you, Jonas."

That same day Alfred returned, wonderfully improved by the trip.

"A little over my time," said he, grasping Mrs. Cheeryble's hand, "but we had bad weather on the lake. You have not been anxious about me?"

"I should have been, if I had known you were on the lake during that storm," she replied.

"She trusts me," thought Alfred, with a glow of pride. "Not a trace of suspicion. Oh, the touch of her hand, so friendly, so helpful, does me ten times more good than all the advice Mr. Cheeryble ever gave me."

Mr. Cheeryble appeared not less pleased than surprised at Alfred's return; but his faith was no stronger.

"I hope he is not holding off to get a larger haul," he said.

"I guess he is not, Jonas."

Waterville Mail.

VOL. XXV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... FRIDAY, AUGUST 18, 1871.

NO. 8.

BOYS AS FARMERS.

A capital sketch for old boys and young boys.

The evergreen venture was a pecuniary success. Every shrub was readily disposed of, putting quite a handsome sum in Alfred's pocket. Again Mr. Cheeryble predicted all sorts of disasters, and again was at fault. Alfred deposited his money in the bank, and resumed work in the garden.

Cheeryble was forced to admit that the young man was doing extremely well; "but"—what a penchant Cheeryble had for "buts" and "ifs"—"something will turn up yet, and spoil it all," he always added. Ah, if he could have been at home just one day, and seen how faithfully his brave, true-hearted little wife followed her plans, he would not have spoken these discouraging words. If he could have seen her, sitting near where Alfred was at work, conversing with him as with a friend, or reading to him; if he could have seen her repairing, with her own hands, some little rent in the coarse frock or coat, or fastening on a stray button; if he could have seen her doing a thousand little favors, which all can do, and which outweigh words as the wheat outweighs the chaff, do you think he would have said one word to dishearten that noble wife? Not he. But he did not see all, or any of this, and unwittingly he cast many a stumbling block in her path.

Now, I do not suppose that Mr. Cheeryble wanted "something to turn up." I hope he was too good a man for that. Yet it was not pleasant, to say the least, to be outdone by such a quiet, little woman as Mrs. Mary Cheeryble. He was quite concerned about it; and I am sorry to say it—kept himself better informed as to the conduct of Alfred Blackmer, than he had ever done while the young man was in his counting-room or store. I will not say that he watched him with the hope of finding some departure from the right, but I will say, that if he had unfortunately discovered anything of the kind, he wouldn't have been a bit surprised.

Meanwhile Mr. Cheeryble prided himself on having done Alfred many a good turn during the summer. He often walked down town with him—as a safeguard, perhaps—and filled his ear with that good advice which always hung at the end of his tongue. Well, perhaps he was right. At least, the motive was good. And if his strange "ifs" and "buts" did sometimes send a chill to the young man's heart, he tried to believe they were kindly spoken for his own good.

But there came a day, in the early autumn, when Jonas Cheeryble saw what he had been looking for so long. He was just coming out of the store, when, chancing to look up the street, he saw Alfred. The young man had stopped before a drinking-saloon, evidently replying to some words addressed to him by a man who stood in the door. How Cheeryble watched him.

"Alfred made a move as if to leave the place, but the man in the door, a great, bloated lout upon humanity, stepped out on the walk and caught him by the sleeve. Alfred stopped—he hesitated—he turned toward the door. He was struggling with the tempter—struggling single-handed with his unnatural appetite. Jonas Cheeryble, standing just across the street, might have helped him if he had thought of it; but he only muttered: "Just as I expected. I have talked, and talked, and talked, and that is all the good it does. If he does not yield now, I shall have more hopes of him. But he will! I know he will. Poor boy! What a pity!"

Another man came out of the saloon. The two were too many for poor Alfred Blackmer. His strength gave way. He crossed the threshold.

"God pity him!" exclaimed Jonas Cheeryble. "Lost! lost! nothing can save him! Poor Alfred! and I have tried so hard!"

But was he lost? No, not lost; only in danger. A helping hand was near.

A carriage stopped before that vile place. A richly attired lady left the soft, silken cushions, sprang lightly to the filthy pavement, and fearlessly entered the den of iniquity.

"Good Heavens! it is Mary!" exclaimed Jonas Cheeryble, wild with amazement. "My wife in such a place as that! Did I ever!"

He hurried across the street; but just as he reached the saloon door, Mrs. Cheeryble came out with Alfred.

"Mary! Mary! for Heaven's sake what are you thinking about, to go into such a place as that! I right in broad daylight, too!"

Mrs. Cheeryble put her hand gently over her husband's lips, while she said in a low, sweet tone, that fell like music on the listener's ear:

"Jonas, our duty to the erring ones does not consist in words alone."

That was all. And it was enough. All the rest of that day those words dwelt with Jonas Cheeryble, calling up new thoughts; opening new pages for his inspection; showing him how narrow had been his view, and how little, how very little he had done, when he thought he was accomplishing so much.

"Mary, I stand convicted," said he, grasping his wife's hand, as, in the deepening twilight, they stood alone in the magnificent parlor of their palatial home. "It is not by words alone, but by earnest, steadfast, fearless work. I have been walking in the blackest of darkness; but, thank God, I am out in the blessed sunlight now; and with His help, and your own, Mary, I will continue in the way you have pointed out."

Need I tell you that he did it? Need I tell you that, from that hour, he gave Alfred Blackmer the helping hand as well as the word; and, as the parent guides the tottering steps of his feeble child, led him along, step by step, until he had grown strong and resolute in the right? I think not.

But I must say a few more words, dear reader. Look about you. Do you not see some one in peril? I meet them every day, and so do you. Do you reach forth your hand and lead them out of the darkness? or do you, from your stand-point of safety, warn them of their danger, and tell them how they may escape? Thank God if you do even that little, for it is the stepping stone to something more. But that is not enough. You and I know, even while we are so earnestly pointing out the way, that those tottering limbs never, never can scale the ascent alone—that if they make the attempt, they can only climb a little way and fall back to yet lower depths! Ah, dear reader, I fear that too many of us have been like Mr. Cheeryble. But we have no excuse now. Mrs. Cheeryble has given us the words: "OUR DUTY TO THE ERRING DOES NOT CONSIST IN WORDS ALONE."

It would be a curious problem for a woman to find out from man what is expected of her. Man adores helplessness, and says it ruins him. He talks about economy, and raves over spendthrifts. He decries frivolity, and runs away from brains. He pines after his grandmother who could make pies, and falls in love with white hands that can't. He means over weakness and ridiculous strength. He condemns fashion theoretically, and the lack of it practically. He longs for sensible women, and passes them by on the other side. He worships saints, and sends them to the convents. He despises pink-and-white women, and marries them if he can. He abuses silks and laces, and takes them into his heart. He glorifies spirit and independence, and gives a cruel thrust at the little vices that want to be oaks. What would the critical lords desire.

A young lady upon one occasion requested her lover to define love. "Well, Sally," said he, "it is to me an inward impressibility and an outward all-overishness."

TAKE YOUR SON WITH YOU.—Take your son for a companion, wherever you conveniently can. It will relieve the already overburdened anxious mother of so much care. It will gratify the boy; it certainly ought to be a pleasure to you. What mother's eye would not brighten when her child is kindly cared for? And when his eye kindles, his heart beats, and his tongue prattles faster and faster with the idea of "going with father," does not she share in her little boy's happiness, and is not her love deepened by her husband's consideration, so just, and yet too often so extraordinary? It will keep you and him out of places, society, and temptation into which separately you might enter.

Did it ever occur to you that your boy, deprived of your society, eluding his mother's watchful care, and rambling in the street with the lowest of the low, or with those who, seeming to be unexceptionable, are, therefore, only the more dangerous, is learning all manner of rowdiness and crime? And why should you blame him for seeking such congenial associations when you so unnecessarily withhold from him your own companionship! Do you say you cannot possibly take him among the men with whom you associate? Is their society, then, more pleasant, more profitable, more necessary than his? Alas! I am afraid that many fathers would hesitate to introduce their innocent boys into their own associations.

It will establish confidence, sympathy, esteem and love between you. It will give you abundant and very favorable opportunities to impart secular and religious instruction, to infuse and cultivate noble principles, and to develop and strengthen true manhood.

It will enable him to see the world and to enjoy a certain liberty—which so often results from a sudden freedom from long restraint. It is not your bounden duty to favor your child with as much of your presence and influence as you can?

A poor woman kept a strawberry plant in a broken pot in her window. It grew and flourished finely, and when a friend congratulated her on the promise of fruit, she replied, "Ah, it is not for the fruit I keep it. I am too poor to keep any living creature, but it is a great comfort to me to have that plant, for I know it can live only by the power of God, and to see it live and grow from day to day tells me that God is near."

Michigan and Ohio have laws which make the vendor of liquor responsible for the damage done to the relatives of the buyers. A great number of actions have been brought under this statute, and almost invariably the verdict has been in favor of the injured parties. The plaintiff in such suits not only has remedy against the stock and property of the actual seller but against the premises, to whomsoever they belong. In Michigan this law has resulted in closing up a large number of saloons and drinking houses. In the former state the persecuted dealers propose to carry the matter before the courts on some point of constitutionality. It will be seen by this that even a license law that makes the vendor responsible for the damage he does society is strenuously and even violently opposed.—[Port. Press.]

Dr. Hall, in his Journal of Health, says that the best desserts for summer, are the fruits in their season, in their natural, fresh, perfect state. Their acid seeming to have the effect of separating the bile from the blood; and levers are caused by there being too much bile in the blood; therefore "sours" are for the summer, and "sweets" for the winter; meats are heating, vegetables are cooling. Those who are wise will regulate themselves accordingly.

The New Orleans Republican avers that when Horace heard that Jeff had burst the bonds of silence, and was making the South ring with echoes to his mournful speeches, the philosopher of the Tribune sent him the following telegram: "Jeff, why don't you dry up? Didn't I bail you out thoroughly?" It is true that he did "bail out" Jeff; and very thoroughly as he thought at the time, but inasmuch as he did not caulk him up, his indignation is now unreasonable.

In the next Old and New a union novel will be begun, by the suggestion of the editor, the Rev. Edward Everett Hale. It will be called "Six of One and Half a Dozen of the Other."

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe will write a first instalment; then Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, the author of "We Girls" and some other popular stories, will take it up and write enough for a number; Miss Lucretia P. Hale will follow it with another number; Mr. Fred W. Loring, a recent Harvard graduate who is springing up in local literature, another; and Mr. Hale will bring up with the conclusion. This is spoken of as a new and original idea with Mr. Hale, but it has been tried before.

The Republican papers out West are indulging in all sorts of jokes about the "new departure." One of them illustrates the policy by this anecdote of a boy and a woodchuck. The boy was observed watching for a woodchuck to come out of his hole. "Do you suppose you can catch him?" said a passer-by. "Catch him?" said the boy, contemptuously; "I've got to catch him, stranger, we're out of meat!"

The Monrovia, Liberia, Republican states that the presidential election in Liberia took place May 24, and apparently resulted in the election of Roberts as President and Gardiner as Vice President. President Royce, however, maintains that he was elected for four years, and that his term has not expired. He may dispute the validity of the election of Gardiner and Roberts.

Or all fine arts is there any finer or higher than that of perfect conversation? Charles Mayne Young once said, "If Wordsworth condescended to converse with me, he spoke to me as if I were his equal in mind, and made me pleased and proud in consequence. If Coleridge had me by the button, for lack of a better audience, he had a talent for making me feel his wisdom and my own stupidity."

P. S. GILMORE means to do his best to "tune the world to better music. He is arranging for a World's Peace Jubilee, which, by a curious association is to commence at the next anniversary of the Battle of Bunler Hill, 17th June next.

OUR TABLE.

EVERY SATURDAY for Aug. 12th is magnificent in its illustrations. Among other pictures will be found Clearing Off, by W. J. Hennessy; The Peacemaker, from a picture in the Royal Academy, London; The Home of the Fox, a splendid double-page picture; The Paris Review, with portraits of M. Thiers and his supporting ministers; The Standish House in Duxbury, Mass.; Adeline Patti as Desdemona; A Country School; Jonas Hanway and his Umbrella; Leaving Cape Town for the Coal Fields. The letter press is of the usual interest.

Published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$6 a year.

EDMOND DANTES.—A sequel to Alexander Dumas' Count of Monte-Christo.

Is just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. In it we have laid bare to us all the concealed causes of the Revolution of February, 1848, which began acting as long ago as shortly after the Revolution of 1830. All the prominent names in France at that time, here find a place, and all the prominent men and women are actors and talkers. Lamartine, Marrast, Louis Blanc, Ledru Rollin, Flocon, Barrot, Arago, Verrier, Albert, Lamoriciere, Thiers, Guizot, Bugeaud, Abd-el-Kader, Rachel, Odile Dupont, Madame George Sand, etc. Indeed, all the acts and actors and secret springs of action of the great social Revolution in France in 1848, are fully developed, with full descriptions of persons and incidents, and extended dialogues. The leading spirit of all is Edmond Dantes, Deputy for Marseilles. All that have ever read the pages of the "Count of Monte-Christo," should get the sequel to it and read it at once, as all the characters are closed up in Edmond Dantes. It is issued in a large octavo volume, with a picture of Edmond Dantes on the cover, price seventy-five cents, and is for sale by all booksellers or copies will be sent to any one, post-paid, by the Publishers, on receipt of price by them.

A LIVE HOME JOURNAL.—Last October,

Health and Home passed into the hands of Messrs. Orange Judd & Co., of 245 Broadway, New York, the well known publishers of the American Agriculturist—a journal long without a rival in sterling value and circulation. The marked improvements then expected to appear in Health and Home have been fully realized, and it is now one of the choicest illustrated journals anywhere issued for the family circle—adapted to both the juvenile and adult people, and meeting the special wants of the housekeeper. Besides it supplies very useful chapters for the garden and farm, and an important news sheet, giving a valuable resume of the news for a week, up to the moment of issue. From \$500 to \$800 worth of very fine engravings beautify each weekly number. We notice now a still further mark of enterprise on the part of the publishers; they have secured the exclusive editorial services of Edward Eggleston, so widely and favorably known by his writings in Scribner's Monthly, and many other Magazines and Journals, and especially as the chief superintending Editor of the New York Independent for some time past. With this notable addition to the previously large and strong editorial force, Health and Home cannot fail to merit and command a prominent place in every household, in city, village, and country. Specimen copies can doubtless be obtained of the publishers, as above. Terms only \$3 a year. Single numbers 8 cents. Health and Home and American Agriculturist together, \$4 a year. Better add one or both of them to your supply of reading; they are each worth infinitely more than the small cost.

THE AMERICAN STOCK JOURNAL, offers larger premiums and a greater variety, than almost any other Journal. Send for a specimen copy, illustrated show bill, and premium list. Address N. P. Boyer & Co., Publishers, Parkersburg, Pa.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL BOY.—Our Thomas

dropped a fine red apple out of the front window, which rolled very near the iron railing between the grass-plat and the street. Thomas forgot to pick it up. Shortly after, two boys came along.

"Oh, my!" cried one. "See that bouncing apple? Let's hook it out?"

The other boy nudged him with a whisper, "Oh don't! there's somebody looking." And on they went.

A little girl next passed. She spied the apple, and stopped, looking very hard at it; then put her hands through the rails, and tried to reach it. Her fingers just touched it. She looked around: a man was coming down the street. The girl withdrew her hand, and went away.

A ragged looking little fellow came by soon after. "That boy will grab the apple," said to myself, peeping through the blinds. His bright eye at once caught sight of it, and he stopped. After looking at it a moment, he ran across the street and picked up a stick. He poked it through the rails, and drew the apple near enough to pick it up. Turning it over in his grimy hands, I could not help seeing how he longed to eat it. Did he pocket it and run? No. He came up the steps, and rang the door-bell. I went to the door.

"I found this big apple in your front garden," said the boy; "and I thought maybe you had dropped it out, and didn't know it was there: so I picked it up, and have brought it to you."

"Why did you not eat it?"

"Oh! said he, "it is not mine."

"It was almost in the street," said I, "where it would have been hard to find its owner."

"Almost is not quite," replied the boy; "which, Mr. Curtis says, makes all the difference in the world."

"Who is Mr. Curtis?"

"My Sabbath School teacher. He has explained the eighth commandment to me, and I know it: what's the use of knowing, unless you use it up to it?" Here he handed me the apple.

"Will you accept the apple?" said I. "I am glad you brought it in; for I like to know honest boys. What is your name?"

He told me. I need not tell you, however, only I think you will agree with me, that he is the right sort of Sabbath School scholar. He squares his conduct by the faithful Christian instruction which he gets there.—[Young Pilgrim.]

We find floating in our exchanges a paragraph to the effect that a secret organization known as the Union League of the United Sons of America, composed principally of young workmen, is forming at Cincinnati to oppose Catholicism in all shapes. "All nationalities will be admitted." We hope the statement is untrue. The end deserves a better means. Dark lantern proceedings in our social and political questions will only harm the inventors, and, in such cases as the above, imperil a good cause. All the opposition Catholicism needs in this country is at open points of contact in their attempted control of public funds and the schools. The more outspoken this opposition is made, the better for the results. The Union

ted Sons of America can organize on better grounds and adopt better methods. Secrecy will not help the cause. While we admit all nationalities, let us leave secrecy to the papist! Protestant Christianity has no secrets.—[The Advance.]

SALVATION THROUGH ART.—Americans generally have none too high estimate of the uses of fine art. But the Boston Commonwealth thinks it possible that "high art" may be a hobby of the "Hub."

The talk and effort in behalf of the Museum has really occasioned quite an agitation. You would think our people were hoping to be saved by art. The new gospel is preached on Sundays, and meetings for edification and conference are held almost every evening during the week. We need to be exhorted to get religion; now we are urged to get art. The reason why Christians are not holy, why monopolies abound, why poor men do not get rich, and why "every sixth door opens to vice" (Wendell Phillips), why women go to the bad, why merchants cheat and politicians are humbugs, why toilets are dowdy and victuals indigestible, why homes are ugly and streets crooked, why newspapers are dull and manners boorish, why the birth-rate diminishes and Ben Butler has admirers, is all because we do not cultivate art sufficiently, and so develop our aesthetic natures. Give us art or we perish! This community has tried Puritanism, transcendentalism, foggyism, free schools, free ballots, and the Maine law, and found each of them leaky. There was always some place where human nature slipped through. We are about to try art. If this does not make everything lovely I know not what we shall feel obliged to resort to, unless it be woman suffrage. But we have been wrought up to a high degree of confidence. Some of us are as sure as if we had tried it. If we get art it will be possible to be virtuous, and the consequences of virtue have often been predicted. I have noticed that prediction is the common way of treating them. For myself, I read what the apostles of the new era have to say, then I read the dispatches from Paris and doubt.

PAPER CREDIT REPORT.—The Portland Press, having seen the work in sheets, "lets on" as follows:—

The testimony is of the most conflicting character, even where given by the same one at different periods. What has been given as testimony and what has been written in self-defense at one period, find direct rebuttal in a later statement. The charitable individual will mourn with that generous patriot, who states that in his earnest efforts to fill the quota of Maine, he lost from six to ten thousand dollars, spent for the honor of the Pine Tree State; but will in a measure be consoled when later statements and figures indicate that that sum or a larger stands on the other side of the balance sheet. But there is one thing that above all others will impress itself upon the mind of the moral philosopher, and that is that mankind is fast passing away, and that the recollections of great transactions only a few years old, are almost obliterated from the memories of the distinguished actors. Men who kept books and sold names have the most confused ideas of the money they received, or where they got their names, to whom they sold them—and in short, there has been a general loss of memory that can only be attributed to softening of the brain. Again some town officers signed an affidavit that certain names that as likely as not, never belonged to any, living or dead, were names of men who were liable to perform military duty in their towns, and rendered as an excuse that they were told that such oath-taking was only a matter of form; while in other cases those obliging dealers signed the names of municipal officers in a way, that in old-fashioned terms, would be forging and punishable by State service at Thomaston.

The following results have been reached in some of the trials before the Supreme Judicial Court at Augusta:—

Alonzo Nightingale, for burglary, three years in the State Prison; Albert S. Nichols, for larceny, the same; George A. Dingley, for attempting to burn a building, eight months in the county jail. Dingley has already suffered imprisonment since June, 1870.

In the cases of Wm. N. Gove and of Francis Allen Spaulding, found guilty this term of rape, questions of law have been raised by the counsel which go to the full court that sits in May next, which must necessarily suspend the sentences for one year.

FISHWAYS.—The Brunswick Telegraph, notwithstanding the heavy odds against the measure, fights vigorously for a fishway at that place, in obedience to the requirements of law and equity. Quoting our little paragraph in regard to the matter, it indignantly adds:—

We hope that there will be no more legal exemptions; the exemption of the Augusta dam was sufficient to damn the reputation of that city in the opinion of all right-thinking men. A more unmitigated piece of selfishness was never conceived of, than the application of Augusta to have that dam exempted under the statute; a sneakingly mean act, for the Fish Commissioner says—"the most expensive dam that would be required anywhere in the State need not cost more than three or four thousand dollars."—Sold its birthright for even less than a mess of pottage;—in fact, won it in as ignominious a manner, by giving Bill Sprague \$250,000 to buy certain other property and a water power, which in a state of nature is as destitute of a fall, as the hearts of the people of the city are of natural grace.

It becomes Augusta to cast slurs at her upriver neighbors. It is both manly and patriotic, and Augusta was patriotic during the war.

More exemptions! No! Rather let that statute conferring any exemptions be repealed. That statute is neither more nor less than a profane institution in the eyes of the rest of the State, and the cause of good morals demands that it be stricken from the roll.

It is said the hero of the exploit of carrying three kegs of gunpowder safe out of a burning grocery, was really laboring under a mistake—he thought it was brandy. Thus are our idols shivered!

Jacob Tripp, aged seventy years, committed suicide on Friday when in the woods, near his residence in North Yarmouth, by shooting himself with a gun.

The Mont Cenis tunnel turns out to be a complete success, and it will be finally opened in September.

Waterville Mail.

RPH MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... AUG. 18, 1871.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

The following parties are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions for the Mail, and will do so at the same rates required at this office:

S. M. PETER, III, & Co., No. 10 State St., Boston, and 87 Park Row, New York.

S. R. NILES, No. 1, Seelye Building, Boston.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., No. 40 Park Row, New York.

T. C. EVANS, 106 Washington St., Boston.

Advertisements abroad are referred to the Agents named above.

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

FOR GOVERNOR,
SIDNEY PERHAM
OF PAIR.

We called a few days ago, on L. D. Emerson, Esq., at his home in W. Waterville, to which he was able to be removed a few days after the Bangor accident. Mr. Emerson was reported as having received a "scalp wound," and we were surprised to find that the wound reported, though frightful, was by no means the worst. Indeed, he may be said to be wounded from head to foot. The "scalp wound" begins with a broad contusion on the left temple, barely separated from a deep gash that extends backward over the ear nearly to the crown. Badly swollen, and darkly discoloring the forehead, eye and face, it looks like a wound for even a sturdier man than Mr. E. to yield to. On the left arm is a bruise, discoloring the entire arm a hand-breadth above and below the elbow. On the outside of one thigh is a deep bruise that nearly disables him from walking. On one leg, midway between the knee and ankle, is a long and deep gash, connected with a severe bruise, which together have given him much pain. But the most serious injury is at the small of the back, just above the hips, caused probably by a blow or wrench, which it is feared will result in permanent disability. In addition to all these, a great number of large discolored spots, caused by bruises, show how thick and fast the blows fell for the bare moment of that death-dealing disaster. That so many wounds could be received, and yet not one, or even all together, prove fatal, is strange indeed. Mr. Emerson is a firm, thick set, heavy man, with good health and a stout heart; and with all these advantages, promises soon to resume business.

THE UNITARIAN SOCIETY of Belfast, with such as chose to join them, came over to our village on a picnic excursion on Wednesday—four full car loads. They had planned to rendezvous on the College grounds; but the gentle rain in the forenoon compelled a change of arrangements, and they were driven to take refuge in our Town Hall. They could not have touched Waterville at a meaner point; and we can only hope that the politeness and hospitality of our citizens, and the walks and drives these visitors were able to take in the afternoon, about our streets and upon the College grounds, obliterated from their memories all recollection of the place where they dined. In the afternoon, the Memorial Building was thrown open for their accommodation by Pres't Champlin, and we hope they had a pleasant time. Among these agreeable visitors we were pleased to recognize the Faunce brothers,—Asa and Daniel—once Waterville boys.

OLIVE LOGAN, in circulars addressed to lecture committees, announces that she has cut loose from all bureaux and agents, and appeals directly to the people from her resting place, No. 55 West Ninth St., New York. Her lecture here, it will be remembered, was on "Girls; her new one is on Nice Young Men."

BAD ACCIDENT.—Mr. Henry Stevens, while working at a circular saw in Bachelier's chair factory, W. Waterville, on Monday, had all the fingers cut squarely from his left hand, close up to the palm. The wound was dressed at once and bid fair to do well.

HON. WOODBURY DAVIS, a well known citizen of Portland, who has filled many honorable and responsible offices in the state, died on Sabbath evening. "Within the limits of a week," says the Press, "Portland has lost three of her best citizens—best in the highest sense of the term—Steele, Greenough, and Davis."

We learn from the Kennebec Journal that Dr. Robert Alexander Cony, of Augusta, died suddenly on Sunday afternoon, of paralysis of the heart. His father was the late Gen. Samuel Cony, his grandfather Hon. Daniel Cony, and he was brother of the late Gov. Samuel Cony.

THE MAINE STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY will hold no Fair this year. Portland, Augusta, Lewiston, Bangor and Belfast failed to come up to the requirements of the Trustees.

The old saying, that "a living ass may kick a dead lion," is verified by a stupid joke in the last Gardner Home Journal, which we hope Morrill is heartily ashamed of by this time.

KENDALL'S MILLS ITEMS.

A new Brass Band has been organized at this place. A fine set of brass instruments has just been received from the manufactory of John F. Stratton, of New York. They are of the latest improved styles, and the set consists of twelve pieces; these, with the drums, and symbols make a good sided band. But oh, Pandemonium! what unearthly noises are now produced through all the village! It is surmised that the grasshoppers will leave suddenly, from fright. The class is under the instruction of J. F. Gibbs, and making rapid advancement.

About a dozen of our business citizens are off on a fishing excursion from Belfast, but are expected to return in about a week, refreshed for business.

Many of our citizens have just returned from Camp Meeting, where it is said they had "a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord," and we trust are better prepared to meet the trials and vicissitudes of life, and resist the temptations that flesh is heir to.

THE ADVANCE.—We have had a strong liking for *The Advance* from its commencement, but we never realized how much we prized it until we failed to receive it for two weeks. We feared the publishers had cut us off from their exchange list, but we are pleased to find that we were mistaken; and we take this occasion to repeat what we have often said, that *The Advance*, if not the best religious paper in the country, has no superiors within our knowledge. It is published in Chicago by the Advance Co., at \$2.50 a year—and is worth many times the cost of it in the family.

NATIONAL INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION.—The Fortieth Exhibition of the Industries of our land, to be held by the American Institute in the immense structure bounded by Second and Third avenues and Sixty-third and Sixty-fourth streets, New York, from September 7th to November 4th, promises to be far in advance of anything hitherto attempted on this continent. Artists, Artisans, Inventors, Manufacturers, Horticulturists, and others, are rapidly forwarding their applications for space in which to exhibit something novel, wonderful, beautiful or useful in the various departments. The best and most recent triumphs of American skilled products, as well as the latest and most approved methods of manufacture, in actual operation—will there be seen at their best. It will be a sight that none should miss. The heavy machinery is already being set in place.

We often take large draughts of water simply because it is pleasant to the mouth and throat when there is no need in the system for it—when, indeed it does positive harm by its presence, and if we should all use self-control enough to be temperate, it would be much better for us.—[E.]

If a temperate use of water, a comparatively harmless beverage, is to be commended, how ought we to deal with intoxicating drinks, which are almost invariably injurious, and for which very few men have a natural taste?

The short crop of hay naturally operates to send cattle out of Maine as they never went before. Forty-six car loads passed through Augusta on Monday, and ten more were added to the train at Brunswick. Cows and young stock are sold very low.

The house and barn of Sanborn Brann, of Rome, were burned with all their contents on Saturday afternoon. The fire took on the roof of the house from a spark from the chimney. Loss about \$1500; insured for \$700 in the Bangor Union.

CONDUCTOR GRAY's friends were pleased to see him on his old familiar walk down the street last Tuesday; if not quite "as good as new," at least in much better condition than was expected from first reports. His chief trouble now is a severe bruise in the small of the back, which, while it does not hinder locomotion, troubles him in sitting down and rising. He will probably soon be able to resume his post on the train.

BANGOR is attaining an undesirable reputation for drunkenness. The Police record is fruitful in such cases, and according to the Whig, well dressed women (not many, we hope) reel through the streets, so drunk that they only stand by holding on to each other.

Senator Sprague's speeches and essays, which attracted considerable attention at their first appearance, it seems were prepared for him by another person, who has since recovered all the fingers cut squarely from his left hand, close up to the palm. The wound was dressed at once and bid fair to do well.

H. C. Burleigh's mare, "Gentle Annie," won the 250 race at the Webster Trotting Park in Orono, on Tuesday, against "Dollie Bidwell;" and Ash Savage's "G. L. Fox" won the 230 purse.

With their usual love for free speech in this land of liberty, the Catholics at Ogdensburg, N. Y., mobbed Baron DeCarrain, who undertook to lecture there against Catholicism; but the Mayor and Common Council have determined that the right of free speech shall be vindicated and that the man shall be heard. At last accounts a formidable riot was threatened.

The body of Greenleaf White, who was recently drowned in the Kennebec, was found near the mouth of the river a few days ago. It was brought to Augusta and buried.

We are indebted to G. A. L. Merrifield, Esq., of the Pension Office, Washington, for valuable documents issued from that department.

THE SMALL POX is increasing alarmingly in Lowell, Mass.

OUR TABLE.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for September is a brilliant number, crowded with interesting matter and rich in pictorial attractions. There are three leading illustrated articles, each excellent in its way—"Montauk Point, Long Island," by Charles Parsons, the artist, which contains twenty-two superior illustrations; "Reindeer, Dogs and Snow-shoes," by A. H. Guernsey, which minutely describes an interesting portion of Northeastern Asia; and "The Bard of Abbotford," by Mrs. Zadel B. Boddington, in which elegant prose is mingled with brilliant poetry, and enriched by numerous illustrations, and a large number of miscellaneous articles are given in the number—"Failures in Kingcraft," by B. Lossing; "The Schoolmasters of the Middle Ages," by Eugene Lawrence; "The Reformation in Utah," by Edward H. Tullidge, one of the Reformers; "Lyell and Geology," an illustrated paper; "Earthquake Law," by Gen. John A. Bolles; "Puns and Punctures," by J. G. Saxe; "Stolen Flowers," by M. D. Conway, etc. "The American Baron" is continued; three short stories are contributed by Annie Thomas, Justin McCarthy, and D. R. Cautledge; some good poetry is given; and the Essay Chair, Literary Record, Scientific Record, Historical Record, and Editor's Drawer are well filled, as usual.

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

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

Lady Judith, a Tale of Two Continents; The Burden of Pain; May Twenty-fifth, 1871; Agricultural Labor of the South; Nine?; Perpetual Motion; The Youth by the Brook; The Nether Side of New York; Outcast Children; Ought we to Visit Her?; Slain at Gettysburg; from an Incident in the War; Pearl-Hunting in the Pompano; Les Amour; The Eustace Diamonds; Waiting; Drift-Wood; Scientific Miscellany; Current Literature; The Galaxy Club Room; Nebulae.

The Galaxy is a great favorite with live, thinking men. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York, at \$4 a year.

THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW for July contains the following articles:—

The Roman Empire; Theism; Hugh Miller; Hereditary Legators; Nonconformity and the Progress of Society; Jowett's Translation of the Dialogues of Plato; Mr. Millin's Motion on Disestablishment; and about forty pages of "Contemporary Literature."

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

Religious Life and Tendencies in Scotland; The Poetry of Democracy; Walt Whitman; The Genesis of the Free-Will Doctrine; Abolition; The Republicans of the Commonwealth; Army Organization; Early English Literature; The Government and the Liberal Party; The Function of Physical Pain—Anæsthetics; On the Method of Political Economy; and about forty pages of "Contemporary Literature."

The four great English Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are prominently issued the Leonard Scott Press, 531 Broadway, New York, New York, the terms of subscription being as follows:—For any one of the four Reviews, \$4 per annum; any two of the Reviews, \$7; any three of the four, \$10; and all four, \$13. Blackwood and the four Reviews, \$10; Blackwood and the four Reviews, \$15—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works are sold by periodical dealers.

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

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for September more than maintains its reputation as a good and cheap Lady's Book. The steel engraving "The Miller's Granddaughter," illustrating a charming story, is very pretty. There is a double-sized colored steel fashion-plate of rare beauty, and a pretty knitted hood, with patterns and other designs. In this number is begun a new copy-right novel, "The Tragedy of a Quiet Life," which is unusually good even for this magazine; and there are other original tales and novels, by Mrs. Ann S. Stevens, Frank Lee Benedict, Daisy Ventnor, and other first-class story writers. Every lady wants Peterson. The price is but \$2.00 a year, with great reductions to clubs. Address, Charles J. Peterson, 206 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

TWO BEAUTIFUL AND BRILLIANT SONGS—Three Little Words, by J. A. Butterfield, author of "When You and I were Young," etc., and *The Beautiful Days that are Past*, by Frank Howard, author of "Little Barfoot," etc.—have recently been published by T. W. Martin, Chicago. These two pieces of music are for sale by G. H. Carpenter, Waterville; or they may be obtained of the publisher, T. W. Martin, P. O. Box 647, Chicago, Ill., for 35 cents each.

THE BANGOR ACCIDENT.

THERE is reason to believe that the investigation before the jury of inquest has been thorough, and such as will satisfy the public; and also that the verdict of the jury is a candid and independent expression of facts as found.

The first witness called was Col. A. W. Wildes, of Skowhegan, one of the State Railroad Commissioners. He was sworn and testified as follows:—

Am one of the Railroad Commissioners of the State, and with my associates examine the tracks and bridges of the railroads in Maine. I passed over the Maine Central Railroad in June, 1871; Mr. Gibson, the bridge man employed by the Maine Central Company, and Mr. Terry, the road master, were with me when the bridge over the Hampden road was inspected. I examine bridges by striking the timbers and probing with a knife, sometimes by boring; did not bore in this case. Always examine the joints. In this bridge they showed no signs of opening. After we had examined the bridge, a freight train came along and I stood by the bridge and watched to see how it bore the weight. I thought it sprung a little too much and remarked to Gibson that it ought to be strengthened by arches, as it was subjected to greater strains than before. When I made a record of the repairs needed, I think I used this language:—"The bridge over the Hampden Road, near Bangor, is weak and needs strengthening by the addition of arches to the truss." I left one copy of my report with Assistant Superintendent Lincoln at Augusta, for Superintendent Noyes, and another copy at Judge Rice's office.

I could see the inside of the chords of the bridge and the bottom, the top was covered by boarding. A perfect examination could not be made except by uncovering. The fact that the joints are tight is indisputable evidence that a bridge is not giving; but timbers may be rotten and the joints still tight. The iron work appeared well. I saw what is called "sap rot" on the corners, and probed it with my knife; it was not deep; also examined the timbers by striking. Have examined the bridge since the accident and found decay I did not discover when I inspected the bridge in June. The cause of the accident was that rot. One hard pine key between the timbers was rotten and the chord was rotten inside. It was the worst section of the upper chord and the west piece was rotten. Did not see this rotten place when I examined the bridge. When we find defects in a bridge that render it unsafe, we have no right to order a road to stop running trains. The law is that we give the company reasonable notice to make repairs, then if they fail to make them, we must go to the courts for an injunction, and have a hearing; meantime the company can run the train if they choose.

If I had at the examination seen the condition of this bridge as I see it now, where the timber is broken so as to expose the decay, I should have notified the company that it was not safe to run trains over it. The shell of the timber being broken now shows the rot in the interior; I could not have seen the place at our examination. I have, I think, traveled over the bridge but once since my examination. Should think two weeks after notification by

the Commissioners, would be a reasonable time in which the company could make necessary repairs.

We were up in the bridge three-quarters of an hour at our examination. I rode over the bridge last Monday night and had no fears for my personal safety.

The trains run no faster here than on other parts of the road, and no unusual strain comes on the bridge. From what I have seen since, I think that without boring, the rot could not have been detected in our examination. My recollection of the decayed timber is that it had a shell on the outside.

[A copy of Col. Wildes' report on the condition of the bridges, was here submitted to the Jury by Superintendent Noyes, and identified by Col. Wildes. The report concerning the bridge over the Hampden road is as previously stated by Col. Wildes. It is dated July 17, 1871.]

Examination resumed. Think that my statement that this bridge needed strengthening, would not give the officers of the road the impression that the danger was imminent. Mr. Noyes always immediately looked after the repairs I suggested, and I did not use so strong language on this as I should on other roads, on this account. The examination was made between June 8th and 12th according to the date in my memorandum book, but I may have inadvertently written June instead of July, as my report is dated July 17th, and I have been accustomed to report at the close of the examination of each division of the road. I commenced at Kendall's Mills on this division, and worked this way, but my attention was called to points on the lower road and I went down several times. If I had discovered indications of rot sufficient to render the bridge unsafe for travel, it was my duty to notify the Superintendent at once. The bridge man was with me through the whole examination of this division. The man in charge of the bridges always goes with us.

Milton P. Gibson:—Was with Col. Wildes when he inspected the bridges on this end of the road; it was, I think, in the last days of June or the first of July—before the fourth of July. I considered the bridge over the Hampden road safe. There was some rot on one of the floor beams, and I talked it over—thought one should be taken up. I discovered no rot in the chords; did not examine perhaps, as thoroughly as Mr. Wildes did.—Went up under the bridge to examine it in April last. I have examined it three or four times this year. Col. Wildes said a new floor beam ought to be put into the bridge. The second beam from the west end was some sap-rotted, and we concluded a new one ought to be put in some time this summer. Saw no indications of weakness in the bridge; saw the freight train pass over it, spoken of by Col. Wildes. Saw the bridge this morning and find it looks pretty rotten, but have not examined it particularly. Saw no indication of rot which we could have found without boring, when Col. Wildes and I examined it. I had a knife or an awl, I don't remember which, and a hatchet, and Col. Wildes had a knife. I never bored 6-inch timbers in a bridge to find rot; think I can tell if such timber is rotten by sounding with a hatchet. I heard nothing said about strengthening by the addition of arches at that time. Mr. Noyes told me in the early spring that he was going to have this bridge strengthened by the addition of arches, and that is all I have heard about it. In the examination I went along and stuck my knife in where the timbers looked as though they might be rotten. If I had struck the place that was rotten I should have known it. I did not pound the whole length of the chords with a hatchet. Mr. Noyes had the timber for the "Damascus" (Newport) bridge sawed before the examination. All the bridges referred to have been built since the road commenced running, some 17 or 18 years. The Hampden road bridge was covered 11 or 12 years ago. A bridge is considered safer if covered when new. In my opinion some extra jar or jolt broke the bridge; don't think it could be done by simply running a train over it. If the bridge was new I don't know as it would break down by any jar; a broken wheel might do it. If the engine broke the bridge I don't see how that and two cars got across, for if it broke under the engine, it would double up like a jack-knife.

Edwin Noyes:—Am Superintendent of the Maine Central Railroad; never personally got up into and examined the interior of this bridge. Have always employed the best men I could find to inspect and repair the bridges on this road. The first man so employed was Dea. S. Scammon, from 1848 to 1860. The next was Mr. Gibson, who had been employed under Scammon, and who took his place when his age unfitted him to bear the exposure and fatigue. Their directions have been to examine the Kendall's Mills bridge once a week, the longer bridges below once a month, and the short bridges not so often, say three or four times a year. I believe both bridge masters have fully done their duty. They have from time to time reported to me the results of their investigation and what was necessary to be done. Then for some years we have had Railroad Commissioners appointed by the State, whom I have requested to make thorough investigations into the condition of the track and bridges, and if anything was needed to warn me at once. Once a year I myself have taken an engine or hand car and gone over the road, taking with me one man, sometimes Scammon, sometimes Gibson, and sometimes Col. Wildes. The longer bridges I have been through myself, and in addition have sent Dea. Scammon, at least once a year to see if the bridge inspectors had given me all the necessary information. I have also occasionally employed another man—Mr. Osgood—to inspect the bridges while the other men were at work elsewhere.

Last November, when the guage was changed, two of these men looked over the Hampden Road bridge, putting in these lateral braces and screwing up the nuts on the cross rods. The lateral braces, while they add nothing to the strength of the short bridges, prevent the men from screwing up the rods too tight, as well as hindering lateral vibration. These men reported the bridge to be one of the stiffest on the road. In the spring examination Mr. Gibson reported the same.

On the first days of July, Col. Wildes, Mr. Gibson and the road-master inspected the track and bridges; on his return, Gibson reported them all right. On the 24th of July I received the communication before alluded to, from Col. Wildes. The week following, I met him in the cars, and he told me he found the bridge all right, but said he had made some suggestions in his communication. I replied that his suggestions were exactly what I had intended to do, for in the spring I had planned the arching of the Newport, Hermon Pond, and Hampden Road bridges, and had commenced getting together the necessary stuff, which as it required very wide, clear pine planks, was hard to obtain immediately.

A number of years ago, without suggestions from anybody, I commenced arching bridges,

and from year to year our bridges, commencing with the longer spans, have had arches added, increasing their strength. At Pittsfield I had a pier put under the middle of the span. The longest spans at this end of the road are 75 feet, or less, and I had this year arranged to put arches in all of them.

In May I was under the Hampden Road bridge when a heavy freight train was passing over, and could see no deflection. Afterwards came with a 27 ton engine to test the bridges, and determine when new iron should be laid. Tried every bridge, from Newport to this city, by running the engine back and forth over it, while I sighted along with my eye to the rail. No deflection was visible on any of them.

No man ever reported to me any defect in this or any other bridge, rendering them unsafe. The defect in the Newport bridge amounts to nothing at all. Deacon Scammon dug out a small piece of sap rot on the upper chord, not in the least involving the strength of the bridge. I consider that Col. Wildes' note concerning the Newport bridge as applying to the roof, which was shattered when the guage was changed, and I have purchased new iron for it. I have seen Col. Wildes twice since receiving his report, and he has assured me that the bridges were all safe, and that what he suggested were improvements. If I had known the Hampden Road bridge to be rotted as badly as it appears now, I should have stopped the running of trains over it at once, and not allowed them to come nearer this city until a new bridge was built. There was a shell on one or two inches thick over all the decay in the timbers and in falling, this shell was knocked off. The outer surface was hard and it was the inner parts where the rot was. If the bridge man had struck the rotten place he would have known it; if he had struck a foot on either side, he would not have discovered it. A blow on the timber of the chord would not detect rot in either of the other two timbers.

The cause of the accident was, I think, the breaking of the lower chord of the bridge, from rot, and do not see any evidence that any of the cars got off the rails until the bridge broke.

I see no indications that the inspection of the bridge was not thorough. Rot commences first around keys, where wood is put together with the grain running in different directions, or where different kinds of wood are in contact. It is usual to make a more thorough examination when a bridge has been built a number of years. This bridge was covered on the fifth year. It is not usual to cover until the second year, to give the wood a chance to season. I don't think, judging from what I see now, that the inspection was what it should have been. If they had hammered and bored every part, they would have found the rotten place. I give no instructions to my men who go with the Railroad Commissioners to examine the track and bridges. Have furnished the Commissioners with an engine until this year. This year there was no spare engine.

S. T. Corser.—Am one of the State Railroad Commissioners. Our duty is to examine the railroad tracks and bridges in Maine. I examined the bridge over the Hampden road, giving it what I call a thorough test, two years ago, in company with Col. Wildes and one of the Maine Central men. We had an engine and stood under the bridge while it was run back and forth.—We then examined the bridge for rot, the blocks to see if they drew, and tried the nuts on the bolts. We did not bore or hammer.—Don't like to bore as it weakens a bridge.—Have examined the bridge since it fell, and find the timbers affected by dry rot. Wet rot always shows on the outside; dry rot works on the inside. This bridge was built when lighter engines were run. I said to Mr. Noyes that as they were increasing the weight of the rolling stock, it was desirable to put arches into the bridges. A year ago I went into the Hampden road bridge and examined it. Did not stay under it while an engine was run over. Am not fully satisfied as to the cause of the disaster. It might have happened from rotten wood; it might have been caused by some of the nuts working off the ends of the rods.

Mr. Noyes.—The nuts are all in place; I have seen and examined them.

Mr. Corser.—The fact is then, I suppose, there was not strength enough in the timber to hold it. If the bridge had been composed of sound timber it would not have broken down. The company has increased the weight of the engines one-third since the bridge was built. A thorough examination is to get under a bridge while an engine is run over it, try the nuts, see if the blocks are in place and the rods all right. Weakness of the timber caused this disaster. I suppose we have a right to remove boards from a bridge in making an examination. The statute requires the Railroad Commissioners, if they find bridges or track unsafe, to notify the company; order them to reduce the speed of the trains, and then apply to the courts. We have been obliged to call on the courts in some cases, but never on the Maine Central.

Edwin Noyes, recalled.—Up to the time of consolidation, the average weight of our engines with wood and water in was 27 tons; now the average is 32 tons. Our cars were originally the largest ever brought into Maine—16 wheels and 53 feet long, weighing from 16 to 18 tons each. The Pullman sleeping cars weigh 59,783 pounds each. The parlor car is a few pounds heavier.

The engineer and conductor of the Pullman car testified to the circumstances of the affair. The latter said within a month he had heard some talk about the Kendall's Mills bridge not being safe, and a few days after spoken to Col. Wildes about it. He said all the bridges were thoroughly examined and safe; said the Kendall's Mills bridge was all right. He remarked that some trestle works on the road were longer than necessary, and he had recommended that they be shortened by filling in. He said nothing about the Hampden road bridge.

A witness who lived near the bridge testified that a year ago last winter some lateral braces that went across the bridge to prevent its swaying fell out and laid months before they were replaced. Three persons, among them a ship carpenter and bridge builder, considered the bridge unsafe, and so told the employees of the company at Bangor. One had seen the bridge settle under passing trains.

The jury closed their labors on the 16th with a verdict in which they say—

They find first, that Thomas Gallagher came to his death on the ninth day of August, by the breaking down of the bridge; that an examination of the bridge shows the timbers to be very rotten; that the Railroad Commissioners made an examination of the bridge in 1870, and again in connection with the superintendent of bridges employed by the road, on the 8th of June, 1871, both of which failed to discover the defects; that a thorough examination would have detected the rottenness of the bridge; that when the need of strengthening the bridge by arches was discovered on June 8th no no-

tice of the same was given to the managers of the road until July 17th; that the notice left at the office of the Assistant Superintendent, July 17th, was not delivered to the Superintendent until the 24th, a carelessness in the management not explained. That while there has been a large increase in the business of the road, with more trains and heavier cars and engines, there has been no evidence that there has been a corresponding increase of labor, or more frequent examination of bridges; evidence having been presented that bridges like the one in question were to be examined only once in three months; that no proper or thorough examination of the bridge was made, either by the railroad commissioners or by the employees of the road, and it appears to the jury "that life and limb would have been safer on this road without railroad commissioners, because without them no division of responsibilities could possibly be alleged." The verdict is signed by John H. Wilson, Coroner, J. W. Palmer, Foreman, George W. Ladd, L. D. Thurston, John L. Crosby, J. A. Wheelwright, H. H. Fogg.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS of our village will commence on Monday the 27th instant, as will be seen by referring to notice in another column.

The Republican County Convention, at Augusta, Wednesday, resulted in the nomination of Reuben Foster, of Waterville, and John May, of Winthrop, for Senators; Ashbury Young, of Pittston, County Commissioner; Wm. M. Stratton, Augusta, Clerk; Alanson Stark, Augusta, Treasurer; Prentiss M. Fogg, Reg. of Deeds. David Cargill, Augusta, James Nash, Gardiner, J. A. Sanborn, Readfield, L. T. Boothby, of Waterville, and W. H. Bigelow, Clinton, were appointed County Committee.

Mr. Foster was nominated by acclamation; but there was a warm contest for the other senator. On the first ballot Morrill had 56, May 29, Clay 24, and Chase 13. The second ballot gave Morrill 61, May 59, scattering 7. On the third ballot Mr. May was nominated, 71 to 54.

There was also a hard battle for Reg. of Deeds—fought, however, mostly in the election of delegates. On the first ballot Fogg, the present incumbent, was nominated by a vote of 86 to 31 for Orrick Hawes, Esq., of Vassalboro'.

The coast in the vicinity of Newburyport is strewn with dead and dying menhaden, the stench from which is insufferable. The cause of this trouble among the fish is unknown.

THE RAILROAD SMASHUP AT VASSALBORO'. The railroad accident at Vassalboro', in which a passenger car on the rear end of a mixed train was "telescoped" by the engine of a special train following, has been the subject of a thorough investigation in Augusta, by Asst. Supt. Lincoln of the Maine Central, at whose request Hon. S. T. Corser of Portland, one of the Railroad Commissioners, was present, and assisted in the investigation. The Kennebec Journal says:—

From the testimony, which we deem unnecessary to publish in detail, it appears that the conductor and engineer of the special train are greatly at fault, and that some degree of blame must rest upon the conductor of the regular train that was standing on the track at the time of the accident. It reveals the fact that the men running the extra train did not exercise proper care, and did not have their train under control. The conductor of that train did not take the precaution to look out for the regular train, which he knew was standing upon the track. His was an irregular or special train, and according to the standing printed rules, under which he was supposed to be acting, should have kept out of the way of all regular trains. The engineer of the same train is also at fault for about the same careless inattention to duty; and the only excuse that can be offered in his behalf is the slippery condition of the track, and his miscalculation of distance and the momentum of the train. The engineer states that he got the idea from previous conversation with the conductor, about the stopping place for water, that the train was to make no halt at Vassalboro' but was to pass at the next station. The conductor of the regular train is blamed for not sending back signals to the approaching train. No fault is found with the brakemen, who seem to have discharged their duty faithfully. After hearing the testimony and consultation with Mr. Corser, Mr. Lincoln immediately discharged from the employ of the company, J. G. Fairbrother of Skowhegan, the conductor of the special train, and John J. Nichols of Portland, engineer; and suspended from duty Mark Waterman, conductor of the regular train. This prompt action will receive the approval of the public.

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