




8-25-1871

The Waterville Mail (Vol. 25, No. 09): August 25, 1871

Maxham & Wing

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Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 25, No. 09): August 25, 1871" (1871). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 417.
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LITTLE FEET.

Two little feet so small that both may measure
In one careless hand—
Two tender feet upon the married bed—
Of life's mysterious land—
Dimpled and soft, and pink as peach-tree blossoms
In April's fragrant days—
How can they walk among the briery tangles,
Edging the world's rough ways?
These white rosy feet along the doubtful future
Must bear a woman's load;
Alas! since woman has the heaviest burden,
And walks the hardest road,
Love, for a while, will make the path before them
All dainty, smooth and fair,
Will call away the brambles, letting only
The roses blossom there.
But when the mother's watchful eyes are absconded
Away from sight of men,
And these dear feet are left without her guiding,
Who shall direct them then?
How will they be lulled, betrayed, deluded,
Poor little untaught feet,
Into what dreary mazes will they wander,
What dangers will they meet?
Will they go stumbling blindly in the darkness
Of sorrow's fearful shades?
Or find the upland slopes of Peace and Beauty
For little untaught feet?
Will they go toiling up Ambition's summit,
The common world above,
Or in some nameless vale, secretly sheltered,
Walk side by side with Love?
Some feet there be which walk Life's track unwounded,
Some hearts there be to which this life is only
A round of happy days.
But they are few. For more there are who wander
Without a hand to guide,
Who find their journey full of pains and losses,
And long to reach the end.
How shall it be with her, the tender stranger,
Fair-faced and gentle-eyed,
Before whose unveiled feet the world's rough high-way
Seems as strange and wide?
Ah, who may reach the future? For the darling
We crave all blessings sweet
And pray that He who feeds the crying ravens
Will guide the baby's feet.

CAMILIA.

Paul Smith was a poor old man. He had a back room in the top of a noisy lodging house, where he slept at nights, and munched his meals of bread and cheese, (or Bologna sausage when he could afford it) and from whence he crept as harmlessly and unnoticed as a fly, down to the corner of a dingy street to the music shop of Carl Bertman, a German settler somewhere in Soho.

There he tinkered all day on broken violins and other musical instruments, never absenting himself for a moment save on Saturday afternoons, when he went to the house of a small tradesman to teach the piano to three or four very stupid girls. Sundays he curled himself up in his den, and amused himself nobody knew how, until Monday morning.

There are a few certainties; he never went to church, but he picked ragged children from the pavement when they fell near him, and gave them half-pennies when he had any; shared his dinner often with a mangy dirty cur, who acted as a sort of escape-valve for the ill-temper of half the men and women in the street; and he roused Pat Ryan from his midnight snooze in the gutter many a cold night, and literally carried him home to Nora and the children.

As for his honesty, as a neighbor remarked, "if he found five shillings in the street, he'd wear out ten shillings worth o' strength and shoe-leather to find the owner."

One cold night Paul was returning from his work with a loaf of bread under one arm, and a violin under the other, when at the street door he stumbled and nearly fell over a small object crouched on the step.

"Bless us! What's this?" cried Paul, striving to regain his equilibrium.

"Only me, sir," and the small object stood up and became a very pale, thin, and ragged child.

"Are you hurt, little girl?"

"No, Sir."

"What are you doing out here in the cold?"

"Nothing."

"Why don't you go home?"

"I ain't got any!"

"Dear me! where's your mother?"

"In heaven!"

At this Paul was dumfounded, and seeing that great tears were stealing down the child's face, he thrust the violin under the arm that held the bread, and putting the other round the tiny figure, he said:

"Oh, I've got a home—a real jolly place. Come up and see."

And this is the way old Paul came to have a neat little housekeeper, and to be buying calico gowns and shoes out of his poor salary.

People wondered at the sight of this bent old man, hunched alone and uncared for, now walking daily to his work with his hand upon the shoulder of the old, yet pretty-faced girl, looking at her with honest pride brightening his eyes, and laughing as loud as she wherever the joke came in. But old Paul looked unconcerned, evaded the questions of the curious, and learned to love nothing better in the world than the little waif Camilla.

There were many, many days, when rheumatism drew Paul up by the fire in the old back attic, and drew the little penny out of the dilapidated old purse; but brave little Camilla, never forgetting how near death she had been on that bitter night of her meeting, always found a word to ward off hunger, and courage to keep them both bright until help came.

The winter of 186— came in like a lion, as many a poor wretch well remembers, and with the first blast came Paul's enemy. He turned one night, a sad face from his warm corner in Bertman's shop, among the violins, and hobbled to the cold street, feeling the approach of the old rheumatic pains, and wondering what would become of his poor little Camilla.

His excitement carried him up to the last flight of stairs, and hearing Camilla's voice, he paused to rest and to listen. She was singing in that sweet and expressive manner which made her seem to him the sweetest and purest he had ever heard. At the end of the stanza she took breath, and another voice said:

"Child, you astonish me! Either I am a poor judge of music, or else your voice is the finest I ever heard. You are right in preferring its cultivation to anything else."

An electric thrill shot through old Paul's frame, and quickened his blood to a rapidity that quite carried away his rheumatic pains, and in a twinkling he was up the stairs and in his little attic.

He was terrified at the sound of a man's voice, but the sight of a handsome and polished gentleman, with diamond studs in his showy linen, a heavy ring upon his dainty white hand, unquestionable broadcloth upon his back, in close conversation with his Camilla, whose wondrous beauty had of late startled even his dull perception, was more than Paul could bear.

He was a very small man—had been in his youth—and now that Time's withering fingers had touched him, he was shrivelled and dried like withered fruit, but in his virtuous indignation he puffed out to his fullest extent, and in his falsetto voice piped: "Camilla, how dare you invite any one here?"

"Oh, Uncle Paul, this is Mr. Clavering, a gentleman whose—"

"Whose mother she saved from death. Your

VOL. XXV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... FRIDAY, AUGUST 25, 1871.

NO. 9.

niece, sir, a few days since, was passing through our crowded thoroughfare, when my mother's carriage drew up to the pavement. The horses were restive, and bidding the driver attend to them, she began to descend unassisted. Her foot was on the step, when the animals sprang forward, and flung her violently from her foothold. But for the sudden act of your niece, who received my mother in her strong young arms, the fall might have proved a fatal one. My mother at once entered a shop, and keeping your niece near her, sent for me. I came to-day, at my mother's earnest request, to express our heartfelt gratitude, and to offer—

"You needn't offer Camilla a penny, sir. She'll never suffer while I've a pair of hands to work for her," said Paul.

"You mistake me. I do not wish to insult you, but would raise this child from her poverty, and educate her, that she might be of use to you and to herself, and become a refined woman. Don't let your selfish love stand in her light, and shut it out from her. She sings like a prima donna, and wishes to study music."

The great lustrous eyes of the child turned imploringly to her strange guardian.

"Lor' Camilla, I can't stand in your way. I know you're every bit a born lady, if your poor forsaken mother did die in a hovel among wretches who turned her child into the cold as soon as the breath had left the body; but deary me, I can't part with you."

"And you shall not. Let me serve little Camilla, and she shall never leave you, but she shall prove a blessing to you in your old age."

Paul could say nothing, and the strange visitor departed, with no further injury to his darling than an eloquent glance from an expressive pair of eyes.

Then from the gloomy lodging house to a snug set of chambers a few streets off, went Paul and Camilla, and the poor fellow began to feel like another being, in his cleaner clothes and a Sunday suit, earned from the increased number of pupils, provided through the willing aid of their philanthropic friend, Clavering.

Day after day Camilla went with her books to the teacher so strangely provided; and in a little time the passers paused to listen to the warbling of the rich young voice.

When she had been there six months, she entered one morning to find Mrs. Clavering in the music teacher's room.

"What do you propose to do with your now famous pupil?" said her soft voice.

"Madam, Camilla is quite capable of doing anything in a musical way. She will make a songstress of whom this country will be proud. Ah, here she is!"

"You have improved wonderfully, my child," said the lady, holding out a gloved hand. "I came to bring you Richard's farewell. He will leave London at once, and remain abroad many years. Here is a little gift for you as a token of remembrance."

She did not understand that Mrs. Clavering had placed a pretty coral necklace in her hand, and then gathered up her shawl and departed; but when her teacher spoke, she cried out as if in mortal pain, and without a word she flew down the street towards home. As she turned the corner she rushed into the arms of a man, who, on seeing her pale and tearful, observed, "Why, little Camilla, what is the matter?"

"Oh, Mr. Clavering, you are going away!"

Richard Clavering's fine face grew sad and expressive as the fearful eyes looked into his own, and for the first time he comprehended that he was a young man, and that his protegee was stealing from her childhood into beautiful girlhood, and was undeniably a beauty.

"Camilla, I am going away, but will you wait for my return?"

"Wait for you? I am not going to run off." "You do not comprehend me. Well, it is better so. Perhaps two years later you may understand me. Good-bye, Camilla. Kiss me good-bye."

It was a very quiet street, and so Camilla lifted her head and kissed him. In all probability the child would have kissed him in the main thoroughfare as readily as there, and I only mention the fact that the street was quiet, to silence the startled propriety of those who are shocked at the publicity of it.

Well, there they parted. He to go over the sea, and she to remain at home and improve the opportunities he had placed before her.

The great heart of the music-loving public was agitated with mingled emotions of pride, joy, astonishment and awe. A new songstress had been criticised, picked over piecemeal, ground down to the finest point, dissected, been examined through the most perfect musical microscope, and pronounced perfect! And now the manager of a first-class, fashion-patronized theatre had engaged her for a single night at an almost fabulous sum, and the world was to hear her voice.

The night came. The theatre was crowded from pit to roof. The orchestra poured forth a grand overture, the expectant crowd filled the air with perfume, and soft murmurs of whispering voices and rustling silks arose in a subdued sound; and then the broad curtain rose up, and disclosed the elegantly-fitted stage.

Suddenly there was a hush in the building, and eyes grew bright with eager anticipation, as from the wing came the debutante.

A tall, graceful girl, with gleaming shoulders, and white, perfectly-shaped arms; a crown of purple-black hair upon the regal head; with great dark eyes scanning the crowd, and then with almost childish shyness veiling themselves beneath the long lashes; a mouth soft, tender, and beautiful, and a cheek as fair as the white satin of her sweeping robe; and they had seen the long talked-of and highly-praised beauty.

A roar like the rushing of distant waters was in her ears, and then swelled into a thunder of applause; and coming slowly down in the glare of the footlights, her beautiful head erect, her eyes glowing with excitement, her beauty enhanced by her elegant costume, Camilla, the little waif, the child of poor old Paul Smith, received the homage of the assembled crowd.

When the acclamations ceased, the orchestra began a soft symphony; and then through the building echoed the clear, pure notes of a voice that sounded far away, a dreamy voice, full of hope, doubt and pain. Nearer, still nearer, it sounded, and hope half drowned the doubts; yet a plaintive sorrow seemed to remain. It came nearer, and the sorrow was a half-expected, trembling glimpse of something better; then suddenly the voice broke out into a triumph

strain, and listeners held their breath as those wondrous notes rang out upon the air, and then died away.

For a moment a deathly silence reigned, and then the building vibrated with the enthusiasm that came from the audience. Men arose in their seats, and hundreds flung liberal tributes at her feet.

In one of the boxes, above the one where the manager sat, an old man waved his handkerchief and cheered, with great tears falling down his wrinkled cheeks; and Camilla looked at that one box, and gave him the only smile that crossed her face that night.

But at length the curtain fell, and Camilla, weary and worn, went on to the dressing-room. Some one stood in the shadow of a side-scene, and when she asked permission to pass, caught her by the hands and drew her out into the light.

"Camilla, little Camilla, is it you? Have I been listening to my little girl all this glorious evening? Speak to me! I am bewildered and blind."

"Mr. Clavering! When did you come? Oh, I am so glad, so happy!" she exclaimed.

"Are you glad? Are you happy? Oh, is this my welcome? Have you waited for me, my love, my darling?"

She put her hand over her eyes, murmuring: "You do not mean your words! I am dreaming! I am mad!"

"You are here wide awake, Camilla, and I am asking you to love me, and to be my wife." She drew him away for one brief moment, and laid her weary head within his arms. Then she passed on to her dressing room, and when she returned she put out her hand, saying, "Oh, Richard, take me away! I'm soul sick of all this."

"And you will only sing—"

"In your nest. Come we must not forget Uncle Paul. He is waiting in the box for me."

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

This is one of the great subjects now under discussion; and so long as good men honestly hold different opinions, candid and ably written articles upon it are in place. We therefore copy the following in opposition, promising to watch for one equally able upon the other side.

THE NECESSITY OF THE BALLOT.—The third ground on which the ballot is demanded for women is that she needs it for her own protection against man. Men left to themselves make laws for women which are unjust and oppressive. Women must have the law-making power in their own hands, in order to secure fair play.

I deny this wholly. I deny it in full view of the fact that men have made laws unjust to women; that the only fear of personal injury felt by women is of bad men; and that a very large part of the suffering and sorrow of women comes from the selfishness or ignorance of the good men with whom they are connected.

In the face of all this, I affirm that American women, as a class, do not need protection against American men as a class; that if they do need it, they will never get it, either from the ballot or from any other source; and that on the whole the law as it stands is more favorable to women than it would have been if women had made the law themselves.

If we have come to the point that women must defend themselves against men, we may as well give up the battle at once. One man is stronger than one woman, and the nineteen millions of men in this country will subdue, capture, and execute or expel the nineteen millions of women just as soon as they set about it.

It is not even like the suppression of the late Rebellion, a question of time. They could do it in half an hour any day. What is the use, then, of women's talking about protecting themselves against men?

The slaves of the South received the suffrage for their protection; but protection against whom? Against the power that gave them the suffrage? That is absurd. It is as if a woman should say to a man "I believe you are a burglar, and mean to rob me. Give me a gun that I may defend myself against you." If he means to rob her, it is idle to expect him to give her the gun. If he gives her the gun, it is a proof that he is no burglar, and she does not need to defend herself against him.

But women do not propose to fight laws into existence. They propose to vote them. But voting-power is based on fighting-power. The rule of the majority is at bottom the rule of force. Sixty thousand voters yield to a hundred thousand voters not because they believe them to be wiser than themselves, but because they know them to be stronger. When they do not believe them to be stronger they do not yield.

They resist, and we have a rebellion. It is the knowledge that there is a physical force underneath the vote strong enough to uphold the vote that gives to the vote its power. So that the ballot is not simply the expression of desire, but the measure of strength. If the men of this country wish to oppress the women, will they be deterred from it by women's saying at the polls or anywhere else, that they do not wish to be oppressed? The strength which women have to enforce their vote compared with that which men have to smother it is simply contemptible. Until women can march faster and further, and throw up earth works more quickly, and stand longer in the trenches and fight harder in the field than men, they must depend for justice upon the good will of men.

This would be a fearful sword hanging over women, a most unequal arrangement of forces if there were not implanted in man a good will toward women as deep as his life, as strong as his strength, as inalienable as himself. This good will is often erratic in development, in some cases seems to be almost entirely suppressed, in savage tribes may be very feeble, in all tribes needs wise treatment; but increases and flourishes exactly in proportion as the higher nature of man is developed, and in civilized and Christianized countries may be counted on with entire certainty. This goes a great way toward equalizing matters. It gives to women a greater hold upon man's strength than he has himself. His good will towards her is so great that he will work harder and endure more for her sake than his own. Self preservation is the first law of Nature; but woman preservation is the first law of civilization. The men on a sinking ship will save the women,

and go down themselves, not because women are considered more valuable than men, nor for any reason whatever, but simply because men never think of doing anything else. If the crew of a vessel should let the women perish and themselves sail into port in safety, they would be mobbed at the first quay on which they landed. When Capt. Herndon told the men that he proposed to save the women and go down with the ship, did they demur? I have heard that they responded with a sudden outburst of cheers, heart answering to heart with instinctive heroism. I do not know how that may be; but they manned the boat with a picked crew, they sent every woman away to life, and themselves, four hundred and twenty-seven men, went down to death.

And their country women must protect themselves against their countrymen!

Individual men, under stress of temptation, or ignorance, will do great wrong to individual women. Men combined in society, no doubt often unwittingly injure women; but I do not believe that any body of men ever assembled in this country, or ever will assemble, with any purpose or wish to wrong or oppress the women of the country, or in any way to take advantage of their weakness or ignorance to their own furtherance, or with any other wish or purpose toward women than to protect and benefit them.

But look at the laws which men have made, the laws of property, the laws for the guardianship of children! I do look at them, and I see them steadily and even rapidly gathering about women to secure her freedom and to protect her rights. From year to year, without retrogression, the march of improvement has gone on. In no other respect has the nation signalized its advance more clearly than in the ever-increasing liberality and wisdom of its laws regarding women. Unjust laws still mar our statute-books; but the performance of the past is full of promise for the future. There are States to-day in which the laws not only protect but favor women, and everywhere is shown a disposition to redress wrong and secure right.

It is a great mistake to judge of the motive and scope of a law from its working in an individual case. I have no doubt that, as a general thing, law is the expression of the best thought and the best purpose of the age which enacted it. I have no doubt that, as a general thing, the laws which to-day we consider disgraceful were really in their time the working of reform; were an improvement on the customs which preceded their establishment. I dare say, if we could know all about it, we should see that the law permitting to the husband "moderate correction" of his wife was not to induce husbands to beat their wives, but to restrain them from beating them immoderately. The laws which seem to give husbands an undue control over the persons, property, or children of their wives, were no doubt preceded by laws or customs which gave unlimited control. When we speak indignantly of "the laws which men have made for women," we may as well be indignant also over the laws which men have made for men. Has the law inflicted any greater outrage on women than it has on the innocent man who is kept in jail as a witness while the criminal goes at large? A law cannot rise much higher than the age and country which frames it. It must partake of the defects of that age. I do not know that there has ever been a time when the women of a nation were further advanced than the men in jurisprudence; and unless such a time has been we have small reason to suppose that women would have made better laws than men.

[Independent.]

THE CARY SISTERS.—The Christian Union of this week has an article from which we take the following extracts:

A few years ago, Alice Cary bought a little lot in Greenwood. "It was just large enough for three," she said; and at that time there were three Cary sisters living together in the city—besides the two more known to fame, a younger one, scarcely less gifted than they. And now the little lot is full; the sisters are together in Heaven; and the once desolate home in Twentieth street is vacant, and desolate indeed.

There are few literary men or women in New York who do not know something of that inviting parlor and that cozy library, where so many men of mark and gifted women used to gather or "happen in," where Alice presided with the sweet grace and dignity of a princess, Elvira beamed in quiet loveliness, and Phoebe moved about, her wit flashing like her eyes, the most brilliant, as well as the most sensible of the distinguished company. And they who were permitted to penetrate to the inner hospitalities of the house can testify that the same words of cheer illumined its generous table, the same heart of welcome warmed its well-appointed chambers. It was literally an "open house" to all who were in any way in sympathy with the views and pursuits of its keepers. Those "views" were as wide as the universe, excluding only what involved meanness and wrong, and those "pursuits" were found to harmonize with the purpose of all who sought the highest good of every living thing. For though talented people of every stripe of opinion and of every walk in life were to be met with there, the atmosphere was so imbued with free thought and a tender humanity, that those who shared not that spirit were unable to breathe it with comfort, and soon dropped away from its influence.

The unpleasant odor produced by perspiration is frequently the source of vexation to persons who are subject to it. Nothing is simpler than to remove this odor much more effectually than by the application of such costly unguents and perfumes as are in use. It is only necessary to procure some of the compound spirits of ammonia, and place about two table-spoonsful in a basin of water. Washing the face, hands and arms with this, leaves the skin as clean, sweet and fresh as one could wish. The wash is perfectly harmless and very cheap.

A PARIS letter says that on the 23d of May the cigar seller of Quai de l'Ecole printed with a pen, "Closed on account of death," on a sheet of foolscap, in order to preserve his shop from pillage and fire. As soon as the ink was dry he took a paste-brush and posted it on his door. He was about to re-enter the shop when a ball killed him.

PREMIUM LIST
Of North Kennebec Agricultural Society,
FOR EXHIBITION OF 1871.
Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 26th and 27th.

HORSES.
For best stallion which has been kept one service season within the limits of the society, \$10; second do., 5; third, Vol. Reports.

Best Breeding Mare, \$5; second do., 3; third do., Vol. Reports.

Best pair of Matched horses, \$3; second, Vol. Reports.

Committee.—H. W. Getchell, Waterville; Albert Hodges, Winslow; Geo. Richardson, Fairfield.

COLTS.
Best three year old, \$3; second, 2; third, Vol. Reports.

Best two year old, \$3; second, 2; third, Vol. Reports.

Best one year old, \$3; second, 2; third, Vol. Reports.

Committee.—William Marston, Waterville; Elihu Lawrence, Fairfield; Luke Brown, Waterville.

BULLS.
For best thoroughbred Durham, Hereford, Devon, Ayrshire, or Jersey Bull, \$5; second, Vol. Reports.

Best thoroughbred Durham, Hereford, Devon, Ayrshire, or Jersey Bull, one year old, \$3; second, Vol. Reports.

Best thoroughbred Durham, Hereford, Devon, Ayrshire, or Jersey Bull, 2; second, Vol. Reports.

Committee.—William Gifford, Fairfield; William Abbott, Vassalboro'; H. L. Garland, Winslow.

COWS.
Best Dairy Cow, of any breed, \$5; second, 3; third, Vol. Reports.

Best Stock Cow—some of her stock to be shown as proof of her qualifications—\$5; second, 3; third, Vol. Reports.

Best three or more cows from one farm, \$5; second, 3; third, Vol. Reports.

Best thoroughbred cow of each breed, 4 yrs. old and upwards, \$4; second, 2.

Persons entering Dairy Cows will be required to furnish to the Committee, written statements of yield of milk and butter for some ten days, during the preceding year, with the nature of their feed during the trial.

Committee.—Obed Emery, Fairfield; T. J. Hinds, Benton; A. J. Hallett, Waterville.

HEIFERS.
Best thoroughbred Heifer, of each breed, three years old, \$5; second Volume Reports.

Best two year old do., \$2; second, Volume Reports.

Best one year old do., \$2; second, Volume Reports.

Best Grade Heifer, three years old, \$2; second, Volume Reports.

Best do., two years old, \$1; second Volume Reports.

Best do., one year old, \$1; second, Volume Reports.

Best thoroughbred Heifer Calf, \$1; second Volume Reports.

Committee.—Moses Getchell, Winslow; William Jones, Fairfield; William Balentine, Waterville.

FAT CATTLE.
Best pair fat cattle, four years old and upwards, \$4; second, 2.

Best pair fat cattle two years old and upwards, \$3; second, 2.

Best Fat Cow, \$2; second, do., Vol. Reports.

Committee.—Daniel Libby, Winslow; Winthrop Morrell, Waterville; Ed. Gibson, Fairfield.

OXEN.
Best pair Matched Working Oxen, five years old and upwards, \$5; second, 3; third, Volume Reports.

Best pair four years old \$5; second, 3; third, Vol. Reports.

Committee.—Nathan Perry, Waterville; Moses Alexander, Belgrade; Elihu Lawrence, Fairfield.

STEEKS.
Best pair-steers three years old, \$3; second, 2; third, Vol. Reports.

Best pair steers, two years old, \$2; second, 1; third, Vol. Reports.

Best pair steers, one year old, \$2; second, 1; third, Vol. Reports.

Best pair Steer Calves, \$1.

Best trained Steers, by boy—training to be shown by dray or cart—\$3; second, 2; third 1.

Committee.—Watson Jones, Fairfield; Charles Crowell, Waterville; Geo. Blackwell, Winslow.

DRAWING HORSES.
Best pair, \$5; second, 3.

Committee.—Naham Toiman, Fairfield; Ellery, Jones, Winslow; Henry Shorey, Waterville.

DRAWING OXEN.
Best pair Drawing Oxen, \$5; second, 3; third, Vol. Reports.

Best pair under five years old, \$4; second, 2; third, Volume Reports.

This committee will be authorized to rule off the ground any driver exercising cruelty or using profanity while driving, and this rule will be rigidly enforced.

Committee.—Daniel Jones, Fairfield; David P. Morrison, Waterville; Wm. E. Drummond, Winslow.

SHEEP.
Best flock, ten or more, Fine Wool Sheep, from one farm, \$4; second, 2; third, Volume Reports.

Best flock, ten or more, Coarse Wool Sheep, from one farm, \$4; second, 2; third, Volume Reports.

Best thoroughbred Merino Buck, \$3; second, 2.

Best thoroughbred Coarse Wool Buck, \$3; second, 2.

Best six or more Fine Wool Ewe Lambs, \$2; second, 1.

Best six or more Coarse Wool Lambs, \$2; second, 1.

Best one or more thoroughbred Merino Buck Lambs, \$2; second 1; third, Vol. Reports.

Best one or more thoroughbred Coarse Wool Buck Lambs, \$2; second, 1; third, Volume Reports.

Best ten Fat sheep, \$4; second, 2.

Hand Rakes, Wheelbarrows, Hand Carts, Horse Hoe, or Yokes and Bows, Volume Reports.

Best exhibition of Farm Implements from one Farm, \$3; second, 3; third, 2; fourth, Volume Reports.

Com.—Ira Gethell, Winslow; James Alexander, Belgrade; Charles Mayo, Fairfield.

LEATHER AND LEATHER GOODS.

For best tanned Calkins, Sole and Upper Leather, \$2; second, Volume Reports.

Best case of Cowhide Boots, two or more pairs of Calf Boots, \$1; second, Volume Reports each.

Best specimen of Ladies' Winter Boots or Children's Boots or Shoes for Winter, \$1; second, Volume Reports.

Com.—H. S. Ricker, Waterville; H. C. Winslow, Waterville; Hiram Fishon, Vassalboro'.

HOUSEHOLD MANUFACTURES.

For best piece of Filled Cloth, Wool Flannel, Cotton Wool do., Wool Carpeting, Cotton and Wool do., Hearth Rug, Wool Shawl, Wool Cape or Bed Quilt, \$2 each; second, 1 each.

Com.—Joseph Percival and wife; Fred T. Mason and wife; C. C. Hayden and wife.

GIRL'S WORK.

For best Bed Quilt, Plain or Fancy Needle Work, Mending Clothing, or Knitting Stockings, \$1.

Com.—H. M. Rideout and sister; Frank B. Webber and wife; Albert T. Shurtleff and Miss Kate Ames.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

For Best Bouquet of Cut Flowers, \$1; second, 50 cents.

Best display of Millinery from any one shop, \$1.

Best display of Fancy Goods from any one shop, \$1.

Best display of Dry Goods from any one shop, \$1.

Best display of Hardware and Cutlery from any one shop, \$1.

Best display of Dentistry, \$1.

Best collection of Insects destructive to vegetation, \$3.

Com.—F. M. Maxham and wife; John H. Small and wife; C. E. Estes and wife.

FINE ARTS.

Com.—Rev. Mr. Skinner and wife; W. H. Dow and wife; O. H. Smith and wife.

Committee of Arrangements.

M. M. Soule, } at Hall.
L. E. Crommett, }
Amasa E. Shores, }
G. A. Parker, } at the Grounds.

If the receipts of the Exhibition warrant it, the above premiums will be paid in full; but if they fall short, such a percentage will be paid as the funds will admit.

Rules and Regulations.

Entries of animals and articles for premiums may be made with the Secretary, any time previous to the first day of the Show, and must be made at any rate before 10 o'clock of said day, as at that hour the papers will pass into the hands of the committees, after which entries will not be received. Blanks, to be filled by competitors, may be had of the Secretary when the entries are made, which must be returned to him before the awards are made by the committee.

Certificates of purity of blood will be required on all thoroughbred animals, satisfactory to the committees appointed for their examination, and these must be deposited with the Secretary at the time of entry.

All animals except trotting horses, must be on the ground and in the place assigned by the Marshals by 10 o'clock on the first day of the Show, and competitors must remain with their animals until the committee have completed their examination.

Entries of Crops and manures must be made with the Secretary before the first Monday in November; and the statements required by law must be furnished before any awards will be made.

All manufactured articles must be produced within the limits of the Society to entitle them to the premiums; but any article deemed worthy, though of foreign production, will receive the attention and commendation of the Committees.

No person will be allowed to draw a premium on animals not his own, nor if misrepresentations are made in regard to age, etc.

The attention of competitors is invited to the following requirements of the law:—It shall be the duty of every society applying for the bounty of the State to require of all competitors for premiums, either upon animals, crops, dairy products, or improvement of soils or manures, a full and accurate statement of the process or method of rearing, managing, producing and accomplishing the same, together with its cost and value, with a view of showing the profits and benefits derived or expected therefrom.

In addition to the above premiums, liberal notices and gratuities will be given for any article, implement, or machine that will facilitate and lessen the labor of the farmer, or that of his wife and family; but committees are enjoined not to give the endorsement of the Society to any article which does not deserve it.

Hay will be furnished for the stock on the Show Ground.

All committees on Stock are requested to report themselves promptly to the Trustees or Marshals, who will show them the animals to be examined. The Committees on Articles at the Hall will be in session at 9 o'clock on Wednesday, and close their examination at noon.

Committees will understand that although an article or an animal may be the best offered it is not to have a premium unless it is worthy, and it is recommended that all entries receive suitable notice even if not entitled to a premium.

All committees who do not previously decline, will be expected to appear and serve on the occasion.

Arrangements have been made with the Fairfield Bridge, for the passage of stock, and one driver with each lot.

Arrangements will be made at the Town Hall, for the exhibition of manufactured and such other articles as may be presented; and a competent committee will have charge of them to take proper care and arrange them in the best manner for exhibition; and all articles entered for premium or exhibition, must be in the hands of the committee at the Hall at or before 2 o'clock of the first day of the Show, and must remain in their places until 4 o'clock of the second, and must be exhibited without the name of the owner. At the time of making the entry, the Secretary will furnish a number for each article, which must be permanently attached.

The Hall will be opened to the public at 7 o'clock on Tuesday evening with a Farmers' Love—and a pleasant, social time,—and also at 8 o'clock on Wednesday morning and continue open through the day.

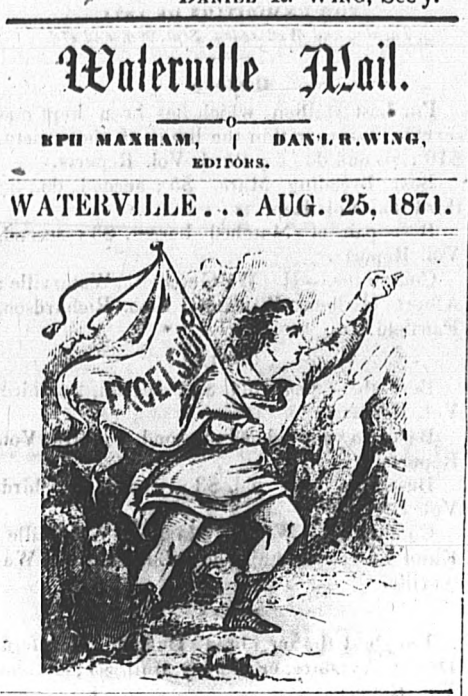
Wednesday afternoon, at Town Hall, the reports of the premiums will be announced and such other business attended to as may come before the Society.

The payment of one dollar constitutes a person a member of the Society, and entitles him to all its privileges, which are—a free ticket to the Show and Fair for himself, his wife and minor children, and the use of the library for one year.

Tickets of admission to persons not members, to the Show Ground, 25 cents, and to the Fair 15 cents. Carriages free to Show Ground.

License for the occupancy of land, for the sale of merchandise or refreshments, two dollars for each square rod.

DANIEL R. WING, Sec'y.



WATERVILLE... AUG. 25, 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 as the Mail Office.

S. M. PETERSON & Co., No. 10 State St., Boston, and S. M. PETERSON & Co., 100 South Street, Boston.

G. P. HOWELL & Co., No. 40 Park St., New York.

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

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

Republican Nominations.

FOR GOVERNOR.

SIDNEY PERHAM OF PARIS.

KENNEBEC COUNTY.

For Senators.

REUBEN FOSTER.

JOHN MAY.

For Clerk of Courts.

WILLIAM M. STRATTON.

For Register of Deeds.

PRENTISS M. FOGLER.

For County Commissioner.

ASBURY YOUNG.

For County Treasurer.

ALANSON STARKS.

THE NEXT PRESIDENT.—So far as it is desirable, in the next presidential election, to get the results of the free thought and wish of the great mass of the people, in the legitimate expression of the ballot-box, it is perhaps better that the selection of individual candidates should remain an open question as long as possible. Certainly this is safer for the party in power. It is well known that the friends of Gen. Grant will urge his nomination for reelection; and the general quietness that exists in the republican ranks in regard to candidates is more than an indication that the great body of the party expect to be united in his support.

So far as regards the contest between the two national parties, no democrat could labor with any faith to defeat the election of Gen. Grant; while all republicans would go into the fight with the same confidence of victory that made them invincible three years ago. The former are gathering in, as far as possible, the various crumbs of disaffection that fall from the republican table, but they are few and unreliable. Harmony is more sure when safety demands it; and there is no safety to the republican party in an attempt to change their leader. It would be giving a certainty for an uncertainty. The ship of state is sailing well. The national debt is growing less at a satisfactory rate; taxation is gradually becoming tolerable; business and enterprise, thrift and prosperity, mark every section of the country. A great deal of party talk and management will be thrown away, in this and that direction, but to no account, except to disclose the fact that the great body of the voters of the country have very little fault to find with the government, and would prefer taking it as it is for another four years, to risking a change of which they cannot foresee the consequences. In due time Gen. Grant will be nominated and elected, with as much unanimity as when he was fresh from the triumphs of Richmond.—Horace Greely, Victoria Woodhull, and Gov. Hoffman to the contrary notwithstanding.

The Belfast Journal protests that the apology for proffering our town hall as a dining place for their excursionists was not needed, and it also publishes the following:—

A CARD.—The members of the Unitarian Parish and their friends who visited Waterville on an excursion last Wednesday have reason to gratefully acknowledge the kindness and hospitality with which they were received by their Waterville friends. Though the skies were unpropitious on their arrival, there was abundant sunshine in the cordiality of their reception. The hall opened for them needed not the apologies made for it, but afforded comfortable and ample accommodations. Though their coming was on account of the weather unexpected, there was scarcely a perceptible delay in the appearance of the refreshments which prompt hospitality furnished. Their thanks are also due to the Rev. President of the University for an opportunity of visiting the college grounds, chapel and library, and for the gratification of viewing the beautiful work of art with which the Memorial Hall is enriched, and which is an honor not only to the University, but to the State.

Com.

R. R. COMMISSIONERS' REPORT.

On the Bangor Accident.

The State Railroad Commissioners, as required by law, have investigated the late accident at the Hampden Bridge, and published an official report. They give no material light in regard to the cause of the accident, that was not already before the public.

They distinctly assert the unsafety of the bridge as discovered since its destruction; but they say the cause of its weakness was so concealed that what was considered faithful examination by the Commissioners, and by the Superintendent and his employees, failed to reveal it. Their language is, "The timbers, as broken, disclose at the fracture internal dry rot principally in the centre strand. The outside of the chord timbers give no indication of the concealed rot that we can discover. Put the chords as now broken and exposed to the eye disclose the utter unfitness of the bridge for the service required of it."

The Commissioners proceed to argue—that nobody will probably dispute—that the "fault," and "blame," and "liability," of the fatal deficiency was upon the road; that it is the duty of the corporation to keep the road in a condition of "absolute safety;" a duty they can by no means avoid or divide with others. They evidently intend to be understood as asserting that any kind or degree of unfaithfulness on the part of the Commission is no excuse or shield to the road or its employees for falling short of absolute safety for travel. By admitting their own failure, by proper examination, to discover any imperfection in the bridge, and by recapitulating testimony showing the thoroughness of the examination made by experts and employees of the road, they practically contend there can be no "blame" upon Mr. Noyes for neglect or unfaithfulness; though they roundly contend for the liability—responsibility—accountability—both of the superintendent and the corporation, for all the results of the accident. They were bound to keep the road absolutely safe; and whatever the obligations of the Commissioners might be in watching over them, such obligations afforded no relief or excuse for neglect of duty on the part of the road or its officers.

The Commissioners, after enumerating the leading facts bearing upon the faithfulness or unfaithfulness of all whose duty it was to watch over the safety of the road, say, "they show care and solicitude for the safety of the road on the part of the employees of the Company and on ours as well, that would, this catastrophe not happening, be commended as wise, careful and vigilant."

They close their report with a protest of the apology that has somewhere been made by the road, that it may have relied upon the examinations of the Commissioners, and thus fallen into carelessness that otherwise would have been avoided—which they say "is as unauthorized in law as it is untrue in fact."

The report is signed by S. T. Corsor, A. W. Wildes, and S. H. Blake, who constitute the present board of State Railroad Commissioners.

Thus the public have the testimony elicited by the jury of inquest, together with the report of the State Commissioners, upon which to make up their opinion of the faithfulness and culpability of both the road officials and the Commission. The distinct, independent accountability of both is conceded—the former to the corporation, and the latter to the State. The faithfulness, to a marked degree, of Superintendent Noyes and his agents, is very distinctly asserted by the Commission, who in turn assert their own honest discharge of the duties imposed upon them by law. What measure of security the public are to expect from mere human agencies, and how far they may justly "blame" Superintendent Noyes or the State Commission for this accident is, left to the intelligent conscience of each individual inquirer.

Rev. N. Gannison died suddenly of paralysis, at 4 o'clock Friday morning, at his home in West Waterville. He was supposed to be recovering from a previous attack, a few months ago, but yielded to this second shock after an hour of much suffering. He leaves a wife and five children, the youngest 13 years old. His remains were taken to So. Abington, Mass.

Good.—A policy of insurance in the Connecticut Mutual, of five thousand dollars, on the life of the late Hon. W. A. P. Dillingham, was paid to his administrator at the agency of L. T. Boothby, of Waterville, a few days since. This fact is a hint to some living men who have a family liable to be left without means of support. Mr. Dillingham's estate proves insolvent, and the above amount goes directly to the children.

NORTH KENNEBEC AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—We invite attention to the list of premiums and committees, in this week's paper. It will be noticed that the Trustees have changed the time of holding the Show and Fair this year from the first week in October to the last in September. This is to prevent collision of interests with the other Societies in our vicinity. There will be no State Show this year; and although the drought and the grasshoppers are against us, yet we may have a fair show if all will do their duty.

The "Perch King," so long angled for in the various ponds of this vicinity, was caught one day last week in McGrath pond, and immediately forwarded by Thayer to the president of the Perch Association.

To the disgrace of the republicans of San Francisco, it is said that they are highly indignant at the speech of Geo. Gorham, their candidate, in which he personally repudiates the anti-Chinese plank in the party platform.

OUR TABLE.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for September presents a very attractive bill of fare, as will be seen by the following list of contents:—

Two-Love by Bayard Taylor; Learning, by H. B. Hudson; The Field and the Garden, by Wilson Flagg; American Life in France, by M. L. F. In the Lane, by Celia Thaxter; Kate Beaumont, by J. W. DeForest; Twenty Dollars; The Flowering of a Nation, by T. G. Appleton; Forebodings, by A. W. V. Watch and Ward, by H. H.; Their Wedding Journey, by W. D. Howells; A Greenport Legend, by Bret Harte; Our Whispering Gallery, by James T. Fields; The Romance of Madrona Hollow, by Bret Harte; Besant's Literature.

In the "Whispering Gallery" Mr. Fields exhibits Dickens as the merriest of mad wags, and makes good his claim to the mantle of his doughty predecessor at Gad's Hill.

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

THE ECLECTIC.—The Eclectic for September presents us with a very striking portrait of Max Muller, the distinguished linguist and scholar. These portraits, one of which embellishes each number, are a special feature of the Eclectic; and, inasmuch as the subject is always some men of wide general reputation, they add very materially to the value of the magazine. They are taken from the best pictures, and are engraved on steel in the best style of "line engravings." The table of contents this month is unusually interesting, and includes "Charles Dickens, a most valuable and suggestive essay; A History of the Commune of Paris; The Tasmanian Devil; Two Nights in a French Prison During the Civil War; The Literary Life; Michael Angelo and His Art; Marat and Charlotte Corday; The Planet of Love; Teeth; a continuation of Patty, and a capital short story called Under the Mountains." Besides these there are other articles and the usual copious editorial miscellany.

Published by E. R. Pelton, 108 Fulton Street, New York. Price \$5.00 per year; Two Copies \$9; single numbers 42 cents.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY FOR JULY opens with a pleasant, sketchy paper, entitled "Pictures from Canada." The illustrations are of costume, village life, &c. Next we have an interesting paper on "Mercator, the Path-Finder of the Seas," with an excellent portrait. The other illustrated articles are a graphic description of "Mountain Views and Adventures," by J. T. Headley; "Scenes from the Marble Faun," by W. L. Alden; and an entertaining paper by James Richardson on recent experiments in London, by men of science, with Home, the so-called "medium." "Whose Wife was She?" is the title of a story of marvelous power and exciting interest, involving a curious psychological study by Saxe Holm; Susan Archer Weiss also writes a bright story—"Peter Holm, a Harz Legend;" and the installment of Wilfrid Camberme is unusually interesting. Then we have a very timely and valuable article by Mr. William F. G. Shanks, in which are given the facts and figures of the present experiments in "Chinese Skilled Labor," at North Adams, Mass., and Belleville, N. J. Mr. W. O. Stoddard throws light on the mystery connected with the River of Egypt; Mr. Alexander Hyde, an experienced teacher gives his views concerning the "Co-education of the Sexes;" and Gilman P. Briggs tells us a tragic "Adventure in Japan." Mr. Stedman contributes "The Songster: A Midsummer Carol," which is an exquisitely melodious as the brave canary song it celebrates. Edward King's verses, "A Woman's Execution, Paris, May, '71," graphically reproduce a tragic incident in the history of the Commune; Mr. Tuckerman, in "The Elms of Old Trinity," deprecates a recent act of vandalism in Newport, R. I.; and Rev. Mr. Wolcott has a hymn entitled "The Cloud and Fire." "Topics of the Time," "The Old Cabinet" and Culture and Progress at Home and Abroad are well filled and entertaining departments, and this very readable number closes with some amusing outline "Scenes from Shakespeare."

Published by C. E. Scribner & Co., New York, at \$3 a year.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for September gives four more chapters of Trowbridge's story, "Jack Hazard and his Fortunes;" a poem by Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen; an interesting article on light and shadow, with four illustrations representing the same scene transformed by shifting lights; an appreciative record by Miss Phelps, of the trials of a girl who couldn't write a composition; an adventure with wildcats at Musquash Lake, by C. A. Stephens; and much more, including a trip to Mount Washington by a young contributor under 15.

Published by Jas. R. Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$2.50 a year.

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

The Military Policy of Russia; O'Flanagan's Lives of the Irish Chancellors; Swinburne's Poems; Burton's History of Scotland; The Vatican Council; Suppressed and Censored Books; Darwin on the Descent of Man; Scandinavian Politics; Communal France; Letter from Earl Grey.

The four great English Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 27 Walker Street, New York, the terms of subscription being as follows:—For any one of the four Reviews, \$4 per annum; any two of the Reviews, \$7; any three of the Reviews, \$10; all four Reviews, \$13; Blackwood's Magazine, \$4; Blackwood and any Review, \$7; Blackwood and any two 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.

THE NURSERY.—The September number of this charming magazine for youngest readers is a rare combination of attractions for little folks—interesting stories, lively verses, pretty pictures, &c. This magazine is a nice thing to put into the hands of children who are taking first lessons in reading; it gives them a vigorous start up the hill of knowledge.

Published by John L. Shorey, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

PETERS' MUSICAL MONTHLY for September opens with a beautiful Ballad by G. W. Persley, entitled "Barney Allen;" then follows a charming song by Tucker, "My Mother's Wedding Ring;" after which comes Thomas's Sacred Song, "The Cross and Crown," which is alone worth double the price of the monthly. "My Sister in Heaven," Song and Chorus, and "The Home of the Swallows," Duets, are also gems of great value. These are followed by five Quartets, three easy Piano pieces, and two elegant Transcriptions by Leonie Tonel, making a total of fifteen pieces, printed from thirty-six full-size music-plates, and you can get all this choice music for thirty cents. Vol. VIII, commenced with the July number and the publisher offers to send the July, August, and September numbers for 75 cents. Address J. L. Peters, 599 Broadway New-York.

THE DIRIGO Base Ball Club, of Augusta, went over to Belfast last week, to play a match game with the Pastimes of that city for \$50. They returned badly beaten and very cross.

The Ken. Journal, to make it easy for the boys who feel sore, complains that they were roughly used in Belfast, contends that they displayed the most science, and accounts for their defeat by saying that they were struck with a streak of hard luck. We wouldn't wonder if that was what hit the famous Billy Patterson. The Dirigos have since challenged the Pastimes to play a game either at Kendall's Mills or Skowhegan, for from one to five hundred dollars a side.

JAMES MITCHELL, about 21 years of age, son of Mr. William Mitchell, formerly a well known conductor on the Port and Ken. railroad, fell from the mixed train when near Yarmouth, on Monday afternoon, and was killed. It was his first day on the train as brakeman.

Grasshoppers are rapidly disappearing—on many farms only enough are left for the chickens.

Oh! THESE JERSEYS!—While other cows, in short pastures, compelled to eat much that even the grasshoppers have refused as unwholesome—are yielding but a small quantity of inferior butter, light colored and bitter, the little Jerseys are rolling out the golden balls, rich and luscious, over which gourmands are smacking their lips, thanking their stars the while that they are able to buy Jersey butter. We suppose it must be admitted, however, that as a general thing the Jerseys are well fed. They are in the hands of men who believe in feeding and who will not see them starve. Mr. Joseph Percival, who has several choice animals of this class, and whose butter is eagerly sought for at a high price, is giving his cows a liberal feed of corn fodder and two quarts of meal per day. With this addition to what they get in the pasture, of course there is no falling off either in the quantity or quality of his milk. We saw a sample of this milk—that last drawn—in a glass tube a foot long, a day or two ago, and the cream having risen occupied just one half the length of the tube. Such cows make rich returns for the good feed you give them. We close with a paragraph from the Lewiston Journal.

Good cows were driven past my place for which were paid \$12. The purchaser followed the seller into the woods, where he was cutting small bushes and lopping limbs to keep his stock alive, and bought at any price offered. Yet Jerseys are selling in Winthrop at the same old prices. Five pure blood cows have been sold within a few days for prices varying from \$175 to \$225. Three of these go to Massachusetts. Who says blood does not tell?

HAY.—At Lewiston, the Journal says, "hay is getting plentier, and is falling; good was bought yesterday in our market for \$25." It quotes shorts as retailing at \$1.50 per hundred, against \$2.00 last winter, when hay was sold even lower than \$25.

How long, ye sturdy farmers of Kennebec, will you continue to shake with this panic about wintering neat stock? Selling good cows for ten or twelve dollars, when butter is 45 cts. and corn but 55! The simplest clown should know better. Many farmers are calculating to winter their stock cheaper than they did last winter—and they will do so.

THE KENNEBEC BAPTIST ASSOCIATION meets this year at Farmington at 2 o'clock on the afternoon of Sept. 5th. Rev. H. S. Burage, of Waterville, will preach the annual sermon.

THE BOWDOINHAM BAPTIST ASSOCIATION will meet at Bowdoinham, on the afternoon of Sept. 12th at 2 o'clock. Annual sermon by Rev. E. M. Bartlett; doctrinal sermon by Rev. A. H. Gould.

Mr. Purmort Hill, an old resident of Waterville, well known twenty years ago as a carriage maker and active business man, died suddenly on Saturday last, at his residence on Winter street, at the age of 74 years. He started to attend some friends to the depot for the 11 o'clock train, when he complained of pain in the region of the heart, with difficulty of breathing. He was taken home, after rest and partial recovery on the way; but soon suffered a relapse, and died about six o'clock P. M. The disease was called neuralgia of the heart—which he had felt preliminary symptoms for some time.

A REFRIGERATOR CAR, on an improved plan, is nearly finished at the shops of the Maine Central Railroad Co., in this village. It is designed for the route between Bangor and Boston, and is so constructed that meat may be kept in it even during the warm weather, in good condition for a long time—much longer than will be needed for its transportation.

The Waterville Mail says the story of Gen. Butler's ingenious argument against church going, submitted to the faculty of Waterville College when he was an undergraduate, "has no basis of truth, beyond the fact that he was a student in Waterville College, and perhaps had no great liking for church going." The Mail is not perhaps aware that this story, which has recently appeared in Harper's Magazine, is taken from Mr. Parton's life of Butler, written at Lowell, in the General's own house, and from information furnished largely by his own lips.—[Port. Advertiser.]

Yes: the Mail was aware of all that, but it adheres to its statement that the story has a very slender basis of truth; and we fear the Advertiser has its tongue in its cheek while it so gravely makes that array of authority.

BUTTER.—In the present panic in the cattle department, which is limited to a portion only of Maine, butter has become an important article in the winter arrangements of our farmers. As a hint on this point, a little paragraph in the Lewiston Journal is full of meaning:—

One of our produce dealers has imported several tons of butter from St. Albans, Vt., and is selling it at 32 cents by the tub. An Auburn gentleman is also to receive a large quantity of butter, selected by himself in the West.

Every farmer can argue this suggestion to his liking. Shall he sell off his cows, and thus compel buyers of butter to look abroad for a supply?—or can he expect extravagant prices for butter, when it can be introduced from the West and retailed here at 32 cents? Look on both sides carefully. Butter now retails from stores in Waterville at 45 cts., common qualities, or 13 cts. more than in Lewiston. How long can butter makers expect this state of things?

INCORRIGIBLE.—We hoped that the editor of the Gardiner Home Journal would have grace enough to be ashamed of his coarse joke, to which we alluded last week; but beyond painful contortions in trying to wriggle out of his skin he makes no sign.

KENNEBEC LODGE, I. O. of Good Templars will hold its next session with Loyal Band Lodge at North Vassalboro', commencing at 8 o'clock P. M. next Wednesday.

COLBY UNIVERSITY.—The College Term begins next week Wednesday, and the examinations for entrance will commence at eight o'clock on the morning of the same day. Now let us see how many young ladies will enter the doors recently opened to them.

A writer in the Anson Advocate complains—with justice, it would seem—against the discharge of Geo. H. Pemberton, who was recently arrested up the river, while on his way to Canada with stolen property; and he calls upon the prosecuting officer of the county to present those parties, who have thus compounded a felony, before the grand jury.

WATERVILLE UNION SABBATH SCHOOL ASSOCIATION will hold its second session at the Free Will Baptist Meeting House (on the middle road to Sidney, about four miles from our village) on Wednesday, Sept. 6, at 10 o'clock A. M. All interested in Sabbath School work are requested to be present.

The third session will commence at 6 o'clock on Sabbath evening, Sept. 17th, at the Baptist Church in this village, and continue in one of the churches during Monday afternoon and evening.

ELBRIDGE N. REED, of Medway, is on trial at Bangor for the murder of John Ray.

See Hathaway & Co.'s notice to their employees, among advertisements.

Mr. T. J. EMERY, of our village, whose reputation as a dam builder is well known, has taken the contract to build a dam on the Little Androscoggin Water Power. The work will be well done.

The Happy Land is found at last. Wyoming Territory has neither brewery nor distillery.—[Ex.]

Not much happy for a Dutchman or an Irishman, we reckon.

C. C. BOWEN, convicted of bigamy and recently pardoned by President Grant, has entered the lists as a candidate for Governor with a fair prospect of nomination.

CONDUCTOR BEALS takes Conductor Gray's place on the Bangor train during the temporary absence of the latter.

THE MAINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY have made arrangements for a field day at Pemaquid and Monhegan on the 24th and 25th inst.

Services in the Unitarian Church will not commence till the first Sunday in September.

A few good grade Merino sheep, in small lots, will be let on fair terms, to the right parties, if application is made at the Mail office.

The Baptists and the Quakers are the only religious bodies that have increased in Ireland during the last ten years.

The Chicago Post goes "carhomicide-maniac" one better with "splitterboots-assassinsanity."

You Can Buy of GILBRETH, KENDALL'S MILLS, All sorts of HAYING TOOLS, Cheaper than Elsewhere, As he has a large stock of them and to close out Will Sell Them at Cost, and some of them LESS than cost.

PLEASE CALL AND EXAMINE. THEY ARE ALL FIRST CLASS.

228 12—226 34—229 12 GILBRETH KNOX

Have room at Narragansett Park, Providence, of 1 half mile in a race 1.101.4, quarter 34.1.2 seconds. His latest colt HONEST JOHN, won the 4 year old purse at Waterville. His 3 year old colt "Knock-them-all," sold for 500 and Dollars.

"MAINE HAMBLETONIAN." A grandson of "Sydney's Hambletonian." See Advertisement in Maine Farmer, or send for a circular.

ON THE RISE!

WOOLEN GOODS

Are Still Rising!

Now is the Time to Buy!

CALL AT ONCE AT P. S. HEALD'S.

