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Maxham & Wing

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HYMN OF REST.

BY ORLANDO MASSEY.

Come, all ye weary, worn and sin-defiled,
The day of whose deliverance hath not smiled;
Who toil on, sorrow laden, sore distressed,
Come unto Me and I will give you rest!

Come, ye who seek, through all the world of sin,
The precious treasure only found within;
Clasp your eternal jewel of the breast;
Come unto Me and I will give you rest!

Come, ye for whom the human love hath proved,
A longing to be infinitely loved;
Whose hearts yet hover round some empty nest
Come unto Me and I will give you rest!

Come, ye who suffer, through the lone, long night,
And grieve for day with sad, tear-blinded sight;
I am the Sun that sets not in the West,
I bring you healing, and will give you rest!

Come, all, who bear the cross where I have trod;
Who climb the same ascent to get to God,
Bowed down to see the prints my feet have pressed;
Come unto Me and I will give you rest!

When storms arise and seas of trouble roll,
I will be near to save the sinking soul;
Each wave that breaks shall lift, dilate your breast,
And in their motion—I will give you rest!

(From Harper's Bazar.)

BERT'S MONOGRAM.

We were just fairly established at aunt Rebbie's for the summer, and I was waiting for Rob to come down on the evening train from the city, my hands folded in delicious idleness, with nothing to do but watch the evening shadows darken over the fields of blue timothy. Aunt Rebbie nodded over her knitting in the corner, while the kitten played with the ball of yarn, and Rite sat at the table slowly shading the Ural mountains on the map she had drawn for the geography lesson at school next day. There were voices out on the veranda at the end where the trumpet-creeper grew thickest; and, moving my chair a little, I could see Bert Morley lounging lazily on a bench, with Miss Kate Devine, at a distance of about two feet of moonlight, entertaining him. Bert was smoking his cigar, but some girls seem to take pride in making a man free to do that after an hour's acquaintance, and Miss Devine was no prude. I smiled as I thought how becomingly she heard that Bert Morley was expected by stage, with rifle and fishing-tackle, to spend two weeks' vacation. She had previously confessed to me that she found the country terribly dull. And as for Bert, when he came, I fancied a look of not unpleasant surprise in his eyes as he bowed to Miss Devine, for he had heard of her in society, and need not fear stupid evenings with a town belle, and no other man for a rival.

"It is a case of diamond cut diamond," I said lightly to myself; and just then the step I had been listening for sounded on the walk, and I ran to meet Rob, who came in with his pockets full of magazines and papers, making me feel as if we were not in the country, after all. Next morning Rob was off to the city again by six o'clock, and even earlier than that Bert Morley had taken himself to the lake for a long forenoon of fishing. I heard him whistling as he went down the lane. Miss Devine and I met about nine o'clock at a delicious late breakfast; and as we sipped our creamy coffee together I gave her all the glances I could spare, admiring her little slipped feet, the dainty fluting on her white wrapper, her magnificent hair and long lashes, and her languid grace. Aunt Rebbie was busy in the kitchen, and Rite had gone off to school; so we had all the cool part of the house to ourselves, reading a little, practicing a little, and talking a little. Miss Devine was very affable; but afterward, thinking it over, I tried in vain to recall any charm deeper than the charm of manner, of attitude, of glance, and inflection.

"But I am not very brilliant myself," I thought, humbly, "and, of course, she wouldn't shine out in full radiance on a little gray moth like me."

In the afternoon she put on a bewitching tulle hat, and went strolling down the lane, while I wandered out among the raspberry-bushes, and stumbled upon Rite, who was studying a long review lesson in history. I liked Rite—she was such a bright, honest little school-girl—so I sat down by her, and by-and-by took the book to hear her lesson. It was Roman history, and Rite recited in her own words, with original comments. I really felt for the first time in my life, that I was getting a clear idea of the stately line of Cæsars. We had just gone down to Constantine when there was the sound of laughing voices in the lane, and looking over the raspberry-bushes, we saw Bert Morley and Kate Devine coming home. He had met him and turned back with him. He had had good luck, as the long string of fish he carried bore witness.

"Oh dear! I do think it is too bad," said Rite with a frown. "So many pretty perch and mullet dragged out of the blue lake in an agony, just to make sport for a man!"

"And far below, in the coral grove,
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove."

Ang Bert in a triumphant tenor, as he came through the gate and laid down his trophies. "There was no coral grove, but I am sure these are the genuine purple mullet, Mrs. Hathaway; or look at the splendid colors!"

And he pointed to the flashes of red and purple on the still quivering scales. Kate Devine went to examine them, with smiling admiration; but little Rite, turning her back in girlish disgust, walked away to the house. We had some of the mullet broiled for supper, but I am bound to say that their flavor did not equal their color; and when I saw the rest thrown carelessly away I wished with Rite, that they were alive and happy again in the blue lake. But, dear me! when Rob came he entered right into Bert's enthusiasm, and wished he could have gone fishing all day too.

He had his chance the next morning, however, not being obliged to go to the city. He and Bert were off by dawn, with a big bunch in their basket, and singing like minstrels. The rest of us being left to our own devices, Kate Devine selected herself to write letters, and I, most unexpectedly, got my treasure out of the day by discovering something new in Rite. I had taken a book, and was going across the fields to a picturesque old oak-tree that shaded a corner of the pasture. I kept along by the wall, carefully skirting the tall timothy, with its bluish-purple heads, so as not to spoil the mowing, when suddenly, nestled down in the grass, I came upon Rite; and she was making a sketch—the daintiest thing you ever saw! She had her sitters; and they were patient ones, all but one—a great blue dragon-fly, who soared uneasily just over the grass tops. But she had him already safely soaring in her sketch as natural as life. She was drawing a single clump of grass, with its feathery heads, a gold-headed spider weaving her web from stem to stem, and a patient caterpillar ineffectually climbing at the base.

"Oh, Rite, Rite!" I cried, watching her pencil, "how did you ever learn to do it?" For she was only a little fifteen-year-old school-girl, you know, going to a country district school. She threw back her hair, and looked up. "I suppose I take it from my father," she said, simply, "he was an artist." And then I remembered how Aunt Rebbie told me of the poor artist who died young, and, quickly followed by his wife, had left this child an orphan. He had never attained to any eminence, but that there was something genuine in him was proved by this heritage of his child. She had had no training; her eyes and fingers seemed to travel right of themselves. The short of it was I took her over to the pasture with me, where she made me a drawing of my favorite gnarly old oak, with the empty crow's nest in it, and then another of the gray mossy rock behind us. I was in an ecstasy.

"I will make you my little comrade," I told her, "and you shall go with us in all our sails and rides, and make me gems of pictures to remember the summer by; and when Rob and I go to Europe we will take you to sketch us an album full of delights."

"I will go if you will take me," said little Rite, eye and cheek kindling.

It was past noon when we got back to the farm-house, and found the fishermen had returned. Rob was cleaning perch in a corner of the yard, but Bert and Miss Devine sat at ease in the veranda earnestly discussing monograms. It was when monograms were first the rage, and Bert had some pretty specimens in his note-book to show. He had made a few scrawling attempts to weave together his own initials, but in vain.

"I wish some one would design me a monogram," he exclaimed, laughing—"something really original and artistic, you know. Come, Miss Kate, isn't that the sort of thing you ladies are supposed to do? Make me a monogram, and I'll give you anything you like."

"That's a dangerous promise, Sir!" she said, bending her lustrous eyes meaningly upon him. "Can't help it," he replied, recklessly; "I'm perishing for a monogram. Take my name, my purse, my life, but give me a monogram! The truth is, Miss Kate, I believe it to be an impossible combination. Just listen, Bertram De Witt Morley! Who could ever make anything of such a set of initials? Could you? I wish you could."

"I'm afraid I've not the power," said Miss Devine, with what sounded like a real sigh; but she made quite a show nevertheless of writing his full name down upon her ivory tablets.

I had stopped with Rite, a few minutes to glance over the monograms; but just at this point Rob called, and we went to watch his amateur performances. Two days after as I was passing through the parlor, Bert Morley stopped me with a very pleased face, and said he had something pretty to show to me. It was a slip of paper with a monogram on it—his own, B. D. W. M.—as pretty and graceful a design as you can imagine. I can't really describe it, but perhaps you can compose it for yourselves out of these materials—two rustic bar-posts, with two bars slanting down and two in place, and then a perfect wealth of a running rose-vine twining in and out.

"Isn't it charming?" he asked; "and would you have thought it was in her to do it?"

"In whom?" I enquired.

"Why, Kate Devine, you know. I've been thinking her all along a mindless flirt; and here she puts me to shame with this pure, dainty bit of fancy. How long it takes to find you women out! I am really beginning to like her now—I could hardly help liking any one with such a touch of grace in her as this shows."

"Don't be a rash boy, Bert," I said, warningly. "First impressions are often right after all."

But a moment after he was looking all through the house for Kate Devine, to tempt her off with him for a delightful row upon the lake after water-lilies. Of course she went in a bewitching boating costume, and came home three hours later wreathed with the beautiful white lilies, lustrous-eyed and stately as Helen of Troy.

She did not seem so much like a stately Helen, however, when toward twilight I heard her over the garden wall talking with Rite as I walked down the lane.

"—on the stair-way, after you had gone up with your arithmetic," she was saying (what could she mean?); and now I want so very much to keep it."

"You may keep it and welcome," said Rite. "And you won't tell any one?" pleaded Miss Devine, in an eager, anxious way: "you won't tell if you happen to see it again, that it was yours—that is, that I did not do it myself, you know? And I will give you such a pretty gold set, with ear-rings, Rite."

"I don't want the set," said Rite, slowly. "I don't know what you mean, Miss Devine; but, of course, I shouldn't speak of the paper unless some one asked me."

By this time I had joined Rob, and was out of hearing.

After this Kate Devine was very gracious to Rite, and took unusual notice of her—except, indeed, when Rob and Bert were around. One sultry afternoon we three—Kate, Rite, and I—sat out under the shadiest apple tree fanning ourselves, and now and then talking a little. Rite said she would like to be strong and brave, like Ida Pfeiffer, and go traveling all over the world.

"Alone?" asked Kate Devine, incredulously. "Would you leave love out? Now don't tell me, Rite, that you don't think of lovers and husbands just like other girls, for I shan't believe you!"

I was provoked at Kate for speaking so to the child; for what is the use of giving a girl fancies till they come of themselves? But Rite surprised me by having her ideas already formed; and child that she was, let her heart's chords be played upon even by the careless hand, and respond sweet music.

"Yes, I do believe in love," she said, blushing and honest. "But I believe a lover ought to be brave and lofty and noble and like a stainless knight. And I should not think of looking for him, for he would be sure to find me."

"Then you are sure there is this wonderful 'he' somewhere for you on earth?" demanded Kate Devine, with a laugh.

"I don't know," said Rite, gravely; "but if there is, I pray God every day to keep him good."

A little hush fell over us at this; and then Aunt Rebbie called Rite from the window, and away she ran.

"Was there ever such an odd little thing!" exclaimed Kate; and when, presently, Bert Morley joined us, languidly fanning himself with his palmetto, she told him as a good joke poor Rite's heart-speeches.

"What! that sunburned little school-girl! ejaculated Bert. "Does she have fancies like that? Why, what a darling she is, just like Mrs. Browning's little Elsie, that had the swan's nest among the reeds! It used to be the dream of my youth to go roaming about till I found just such a love as that. But the world knocks the notions out of one. You and I have grown more practical, haven't we, Miss Kate?"

She smiled half absently.

"Oh, Bert!" I said, with sudden feeling, "don't throw away all the gold of your youth so lavishly."

"Perhaps there's a mint that keeps coming," he said, smiling at me; and then, starting up, "I believe I'll go to the woods! I can get two hours gunning before supper."

"If we were at the sea shore," said Kate Devine, "I would ask you to get me a gray gull's wing, Mr. Morley. I want one so much for my hat. But maybe you can find something else; if any great brilliant bird comes in sight, shoot him for me."

"I obey, lady fair!" said Bert, with a lowly bow; and then he was off for his rifle, and directly we saw him crossing the fields to the woods.

Just before sunset he returned, tired, flushed, and successful, with three beautiful red-winged blackbirds, lifeless and swinging in his hand. He laid one at Kate Devine's feet and one at mine.

"Oh, how gorgeous!" cried Kate, in a rapture. "Just the thing for my black hat! But you'll cut the wings off for me, won't you, Mr. Morley; for that I never could do."

"Oh yes, I'll dissect it," he said, lightly, "and yours too, Mrs. Hathaway." I had taken the poor dead bird up in my hands. I did not want the wings myself, but I remembered two sisters at home whose hearts they would rejoice; so I thanked him cordially.

"The other bird is for the little heart that dreams," said Bert. "School-girls like such things. Where's Rite?"

"Out at the back-door feeding the chickens," replied Aunt Rebbie, concisely.

We all went out there and found her surrounded by her flock of downy pets. Bert made his offering of the red-winged blackbird, and explained. Rite took it in a sort of painful amazement, caressing the dead, drooping head. Then, as we waited for what she would say, to our surprise she burst into tears.

"Oh, how could you—how could you!" she sobbed. "He was so free and glad and happy up in the tree-tops. Put his pretty wings in my hat! No, indeed, he shan't be robbed of a single bright feather! I am going to bury him just as he is, out under some beautiful tree!"

Bert colored, and Kate exclaimed, "Well!" as Rite sobbed crying and walked off, carrying the bird in her hands.

"La, child," called Aunt Rebbie after her, "it ain't so bad as if it were a robin. Those pesky blackbirds eat the corn up as fast as it grows!"

But Bert followed Rite silently, looking like the knight of the rueful countenance, and I imagine he made his peace with her, and helped her dig the blackbird's grave; for when they came back the indignation had died out of her honest young eyes.

I was amused when Bert sought me out the next morning with a sort of eager interest, and told me that Rite was really one of the brightest little things that ever lived.

"She's sitting out on the door-step now," he said, "drawing a map of Greece for a school exercise, and it's a regular gem. Do come and see her, Mrs. Hathaway!"

I told him, with an air of superior knowledge, that I was aware of it all, and that if he would look through her atlas he would find it a perfect portfolio of sketches and bits of designs more charming than maps. "Her father was an artist, you know," I concluded. Away he went at once to take possession of the atlas, and I followed, well pleased to see my little comrade get appreciation.

She took it very quietly—his delight over her slight pencil-sketches: studies of old stupas, bits of gray wall, lichen, a bow with a bird's nest, a clump of violets. Suddenly, as he turned over the leaves, he came to something that made him start and change color. He looked up in a dazed sort of way.

"What's the matter, Bert?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing," he said, drawing a long breath; "only I feel just as if some one had struck me in the face! Did you draw this, Rite?"

"Yes," she said, simply. I looked over his shoulder and saw on the paper he held out the first rough design of the monogram Kate Devine had given him—less elaborate, but the same dainty fancy.

"Then perhaps you drew this, too?" he remarked, taking the cherished monogram from his note-book.

"Yes," said Rite.

Miss Devine impelled by merciless fate, came strolling toward us just at that moment in one of her prettiest morning dresses, her hands full of honeysuckle blossoms.

"Ah, what have we here?" she asked, lightly, as she joined us.

"Oh, a host of pretty things—and monograms!" said Bert, looking her full in the face, with a cold brilliance in his eyes.

She saw what he meant, faltered, tried to laugh carelessly, but failed; and then, with some half-uttered word of apology or explanation, turned and left us, gliding away over the green grass again, dropping honeysuckles as she went.

Ah, how the wheels of life turn round, if we only wait a little while and watch!

A few days thereafter, when I drove Bert Morley in the light buggy over to the station, his vacation being ended, I asked him a little maliciously, "Miss Devine has been, quite an acquisition to our society this summer, hasn't she?"

He looked round at me with an almost comical earnestness in his handsome face.

"I've got a new idea about some things, Mrs. Hathaway," he said. "I'm coming back here next summer, and next; and I am going to win little Rite's love by-and-by, if I can!"

"Then you must make yourself braver and lovelier and like a stainless knight," I said, quoting Rite's words. "Remember that, Bert!"

"That's the work I have set myself to do," he said, gravely; and I put faith in him.

That faith has been fully justified. Bert Morley is to-day a noble man, and a blessing to the world. And Rob and I smiled gladly in

each other's faces when last evening we received a wedding invitation, with a monogram of dainty design and curious interweaving. You could read "Rite" in among the larger letters, if you looked sharp enough at each vine, tendril, and bud.

The Examiner & Chronicle refers to the difficult duty of the minister in the matter of funeral sermons.

"The chief source of difficulty, to a truthful mind, lies in the supposed necessity of making personal reference to the life and virtues of the departed. At such a time, the language of praise is that which springs most naturally to the lips. But does not adherence to this rule, on the part of a Christian minister, involve unnecessary departure from the strict line of veracity? We all know the feeling of mingled surprise and incredulity with which we have listened, at the obsequies of some friend or neighbor, to eulogiums of the dead that would seem extravagant if pronounced over the ashes of a Paul or a Judson. . . . Of course, everyone is aware that the speaker does not really intend to present a false picture of character, and that the suppression of all dark shades is due simply to a desire to spare the feelings of sorrow-stricken relatives; but inasmuch as a false impression is thereby actually made, or the listeners are led to doubt the sincerity, or to question the truth of what is said, would it not be the better course either to make no personal allusions at all, or—if that be out of the question—to be more truthful in making them? . . .

But besides the danger of exaggeration in delineating the personal character of departed friends, there is another practice to which many ministers are addicted, as objectionable on the score of good taste, as the other is on that of strict veracity. We refer to the custom of "harrowing the feelings" of the surviving kindred by recounting to them, in lugubrious tones, the greatness of their loss, the pangs of grief they suffer, and so on to the end of the chapter. Some even go so far as to improve the occasion by a personal address to each member of the weeping circle of mourners. It would perhaps be the better way on the whole, to omit all but the most general allusions to the departed. A few words, fitly spoken, leading the thought of those present to the solemn issues of life and death, such as the occasion naturally suggests, would be much more likely in most cases, to prove efficacious, than the most affecting eulogiums which are taken to be rather complimentary than truthful, and so provocative of unwholesome criticism in the minds of unbelieving or captious hearers."

The Independent thinks that a pressing need of American National life is that the children should learn to talk. It says:

"It is in our homes that this speechlessness tells most fearfully, on the breakfast and dinner and tea tables, at which a silent father and mother sit down in haste and gloom to feed their depressed children. This is especially true of men and women in the rural districts. They have more work to do in a year than it is easy to do. Their lives are monotonous—too much so for the best health of either mind or body. But if they dreamed how much this monotony could be broken and cheered by the constant habit of talking with each other, they would grasp at the slightest chance of a conversation. There is no home so poor, so remote from affairs, that each day does not bring and set ready for family welcome and discussion beautiful sights and sounds, occasions of helpfulness and gratitude, questions for decision, hopes, fears, regrets! The elements of human life are the same forever. Any one heart holds in itself the whole, can give all things to another, can learn all things for another; but no giving, no learning, no even if it is the giving up of a life, is half the blessing it might be if it is done without free, full loving interchange of speech. Many a wife goes down to her grave a dulled and dispirited woman, simply because her good and faithful husband has lived by her side without talking to her! There have been days when one word of praise, or one word of simple good cheer would have girded her up with new strength. She did not know, very likely, what she needed, or that she needed anything; but she drooped."

Many a child grows up a hard, unimpressionable, unloving man or woman simply from the uncheered silence in which the first ten years of life were passed. Very few fathers and mothers, even those who are fluent, fearless, in society, habitually talk with their children.

It is certain that this is one of the great needs, one of the worst shortcomings of our homes. We believe that no other one change would do so much to make them happier, and, therefore, to make communities better, as for men and women to learn to speak."

The Prince de Joinville, in refusing to be a candidate for the Presidency of France, said: "But if I were King, I should know how to govern well. The means are very simple. I would have a constitution of two articles; the first article should enact that every Frenchman should be a functionary; the second that every Frenchman, upon reaching the age of five, be decorated."

The Springfield Republican says that the new California poet Miller has not only been one of the roughest of border adventurers, but was for a time a leader of Indian pillagers, being captured once by the outraged settlers, and only escaping a swing at a rope's end because his redskin comrades rescued him. He had but a few months' schooling when young, and so far as his personal character goes, there seems to be no occasion for respectable people to fall down and worship him.

WALT WHITMAN is a bachelor of 52, with shaggy white hair and whiskers, and immense open shirt collar. He holds a \$1,600 clerkship at Washington, and as he has little to do in it and economical habits, he can write at his leisure without any fear of the wolf at the door.

Rev. Dr. Rieker, the pastor of the Baptist church in Augusta, contemplates resigning his pastorate, to accept the Secretaryship of the Baptist State Missionary Board.

Geo. H. BAKER, the Philadelphia poet, who wrote some of the most stirring war lyrics, belongs to a rich, thoroughbred Philadelphia family, some of whom think he might have made more money if he had let literature alone.

Waterville Mail.

VOL. XXV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1871.

NO. 12.

Waterville Mail.

SPR. MAXHAM, DAN. R. WING, EDITORS.

For the Mail.

THE CRUISE OF THE 'GREYHOUND.'

CHAPTER I.

It was a delightful morning of August last, that a party, of which the writer was one, anxious to enjoy a more bracing atmosphere than the dusty streets of home afforded, and to escape for a time from the cares and vexations of business, stepped aboard the cars at Waterville, bound for a fortnight's cruise among the islands and pleasant harbors on the coast of eastern Maine. At Kendall's Mills we were joined by the completion of our number—four or five "first-rate fellows"—making in all a dozen and one.

In the composition of our party we had one "solid," well known bank official who rejoiced in the ability of readily turning the scales in his favor at 250 lbs. By acclamation he was immediately christened "Our Infant," and by this appellation he was always introduced, and he bore it with good natured grace to the end of the trip. "Yes," said he upon one occasion, "they call me their baby, but I don't cry much." No, that he did not. Always of unruddied temper, always claiming his share of the fun, even when at his own expense—and never a symptom of a grumble under any circumstances whatever: for even in the poetry of a pleasure trip like ours—there are bits of prose now and then, as we discovered before we were through.

The social, comfortable ride to Bangor is not of long duration, and we quickly transfer ourselves to the steamer Cambridge, and are soon on our way down the Penobscot.

This boat has recently adopted the "European plan" of serving meals, and after dinner we hear on all sides mutterings of dissatisfaction—"not loud but deep"—with the new arrangement. Passengers claim that at any first class hotel conducted on the "American plan" a dinner costs less by more than one-half than the second-rate one we get here. But if it gives cause for complaint it also presents items of amusement, and that is what we are after.

Look at that darkey opposite, about to open an ale bottle, just in the rear of our heavily built but merry hearted Josiah, with the neck pointed full at his head.

"Take care, there!"

Too late! The cork starts with unexpected ease and the occupant of our friend is instantly deluged with the fermented liquor as from the nozzle of a fireman's discharge pipe. He turns with wrathful mien to annihilate the unfortunate servant, but as he sees him riveted to the spot, the empty bottle in his hand, and terror at the result of his carelessness depicted in every lineament of his ebony countenance, the ludicrousness of the affair bursts upon him and he roars in concert with us all. That sham-poo not being down in the bills, is gratuitous.

The afternoon passes pleasantly and rapidly away and we arrive at Rockland where we find the yacht "Greyhound," and her master, M. H. Kiff, in waiting for us.

And here let me tell any others who would make a break in the hum-drum routine of daily duties and live for awhile a happy "life on the ocean-wave," to engage Capt. Kiff and the "Greyhound," and they will find a seaman—ever cautious—ever busy in his endeavors to promote the enjoyment of his party, and a vessel always kept in perfect order.

Our "traps" safely stowed on board we shortly find ourselves set down at the portals of the Thorndike Hotel, and an excellent one it is too, if an opinion may be based upon a capital supper, well furnished rooms, luxurious beds, nice breakfast, attentive servants, polite clerk and genial landlord. All of these were found at the Thorndike.

It is not late on the following morning when we are gathered on the deck of the symmetrical craft that for the next two weeks is to be our home. The supplies have all been brought on board. The sails are hoisted and our voyaging is commenced. The day of the start, however, is not an auspicious one. The clouds hang darkly over us and a thick fog lifts only at intervals to give us a limited range of vision beyond the length of the yacht; but Capt. K. perfectly familiar with the place, finds his way readily to various fishing grounds about the harbor and off Owls Head. But the fog denizens of the locality, probably not expecting callers on that unfavorable day, had business elsewhere—or at least very little with us. A sufficient number, however, are persuaded to come on board to furnish the material for a savory chowder; but several are showing unmistakably the very common effects of a heavy fog roll, and from them of course the call to dinner meets with no response, but the rest do it amply justice. Bad weather forces us at last to return the wharf from which we sailed; and an opportunity is thus afforded of visiting the famous lime kilns of this region, some of which are in close vicinity to the wharf.

Two methods are in vogue in the manufacture of the vast quantities of lime of which Rockland has a monopoly and to which she owes so much of her prosperity. The first—the "old fashioned kilns"—are large pits, carefully walled, set in a side hill, so that on one side access may be had at the bottom, where the fuel is fed, and where afterward the lime is removed. The kilns are filled with lime rock, and for four days and nights the fires are kept fiercely burning. About an equal time is allowed for the mass to cool and then it is taken out and put up for market. The kiln that we visited averaged about 625 casks at every burn.

The new and patent kilns more nearly resemble huge smelting furnaces, so arranged that as the rock on the bottom becomes sufficiently burned it is drawn out from an aperture separate from that where the fires are fed, up on the hearth-like floor in front. A "draw" is made every four hours, the rock above shaken down by means of long iron rods thrust up from beneath; the kiln kept full by a supply shovelled in on top; and these, unlike the others, are in constant operation.

It is curious to note the rivalry of those in charge of the respective kilns; those of the "old fashioned" ones claiming that their lime is much superior—making twice as much mor-

tar as that burned in the others, while it is sold at the same price. Those of the patent kilns assert that besides the great economy of time by their method, their article is equal in value, and from none of its being over heated, and consequent discoloration,—which in the others, owing to the necessity of making an average burn, is unavoidable—is much more marketable in appearance.

The next morning's sun rises clear and bright, and a fresh breeze takes us gently out of the harbor. The luck of yesterday has changed, and in a short time the cod, hake and haddock are coming in over the rail in lively style. The middle of the afternoon finds us in Carver's Harbor, and we soon are wandering about the picturesque village of Vinalhaven, and over the extensive granite quarries owned by Bodwell, Webster & Co. and which give employment to some eight hundred men. The walls of many of the public buildings in Washington trace their native bed to this retired spot. Quantities of this granite are shipped west—even as far as St. Louis.

In the centre of the village is a very fine monument, executed entirely at this place, and erected by the citizens of Vinalhaven to the memory of nearly forty of her sons who gave their lives to their country's cause in the late rebellion.

Our Californian friend, who has remained behind a day or two, rejoins us here. His past experience in "roughing it," in every form; an amiability of temper that nothing disturbs; an endless fund of anecdote and adventure, only serve to show what an unfailing source of entertainment the company would have lost had he not been of it.

The next day gives us a splendid haul of fish, and an opportunity of seeing several whales, not far distant; the gambols of a school of porpoises; and a big sword-fish as he floats lazily past in near proximity to the vessel, but alas! much to our chagrin, we have no facilities wherewith to cause him trouble. The sun has not gone down when we cast anchor in Head Harbor, Isle au Haute. Upon our left—going in—a mountain rises from the water's edge, from the summit of which a magnificent view is obtained of the surrounding islands and the ocean stretching out far beyond. We also visited a beautiful fresh-water pond in the immediate neighborhood. It is of several miles in extent and at a level considerably above that of the sea. The lilies upon the surface, the green foliage upon the borders—so different from the bleak coast we have left a few moments since—remind me of some of the pleasant sheets of water nearer home. The rocks in and near the pond

promised, but also for the capture, if possible, of a few of the mammoth cod reported to hold their abodes on the banks of Grand Menan. It is now decided to start at the earliest practicable moment; and when I awake, later in the night I know by the rush of water against the side, and the steady undulating motion of the vessel, that we are leaving our native land behind us and are bound for the foreign shore! In the morning when I go on deck, only the top of Mt. Desert is to be seen, and then that too gradually sinks below the horizon, and there is nothing to relieve the eye in the wide unbroken waste of waters.

Waterville Mail.

WATERVILLE... SEPT. 15, 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. PETTEN & CO., No. 10 State St., Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York.
S. R. NILES, No. 1 Scollay Building, Boston.
GEO. P. HOWELL & CO., No. 40 Park Row, New York.
T. C. EVANS, 106 Washington St., Boston.
Advertises abroad are referred to the Agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS

relating to edit the business editorial departments of the paper should be addressed to MAXIM & WING, or WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE.

THE RESULT.

It is perhaps enough for most of our readers, to inform them that the republicans have carried the State by at least ten thousand majority. But we offer some details that may interest here and there one.

In 330 towns the republican majority is 9878. Perhaps the vote in these towns is 49,662 Kimball's 39,784. At the same rate the towns to be heard from will make a clean republican majority in the State of 10,500. The official majority last year was 8,238—a gain of 2262 in the majority this year.

The republican senators are all elected except one in Knox, two in Waldo, and one in Aroostook. In returns of 106 representatives, 87 are republicans and 19 democrats. The legislature will probably stand about as it did last year.

That noted and exceedingly pleasant musical attraction, "The Peak Family," will give a concert at Town Hall on Tuesday evening, the 19th. Nothing more need be said to insure them a full house, such as they always have in Waterville.

VOTE OF WATERVILLE.—The following was the result of the balloting here on Monday:—

For Governor—Sidney Perham, 536; Charles P. Kimball, 228; Joshua L. Chamberlain, 1.

Senators—Reuben Foster, 456; John May, 536; John W. Freeze, 229; George C. Getchell, 220; scattering 2.

Clerk of Courts—Wm. M. Stratton, 536; Emory O. Bean, 228.

Register of Deeds—Prentiss M. Folger, 538; Charles Osborne, 225.

Co. Commissioner—Asbury Young, 498 Lauriston Guild, 229; scattering 1.

County Treasurer—Alanson Starks, 534; Al Staples, 229; scattering 1.

Rep. to Legislature—Edmund F. Webb, 385; Solyman Heath, 357.

REPRESENTATIVES.—The following were chosen in Kennebec Co.:

Augusta, J. Prescott Wyman, Samuel Titcomb; Hallowell, William Wilson; Gardiner, James Nash; China, Eli Jopson; Pittston, Zachariah Plitner; Sidney, Jonas Butterfield; Waterville, Edmund F. Webb. Winslow, C. C. Cornish; Vassalboro, James C. Pierce; Readfield, John Lambert; Wayne, Matthias Smith; Litchfield, Isaac W. Springer—All republicans.

The following in Somerset County:—

Fairfield, Smithfield and Mercer, C. K. Foss, rep.; Anson, Norridgewock and Starks, Edwin Gray, rep.; New Portland, Madison and Solon, Josiah Holden, rep.; Skowhegan and Detroit, Leonard Lord, rep.; Palmyra, Pittsfield and Canaan, L. C. Getchell, rep.; Hartland, St. Albans, Bixley and Cambridge, S. E. Prescott, rep.; Harmony, Athens, Cornville and Embden, W. H. Evans, rep.

STILL THEY COME.—Colorado and New Mexico have both gone republican. In Colorado, the Legislature is almost unanimously republican, and in New Mexico the republicans have elected their delegates to Congress and a good working majority in the Legislature.

THE NEW YORK THIEVING OFFICIALS are being driven into a corner under the pressure of public opinion. A very suspicious circumstance in this connection is the robbery of Controller Connolly's office and the attraction of all the vouchers of bills during the disputed period; and the consequent invitation for him to resign by Mayor Hall. Even the New York World turns against Connolly.

Among the evidences of thrift and growth at the West Village, are several new houses in process of building, one of the handsomest, largest and most expensive of which is for Col. Sanford Pullen. By his boldness and enterprise the Col. puts to shame many younger men.

A HEAVY FROST dropped upon us on Thursday night.

ELECTION LESSONS.

The State election this year has given some new lessons—at least to the feeble and small-fry politicians. It was no doubt honestly believed by a considerable portion of the democrats that there was a great change of sentiment in their favor, and that the republican majority would be very much reduced, if the State was not actually revolutionized. It was no new thing for them to find themselves baited to effort by this encouragement; but this year they were made to believe they saw some peculiar pungency in the reasons given. There had been, they were told, among other things, a great movement among the working men, that was going to draw all the laboring voters into a common bond; and as Mr. Kimball, their candidate for governor, was a working man, and gave employment to other working men, he would be the one great nozzle of the political tunnel to which the votes of all working men would tend. The little politicians said they saw it too. Both worked accordingly. There was really an unusual stir among the democratic dry bones, till the noise actually frightened a portion of the republicans into some special efforts. They looked about among their neighbors, and jogged one another's elbows, till they succeeded in getting a fair expression of the republican party. To the surprise of both sides, they find the old phalanx just as it was last year—only a little more so. They find the talk about "labor reform" counted nothing; and that Mr. Kimball for employing men to make carriages, got no favor over Mr. Perham, who employs only a private secretary. They learn that most of the voters of Maine know too much about actual labor to be bewildered by talk about any special favor to working men, in one party or the other. So one lesson of the election, and a very emphatic one, is, that the "labor reform" may as well be tabled for the present—where it will probably remain for a long term of years.

Another profitable lesson has given its light to a few inexperienced republicans, who argue that "it is time for a change." They thought their views were getting popular; and one here and another there, they cut their votes, or bartered them away to the enemy for potage. They see their error. The voters of Maine believe in letting well enough alone. "Change" for what? Does N. Y. democracy look inviting? A week before the election some of this class of republicans thought their party was about selling out. So they sold out. They now see where they blundered. The lesson will do them good, and no doubt give them strength for the great contest next year. The third lesson has been well learned—"Let us have peace!"—and Lewiston, Portland, Bangor, Waterville, and we know not how many other cities and towns, have healed their local difficulties and wheeled harmoniously into the republican ranks. These places, honestly and strongly republican when in their right mind, have become satisfied with a trial of democratic representatives for one year, and have returned to their allegiance. This lesson promises to be one they will not soon forget—not at least till they forget to blush at the record they have now expunged.

SCHOOL MEETING.—By referring to our advertising columns it will be seen that a meeting of the voters in school district No. 1 is called for next Monday evening, 18th inst., mainly to provide funds for finishing the new school building. The building committee, paying \$500 for a lot, have since expended about \$900 and find that they need about \$1000 to complete the building—making \$2400 in all. From three to five hundred dollars are also needed to provide suitable privies for the brick school houses.

J. BACHELDER & SONS, an energetic and prosperous firm at West Waterville, lease the Bates Mill, into which has just been put a circular saw, of the latest and best pattern, which saws logs of any size, cutting them up with astonishing rapidity.

MR. C. F. HATHAWAY, of our village, while looking about his shirt manufactory, which is undergoing repairs, on Saturday evening, fell a distance of eight or ten feet, receiving a severe shock by which he was rendered insensible. He is still suffering from the effects of his fall, though able to be about his business.

According to the Argus, the democratic candidate for Governor is perfectly satisfied with the vote he received, but is thoroughly disgusted with the republican vote. And the Argus adds its stereotyped cry—"but just wait till next year." That "democratic victory next year," like "to-morrow," never comes.

O. F. EMERSON, near the end of Ticonic Bridge, is confident that he has the best cooking stove ever offered to any people, and he invites those to call who intend to buy. It is Wood's Portable Range, manufactured in Bangor, and it combines the best qualities of most stoves in the market, with several new and desirable features of its own, which will commend it to all who examine it. Several of these stoves are already in use here, and they have not failed in any case to give perfect satisfaction. Mr. Emerson is the only agent for this stove in Waterville.

MR. T. M. BUTLER, a graduate of Colby University of the class of '69, who has recently finished his studies at Newton Theological Institute, has accepted a call from the 2d church in Hallowell, R. I., commencing his labors there last Sabbath.

A wonder is reported in Railroad building. The extension of the Maine Central Railroad was estimated to cost \$208,000, while its actual cost was only \$208,500!

OUR TABLE.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for October contains contributions from Bayard Taylor, Petroleum V. Nasby, R. H. Horne, General R. B. Marcy, Eugene Lawrence, Prof. James De Mille, author of "The Dodge Club," and Colonel Thrope. The illustrated articles are—"Dolores," a poem by Annie Chambers Ketchum, a beautiful work of art; The New York City Post Office, a racy article; Postage Stamps and their Origin, with illustrations representing the postage stamps of all nations. The Yale College Expedition of 1870, a good example of the character of College Scientific Explorations under the best auspices; Hannah Jane, a capital poem by Petroleum V. Nasby; and Reindeers, Dogs, and Snow Shoes, concluded. Eugene Lawrence has an interesting and timely article on The Conquest of Ireland; R. H. Horne contributes a paper entitled Bygone Celebrities of Bond Street, London, containing graphic pictures of fashionable society in that city in Lord Byron's time; "The American Baron" is continued and two excellent short stories are given—"Teddy's Triumph," by Mrs. Mary T. Waggoner, and "Faint Heart," by Mary M. Prescott. All the Editorial departments are well filled, as usual. Published by Harper Brothers, New York, at \$4.00 a year.

THE GALAXY for October, the first to appear, has the following table of contents:—A Correspondence, by Ivan Turgeneff; Love's Choice, by William Winter; The Romance of the Negro, by Edward A. Pollard; Friendship, by Fred W. Webster; Popular Fallacies, by Carl Benson; The One Term Principle, by Horace Greeley; The Other Side of New York—Fever, by Edward Crapsey; A Reminiscence of Alexander Dumas, by E. Phillips; Minnie's Gift, by Lucy H. Hooper; Ought We to Visit Her, continued, by Mrs. Edwards; The Great Fair at Nijni Novgorod, by Junius Henri Browne; The Eustace Diamonds, continued, by Anthony Trollope; with "Droit Word," "Scientific Miscellany," "Current Literature," "The Galaxy Club," and "Nebulae," in abundance. For a frontispiece it shows the good natured face of Anthony Trollope. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York, at \$4 a year.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL for Sept. 23, opens with a very readable article entitled "Among the Alps," containing graphic illustrations of the perils of mountain travel. There are also some beautiful illustrations accompanying an article on Augusta, Georgia. "Morton House" is continued; and so is "Good-bye, Sweetheart!" There is a critique of Christopher Marlowe, with other interesting reading, spicy Table-Talk, Miscellany, etc. Appleton's Journal stands high in the estimation of the best class of readers. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, at \$4 per annum.

EVERY SATURDAY for Sept. 9th failed to reach us, but that of the 16th is an hand, with a rich array of attractions, both artistic and literary. Among the illustrations are a double page picture of Yachting off the Isle of Wight, The Communist Prisoners at Versailles, The Evening Concert at Baden, Returning from Work in the Tyrol; two sketches of the Accident at Revere Station, with portraits of two of the victims, Rev. Dr. Gannett and Rev. Dr. Mason; several graphic sketches of Scenes on the Mississippi, An Afternoon Tea Party, &c. Edmund Yates's story, "Nobody's Fortune," is continued, and the number is full of interesting reading. Published by Jas. R. Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$5 a year and sold by all periodical dealers.

A NOVELTY in the newspaper line has been started in Boston—a temperance daily—which is said to be a live sheet well up with the most enterprising in its presentation of the news of the day, while its moral status is much above theirs. We find the following notice of it in the columns of a contemporary:—

THE BOSTON DAILY NEWS.—We desire to call the attention of our friends to this daily temperance paper, published in Boston, thoroughly devoted to temperance, and every good cause, and which although struggling for many months, has now become firmly established, and is doing a great and good work for the cause. Rev. E. P. Marvin is principal editor, and a man of large experience and rare abilities for the position. The paper is radical, prohibitory, and in favor of political action. It deals vigorous blows at the infamous liquor traffic, and is bold and uncompromising upon the "beer question." The news of the day is presented, and we are glad to know that the paper is coming more and more into favor among the people. [Nat. Temp. Advocate.]

MORREL, of the Gardiner Journal, is building a house, and the popular cry of "labor reform" is music to his ears—that is, that reform of labor which will cause laborers to give an honest day's work for good pay. Many employers complain that at present prices they get less work done in a day, than when men worked for about half the money they now claim.

The Railroad Commissioners of Massachusetts have called a meeting of the officers of the different companies in that State to deliberate upon the best means for managing their roads so as to avoid accidents and secure the safety of travellers.

David Barker, the poet, was chosen Representative to the Legislature last Monday. He wrote to the Bangor Whig election evening, saying, "As a candidate for Representative the Democrats fought me desperately, but like men; yet I licked them by 86 majority in the District and made the following verse of rhyme amid the storm of battle:—

With bleaching locks and fading sight,
This advice I give to you:
Use brains enough to shun a fight,
Or pluck enough to fight it through.

REV. F. W. BAKEMAN has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church of Newburyport, the resignation to take effect on the 17th of September.

C. C. FISHER, a recent graduate of Colby University, now studying in Europe, will enter the lecture field this winter with some new lectures based on his travels and observations in Europe. The Boston Bureau is his agent.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS was nominated as the democratic candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, at the convention on Thursday.

The Freshman class of Bowdoin College numbers 42. Important changes have been made in the course of study at this institution.

A GOOD FARM is to be sold at auction, next Wednesday, with farming tools, &c. See advertisement in another column.

ST. THOMAS was not so badly damaged by the earthquake as at first reported.

The house of Nathaniel F. Norton of China, was entered on the night of the 10th inst., and a wallet containing \$125 and a silver watch worth \$25, stolen from his pantaloons pocket. The thief entered through a chamber window and left through the door.

The annual Show and Fair of the Penobscot Agricultural Society will be held in Bangor on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 20th, 21st and 22d.

"ONE OF TEN THOUSAND," we thought—and we might just as well have thought one of a hundred thousand—on election morning, as we met at the ballot-box, early in the day, and five miles from his residence, our venerable townsman, Jediah Morrill, Esq. In response to congratulations on being able to appear once more at the polls, he said that he had voted at seventy-four annual elections, and thought he would come and make it seventy-five, as being a better number. Not one in a hundred thousand does this.

Den. Keith, of Winslow, brings us rare samples of his Franklin Sweet apples—25 of which make a good "deacon measure" peck. They were picked from a graft he set five or six years ago. He thinks them the best baking sweet apples raised in this vicinity. Joseph Howland, of Vassalboro, introduced them from Massachusetts some fifty years ago. If we find them as good as they look—and we have the Deacon's endorsement to that—we propose to distribute the seeds as a peace-offering to a few of our friends who are a little soured by the election.

NEW ENGLAND FAIR.—Among the premiums at the late New England Fair are the following to parties in this vicinity:—

Hereford—Sweepstakes, best bull, to H. C. Burleigh, Fairfield, for his "Compton Lad." Bulls, 5 years, first premium to same party for same. Bulls, 3 years, first premium to George E. Shores, Waterville, for his "Young Hero." Bulls, 1 year, first premium to W. P. Blake, West Waterville, for "Waterville Hero"; the second to Geo. E. Shores, Waterville, for his "Col. Cochran." Bull calves, first premium to H. C. Burleigh, Fairfield, for his "Crown Prince," second to W. P. Blake, Waterville, for "Colfax." Cows, sweepstakes, same party for "Nellie." Cows, 4 years, the first premium to same party for same; second to the same party for "Fannie," the third to H. C. Burleigh, Fairfield, for "Verbena." Cows, 3 years, first premium, same party for "Hebe," second, Geo. E. Shores, Waterville, for "Necklace." Cows, 2 years, first premium to W. P. Blake, West Waterville, for "Stately," second to same party for "Verbena," third to Geo. E. Shores, Waterville, for "Gentle." Cows, 1 year, first premium, H. C. Burleigh, Fairfield, for "Verbena." Heifer calves, first premium to same party; second to George E. Shores, Waterville; third to W. P. Blake, West Waterville. Herd, first premium to H. C. Burleigh, Fairfield; second to George E. Shores, Waterville.

Working oxen, five years old.—First, Geo. E. Shores, Waterville.

A sale of blood stock took place Thursday. Among the sales were the following:—

A Durham bull, Kennebec Lad, two years old, bred by Levi A. Dow of Waterville, was sold to Mr. Wardsworth of Livermore Falls for fifty-five dollars.

Will some one ask Alexis, when he reaches our shores, whether the story is true that the Polish exiles in Siberia are treated with great severity—food utterly insufficient, refined women brutally flogged with the knout, two-thirds of all who were sent there eight years ago already dead? We really should like to know about this before we throw our cup very high for Alexis and his father. Does Russia's marble front hide some rookeries at the rear which need inspection.—[The Advance.]

A meeting of the Trustees and Alumni of Oak Grove Seminary was held Saturday. The following board of Trustees was elected: Eben Frye, Vassalboro; Levi Jones, Winthrop; Chas. M. Bailey, Winthrop; William Taber, Unity; and Charles B. Cates, M. D., East Vassalboro. Something over \$4,000 was spent during the past year in making improvements in the building. The rooms are now neat, and furnished with good sets of furniture. A fine chamber set was given to the Principal, Mr. Jones, by his scholars.—[Ken. Jour.]

THE PRESIDENT'S MANNERS.—The best bred men in America are the officers of the regular army and navy. They have been taught to look up to reverence authority and to be respectful. It never leaves them; they become the most dignified and the most simple men in the community. Our chief magistrate is a very conspicuous example of this. Bred a soldier, raised by the most extraordinary series of events to our republican throne and having to contend with an invincible shyness, it is only fair to say that our President has the best manners in the world. Never too cordial, always sufficiently so, never forgetting his station, and yet never obtruding it, it would be difficult to find a man who has committed fewer solecisms, or who has made more people happy by his unaffected and simple greeting, than President Grant; and yet he is a man who has probably never thought twice on the subject in his life. His manners are the outcropping of a training in a school which has produced the perfection of manners.—[Lippincott's Magazine.]

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" A Boston physician says that four young girls full of intelligence and promise, have been killed outright by the severity of the tasks imposed upon them in a high school in that vicinity. An article, apparently from a medical practitioner, which has appeared in a Hartford Journal, says that study, and hard study, promotes digestion, that it is favorable to high physical health, and not unfriendly to rosy cheeks and roundness of form, and all the functions for which God has designed woman in her peculiar sphere. It is not a difficult matter for careful watchful parents to discover when their young daughters are overtasking their mental strength. But parents should give personal attention to the matter in each individual case, and not throw the responsibility on teachers. When the fresh, elastic spirits of youth begin to flag, there is danger ahead.

A full bearded young grandfather recently had his birsute appendage shaved off, showing a clean face for the first time for a number of years. At the dinner table his three year old granddaughter noticing it, she gazed long with wondering eye, and finally ejaculated: "Why, grandfather, whose head you got?"

Romantic Amelia (to her betrothed young doctor) "Look dear, such a beautiful sunset! The sky is all crimson." Unromantic doctor "Ya-as—appears to have had a mustard plaster on."

HAZLITT would probably say of the leveling social theorists of our golden age, as he once said of Bentham, "He could make laws for the whole universe, but as the sailors say, he does not allow for the wind."

THE REVERE DISASTER.—The Coroner's Jury, found that the direct cause of the collision was the negligence of John S. Nowland, conductor of the Beverly train upon which said persons were thus killed, and Ashbel S. Brown, engineer of the colliding Pullman train. The former failed to notify the latter by signal or otherwise, that his, the said Nowland's, train had been delayed on the road, after starting about twenty minutes (late?); and the said Nowland would have known, had he consulted his watch, that the Pullman train was overdue by its regular running time (when) the said Nowland reached Revere. The engineer of the Pullman train had an unobstructed view, of at least half a mile, of the Beverly train as it stood at the depot at Revere, directly before the collision, and could and should have seen the tail lights of said train in season to avoid the collision.

The jury further find that Samuel O. Lunt, depot master at Boston, was remiss in duty in not correctly transmitting the order of the Superintendent to the engineer of the Pullman train to look out for trains ahead, thus depriving the engineer of information that might have enabled him to avoid the Beverly train.

The more remote cause, but not less certain, of the disaster was the delay in the time of starting the Beverly train from the depot in Boston; said delay being occasioned by gross inadequacy of rolling stock necessary for the safe and timely transit of passengers on said road.

The jury further find that frequent delays in the time of starting occasioned by extra or excursion trains, have delayed the running of regular trains, thus adding to the perils of railroad travel.

The necessity of telegraphic communication with other trains on the road, the need of important appliances for the safety of trains, the risk from fire attending the use of explosive burning fluids, the want of a siding at the Sausage Branch and the entire insufficiency of accommodations, have failed to receive that consideration their importance demanded; we therefore find that the President and Directors of the Eastern Railroad Corporation are, to a great extent, responsible for the loss of life aforesaid.

Twenty-five miles an hour is shown, by the signal service observation, to be the average velocity of a storm; when it has twice as much velocity, it becomes a tornado.

The most sagacious men affirm that the root of the whole political evil in New York is in its gigantic election frauds, whereby more votes are returned in some districts than there are adults of both sexes.

One of the old clergymen of Boston advised a parish committee looking about for a pastor to take a young man, on the ground that every church should do its share of taming theological colts.

A man in Kansas was present at the funeral of a neighbor of whom no good could honestly be said. But every one was saying something, and this man, not wishing to appear singular, but being incapable of lying eloquently, remarked that it was "a nice quiet corpse."

Grace Greenwood says that out in Colorado, "Nature seems determined to make up for lost time by producing flowers in matchless profusion and brilliancy of coloring, but sends them in such haste that she forgets to scent them."

A despatch to the Lewiston Journal says a young married man, named Frank Ladd, was shot in the side on Spring st. in Dexter village, about 7.30 o'clock P. M., Tuesday, by a young man named G. J. Worcester. It is said that the shooting was in self-defence, as Ladd had waylaid Worcester, and had struck him a hard blow, Worcester running and Ladd following him up before the shot was fired. Jealousy is said to be the cause of the affray. Ladd was dangerously wounded.

The barn of Junius Taylor, of New Sharon, was entirely consumed by a fire with all of the contents, consisting of hay, farming tools, some wagons, harnesses, etc., and also two pigs, on Friday morning. The cause of the fire is not known.

On Tuesday, three drunken ruffians on the cars of the European Railroad, above Bangor, began an assault on the passengers. Mr. W. B. Hayford, who was set upon by them, drew a revolver and shot one of them in the head, but not making a fatal wound.

There is still some uncertainty whether the bondsmen of Rogers, the bank defaulter, are holden. The defalcation amounts to \$50,000, the entire capital of the bank.

The Maine Central Company advertise excursion tickets to Sebago Lake, White Mountains, North Conway, and return, with reduced rates, via the Portland and Ogdensburg R. R. The fare from Augusta and return, good for 30 days, is only \$5.00.

The third trial of Vanderpool, for killing his partner, Mr. Field, formerly of Lewiston, and in banking business at Manistee, Mich., three years ago, closed Wednesday at Hastings, by acquittal of the prisoner. In the first trial he was found guilty, and in the second the jury disagreed. The trial has lasted over a month.

Mr. Joseph B. Chandler, conductor on the Maine Central, has been presented with two gold badges—one from an Augusta friend, and the other from a Portland friend.

A YOUNG man belonging in Augusta, named Safford and respectfully connected, was on the passenger train bound east Monday afternoon, and making a raid on the express car stole a package containing a dozen watches. He was arrested at Kendall's Mills by officer Edwards and taken to Augusta on the next train and lodged in jail.

The total population of New England is 3,487,924. Of this number, 648,001, or almost one-fifth, are foreign born.

Ex-Secretary Seward, who is now in Berlin, will return to the United States next month, and thus complete his voyage around the world. The evacuation by the German troops of the four departments contiguous to Paris is to be completed on the 18th inst. Negotiations have commenced in relation to the evacuation of the whole of France.

The Portland Advertiser reports the outraging at Cape Elizabeth, Thursday, of an old lady, deaf and dumb, and quite feeble. She is the wife of Mr. Major Phimey. Her brutal assailant was a fellow named Jose.

"A DUNCE you are and a dunce you always will be," said a Scotch school teacher to a dull pupil eighty odd years ago. He was talking to Walter Scott.

Geo. H. Boker, the Philadelphia poet, who wrote some of our most stirring war lyrics, belongs to a rich, thorough-bred Philadelphia family, some of whom think he might have made more money if he had let literature alone.

COME ONE, COME ALL.

THIRD session of the Waterville Union Sabbath School Association, commencing at the Baptist Church, Waterville, Sunday evening, at 8 o'clock, Sept. 17, 1871.

EXERCISES.

From 6 to 7—A Children's Meeting. Addresses and exercises appropriate thereto.

From 7 to 7.30—Devotional.

From 7.30 to 8—Addresses by Rev. D. B. Randall and others. Topic, The duty of all to attend the Sabbath School.

From 8.15 to 8.40—Topic, Duty of teachers to visit their scholars. By Rev. A. S. Ladd.

From 8.40 to 9—Question Box, &c. Monday afternoon at the Congregational Church, commencing at 2.15 o'clock.

From 2.15 to 3—Devotional.

From 3 to 3.40—Topic, How can the Sunday School be made attractive without the loss of Spiritual power? Opened by Rev. Mr. Hill.

From 3.40 to 4.15—Topic, Reviews of Lesson—How often, how completely should we read? By Rev. Mr. Dinsmore.

From 4.15 to 5—General Discussion on questions proposed at the time.

Monday evening at Congregational Church.

From 7 to 7.30—Devotional.

From 7.30 to 8—Topic, Obligation of the teacher to prepare lesson and attend school regularly and preparation needed. Opened by E. B. Drummond.

From 8 to 8.15—Topic, Teachers' meetings; how should they be conducted and duty of teachers to attend. Opened by Rev. Mr. Burrage.

From 8.15 to 8.35—What can teachers do to induce their scholars to study the lesson. Opened by J. B. Bradbury, Esq.

From 8.35 to 9—Question Box and general discussion.

Per order of the Committee. E. R. DRUMMOND, Secy.

AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITIONS—1871.

EAST KENNEBEC, at South China, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 18th, 19th and 20th.

NORTH KENNEBEC, at Waterville, Tuesday, and Wednesday, Oct. 3d and 4th.

KENNEBEC, at Bangor, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 27th and 28th.

EAST SOMERSET, at Hartland, Sept. 12th and 13th.

SMITHFIELD AND NORRIDGEWORK town show, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 21st and 22d.

The Brunswick Telegraph tells of one of the Bowdoin college classes, which has celebrated its bi-centennial anniversary. It is time for the college to take a new departure.

Waterville Free Baptist Quarterly Meeting will hold its September term with the church in Clinton, commencing on the Friday before the third Saturday in September.

The Universalist State Sunday School Convention will be held in Gardiner on Tuesday, October 3d. A large attendance is confidently anticipated.

FIRE IN WATERVILLE.

FIRE was discovered in the old Mathews & Gilman store, one door south of the Post Office, about 1.25 past four o'clock, by some persons on their way to the early train. The

100-1000

MISCELLANY.

NATURE'S COMFORTING.

No, not to the April lilies,
Though fair be their moonlight sheen,
No, not to the July roses,
Though each be a queen,
Not to the sweet spring loveliness,
Not to the summer's glow,
Not to the autumn's gorgeous parting smile,
Nor to winter's royal snow.
The world is rich in its varying dress,
Its seasons are full and fair,
It can brighten, gladden, or dream for us,
But, oh, mourner, go not there!
The young leaves flaunt their fresh, green life,
Though they wave o'er the coffin pall,
The young flowers blossom in beauty bright,
Though our hearts be sad and fall,
The bird's gay carol jars the ear,
That thrills to the death-bell's note,
Sweetly into the darkened room,
Sweet scents of the jasmine float,
If our hopes are lighted, our prizes naught,
Are the fruits less rich and rare?
Wears the laughing sky one cloud for us?
Nay, mourner, look not there!
Who would have nature's comforting,
I needs seek the death-bell's note,
Wherever and where, through sun and shade,
The great waves rise and roar.
The mighty thunderous music
Will tell the fevered brain,
The low melodious monotone,
Breathe patience unto pain.
The whisper of the ebbing tide
Answers the agonizing prayer,
With "wait, hush! wait for a little while,"
Oh, mourner, linger there!
The glorious, vast unchanging sweep,
The long, unceasing boom,
Carry the saddened spirit on
To the world beyond the tomb.
Nothing of fading and coming back,
In the great eternal waves,
Nothing of horrible contrast mocks,
Like flowers on a tombstone grave,
Deep as love is, and solemn as faith,
Tender and strong as prayer,
The sea has solace for every mood,
Oh, mourner, seek it there!
—All the Year Round.

A DUTCHMAN WHO DOESN'T UNDERSTAND THE INSURANCE BUSINESS.—The Pittsburg (Pa.) Leader tells a good story of one Schmidt, a Dutchman in that city, who took the precaution to insure the life of his wife for \$5000, and his stable for \$900, believing the former might die and the latter be burnt, and he could not get along without some compensation for the loss. Both policies had been taken from the same agent. In a few months after the stable had been insured it was destroyed by fire. Schmidt quietly notified the agent and hinted to him that he should expect the money at the earliest possible moment. The agent at once sent a carpenter to ascertain the cost of erecting a new stable of the same dimensions, having ascertained that the property was insured more than it was worth. The builder reported that he could replace the stable with new material for \$500, but unfortunately there was an ordinance preventing the erection of frame buildings—the old stable having been of wood. He was asked to estimate the cost of a brick stable and reported the amount at \$750. The agent then notified Schmidt that he would build him a new brick stable in place of the old frame one, but Schmidt became indignant at the proposition, saying: "I do not understand this insurance business. I pay you for \$900, and when my stable burns down you make me a new one. I do not want a new stable—I want \$900."
The agent reasoned with Schmidt, but all to no purpose. When the stable was nearly finished Schmidt went to consult a lawyer, thinking that he still could get the amount of the policy, besides having the new stable. The lawyer, however, informed him that the company had a right to make good the loss by building a new stable, and expressed surprise at the idea of bringing a suit against them.
"But," said Schmidt, "I insure for nine hundred dollars, and this fellow put up dem stable for seven hundred and fifty; I do not understand this insurance business."
Finding that he could not compel the payment by law, he became disgusted with the insurance business altogether. Calling upon the agent, Schmidt said:
"Mr. Agent, I want you to stop dem insurance on mine frow. I do not pay more monish that way: I don't understand this insurance business."
Agent (surprised)—"Why, Mr. Schmidt you are doing a very foolish thing. You have paid considerable on this policy already; and if your wife should die you will get five thousand dollars."
"Yaw, dat ish what you tell me now," said Schmidt. "Ven I pay you on my stable, you say I get nine hundred dollars if it burn down. So it was burn, and you not give me any monish. You say, 'Oh, dat was an old frame stable—ish not word anything! I make you a brick stable; and you not pay me nine hundred dollars. Ven my frow die, den you say to me: 'Oh, she was an old Dutch woman, she not word anything; I get you a new English wife! And so I lose my five thousand dollar. You not fool Schmidt again. I not understand this insurance business.'"
To FRESHEN SALT PORK.—In the Country Gentleman we find the following written by a correspondent, who claims that the process will make old pork as sweet, fresh and tender as pigs' meat:
Boil slowly in several waters till sufficiently freshened. Then boil it in another water, and reduce it to a fry.—The frying should occupy about fifteen minutes. Fry for a while until about half done or less, so as to get the water well out, or else it will be supple thereafter. Then turn off the fat and pour on sweet milk, which will brown another fifteen minutes, and finish by frying brown. Now you have meat that is perfectly tender, and the oil is not all fried out, as is the case with some meat. The lean part is tender with the rest. Pork even tainted or otherwise objectionable may be thus treated with great advantage. Now let every housewife who reads this recipe try it, and get the benefit of it. Do not pass it by without an experiment, but give it a trial.

MIASM IN DUST.—Dr. Tyndall follows up his investigations upon dust with much enthusiasm. He disavows any desire to meddle with the medical profession, but he would keep the physicians in mind of facts which he develops in the course of his peculiar studies. He says that if blood is kept absolutely free from dust, it will maintain its vitality for weeks. It is the dust which causes it to putrefy by bringing in germs, which are seeds with their own life. Putrefaction and disease he attributes to these germs as a virus. A physician who practiced a certain method of vaccination, avers that he had never been troubled in any case with the complications, that bring odium on vaccination as conveying some poison into the system. He raises a small blister, and after letting out the water, inserts the vaccine matter. The raised portion of the skin acts as a complete covering from external influences. His experience has led to the opinion that the trouble comes not so much from bad matter, as from some germs of mischief in the air, and that physicians often are blamed without cause. Many are satisfied

that contagious diseases are caused by poison floating in the air. To prevent propagation of disease this must use itself up, or be carefully excluded from the air we breathe. Raw cotton has the property of sifting the air, and hence Dr. Tyndall again urges the value of his respirators, of which various convenient forms are devised, more especially to protect the lungs of artisans from the dust which arises in the performance of their daily work. It is a very remarkable fact that all the best disinfectants and antiseptic agents are of the volatile kind, and seem to have virtue chiefly through their influence on what is contained in the air.

Recorder Gurney, of London, who is about to sail for the United States as Commissioner under the treaty of Washington, in reply to an address presented to him by the inhabitants of Southampton, said he hailed the treaty with satisfaction and delight. He was not going to Washington as the advocate of the British, or the opponent of American claims. He was instructed to treat all claims alike. The value or amount was unimportant. It was better to pay any sum than to raise even a suspicion of unfairness.

THE ROGERS EMBEZZLEMENT.—A correspondent of the Boston Journal says: A gentleman informs us, who has conversed with Rogers, the Brunswick bank defaulter, that he acknowledges that his speculations up to the time of his arrest had been going on during thirty years, or from the time he first entered upon his duties as the cashier. Up to the time of his bank's going into the national system his embezzlements amounted to some \$16,000, and Rogers declared that if at any time there had been a careful examination of his books, all his knavery would have been discovered. These embezzlements will absorb nearly the entire capital of the bank, which is \$50,000.

A citizen of Skowhegan, while enlarging the cellar of his house, came across the complete skeleton of a man, in an erect position. How long it had been there, or how it came there, he could not tell. The tenement nearest to it, says the Reporter, was at one time occupied by a physician, who has since moved to the West.

"MURDER WILL OUT."—A skeleton has been found in Unionville, on the Harlem R.R., under the site of a house formerly occupied by Mr. Ephraim Jones, a shoemaker, one of whose apprentices, named Brown, disappeared quite mysteriously, about twenty years ago. These remains are supposed to be those of Brown. A coroner's inquest has been held and Jones examined. Several admissions made by him are regarded as strongly confirmatory of some suspicions entertained against him. When the skeleton was discovered, Jones was asked to look at it, but no persuasion could induce him to do so. Mr. Jones is now upwards of seventy years old.

Mrs. Newbold Edgar, a grand-daughter of Daniel Webster, was married at Newport recently to Jerome Bonaparte. The marriage took place in the Catholic church by special dispensation of the bishop, the bride being a Protestant. Charles Bonaparte of Baltimore, a brother of the bridegroom, officiated as groomsmen, and Mrs. Julia Armstrong, a sister of the bride, as bridesmaid.

Dogs beat Dentists—they insert natural teeth.

General Insurance Agency.
J. B. BRADBURY
HAS resumed the practice of
Fire Insurance.
At his Office on Main Street, and now offers the very popular and desirable
Participation Policies,
And all other approved forms, in perfectly safe and reliable Companies.
Public patronage is respectfully solicited.
Waterville, April 23 1871. 45

L. T. BOOTHBY,
General Insurance Ag't,
Office in Phenix Block,
WATERVILLE, ME.
Representing the Leading Insurance Companies of New England and New York.
Reliable Insurance effected on all kinds of property on most favorable terms.

Life Insurance Agency.
THE subscriber has been appointed SPECIAL AGENT of the
North American Life Insurance Company,
One of the best companies doing business in the country.—Every policy is registered in the Insurance Department of the State of New York, and secured like the circulation of National Banks, by pledge of Public Stocks; will also take risks in the Hartford and New York Insurance Companies on favorable terms. Patronage is respectfully solicited.
Waterville, August 1871—JOS. PRICIVAL.

Carding and Dressing CLOTH.
CROMMETT'S MILLS, WATERVILLE.
This subscriber having taken the above mills, will card Wool and Dress Cloth the coming season. The machinery having been put in perfect order, and all work done warranted to be well done.
DYE HOUSE.
He will also carry on Job Dyeing in all its branches, and the best workmen employed. Special attention given to dyeing cotton and woolen Yarns in all the fine colors. Gentlemen's garments cleaned and dyed; Ladies' Cloaks, Shawls, and other garments that can be dyed. Fine Goods dyed that are out of style or shop worn.
Attention given to cleaning Gent's Garments and Ladies' Cloaks, Shawls, and Shawls.
Waterville, July, 1871. Gm I. G. ALLEN.

FOR SALE
Or To Let.
THE HOUSE of the late Ivory Log, on College Street, will be sold on easy terms. If not sold, will be let, and possession given the 1st of August.
J. P. BLUNT, EXR.

YOU CAN BUY GOODS
AS CHEAP
OF O. F. MAYO
As at any place on the River.
WANTED IMMEDIATELY.
A FIRST CLASS WORKMAN to bottom calf boatboard to take charge in a custom shop.
August 16, 1871.—Wm. L. MAXWELL.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.
WHEREAS, JESSE B. FARWELL, of Benton, in the County of Kennebec, on the eleventh day of September, A. D. 1861, by his deed of mortgage of that date, duly acknowledged, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for Kennebec County, Book 230, Page 59, conveyed to me certain parcels of land situated in said Benton and bounded as follows, viz: on the east by land formerly owned by the late Asahel Blinn, on the north by land of Asahel H. Burton, on the west by the road, and being the same lot occupied by said Farwell, also on one other lot bounded on the south by said road, on the east and west by land of Asahel H. Burton, containing about seven acres, and whereas the conditions of said deed of mortgage have been broken, I there claim to foreclose the same.
Benton, Sept. 1, 1871. S. L. WILLIAM K. LUNT.

Don't wait for a Fire to Warn you
Go at once and insure with
BOOTHBY.
BOOTS & SHOES.
You will find the largest and best selected stock of Ladies', Misses' and Children's shoes in town.
A. O. F. MAYO, opp. the P. O.

Kendall's Mills Column.

MRS. A. ATWOOD
Returns her sincere thanks to her friends and patrons for her favor, and begs to inform them that she will have from her date a carefully selected line of
Fashionable Millinery.
And having secured
A COMPETENT MILLINER,
(MISS F. A. HAYES.)
Is prepared to fill orders promptly and in the most approved style. She is also desirous to call special attention to her new and choice stock of
FANCY GOODS,
Comprising
Kid and Lile Gloves, Hosiery, Real and Imitation Laces, Fancy Ribbons, Sashes, Trimmings of all kinds; Hair and Silk Switches, &c., &c.
All of which she is prepared to offer at the lowest market rate.
Kendall's Mills, Me. Gm 7

REMOVAL.
DR. A. PINKHAM.
SURGEON DENTIST.
KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.
Has removed to his new office,
NO. 17 NEWHALL ST.
First door north of Brick Hotel, where he continues to execute all orders for teeth in need of dental services.

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

F. C. THAYER, M. D.
OFFICE
IN MERO ANTS' ROW, MAIN ST.
OPPOSITE THE CITY AND KENDALL'S STORE,
WATERVILLE, MAINE.
Dr. Thayer may be found at his office at all hours, day and night, except when absent on professional business.
46 May, 1871.

F. Kenrick & Bro.,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
Carriages and Sleighs,
KENDALL'S MILLS.
"epositories at Kendall's Mills and Waterville Me.
F. KENRICK. 36 E. P. KENRICK.

CARDS!
ALL KINDS.
Wedding,
Address,
Traveling,
Business,
Tags,
&c., &c. &c.
Done in the neatest style and at the lowest rates,
AT THE MAIL OFFICE.

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

WING'S
PILLS
Are an unparalleled cure for Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Liver Complaint and all low and Debilitated conditions of the system.
Have you Dyspepsia, and have you tried every thing else and buy a box of WING'S INVIGORATING PILLS and they will cure you.
Have you Jaundice? One box of the PILLS will make you well.
Are you troubled with LIVER COMPLAINT? Are you weak low spirited? circulation sluggish, dull and sleepy? Appetite poor, constive, with Kidney Complaint, with urine high colored, with Pains in the back, Headache, Nervousness, Palpitation &c.
Be sure to try a box of the invigorating PILLS, and you will find it the most sovereign remedy that you ever used.
Are you worn out, thin in flesh, nervous with troublesome cough, and perhaps Neuralgia? Now get straightway and get a box of the PILLS, and all you will have to do is to take according to Directions to be made entirely well.
Are you now, and have you been for some long time subject to severe spells of sick headache, and have you tried the "every thing else" and are not cured? Now the time has come for you to get cured. Take the invigorating PILLS, and you'll not fail to get a happy experience as the result.
The invigorating PILLS are a positive cure for Amenorrhea and Chlorosis, or in other words for Irregularities, such as suppression and retention of the Catamenia.
They will surely restore the natural function. Try them and you will find a true friend. This indispensable function of life and health is brought about by secreting or excreting the Ovaries, and when the secretion has not taken place, no amount of powerful medicine will bring on the usual discharge, no more than a powerful fertilizer will produce corn in a single day. The system must be invigorated, and the special organs nourished into activity, during the proper time by the pills, and a favorable result is sure.
42

Don't wait for a Fire to Warn you
Go at once and insure with
BOOTHBY.
BOOTS & SHOES.
You will find the largest and best selected stock of Ladies', Misses' and Children's shoes in town.
A. O. F. MAYO, opp. the P. O.

A GREAT MEDICAL DISCOVERY

Dr. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA
VINEGAR BITTERS
Hundreds of Thousands
Bear testimony to their Wonderful
Curative Effects.
WHAT ARE THEY?

They are a Gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, possessing the power of invigorating the system, and of restoring the blood to its normal condition. They are the only medicine of the kind, and are the only ones that can be taken with safety by the most delicate of constitutions.

FOR FEMALE COMPLAINTS, whether in youth or old age, they are the only medicine that can be taken with safety. They are the only ones that can be taken with safety by the most delicate of constitutions.

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FOR BOSTON

The new and superior sea-going Steamers
JOHN BROOKS, and MONTREAL, leaving
Boston at 7 o'clock, and returning at 7 o'clock, and
Leaving Atlantic wharf, Portland, at 7 o'clock, and
Wharf, Boston, every day at 7 o'clock, P. M. (Sundays
excepted.)
Fare in Cabin, \$1.00
Deck Fare, L. BILLINGS.

MAINE STEAMSHIP COMPANY.
NEW ARRANGEMENT.
SAMI-WEEKLY LINE.
On and after the 18th inst, the fine steamer
Priggo and Franconia, will until further notice
run as follows:
Leave Portland, Portland, every MONDAY and THURSDAY
at 8 P. M., and leave Portland at 8 P. M. New York, every
MONDAY and Thursday, at 3 P. M.
The ship and Franconia are fitted with fine accommodations
for passengers, making it the most convenient and
comfortable route for travellers between New York and Maine.
From Portland to New York, via Boston, New York, and
Boston, all parts of Maine. Shippers are requested to
send their freight to the Steamer as early as 4 P. M., on the day
they leave Portland.
For freight or passage apply to
HENRY FOX, Oak's Wharf, Portland.
J. R. ALLEN, Pier 38, N. H. York.

MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD.
Summer Arrangement. - 1871.
On and after June 5, 1871, passenger trains will run as follows:
From Upper Depot for Portland and Boston at 11 A. M.
From Lower Depot for same places, with Pullman Palace
car attached, at 11 A. M., and mixed train for Augusta and
Portland at 11 P. M., and mixed train for Boston with
Pullman sleeping car attached, at 11 P. M.
From Lower Depot for Portland, Bangor, Dexter, Belfast
and intermediate places at 4 P. M., 7 A. M., 7:30 A. M.,
and 4:30 P. M.
Freight trains for Portland—upper depot at 5 A. M.,
and for Bangor at 11:30 A. M.
From Lower Depot for Portland 7:50 and 9:35 A. M., and for
Bangor 8:25 A. M., and 10:30 A. M., and 1:40 P. M.
Through tickets are sold and baggage checked through as
heretofore.

EDWIN NOYES, Supt.
L. L. LINCOLN, Asst Supt.
May 25, 1871

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN PATENTS.
B. H. EDDY,
SOLICITOR OF PATENTS
For Inventions, Trade Marks, or Designs,
No. 76 State Street, opposite Kilby Street,
BOSTON.
AFTER an extensive practice of upwards of thirty years,
continues to secure Patents in the United States; also in
Great Britain, France, and other foreign countries. Careful
Specification, Assignments, and all papers for Patents executed
on reasonable terms, with dispatch. Researches made to
determine the validity and utility of Patents of Invention,
and legal and other advice rendered in all matters touching
the same. Copies of the claims of any patent furnished free of
charge. No agency in the United States possesses superior
facilities for obtaining Patents, or ascertaining the
patentability of Inventions.
All necessary of a journey to Washington to procure a Patent,
and the usual great delay there, are here saved.
TESTIMONIALS.
"I regard Mr. Eddy as one of the most capable and successful
practitioners with whom I have had official intercourse."
CHARLES MAISON, Commissioner of Patents.
"I have no hesitation in assuring inventors that they can
not employ a man more competent and trustworthy, and
more capable of putting their applications in a form to secure
for them an early and favorable consideration at the Patent
Office."
EDWIN BUCKER, Late Commissioner of Patents.
"Mr. B. H. Eddy has made for me over THIRTY applications
for Patents, having been successful in almost every case.
Such unobtainable proof of great talent and ability on his
part, leads me to recommend him to inventors to apply to him to
procure their patents, as he is a man of great energy and
the most faithful attention bestowed on their cases, and at very
reasonable charges."
Boston, Jan. 1, 1871.—1528 JOHN TAGGART

NOTICE.
Particular attention given to the manufacture of
MEN'S AND BOYS'
Calf and Kip Boots
TO ORDER.
Of the best stock and at the lowest prices,
At MAXWELL'S.
NO CAPITALIST IS TOO RICH,
NO FARMER IS TOO POOR,
NO MECHANIC IS TOO POOR
to buy an Earth Closet, which is a substitute for the water-
closet for common use, and places within reach of all rich
and poor in the town and in the country, a simple means for
providing, in the house, a comfortable private closet, affording
comfort, neatness and health. Price \$10 to \$25. Send for
Circular to
Earth Closet
Co.,
19 DOANE ST.
BOSTON. ly 12

The Sun.
CHARLES A. DANA, Editor.
The Dollar Weekly Sun.
A Newspaper of the Present Times.
Intended for People Now on Earth.
Including Farmers, Mechanics, Merchants, Pro-
fessional Men, Workers, Thinkers, and all Men
of Honest Felt, and the Wives, Sons, and
Daughters of all.
ONLY ONE DOLLAR A YEAR!
ONE HUNDRED COPIES FOR 50c.
Or less than One Cent a Copy. Let there be a
\$50 Club at every Post Office.

SEMI-WEEKLY SUN, \$3 A YEAR.
Of the same size and general character as
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