



4-5-1872

## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 25, No. 41): April 5, 1872

Maxham & Wing

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### Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 25, No. 41): April 5, 1872" (1872). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 449.  
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## "ROCK OF AGES."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me—  
Thou wast the maiden sung,  
Till the words unconsciously  
From her lips fell;  
Sung as little children sing;  
Sang as the birds in June;  
Till the words like light leaves down,  
On the current of the tune,  
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# Waterville Mail.

VOL. XXV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE . . . . FRIDAY, APRIL 5, 1872.

NO. 41.

Waterville Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANI. R. WING, EDITORS.

## OUR MEXICAN CORRESPONDENCE.

Hacienda de Guamuchil, San Dimas,  
State of Durango, Republic of Mexico,  
Jan. 31st, 1872.

*Friends Mazham and Wing:*—Two months ago to-night, the 30th of Nov., an evening that the young people can with much propriety call "their own," was one of the coldest of the season; and well it might be, for it was the last night of the fall of 1871. It was Thanksgiving evening. The day had been extremely cold, in consequence of which, many sons and daughters who had promised father and mother they would dine under the roof of the paternal mansion, had sadly disappointed them, much to the loving parents and their own regret. You remember how the Bay below Gen. F. Smith's mill had skimmed entirely over with ice from shore to shore, on the night of the 24th of the same month; an occurrence scarcely remembered, or known to the oldest inhabitant of either Waterville or Waterbury, and how the cold continued to hold on, scarcely relaxing its hoary grasp by day, even at "Old Sol's" meridian height, it was hardly perceptible, till Thanksgiving Eve, when the wind seemed fairly and squarely hauled round into the North, and settled for a long spell of severe, cold weather. How long it continued there, deponent saith not, for when the Pullman night train came along, at half past 10 o'clock, half an hour behind time, I stepped on board the cars and started down river towards Bath, but, on arrival at Brunswick, a little past midnight, was coolly informed we could go no farther. There was no alternative but to take hack and go over to the "Hotel," so called; but properly named "Drunkard Hotel," if the scene there presented, together with the coarse, vulgar, profane, Billingsgate language, is a criterion to find a title. I did with my good and true temperance friend, Hon. Joshua Nye, had appeared there that evening, with the same State authority he possessed when State Constable to board the animal right in his den. Methinks he would have "cleaned out" that place at short notice, and secured to the proprietor or proprietress, a berth suited to their requirements. I remarked to the clerk, "It is a shame to subject strangers to such incivility," to which he replied, "I know it, but there has been a ball here tonight, they have drank too much and I don't like to have a row with them at this late hour." How gracious that was, after he had sold them all the liquid poison that un-manned them! It was about equal to Satan's rebuking sin.

Next day, after almost freezing the remainder of the night, I went down to Bath, hoping an approach to the salt water would secure warmer weather, but in this we were doomed to disappointment. A ride of a dozen or more miles with a hired horse and buggy was the most tedious it was ever my lot to endure, and feelings of sincere gratitude and thankfulness did spring up in my heart, as a realization of the truth pressed itself upon me that I was indeed on my way to a warmer country than Maine.

On the morning of Saturday, the 2d of December, I started for Mazatlan, the capital city of the State of Sonora, Republic of Mexico, first taking my course toward the city of San Francisco by rail. A beautiful ride or journey of 4048 miles through the States of Maine and New Hampshire to Bristol in Rhode Island; From thence by water up the Sound to the Empire City, through New York, northwesterly to the Suspension Bridge; across the Bridge to the Queen's Dominion; through Canada West and Michigan into burnt, charred Chicago. A half day's ride over a part of the 2700 burnt acres of that ill-fated city reveals a desolation that beggars all description. Leaving Chicago we go southwesterly through the middle of Illinois to St. Louis, through Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming Territory, over the Rocky Mountains, Utah, Nevada, into California, to San Francisco, where we arrived at 8 o'clock in the evening of the 18th of December, finding no frost, nor thermometer standing at 8 and 10 degrees below zero. To our delight, we find a climate there as mild and delightful as the latter part of the month of May in Maine, and the ranchers or farmers ploughing, sowing and harvesting in their grain. What a contrast! It hardly seems possible, but such was the fact at that time, and that same grain now is in all probability knee high and heading out to ripen for the harvest. Thus in fifteen days time, we visit seven and a half and quietly ride on our way seven and a half days more, and find ourselves 4048 railroad miles from where we started following our course.

On Saturday the 16th, with valise in hand, we inquire our way to the wharf of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company where we enter the Ticket Office and procure a first class ticket worth \$50 for Mazatlan, 1489 miles distant. There is great commotion. Loads of freight of every description; and, among the rest, are six Sea Lions for P. T. Barnum's Museum in New York. Loads of provisions of all kinds, loads of baggage, express wagons, mail matter, backs with passengers, passengers on foot with their trunks. Noon the first gun is sounded at 1-2 past 11 o'clock telling all that in another half hour's time the Steamship takes her departure. In fifteen minutes the second gun is sounded. The bustle increases. Questions and answers are quickly given. Friend shakes and presses the hand of friend—tears are shed as one bids another "good bye," perhaps never again to see each other on earth. The 3d and last gun is sounded, and there is great rushing to get on board, and on shore. The Captain sings out, "all aboard!"—the 1st, 21 and 34 mates reiterate the same. The gangway plank is hauled in, the bell is rung; the ponderous machinery groans, and the great side wheels begin to move back water. The hawsers are played out to their full extent, till the floating monster is turned round pointing towards the "Golden Gate" when the Captain cries out "let go!" and the two hawsers are slipped from their fastenings and dropped into the water from whence they are dragged into their place, when the noble old Pacific Mail Steamship Constitution, of 3,375 36-100 tons burthen, new government measure, starts on her long trip of 3500 and odd miles to Panama C. A. We call at Magdalena Bay, on the coast of Lower California; spend a day; and take in a great number of tons of freight and go again on our way till early on the morning of the 23d inst., when she steams within 2 miles of the port of Mazatlan, fires her arrival gun, drops anchor and discharges freight and passengers.

I have been a long time telling this story, and employed many words; methinks I hear you say. Here we will rest for another time, remembering the distance from Waterville to Mazatlan, by the route selected, as compiled from conductors private checks and printed statements, is 5528 miles.

General Emery in a letter to the War Department says great lawlessness exists in Mississippi, and that the authorities are defied and their lives threatened.

Now in the name of all that's honorable, Cal. Bullard should have taken himself to the room originally assigned him. I regret very much to say—for he really was a good, honest sort of fellow—he did no such thing. He remained at first because he was too comfortable to stir, and too drowsy to be fairly called an eaves-dropper, and finally become so engrossed as actually to forget he had no right to hear.

This feminine pair outside touched upon various topics of interest in the past, then began upon the present, which with Sue was chiefly merged in husband, baby, house, and help. This, of course, led to the question of matrimony, and the girlish matron began to put forth ingenious little feelers on the subject of Wilde's remaining single. It was at this point Cal's interest centered. Having a fine opportunity of observing her, he saw a lady on the sunny side of thirty, with an abundance of black hair, half braids, half curls, which seemed to be all her own; large winsome eyes of some indescribable color, a clear, dark complexion, bordering on olive, and a mouth so full, so fresh and red it might have belonged to a girl of thirteen, instead of a woman fearfully near to thirty. A soft color came and went on her healthful cheek, long lashes drooped over her eyes two or three tiny curls strayed over her smooth, low forehead, and about her ears, altogether she looked charming enough to deepen the interest Cal had felt in her the instant her unconscious hand had touched his breast, and rendered him exceedingly desirous of finding out, how she had escaped the matrimonial snare.

The lady met the subject frankly. "You may think I have a singular reason for remaining single—most people do who do not know the particulars—it is my name."

"Fit for a novel or a poem," exclaimed Sue, enthusiastically. "I don't wonder you're attracted to it."

"Attached to it? I'd rather be Bridget O'Rafferty. Attached to it? I abhor it!"

"Abhor it? Abhor Wilde Rose that exalts in the blending of sweetness and sentiment? You astonish me. I remember a time when you were proud enough of it."

"Yes, I was proud of it," replied Wilde, very sadly. "I never dreamed of it standing persistently between me and happiness."

"I don't see how that is, since you could so easily change it."

"If you have time to listen, I'll tell you."

"I have ample time, or will have when I give Sibbie a direction or two. Baby always sleeps three hours, and he's not fairly in the first yet, so I have two hours to spare."

"I'm not going to open a three volume romance," said Wilde gayly when Sue returned. "You look as though you had just stepped out of one, responded Sue, sitting down close beside her on a little footstool, and laying her arm, in the old school-fashion, across her lap."

Miss Rose prefaced her story with the reminder that she had left school very suddenly upon the occasion of her mother's unexpected death, and had left behind her a lover—Sue said three—named Rainsford De Neri.

"I met him the following summer. Aunt Emeline knew his family, very wealthy, pleasant people they were, and took a great fancy to me. There were four girls, and Ford was the only remaining son. His family wanted my consent to an immediate marriage. They had lost faith in engagements from the fact that another, older son, had become dissipated, and finally shot himself, because the lady he loved persisted in postponing their union. They wanted to make sure of me for Ford, yet though, at the time, I loved him with all my heart, I refused to name the day, and ended by breaking with him altogether."

"May I ask why?" spoke Sue, as Miss Rose paused and wound a bracelet of honeysuckle around her wrist.

"De Neri was his middle name. Upon entering school he dropped the last, fearing the ridicule it would excite. It was Hogg."

"Well," said Sue, expectantly, as her friend again bent her attention upon her emerald bracelet strung with coral.

"Why don't you see, if I had married him, I should have been a Wilde Hogg."

Wilde Rose was very serious, but seeing Sue's little round face all puckered up with suppressed laughter, came to her assistance with hearty good will, and the dove-cote of a domestic fairly quivered under their merriment. Cal himself was obliged to fill his mouth with his handkerchief, or he would have joined in with a wholesome ha ha, that might have frightened them out of their wits.

"Where, then, would have been your exquisite blending of sweetness and sentiment?" asked Miss Rose, and Sue went off again.

"My second lover was a lawyer, an honest one everybody said. Pa thought the world of him. He's dead now, dear soul. I know I would have been happy as his wife, but I refused him and broke his heart."

One or two coral beads dropped from her trembling fingers to the floor, the red lips quivered, her long lashes touched a paling cheek.

Sue ventured an expectant "well?"

"He spelled his name with a y between the a and t, yet it was Cal, all the same. Laugh, Sue, never mind because I can't."

Sue didn't feel very much like it.

"Next came a gentleman I should have been sure of having loved at first sight, had it not been for the Hogg chapter. His was a style I most admire, tall, broad-shouldered, tawny-haired and bearded, with blue eyes."

"That's me," whispered Cal.

"In conversation and manners he was as fascinating as in appearance," continued Miss Rose, unconscious of an interruption. "He loved me, Sue, and I loved him so well I have cared for no man since, yet I separated myself from him, for the same reason that separated me from all the rest. My name linked with his was an abomination. It was Wilde Coon. Since then, and that was seven years ago, I might have chosen from an entire menagerie, might have turned wild beast and many another obnoxious wild thing, had I so chosen; in fact, so peculiar and so bitter has been my experience I never see a man I admire, or think I could love, without expecting to hear him called by some brute's name that, linked with mine would make me a shame and disgrace. Do you wonder now that I prefer remaining Wilde Rose, or that I hate the name that seems destined to stand between me and woman's dearest joys?"

"Never mind," said Sue, soothingly, "there are birds and flowers in the world as well as

beasts;" how Cal applauded this unusual cleverness. "We shall see you a happy woman yet, mated with one of these. How did your sisters marry?"

"White married a Mr. Dore."

"White Dore, how lovely!"

"And Moss or Mossy, as we called her, married Mr. Banks."

"Mossy Banks, that's pretty too; let me see, you had a brother, hadn't you?"

"Yes, Two years my senior. Vining Rose."

"He's in no danger though, he'll always be Rose, and you, my darling, by any other name will be as sweet; now come into the parlor and see my Charity Patient."

An individual who was not a charity patient, but who would have been a patient of some sort had Sue found him there, arose noiselessly and slipped out at one door as they entered by another.

"Sue," he called out cautiously, some fifteen minutes later, as that lady tripped past his door with her newly awakened baby in her arms, "come in a bit, I want a word with you."

She entered. Cal closed the door.

"Have you told your friend anything about me?"

"Bless me. I forgot such a being existed till I came up here."

"Do you think she has never heard of me?"

"Sure of it. You know I never saw you myself, scarcely knew of you until long after she and I lost sight of one another."

"Right. Now I have a confession to make," and he told her where he had been and what he had heard. Of course Sue berated him, as a pretty little woman ought, and was persuaded into good humor, as such women invariably are. She flew out at him again when he proposed she should introduce him to her friend as Mr. Bull. She would do no such thing, not she, indeed.

"Oh, Cal, I'm so glad you're here! Now if you and she are mutually pleased, nothing would delight me more. Then your name, your own name I mean, would be such a sweet match for hers."

She might have rambled on in that strain for an hour had not Cousin Cal brought her back to the starting point. She finally agreed to his proposition "just for fun for a day or two," provided John was willing.

Before being introduced to the lady guest Cal strolled to the depot and met John, who was willing. Miss Wilde Rose met the gentleman whose "style" was that she most admired, and, upon hearing his name, whispered under her breath, "I believe it's fate," and began to court fate by being agreeable to Mr. Bull.

Two or three days later, Sue suggested that the joke had gone far enough. Cal explained that it was no joke at all then; instead it began to be a very serious matter.

"To tell the honest truth, Sue, I believe I'm in love with this dark, Wilde Rose of yours. I want to discover whether this is so or not. To study my chance of winning her if it is. And, Sue, the woman whom I love, and who loves me, must be above the petty weakness of allowing a name to stand between us. Don't fret about the one I'm wearing for the present, give us time to make or mar our future."

"But Cal, she has loved, and allowed a name to influence her."

"I am thirty-four, little cousin, and have fancied myself in love many times, yet lived to find myself mistaken. I am still heart whole, so is she, she's not, rather would she be called by the name of any obnoxious wild thing, than be Miss Rose to-day."

Youth is kindly disposed toward old age, but not toward middle age, especially when it sits easily and gracefully on the head of a lady who is, as the phrase goes "still in the market." Feminine eyes see no foreshadowing of the glory Scripture assures us dwells in hoary hair, shining along the "few silver threads" they are so quick to point on the head of the "mature siren." Consequently the nine and twenty years that had rolled over Miss Rose's head, and left her so charming still, would have excluded her from the society of the village belles more effectually than ninety and nine would have done, had it not been for Cadwallader Bullard. He constituted himself her attendant knight, and not even a bow was to be had from him unless she was there to see. Miss Rose was fond of company, and tolerably good tempered, therefore she genially accepted terms, and entered the charmed circle of youth and beauty.

Of course in the above connection, I do not speak of women as a class, but of those who "might change minds and not know it," whose sole end and aim in life is matrimony, and to whom every fancied hindrance in that pursuit is an object of detestation and disparagement.

Whether Mr. Rose had or had not loved before, has nothing to do with this portion of her history. Certain it is that her heart went out to Cal as his to her, yet for all that when he proposed, which he did right speedily, for the period of his stay was limited, she refused him. Suspecting the reason—for he had read love in those lustrous, down-shining eyes too often to mistake it—no sense of delicacy deterred him from pressing her to give him one.

"Say you do not love me. I'll go away and trouble you no more."

Wilde wouldn't say that. Finally, for reason, she put into his hand a leaf evidently torn from a book. Upon this was a neatly executed bull in a garden of roses, done in blackberry and puke juice. The bull rampant, the roses tossed and torn. It was evening and they were alone together on the small piazza that ran around the house like leaves and vine-tendrils. Cal leaned in at the parlor window where the gas burned low to examine this piece of workmanship.

"Who did this?" he asked, a color tawny as his hair and beard flashing over his face.

They had been out blackberrying with a party the day before, and Miss Rose explained how she had found this on a bush past which a triumphant feminine trio had just flattered, beautiful but extravagantly happy.

"Well, really," said Cal with an easy laugh, settling himself on the window-sill, and stabbing the belligerent bovine through and through with his pencil. "I cannot understand what this has to do with the subject in question."

"It has everything to do with it," spoke Miss Rose, with a vehemence bordering on hysterics. "Don't you see, if I married you I should be a Wilde Bull?"

"I see nothing of the sort. Pardon me, but this is preposterous."

"Would not that be my name?"

"Suppose we say granted, you would not necessarily be a—," Cal paused.

"Brute," supplied Miss Rose. "No, yet I should wear a brute's name, and be the laughing stock for all who knew me."

"I am satisfied," returned Cal, gloomily, "you place self and the world between me and my love. You do not love me."

He wheeled in at the little low window, strode through the parlor and was gone. Nevertheless, he was not in the least satisfied, nor did he mean the matter should end there.

"I must leave this place at once," said Miss Rose, with a little sob. "Dear Paradise! Let me take this with me, so that I may remember what has driven me hence and never allow myself to be ever persuaded."

She stooped for the caricature, where Cal had dropped it—it was a caricature, by the way, the bull bearing a strong resemblance to Cal, while every rose had Wilde's full lips and big eyes—and leaned in at the window to examine it once more. Suddenly a great wave of color rolled over her face, she swept into the parlor and made the fly over the drop-light fairly ring under the fierce flame she turned on.

"I'll not go away to-morrow," she said. "No, Mr. Cadwallader Bullard Glen. I'll not go to-morrow."

The second day from that date saw Miss Rose drop her tating on the porch, and, to the great amazement of Cal and Sue, accost a gentleman who was sauntering past the front gate, gazing skyward in the most absorbed manner.

"Mr. Bird! Oh Mr. Bird!"

"Wilde Rose!" he exclaimed, in return. "Is it possible? Well, surely this is just the spot for roses, yet I never would have dared hope to find you here."

He was holding both her hands and looking into her face with eyes dangerously dark, a man whom Cal recognized at a glance as one whose companionship he would not have cared to have his sister share. Yet he was singularly handsome, and wonderfully well-dressed. He had just arrived; was putting up at the hotel; and meant to stay a month or more if he liked the place.

Cal couldn't help hearing this, although he continued his reading alone to Sue, and went away down into his chest for tones deep enough to drown those of the stranger and Miss Rose.

Wilde introduced her friend, who accepted Sue's invitation to take a chair, and utterly disgusted Cal by tipping it back, putting his feet up on the frail balustrade, and tapping his boots loudly with his cane as he talked, which he did something after the manner of the hero in low comedy. Miss Rose didn't appear disconcerted in the least. On the contrary, she evinced such unmistakable preference for him, and proved by her conversation to be on such intimate terms with him, that Cal turned actually sick. Not that he dreamed her, for a moment, aware of the man's character, but because she was not aware of it, and, being deceived, might end in being dazzled. Yes, doubts of his own influence over her, doubts of the mad plan that might end in seeing the cup of happiness dashed from his lips, deepened and darkened in Cal's mind day by day, for Mr. Bird's first call was by no means his last.

"I must find an opportunity to tell her, of my deception," said Cal, "for her sweet sake, if not for my own; things cannot go on in this way."

He had seen this fellow's hand in Wilde's wilder braids and curls, and Sue had seen him kiss her.

"Oh, Cal," cried the small matron, "if you only had not taken that foolish freak! Let me tell her," she pleaded. "Let me tell her everything; how you have gone by your step-father's name of Bullard, because you were so little when your mother married, but how your own name is even a sweeter match for hers than his. Wilde Rose Glen. Do let me tell her!"

Too much feeling made Sue rather incoherent; yet Cal understood her, appreciated her championship, although deciding it best to await his chance and make his own confession to Miss Rose.

The chance for the confession, and the confession itself, was brought about in a singular manner.

Miss Rose had made some rustic acquaintances quite beyond the bounds of the greenery where she sojourned. She had gone alone, and on foot, to visit these, when a great storm cloud arose, and brooded blackly in the northern sky. Sue began to worry about her. Cal who had been fishing all day and just returned thought she wouldn't start.

"Yes, she will," asserted Sue; "I know she will; she is punctual as a clock, and promised to be back by six. It is five now, and she must have started."

Cal went to meet her. The road by which she must come, led part way through a wood, and by the time he reached there the storm was very near at hand. The lightning smote the air with sharp bright swords, thunder rattled among the tree tops and quaked underground, great whirls of dust and leaves whirled by, but Cal strode along, nothing daunted. Finally he came upon Miss Rose burying over the tangled foot-path, hat in hand, her large eyes luminous with terror. This was the first of their meeting alone since she had refused him, seven days before. Neither thought of that. Cal put a sheltering arm around her, and she was "so glad, so glad"—too glad to say what for.

"We have not an instant to lose," said he; "the storm is close upon us. I saw a rock a step or two back; if we can reach the south side of that—"

But, no. The tempest burst upon them with a deafening roar, a blinding rush, in great sheets of blue flame and rain, that seemed like a loosened sea.

Wilde was no heroine, with stately pulses always at command, ready with no end of fine-spun talk suited to the sublimity of the occasion. She shrieked. She saw no sublimity in it. Ordinarily, she had little fear of lightning; still, ordinarily, she viewed it under more favorable circumstances.

Cal, too, was fairly distraught. He bethought him of stricken trees, of falling trees, of the danger from these, and the drenching which was now inevitable, despite the wraps he had brought along, and he had no word of consolation or encouragement. However, that was just as well. Miss Rose could not have been benefitted by anything of the sort; their utterance would never have reached her in that terrible uproar.

They clung together under the rocked and straining trees until the fury of the storm was spent. Its duration had been short but violent. The wind moaned and the rain fell in softening showers, faint sun-gleams flitted fitfully over the tree-tops, tiny wing



## Waterville Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, EDITOR.

WATERVILLE... APR. 5, 1872.



## 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 office.

S. M. PETTINGILL & Co., 10 State St., Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York.  
S. E. MILES, No. 4 Feelsay Building, Boston.  
GEO. P. KOWELL & CO., No. 40 Park Row, New York.  
T. G. EVANS, 106 Washington St., Boston.

Advertisements abroad are referred to the Agents named above.

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

## NEW DEPARTURE IN TEMPERANCE.

It has for some time been a growing conviction among temperance men—such as watch the signs of the times and look for the coming of better things—that the Washingtonian spirit of this great reform is preparing the public heart for a radical manifestation in the way of progress. The alarming tendency of young men to ways of dissipation has been suggestive of the necessity of such a work; and the zealous efforts of leading philanthropists to save the youth by preparing the children to withstand temptations that come by way of rum and tobacco, has opened the eyes of the parents everywhere to see the magnitude of a growing evil. Alarm has been brought close to the fireside and effective interest excited because danger stalked there. The gradual concentration of temperance labor in the two orders of Sons and Templars, taking the work out of the sight of those who before thought themselves co-workers in the cause, tended to begot in good minds the uneasiness that always follows a want of faithfulness in well doing. They heard the tramp of the enemy, but they had no leaders for the contest. The zealous men who would have led them were busy in the divisions and lodges, where they found enough to do. Disorganized and bewildered, they folded their hands and listened to the beating of their own hearts. Even when they saw signs that the slimy finger of the politician was manipulating the machinery of the organized workers, and that temperance legislation, to which they had looked as a forlorn hope, was likely to be poisoned and deranged by treacherous hands, they could only pray that this cup might pass, without raising a finger to push it aside. Their eyes were blinded to everything but the danger under which their hearts stagnated and froze.

So it was, but it is so to-day. The spell is not yet broken. The heart of philanthropy is full to bursting, but nobody hears it beat. By-and-by when its throbs are loud enough, the windows of heaven will open. Possibly even now there are signs of a "coming" that is to be full of blessing. Legislation has just now done all that was asked, and the response of the people is a frank amen! This is not enough, and so we hear a bursting peal of encouragement coming up from the ranks of those who have all along been supposed to stand most in the way. In their own behalf the drinking men are taking the work of their own reform into their own hands. Slowly and steadily the work goes on, but with a growing force and strength that is full of promise. The cities of the Kennebec are sending their banners abroad while they nurture their strength at home. Such men are not to be driven or hurried. They have braved legal session, and now yield only to themselves. The temperance army, like those of the battle field, may have two wings; and if they think the legal session wing weak let the moral session wing put to the more strength. The two will balance each other and carry the work forward.

**THE SAME OLD CAUSE.**—James Hennessey, of Winterport, went up to Bangor, early last week, to draw his pension for injuries received in the service of the United States; but some delay occurring in the payment, he wandered about the city and fell into bad company who persuaded him to spend his money for drinks, and he was lodged in the lockup at night. He was discharged in the morning, without a fine, and nothing more was seen of him until his dead body was found on Friday, beside the road at Six Mile Falls. His remains were kindly cared for and taken to Bangor, and his wife summoned, and her demonstrations of grief, says the Whig, "were painful to witness, and the poor thing hardly knew what to do with herself for hours." Hennessey was about 38 years of age, and leaves six children. Another victim to strong drink.

**CONNECTICUT** goes republican this year a little stronger than last, the vote standing as follows:

Jewell 46,886; Hubbard, 44,447; Gillette, 1,525; Harrison, 384. Jewell's plurality 2,000; majority over all, 14. The senate stands 15 Republicans to 6 Democrats. The house stands 131 Republicans to 110 Democrats. Republican majority on joint ballot 89. Last year it was twenty-four. The Republicans elect Sheriffs in 6 counties and the Democrats in 2.

**MR. W. H. LAMBERT**, repeated his lecture on "Dickens" in Augusta, last evening.

## METEOROLOGY—MARCH 1872.

A remarkable cold month, March, 1872, as March. We never registered so cold a one before. The mean of the 23 first days of it, was 2.18 degrees colder than the mean of the three preceding winter months, December, January and February, and the whole 31 days, together, but a fraction warmer. Their tabulation stands thus—(this mark — indicates below zero.)

	Mean Temp.	Max. Temp.	Min. Temp.	Rain & Snow in inch.	Snow Fall, in inches.
Dec.	10.43	44	-10	5.52	28.25
Jan.	20.11	49	-4	1.71	15.4
Feb.	21.08	44	-10	1.77	17.25
Mar.	22.09	45	-8	2.75	16.25

Thus we have the total amount of moisture 10.75 inches, and a snow fall of 77.25 inches, the past four months.

At this writing (April 1st.) there is about an average depth of eight or ten inches of snow on the ground, and a pretty fair prospect of a *quantum sufficit* to be expected during the next thirty days to answer all necessary reasonable demands. Therefore, in conclusion, we would most respectfully submit to all the weather inquirers, far and near, the interesting question propounded to the good Deacon Stokes, of old time—

"If this cold weather still continues here, What time will green peas be along this year?"

B. F. WILBUR.

West Waterville.

## BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS.

It may not be known to everybody that there is a large and flourishing organization in existence, under the above title, with a Grand International Division which held its last meeting in Toronto, Oct. 18, 1871, and subordinate Divisions all over this country and the Dominion of Canada. It is an association of locomotive engineers, to elevate their standing as such and their characters as men; and we are pleased to learn from some documents recently sent us from Portland, that the item of temperance occupies a prominent place in their rules and regulations. All members must be of good moral standing, and drunkenness, liquor selling and wilful slander furnish good grounds for expulsion. The organization is, to a certain extent, a benevolent one; and in case of death of members the pecuniary situation of the family is inquired into and the wife and children looked after and provided for. In this connection we quote from their Monthly Journal:—

Considering the perilous nature of their calling, they have established a widows', orphans' and disabled members' fund, which amounted at the last annual report to about \$15,000, and a total amount of cash on hand of \$25,000. To further secure to their families a home in case of death, they have a benefit society, which guarantees to the wife, children or heirs, on the death of a member, the sum of \$3,000. This amount is collected by assessments, pro rata, on each member. Under this head the order has disbursed \$200,000. The order is publishing a monthly journal, the profits of which last year amounted to over \$4,000. This is also disbursed in charities to the disabled, and the needy widows and orphans of deceased brothers.

As illustrating their position on the subject of temperance we may quote the following from the last annual address of the Grand Chief Engineer:—

There is no middle ground on this question. No engineer can maintain a respectable standing, and be guilty of the excessive use of liquor, and no division of our Brotherhood can exert much influence with their Railroad officials if they sustain or countenance any member that is intemperate. We profess to be temperate men, and we must live up to our professions, or else our labors and expenditures, as an organization, will all go for naught, and instead of being of any benefit to the temperate and reliable engineer to be a member of our Brotherhood, it will be a disgrace. I hope that every division will realize the full responsibility and disgrace they incur, by sustaining any member that is addicted to the accursed habit of intemperance.

This organization has a membership numbering 7000, with 171 sub-divisions. The following list of the officers of the Portland Division contains the names of some Waterville boys and old friends familiar to our readers:—  
E. S. Newell, Chief; J. F. McLellan, F. E.; H. A. Penney, S. E.; H. B. Wing, F. A. E.; L. V. Walker, S. A. E.; Wm. G. Penney, T. A. E.; J. A. Sinclair, G.; P. G. Evans, Chaplain.

Long may this noble organization keep the track, following closely the glorious head-lights it now proudly displays—'Sobriety, Truth, Justice and Morality.'

**A SAIL HOLIDAY.**—It is one of the established privileges of the Senior Class of Colby University, it seems, giving them a happy escape from their lessons and an opportunity to visit the sugar camps in the region round about. "Rustics," a surly fellow whose opinion of "college learning" is not very exalted, but who attaches a Yankee signification to the word *sap*, says the students can, "out of their own heads," make a festival of that kind three hundred and sixty-five days in a year.

**SNOW.**—To the following astounding announcement the savant of the Boston Traveller coolly adds that he is glad to see the views of the matter which he has always advanced so ably supported:—

Prof. Agassiz writes from the Hassler: "But of one thing I am satisfied, since I have examined the Tomocaris Piercei—that Trilobites are not any more closely related to the Phylloporas than to any other Entomostraca, or to the Isopoda. In reality the Trilobites are, like Tomocaris, a synthetic type, in which structural features of the Tetra-lepods are combined with characters of Entomostraca and other peculiarities essentially their own."

**GILBRETH KNOX** has been sold to Mr. Wentworth, of Boston, but at what price is a little uncertain, as several prices are named, but it is probably not far from \$15,000.

Under the new temperance law the sheriffs are notifying liquor dealers to close up to avoid unpleasant consequences, and in some places seizures have been made.

## OUR TABLE.

**OLD AND NEW.**—The April number contains among other matter of value and interest, some curious statements (in Mr. Hale's introduction) about the Japanese, and the letter of credence of the Japanese ambassador to this country from his Imperial Japanese Majesty, Mutsuhito, is correctly printed in the Washington Correspondence, while the address to the House of Representatives is given in the Introduction. Mr. John Burroughs, a singularly agreeable writing discourse about early spring in "A March Chronicle." Dr. Bellows examines "The Break between Modern Thought and Ancient Faith and Worship." There is a very taking statement of the wonderful wealth of the famous "Silver Lake Mine" on Lake Superior; and quite an elaborate history is given of a queer German controversy over two pictures attributed to Holbein. The three serials afford their usual unusual quality of story material. The Record of Progress contains some useful statistics of a practical tenement-house reform in Boston; and there is a good assortment of poetry interspersed.

Attention should be paid to the attractive offer of the Publishers, who now begin furnishing to every new subscriber one of two striking and favorite chromo-lithographs, viz.: Raffaelli's famous picture of "The Madonna in the Chair," or, if preferred, a group of two emblematic female figures, representing "Faith and Hope." Both are richly and warmly colored, and will form a permanent and agreeable decoration to the family dwelling. Address Geo. A. Collinge, Business Agent, 143 Washington St., Room 1, Boston, care of Roberts Brothers, Publishers. Terms (payable in advance), \$4.00 per annum. Single numbers, 35 cents (mailed, post-paid.)

**THE LADIES' REPOSITORY**, a general literary and religious magazine for the family, published under the auspices of the M. E. church, presents in the April number two fine steel engravings—Lake Pepin, Mississippi River, and a portrait of the late Hon. George T. Cobb, of New Jersey. Handsome wood engravings also illustrate the following articles:—'A Note Me Understand Thy Word'; 'A Ramble in Paris'; 'Lutterworth Church and John Wycliffe, and General Mercator.' The number is full of excellent reading which cannot fail to exert a good influence wherever it is read.

Published by Hiltchcock & Walden, Cincinnati, and Carlton & Lammann, New York, at \$3.00 a year. J. P. Ming'e, Boston, Agent.

**THE LITERARY WORLD**, of Boston, comes to us monthly, filled with choice readings from the best writers of the age, and able and discriminating criticism. The number for April contains letters from J. G. Whittier, Col. T. W. Higginson, and F. Parkman, commending the ability, candor and conscientious thoroughness and impartiality of the following articles:—'A Note Me Understand Thy Word'; 'A Ramble in Paris'; 'Lutterworth Church and John Wycliffe, and General Mercator.' The number is full of excellent reading which cannot fail to exert a good influence wherever it is read.

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**TOUGH STORIES.**—The Gardner Journal has found a man eighty-five years old who writes "Jr." after his name; and who said he had just left his father chopping wood at the door, at the age of one hundred and two years! The Journal triumphs for a tougher story. We give it up; but we've "hearn say" that a stranger who since passed by the old homestead of these men found the venerable 102-year-old crying on the door-step, and on inquiring "What's the matter?" got for an answer "Dad's been licking o' me!"

**RHODE ISLAND** held her annual election on Wednesday, when the Republicans chose their whole State ticket, except the Lieut. Governor and a Republican legislature. The candidate for Lieut. Governor had rendered himself obnoxious, and is perhaps defeated before the people. The Senate will stand 20 republicans and 11 democrats; the House, 53 republicans, 17 democrats, and 3 no choice.

**REV. MR. HILL**, who has been employed by the Congregationalist Church in this village for six months past, has closed his labors here, and the church is without a pastor. Mr. H. has proved himself an earnest worker while here and many friends will part from him with regret.

**A Kendall's Mills** correspondent of the Journal says the liquor agency of Fairfield has been closed by a unanimous vote of the town at the late meeting. We hope it will stay closed, but such was not the result of a similar vote in Waterville a few years ago. We suggest to our Fairfield neighbors, that if such an institution is demanded by law they ought to bear their share of the odium.

**OFFICERS EDWARDS** and Chase captured a keg of rum from bad hands, near the lower depot, on Sunday last. The filthy stuff was shuffled about considerably, and was the innocent cause of half a dozen lies from several of its particular friends; but it was compelled to yield, and up to the present time its true owner, though well enough known, has not been found.

**AMONG THE "FINE ART NOTES"** in a late number of the Boston Daily Globe, we find the following mention of a former resident of our village:—

Seavey is rapidly taking rank as a flower painter, and finds difficulty in keeping up with the public demand.

**GRANVILLE'S** last note to our government, on the Alabama claims, says the correspondent of the Boston Traveller, "is the subject of considerable comment, and great anxiety prevails to know its contents. An eminent statesman who has read it says: 'It is long, tedious and evasive; it is very polite, diplomatic, peculiarly British and entirely unsatisfactory.'"

**DELEGATIONS** from the Reform Clubs of Gardner, Hallowell, Augusta and Bath visit Portland to-night for the purpose of assisting in the formation of a similar organization in the Forest City.

It is stated that the Maine Central Railroad Co. has voted to pay \$20 a month to the widow of William Barron, the brakeman who died from severe injuries received at the terrible accident down the river last year; but it is not said how long they will continue to do so.

The town of Houlton, at its last annual meeting, repudiated its debt contracted in aid of the Houlton Branch Railroad.

**REV. MR. LADD** will preach at the Methodist Church next Sabbath evening. Subject, 'The Methodism, its doctrines, usages, etc.'

**PROFESSOR MORSE**, the inventor of the telegraph, died in New York, on Tuesday evening, at the age of 81 years.

**DR. S. F. NEAL**, of Livermore Falls, a graduate of Colby University of the class of '52, died last Tuesday, leaving two orphan children, his wife having died two years ago.

The wood shed of the Maine Central Railroad, at Belgrade, came near being burned on Tuesday.

**THE WEATHER** is decidedly wintry, though the almanac assures us that we are well into the second month of Spring. The rivers and streams are as firmly bound in icy fetters as at any time this winter, and the old crop of snow yet covers the tops of the fences; but it is encouraging to remember that this condition of things is not unprecedented in Maine, and the Kennebec Journal presents the following reminiscences:—

On the 15th of May, 1863, the 21st of April, 1865, and the 1st of April, 1868, snow fell to the depth of ten or eleven inches. April 15th, 1852, now fell to the depth of sixteen inches. In 1847 the ice did not leave the Kennebec river, until the morning of the 29th; and in April, 1854, it went out on the 21st. May 6th of the above year it snowed hard, and was so cold the night previous that ice made an inch thick in a half hoghead, at the corner of Edward Rowe's lot. On the 7th of April, 1843, it was calculated that there was more snow on the ground than was ever before known—four feet deep on the level. A great snow storm came on that day, yielding 18 inches on a level. On the 8th there was no prospect of spring. On the 11th it "seemed a little more like spring;" robins sang for the first time on the 12th, at which time the snow was 3-1/2 feet deep. At this time teams were crossing the river on the ice at Hallowell and Gardiner, the ice being one foot in thickness.

The City Marshal of Biddeford has been instructed to strictly enforce the Sunday law against open shops. Why not order the officers of the peace to enforce the laws against murder, larceny, rape, arson, and in fact against the whole catalogue of crimes?—[Portland Adv.]

Because he thinks it easier to strike a single blow at the prolific root of all evils.

**BERNARD LITTLE** is on trial at Rockland, for murdering Charles H. White at Dix Island on the 2d of March.

**G. W. Hubbard** is running a nice boot and shoe establishment at W. Waterville, with a superior workman on ladies' serge boots. See his advertisement.

**RAILROAD BRIDGE BURNED.**—The railroad bridge on the Maine Central railroad, across the Androscoggin between Brunswick and Topsham took fire Tuesday night just before the arrival of the Pullman train and was entirely consumed. The train had to remain on the Topsham side. The bridge was over 800 feet long and cost about \$30,000. Arrangements are made for the transfer of passengers and baggage until the bridge is rebuilt so that there will be no detention to travel. The night train will run on the back route for awhile.

The bridge was insured for two-thirds of its value. Since its burning, freight for the west, from Augusta, comes up the river and is passed on to the back route.

**Deputy Sheriff John O. Page**, of Vassalboro', has recently arrested Hiram and Weston Pease of Appleton, for breaking into the houses of Mercy Wentworth of China, and Capt. Seth Fisher of Albion. Weston and an accomplice named Arnold are in jail, but Hiram escaped from the keeper. They are old offenders.

**MR. C. C. COUILLARD**, for several years associate editor of the Portland Advertiser, has severed his connection with that paper and is now on the editorial staff of the Boston Herald. We trust he will continue to keep a sharp oversight of the horrors of the jute traffic.

**THE METHODIST "GOOD BY" SOCIABLE** to Rev. Mr. Ladd, on Wednesday evening, was fully attended, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather and walking, and many warm friends outside of the denomination were present to wish him God speed. The expressions of good will were not confined to kind words, however, but many substantial tokens of regard for the retiring pastor were left with one who, during his three years faithful and efficient service here, has won the respect and esteem of all.

**A TRUMP.**—Rev. S. Russell, of this town, recently sold a calf four weeks and two days old to Mr. DeRoche, which dressed 131 pounds of meat, or almost 33 pounds a quarter. Probably nobody has or will beat this.

**SEWING MACHINES.**—Messrs. Fuller, Conner & Co., have taken the agency for the Singer Sewing Machines for this vicinity, recently held by Gardner & Watson. Messrs. Fuller, Conner & Co. are selling their machines now, over nearly half of the State, having sales rooms and ware houses at Augusta and Lewiston, and sending canvassing agents in all directions. The deservedly increasing popularity of the machine they represent, testifies as to its merits. The sales for 1871 reached the enormous aggregate of 181,000, being 52,000 more than any other in the market. This town and vicinity will shortly be canvassed thoroughly by agents well qualified to exhibit the machine and to give thorough and complete instruction to patrons.

**WHO CAN BEAT THIS?**—I have fifty-eight hens; thirty-eight of them are White Leghorns, the remainder are different kinds. During this cold month of March they have laid ninety-three dozens of eggs—an average of three dozen per day. That is the way to make it pay. The White Leghorns do not set like other hens, but keep laying the most of the time if fed right. I have some four years old that have not offered to set yet. I shall keep some of my best eggs to set. If they should be wanted they can be found at P. L. Wheeler's.

Waterville, April 1, 1872.

**THE IOWA LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY**, Des Moines, Iowa, invests money at ten per cent, and guarantees its loans. The Corporation are among the first men in that State. The Company refers, by permission, to the Chemical Bank, and to Gilman, Son & Co., of New York City. See advertisement.

A boy in Cutler, 15 years of age, made a murderous attack upon his father last Friday, in revenge for chastisement, wounding him with an axe, perhaps fatally.

The coast of Peru has risen eighty feet since the conquest by Pizarro, it is said. We can beat that. The land around Boston has risen several hundred per cent. within a year. This country was conquered by the Pilgrims.

**THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE IN CALIFORNIA AND ELSEWHERE.**—Sunday night's despatches from San Francisco give accounts from the volcanic district in Tulare county, four hundred miles south of the earthquake disaster on Tuesday. Shocks still continue, though with decreased violence. It is remarkable that only a slight shock was felt in central and northern California. Cerro Gordo was badly damaged, having several buildings thrown down and one man killed. Additional advices from Inyo county place the number of killed by the earthquake on Tuesday at thirty, besides 100 wounded. In the desert country—stretching from Owen's Lake to the Mexican line—are innumerable craters not long extinct, besides several mud volcanoes, and it is supposed that some of the old volcanoes may be in eruption again.

**LONE PINE** appears to have been directly over the centre of disturbance. Among the killed at the latter place was Mr. Grey, aged forty-two, a native of Texas. The remainder were all Spanish Americans. The first shock is described as resembling a park of artillery fired directly beneath the town. Col. Whipple, who was in the second story of the Adeline House, states that he was just in time to jump from bed and get to the doorway when the house appeared to crumble to pieces beneath him. He was buried among the ruins, but succeeded in extricating himself from the debris, having received several severe but not dangerous wounds. The scene boggles description. Nearly the whole populace was buried beneath the ruins. Cries for help, and screams of pain from the wounded beneath the ruins filled the air, while those who escaped were calling for aid to rescue fathers and mothers, wives and children. The first shock was followed in quick succession by three others. Over 300 distinct shocks were felt between half-past two and sunrise. The face of the earth was in a constant tremble over three hours. A chasm was opened, extending from three inches to forty feet in width. Rocks were torn from their places and rolled down into the valley.

At Swan sea, Col. Fregallos, of the smelting works, was killed, and great desolation prevails among the inhabitants of Lone Pine.

At Visalia several shocks were felt last night, and were still coming from the southeast. People anticipate finding immense chasms in the mountains east of us as soon as the snow disappears enough to permit an investigation. There are rumors of a volcano in active operation seen from the summit of Green Hood Mountain, sixty miles south of Visalia. The rumor is at least dubious. The Indians in that vicinity have all left, fearing a recurrence of the general convulsion of nature which, according to tradition occurred in that region some hundreds of years ago, and created what is known as Owen's River Valley, but which was before a chain of mountains. The section affected by the earthquake was sparsely inhabited, mainly by people engaged in working silver-bearing lead mines.

A gentleman from Independence asserts that smoke and ashes from the volcano were distinctly seen southward from that place, and word had been brought that lava was seen flaming down the mountain, but the report was not authenticated.

The shocks continued, decreasing in force up to Tuesday morning, when over a thousand had been counted. At Tibbet's Ranch, 15 miles above Independence, forty acres of ground sunk seven feet below the surface of the surrounding country. Big Owen's Lake has risen four feet since the first shocks, and Owen's River ran over its banks, depositing schools of fish on the shore. Afterward it receded. For three or four miles through Lone Pine the earth cracked, and one side remained stationary while the other sank seven or eight feet, leaving a wall of earth extending over three miles in length, where formerly there was a level plain. Innumerable cracks were made throughout the valley. Kern and Owen's Rivers turned and ran up stream several minutes leaving their beds dry, and finally returned with increased volume.

There has been no parallel to this earthquake since 1812, when the missions of San Juan, Capistrano and La Prussina, in Southern California, were destroyed. The earthquake is a matter of common conversation throughout California, but creates no apprehension outside of the district affected.

**Here is something new, and the very thing needed—**an "Anti-Tobacco Journal." It is published at Fitchburg, Mass., by Rev. Geo. Trask, for \$1 a year. He wants subscribers to help him in a benevolent work to which he has in a large measure consecrated his life. It is put in the form of a nice tract for circulation. Send for it, ye fathers whose sons are afflicted with tobacco, and see if you can't bring them to their senses. It handles tobacco candidly, showing, as it says,

How it poisons the blood of its victim, and in the language of Brodie, curses the father and his posterity to the third and fourth generation.

How it hangs like a millstone upon the cause of Temperance and tends to keep it stationary where it was thirty years ago!

How it degrades man and cheapens the type of manhood.

How it tends to Idleness, Poverty, Strong Drink, Ill Health, Vice, Insanity and Death.

How it stupefies the sensibilities of young men, robs them of self-respect and noble aspirations, and keeps them from Christ.

How it impairs the beauty of Christian gentleness; and by repressing efforts for the "higher life," renders them dolls in the Church of God.

We doubt not that all this can be shown; and if a dollar will convince a single victim of tobacco it will be one of the best investments ever made. [We shall give an occasional extract from this Journal, for the benefit of "our young folks."]

An effort is being made to induce periodical dealers in Portland to discontinue the sale of flash newspapers, with good prospects of success. The Press says that the dealers have cheerfully agreed to banish this class of literature from their counters.

**MR. PAUL ZIMMERMAN**, an old resident of Jaffesville, Wisconsin, committed suicide upon Thursday night by hanging. He had invested all his spare funds in five thousand bushels of turnips; and hung himself because they froze.

**MISS BETSEY PIERCE**, who recently moved here from Somerset Mills, was taken ill while getting her supper Monday, and died in thirty minutes. Apoplexy was probably the cause.

**Literary men**, who have made patient researches in the matter, are pretty well united in the opinion that the first book printed on this continent was by Combever, in Mexico, in the year 1544.

The workmen on the Boston & Maine extension, near the Rolling Mill bridge, stirred up live grasshoppers one day last week. They describe the number as legion and say it wasn't a very good day for grasshoppers either.

The Maine Central Railroad Company now run their trains by telegraph and have issued a pamphlet containing the rules and regulations to be observed by all persons employed on the railroad. The rules are so systematic that if properly observed it hardly seems possible that accidents of a certain kind can occur. Mr. E. H. Walker has been appointed chief operator of the first division, with headquarters in the Division Superintendent's office at Augusta. Mr. E. H. Smith has been appointed chief operator of the second division. Headquarters in the Division Superintendent's office at Lewiston.

Having triplets was a profitable investment for the woman up in Poland, for at the town meeting, Hon. J. R. Pulsifer moved for contributions to purchase a cow for the use of the mother and her babes, and the result was that not only was the cow procured but quite a sum of money besides.

While three men were engaged in unloading a huge boiler weighing ten tons from a freight car in Portland, Friday, the boiler slipped on the skids by which it was being unloaded, and one man, by the name of Thomas Skofield, falling down before it, had his head entirely crushed off and mangled in such a manner that it left no semblance to a human skull. The unfortunate man leaves a wife and three children.

**Pimples on the Face**, Eruptions, Blotches, Scrofulous diseases, and all sores arising from impure blood, are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. 585.

**THOMAS C. UPHAM, D. D. LL. D.** for many years the universally respected Professor of Mental Philosophy in Bowdoin College, died in New York on Tuesday, aged 73 years. He had a shock of paralysis some weeks since, from the effects of which he never recovered. His remains were taken to Brunswick for interment, at the request of the President and Faculty of Bowdoin College.

A letter from Mexico states that at the defeat of the revolutionists by Roca on the 3d of March over 2000 revolutionists were killed and wounded. It is stated that Roca shot a few hundred capt. rebels.

Waldo county has been partially canvassed by a bible distributor, the object being to put a copy into the possession of every family now without one. Some dozen or so families were found, who positively refused to have a copy of the Bible left at their houses.

**SPEAKER BLAINE** and representative Lynch have appeared before the committee on ways and means, to urge the addition to the tariff bill of a section embracing the substance of Mr. Lynch's plan for a drawback of duties on the materials entering into the construction of ships. It is the wish of the friends of this mode of relief to commence to secure for it all possible opportunities of success.

The Secretary of the Interior writes to the Governor of Idaho, that as the Black Hills are a portion of the reservation of the Sioux, the locating of whites therein as threatened would lead to hostilities by the Indians, and General Burbank is requested by the President to warn all persons against locating there, and also the general government will use its military and civil power to remove any parties trespassing on said reservation.

Concerning the arrest of Doctor Howard by the Cubans, Secretary Fish has instructed our Charge d'Affaires at Madrid to bring this case to the attention of the Spanish government, and to point out the fact that Dr. Howard is a citizen of the United States, and to remonstrate against the proceedings of the Spanish officers in his case, as a violation of the provisions of the treaty of 1795 between the United States and Spain, and to ask his immediate release.

**St. Louis, Mo., March 30.** A severe storm of thunder and lightning passed over the city at eight o'clock this evening, accompanied by a hard rain. During the storm a terrific tornado from the southwest struck upon the large brick market house on Seventh street, and levelled the northerly half of it in the twinkling of an eye. Most of the large roof and several heavy timbers were carried across Seventh street, and striking the building opposite knocked two great holes in it, exposing the rooms. So far as it is known, only five persons were injured. Seventh street is blocked with debris.

The Sedgwick correspondent of the Bangor Commercial writes to that paper as follows: You who have railway communication with a bay district can have no idea of the terrible scarcity of feed which is prevailing among us. Nearly one half of our citizens have scarcely a hundred pounds of hay in their barns. As no hay is to be had anywhere around here, and all communication with Belfast is stopped by the ice in the bay, we can't get any feed. We shall have to kill our cattle or let them starve.

**A Liverpool** drunkard says that to gauge the extent to which drunkenness exists in England is almost an impossible task. One of its most repulsive features is the rapid growth of habits of intemperance among the females and young persons of both sexes. The multiplied facilities for obtaining drink are almost startling.

**MR.**







MISCELLANY.

ADON THE LANE.

Uros are stormy Sunday,  
Coming adon the lane,  
Were a score of bonny lasses,  
And the sweetest, I maintain,  
Was Caddie,  
That I took beneath my plaidie  
To shield her from the rain.

She said the daisies blushed  
For the kiss that I had ta'en;  
I wadnae hae thought the lassie  
Wad see of a kiss complain.  
"Now, laddie!  
I wadnae stay under your plaidie,  
I'll gang hame in the rain!"

But on and after Sunday,  
When cloud there was not none,  
This self-same winsome lassie—  
We chanced to meet in the lane—  
Said Caddie,  
"Why dinnae ye wear your plaidie?  
Wha ken but it may rain?"

—English Paper.

**NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURE.**—A leading Philadelphia journal has remarked that "there is no use in denying that the whole interior of New England has been pretty much exhausted for agricultural purposes by its original population." This is not true. Poor as is our land, we can produce more bushels of wheat, corn and other cereal grains to the acre than any other section of the country. There is no difficulty in raising on fair lands, properly cultivated, 75 or even 100 bushels of corn and 30 or 50 bushels of wheat to the acre. We are now busy in blasting rock, extracting stamps and draining meadows; and soon, if mechanical and trade pursuits do not by the prospects of extraordinary profits entice away from our rugged soils all the young men, we will have New England's fields correspond in productiveness with those of Old England. We have pluck here, and are not frightened by a granite boulder or a mossy swamp; we can tear in piece the one, and dry and pulverize the other. New England may yet become the garden of the country.—[Boston Journal of Chemistry.

**ROMANISM AND CRIME.**—Dreydorff, in a new work on the Jesuits in the German Empire just published at Leipzig, draws a few comparisons which are significant. Statistics prove that in Rome there are 237 times as many chances of being murdered as in England, and 133 times more than in Protestant Prussia. In England it is shown that one murder occurs for every 178,000 inhabitants; in Holland, one for 168,000; in Prussia, one for 100,000; in Austria, one for 57,000; in Spain, one for 4,113; and in Naples, one for 2,750; but at Rome there is one homicide for every 750 of the inhabitants. Rome also scores the highest proportion of illegitimate children; the ratio of births of this class being nearly sixty-one times greater in Rome than in London. It appears that in London there are for every one hundred legitimate births four illegitimate; in Leipzig, twenty; in Paris, forty-eight; in Munich, 91; in Vienna, 118, and in Rome, 243.

**SCENE IN AN ALBANY HOTEL.**—A couple of Uffens stopped for breakfast at one of those frugal palaces lately, and one of them well acquainted with the ways of the place, ordered everything on the bill of fare, and managed to make a pretty fair meal, taking everything into consideration. But number two was less fortunate. Ignorant of the ways of the place, he ordered only his cup of coffee and "ham and eggs." After he had nibbled awhile on his hot rolls and sipped his coffee, the waiter came tipping in with a large platter, having in the center a solitary egg. Number two looked up at the waiter: "Didn't I order ham and eggs?" "Yes sir." "Well, where is the ham?" "Under the egg, sir, under the egg." And the waiter went on with the further routine of his occupation.

Mrs. Adams, wife of the celebrated Joppa Adams, who preached at Indian River in 1866, recently appeared in San Jose, Cal., where she announced a lecture, subject—"What I saw in the Holy Land." It happened that a Machias boy was in San Jose, who knew of the Indian River Joppa expedition. He prepared an article about a column long for the San Jose paper, which was issued about a day or two before Mrs. Adams' lecture was to be. The evening came and quite an audience was in the hall but Mrs. A. did not appear. The Machias boy had anticipated her tastes of the Holy Land and completely spiked her guns in San Jose!—[Machias Union.

Forty years ago a blooming girl of sixteen married an old man of sixty for his money, expecting that he would soon die and leave her a wealthy young widow. Last week the lady died at the respectable age of fifty-six, leaving a husband aged one hundred, and four children to mourn her loss.—[Exchange.

**F. A. WALDRON,**  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.  
OFFICE IN FENIX BLOCK,  
WATERVILLE, MAINE.

Special attention given to collecting and conveying.

**Demorest's Patterns.**

Mrs. S. W. WILLIAMS  
Informs the Ladies of Waterville and vicinity that she has the Agency of Madame Demorest's

"Patterns for the Million,"  
comprising all the latest and most desirable styles for LADIES' and CHILDREN'S DRESSES.  
These Patterns are reliable, cut with precision in the best style, and adapted to the season. Ladies are invited to call and examine illustrations and descriptions.  
Mrs. Williams is Agent for the

New Wilson Sewing Machine,  
the first and only First Class Low Priced Sewing Machine yet offered having the "Drop Feed!"  
Rooms on Main St., one door below People's Bank.

**Camols' Skins,**

**SPONGES,**

Genuine Castile Soap,

Pure Neats-foot Oil Soap,

Pure Neats-foot Oil,

Pure Lard Oil,

Horse Brushes, Mane Brushes, Curry Combs, Cards.

ALL FOR SALE CHEAP AT

**IRA H. LOW & CO'S Drug Store.**

HOUSE-KEEPING GOODS

In infinite variety, at

**J. F. ELDEN'S.**

**WANTED.**

EXPERIENCED SHIRT IRONERS. Apply to or address GOODWIN, WAIT & FURUSON, Waterville, Maine.

NEW GOODS JUST OPENED

**J. F. ELDEN & Co's.**

No. 2, Boutelle Block, Main St.

**WATERVILLE.**

Furniture, Carpets, Crockery, Glass

Ware, and House Furnishing Goods.

**FURNITURE.**

PARLOR SETS—Oak, Rep and Terry. CHAMBER SETS—Walrus Chestnut and Pine. Lounges, Mirrors, and Dining-room Furniture.

The best assortment of Tapestry, Three Ply, Ingalls, Hemp, Straw, and Oil Cloths.

**CARPETS,**

on the river AT LOWEST PRICES.

Feathers, Mattresses and Bedding; Crockery, Glass Ware, and House Furnishings of all kinds.

Cutlery and Plate Ware.

Chandeliers, Brackets and Lamps.

In great variety.

**LACE CURTAINS AND PAINTED SHADES.**

COCKERS AND CURTAIN FIXTURES of all kinds.

A large stock of

**Caskets and Coffins**

always on hand

**REPAIRING AND JOBBING**

of all kinds, promptly done by a good workman.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

**1000**

**"Communists' Suits"**

HAVE BEEN RECEIVED

At "Oak Hall," and are now ready for the public.

Those who let orders will find their packages ready for delivery at the de

This is the second thousand of these famous suits which we have offered at 90¢ each, and the demand for them is increasing. To those from a distance who send orders for single suits we would say that we prefer a "money order" by mail rather than have the money by express, for which there is usually a charge. All orders will be promptly filled in the order they are received on that day.

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A first class stock of the above constantly on hand, which will be sold at the lowest living prices.

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**ACETIC OVERS.**

FOR Men, Women and Misses, selling cheap

AT MAXWELL'S.

MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Winter Arrangement—1871-2.

The new line of road between Bangor and Cumberland, will be opened on Monday the 15th inst., and on that date, trains for Portland and Boston, via new road and Lewiston, will leave upper depot at 10:45 A. M.; lower depot at 10:45 P. M. via Augusta.

For Bangor and east and Skowhegan, leave upper depot at 4:55 P. M.; lower depot at 4:55 P. M.

Mixed train for Bangor, Belfast and east, upper depot at 7:10 A. M.

Night Express, with sleeping car, for Boston, via Augusta, leaves lower depot at 9:15 P. M.

Trains will be due from Portland at Boston at upper depot at 5:55 P. M.; lower depot at 5:55 P. M. Night Express from Boston at 6 A. M. daily, except Monday.

Mixed train from Bangor at 6:30 P. M.

Freight train for Portland via Lewiston, leaves upper depot at 5 A. M., and through freight for Boston, same depot at 9:40 A. M. Lower depot for Portland, via Augusta, at 7:45 A. M.

Freight train from Portland will be due at upper depot at 1:35 P. M., and through freight from Boston at 10:45 A. M. from Portland via Augusta, lower depot, 1:35 P. M.