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Maxham & Wing

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For the Mail.
AFTER THE BALL.

The music and dancing are o'er,
And weary I question me,
For thy empty casket, O hope!
What have I gathered for thee?

From the smiles of the false and the true,
And flattery from lips over free,
Have I chosen one joy that is new,
To take down life's pathway with me?

What gem, in its setting so fair,
To light up life's dreariest day
And gleam through its sorrow and care
Which years bear its freshness away?

I take from its rest in my hair,
The pale rose that sprinkled in dew;
It is crushed, and no fragrance is there
For the breast it no more shall imbue.

I plucked thee, sweet flower, in my sport,
While the brook, laughing down to the sea,
Returned thee its cruel reward,
"Thy fragrance is nothing to me."

I will hide thee away with my thoughts;
Though withered, I give thee a sigh—
As I dream of a beauty once fair,
And a summer forever gone by.

I could with my bitterest tears
The dew on thy petals replace,
But life thou couldst never restore,
Or bring back the blush to thy face.

Thou hast taught me a lesson, fair flower,
And my life even yet may be blest;
For the love I hold not in my power
May still whisper hope in my breast.

SAVED SO AS BY FIRE.

BY F. C. BROWN.

"Who's got a copper for poor Dick? I'll stand on my head, or give you a dance, or sing you a comic song for a penny or a drop of beer. Now who's going to throw the first copper into the old hat toward getting a dinner for poor Dick?"

So spoke a man of middle height and middle age, having the liquid red lips that denote spirit, drinking, and a full bloated face, among a company of working men who were taking their mid-day meal in a public house in the northern District of London.

He stood, cringing and smiling in the centre of the room—an awful picture or rather reality of what rum can do to debase and degrade man, formed in the image of his Maker. Very far superior to most of those around him in education and natural gifts, he had sank far below the lowest, through indulging the lust of strong drink. When sober, which was very seldom, none could work better or quicker than he; no one more skilled in grace and finish of workmanship; but he would not work; perhaps he could not. He had lost all desire to excel; all true manly ambition had departed from him. Rum had burned these things out of him, and with them love of home and care for his wife and children. So sunken was he, so deeply degraded, that the man appeared to a thoughtful mind as one truly and visibly possessed by the demon of drunkenness which must be exorcised, before he could be once more in his right mind, and walk erect as his Creator had formed him. "Who bathed? who bathed?"

"Who bathed? who bathed?" they said, "who bathed?" "Who bathed?" they said, "who bathed?" "Who bathed?" they said, "who bathed?"

Shivering and despondent, weary and sick at heart—yet "no man gave unto him." Some looked upon him with a half smile of pitying forbearance, regarding him as scarcely a responsible being; others especially the younger men, made no attempt to hide their anger and disgust at his presence, but openly bade him go and leave them to eat in peace the dinner they had earned. Amid all, he stood hearing with a sickly attempt at laughter, the hard words and coarse hints directed against him. With the same sickly smile upon his face he passed out upon his wretched way—one of that horridly large army of young and old, sick and healthy beggars, loafers and thieves who exist in misery by going from saloon to saloon during the day and filling our lowest lodging houses at night. To these no man ministers, for them no man cares. And yet among them it is well known are those who might have been our brightest and our best, had they not bowed down, soul and body, under the awful tyranny of drunkenness. From house to house poor Dick went upon his miserable, pitiful way; meeting everywhere with the same contemptuous treatment, the same scornful rejection; doing the same really laborious work, for grudging and scanty pay and for the same seductive poison which made him willing to accept it. As the day closed, and the evening drew on, and night came, his gains both in liquor and money were slightly increased; until the last song was sung, the last house was closing, and there was the only choice between the damp, chilly streets and his miserable home.

Neither he made his way, threading a filthy lane and turning into a narrow alley at the end. He entered the open door of one of the houses—always left open night and day, for the sufficient reason that the whole house contained nothing worth stealing. He ascended a narrow staircase, and passed into a dimly lighted room, which filth and squalor made rise with fever and death. There were dirty beds of mingled straw and rags, intended for beds, in three of the four corners of the room, an old broken table, two chairs without seats, one old saucepan and a little crockery; and this was home!

If such men and such homes were not so common in our great cities, if such scandalous facts were not too patent to be doubted or denied, it might be thought a mere wanton effort of grotesque imagination to set forth such a picture. But the type is so ordinary, the case one of such constant occurrence, that habit has brought us to regard such homes and such men as things of course, calling for no special effort, for no earnest prayer for the redemption of the man and the improvement of the home. We see and know, we sigh, we pass on, and we forget!

"Am I my brother's keeper?"

Dick was in his ordinary condition of full intoxication as he entered his home; his step was steady, his strength firm; but there was brooding within him a fierce, caged devil—greatly feared by his wife and children, because easily aroused by a word or look—a devil that had oftentimes broken down, ignorant and careless whether his wife and children had been fed during his absence; and he began to prepare for rest. His toll-worn wife glanced keenly at him from under her bent brows, and then timidly said—"There's a bad message concerning Fannie, Dick; she must have caught the fever, when she came here last week. I went down to see her this afternoon; but the boy came late this evening to say she was very bad, and wanted you to go and see her." As the poor wife spoke, she looked up fearfully, as if uncertain in what manner such unwelcome intelligence would be received.

He made no reply, but replaced his worn shoes upon his weary feet, and went forth into the sharp wind. Shivering with cold as the bleak wind met him, he steadily, and for a time silently, held upon his way. At length he began muttering—"Fannie! Fannie! down with the fever! I'd sooner it had been all the others together!"

Poor Dick's one lamb, the despised drunkard's last hold and hope in life! Fannie down, pleasant-faced, bright-eyed Fannie! I wish I knew there was a God! I'd pray to Him and ask him to spare me Fannie; but I haven't believed in any God for years; if I had, I should not be as I am now! But Fannie always loved me; when the rest ran away afraid, Fannie never did; she came the closer, and looked up, wondering what mad devil had got into father, but certain it would not hurt her. And I never did beat little Fannie, drunk or sober! Haven't I gone hungry myself many a time with little Fannie's penny loaf in my pocket? And I know I drank harder, because I missed her so, when she went away from me to service. Why didn't, why couldn't I keep sober, and have little Fannie with me at home?"

Struggling on as fast he was able, muttering fretfully to himself as heavy gusts of rain fell on him, he went through the darkness and cold, until he reached the house where his daughter had found much kindness and a good home as a domestic servant. The master answered his wailing knock at the door, and looked sternly and doubtfully at the wet, dragged figure seeking admission to his clean home, but the emergency was allowed to overcome all scruples, and after a caution to wipe his shoes carefully, he informed Dick that he would find his daughter and a nurse at the top of the house. The nurse laid her finger on her lip, as he entered, and motioned him to a chair close to the bed side. Laying his shoes aside, and removing his wet coat, he sat down and looked attentively at his sick daughter. Fannie was lying as if exhausted, her face colorless, her lips black and swollen, and her breathing hard and difficult. As he looked upon her a dull, faint heat sinking upon within him told him that hope was over—that his darling was passing away. A low, wild cry that he could not repress, broke from him; and then his face was covered by his hands, and he sank upon his knees by her bedside. Then thought and the old love returned to her; she gently raised the bowed head, until it rested upon her hot, laboring bosom; and his arms were flung around her with an intensity that said he knew not how to let her go.

"Leave me alone with father a little while, nurse, dear," said Fannie; "I have something I must say to him before I go." The woman left the room silently and they were alone.

"Father! darling father!" she said, her arms clinging around his neck, "I am dying, and I want you to pray to your Father in heaven for me!"

A low groan, that seemed wrung from the depths of a breaking heart, was the only reply he was able to give; but it caused the fever-glittering eyes to fix more intensely upon him, and the hot arms to tighten around him as she spoke again. "I want you to think of our old home, father, when you used to twine my hair round your fingers when I climbed upon your knee, and so remember how you always loved Fannie! I wish such times to come again, though I shall not be with you; and so I ask you to pray for me and for yourself, too."

"I cannot, I dare not, Fannie," he said; "I would, if I could—if only because you ask me, but I cannot; and it would be useless; I have sinned beyond forgiveness; He would not hear me."

"No, no, father," she replied. "If you have been a great sinner the greater honor to Him in saving you. Pray, father, pray for yourself and for me! I shall soon be in heaven, but I want you to come there too."

Closer, and more clingingly yet, as though in her entreaty she would grow to him as in the old happy time, Fannie twined her arms around him. She was fast passing away; but it seemed as if she would not go until her striving spirit was gladdened by words of prayer from her father's lips; and she renewed her effort, entreating "Father! darling father! Fannie is dying! but before I go, I want to hear you pray! I only a few words, father! I don't refuse such a thing to your darling Fannie! It is the last thing she will ever ask on earth of you!"

With an outburst of sobs and tears, that shook the dying girl, as a leaf in the autumn wind, her father, for the first time in a long life, uttered words of earnest prayer to God. He gasped forth—"God in heaven, have mercy upon my darling and upon me!" The barriers once broken down, the pent up deluge burst forth. With his daughter's arms round him, her hot breath upon his tear-stained cheek, there the poor drunkard pleaded earnestly for mercy; and though the words were labored and interrupted, they were earnest and heartfelt—and they were heard.

"Amen!" responded Fannie, and then continued, "Let me pray now, father," and with her last strength she poured forth humble, earnest entreaties into the listening ears of Eternal Love for her father, and her mother and the other children. Then still clinging closely round his neck, she faltered, "Father, one more promise; don't ever drink any more."

"I won't, Fannie!" he gasped; "I never will, God helping me! I will die and come to you, if He will let me; but I will never touch strong drink again." A glad peaceful smile lit up her face as the promise fell upon her ear; and then she faintly murmured, "I am going, father, pray!"

He complied and the words fell solemnly upon the air. Then the loving arms unclasped, the head fell back and Fannie was not; "for God had taken" her to the land, of which it is written, "There shall be no night there!"

A few days, and what had been Fannie was laid in a green spot until the great awakening. Her employer readily provided means of decent burial upon her father's promise of repayment. That all was over, and poor Dick had to return to daily tempting torture without his darling Fannie. Oftentimes every limb seemed to quiver for the accustomed stimulants, and his life appeared one long continuance of awful craving—a terrible yearning that seemed as if it must have its way. Yet his strong resolve never once wavered;—he would die, or even go mad, if so it must be; but he would be able to look into Fannie's spirit-eyes and declare that he had faithfully kept his last promise he had given. It was hard striving for some time, and he soon found it necessary to seek aid, whence alone it could be obtained.

It was well for him then that he had to strive hard for honest means of living. He therefore went to an old employer saying, "My daughter, Fannie, is dead. Before she died she made me promise never to drink any more; and if I die for it I will keep my word. Now if you

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WATERVILLE, MAINE FRIDAY, JUNE 7, 1872.

NO. 50.

Waterville Mail.

Waterville Mail.

EMIL MAXHAM, DAN'L B. WING,
EDITORS.

ADDRESS
DELIVERED ON

DECORATION DAY,
MAY 28, 1872.

At Pine Grove Cemetery, Waterville,
BY PROF. E. W. HALL.

A sacred duty calls us here to-day. We have come from the scenes of our daily toil, to devote this hour to grateful recollection of our patriot dead. As we stand here, surrounded by the marble tablets which perpetuate the memory of the loved and lost, our thoughts turn with a quickened impulse, to those departed heroes whose devotion we this day celebrate. The graves of all are not here, to be decorated with fair blossoms from the fields they loved so well. Some rest where they fell in battle, under Southern skies and by other streams. Wherever they lie, let us remember them to-day, and strive to discharge some portion of the debt we owe them, by thankfully recounting the generous sacrifices they made in our behalf.

They went forth from among us, in the prime of vigorous manhood, and with a noble desire to serve faithfully the land which gave them birth. For us, they endured the toilsome march, the fierce heat of contest and the thousand hardships of a soldier's life, and in our stead they yielded up even life itself. By their prompt response to the call of duty, they saved the very existence of this nation, in the most terrible struggle for national life which the pages of history record. They triumphed and the just principles which underlie our government remain firm and secure. By the fruits of such a victory the world to-day is benefited. Not only have the fatters dropped from four millions of slaves in our own land, but the cause of despised humanity in many of the kingdoms of the old world has been greatly advanced.

Our country is now at peace with all the world. Those mournful days of anxious solitude, when the fate of the nation seemed to hang on the result of a battle, are now happily ended. No long lists of killed and wounded force themselves daily upon our attention, to be scanned with fearful, breathless suspense. The burden which lay upon all hearts through those long years, when we felt as though peace would never come, was lifted at last, and we to-day enjoy the purchase made by our brothers' blood. Let us be devoutly grateful to our Heavenly Father for all that our armies were enabled to accomplish, and for the honorable peace which crowned their high endeavor.

America stands to-day in the front rank of nations, purified and united as never before. It has been proved to the world by the three hundred thousand martyrs, whose graves now lie on every hillside, that the stern virtues of valor and self-sacrifice still find a home in the hearts of a free people. May we who remain ever keep unsullied the proud legacy bequeathed to us by these brave men. We owe to their memory an unswerving fidelity to the highest good of the republic for which they died. If foreign foes are permitted to destroy it, or internal feuds to dissolve it, then these have laid down their lives in vain.

It is well, then, that we recall, at stated periods, the vast expense of blood and treasure which it has cost to preserve our government, and to establish an abiding peace. Doing this, we shall prize more highly the rich blessings of constitutional liberty and a government for the people. We shall strengthen the noble impulses of an enlightened patriotism while we do but obey the dictates of humanity and religion. This ceremonial should be observed in no sectional or partisan spirit. It is not the peculiar province even of surviving comrades to honor the memory of those who sleep here. That is the common duty of all who love our country and the dear old flag. It might even be said to be pre-eminently the duty of all those who, because of their tender years or advanced age, or on account of sex, or from bodily infirmities, were denied the privilege of serving their country on the field. Since all now share in the priceless blessings of peace, so should all join in honors to the nation's dead. Even when the last comrade shall have been gathered to the silent company of the departed, this memorial service will remain, as it is now, the pious duty of all the people. It will be a sad day for America when her citizens forget the services of those who periled their lives in her defense. To avert such a calamity it is well that we should bring a yearly offering to these graves in which we have a common interest. As each blooming Spring returns, let us deck these grassy mounds with the beautiful emblems of immortality, and of triumph over death. Our garlands may wither under the glare of the morrow's sun, but the fragrant memory of noble deeds will not fade from our hearts. As we listen to the roll-call of the immortal names, our remembrance will be refreshed, and we shall behold them once again, as they appeared in life. The lapse of years will add a transcendent luster to their virtues, and when the last dim recollection of their earthly forms shall die away, other generations will not forget the great souls that once animated them. Let the thought of such a glorious immortality bring its consolation to those who mourn to-day the loss of fathers, husbands, sons or brothers. As you are permitted to share in their deathless fame, so may you humbly exult in their faithfulness to duty, displayed even in the face of death. You do not mourn alone. The whole land is in sympathy with you to-day. The great heart of the nation is bowed in tender, grateful commemoration of your honored dead.

And now, as these children, too young to realize fully what war is, participate in the simple and graceful ceremony of decoration, let us hope that some sense of their obligation to the soldiers of the republic will be indelibly impressed upon their minds. And when we shall have passed away, it will be theirs to perpetuate this beautiful custom in succeeding years. So let posterity continue to pay this tribute of remembrance, as long as these United States have a name among the nations of the earth, and while the woods and fields of Maine furnish flowers and clustering evergreen. Even when these marble memorials shall have crumbled into a common dust, may there be grateful hands still, to scatter flowers above the forgotten defenders of our liberties.

"WHERE ARE THE BIRDS?"

Mr. Mail.—In your last week's issue you inquired after "the birds," and comment on the scarcity of them in your village. So far as our own observation goes, we are not aware there is any lack of them in our village; on the contrary, for several years past a pair of robins (the *turdus migratorius*, perhaps more properly called *thrush*), have annually built their nest in our front yard and reared their brood of young, and this year they were accompanied by two other pairs that have also built their nest in the same tree; and in another tree a pair of finches have built and are occupying. So much all in our front yard; and their sociableness is quite a solace to us on morning and evening. Thus, you perceive we have

OUR TABLE.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for June is an admirable number to close the fifty-fourth volume of that most excellent family magazine. Conspicuous among its contents are, William Orton, President Western Telegraph Co.; What is the Tariff Question? by Horace Greeley; Sewal or Starve! Sir Francis Crossley, M. P.; Monticello, famous as the home of Thomas Jefferson; Expression; The Chinese in the Philippines; Preachers and Preaching; Boys' Library; Carbon and its Different Forms; Paul Du Chailin, the famous Traveler; Life Insurance; A Bad Pen, etc. With numerous fine illustrations and portraits. A new volume begins with the July number. A good time to subscribe; fine premiums offered. Terms, \$3 a year, 30 cents a number. S. R. Wells, Publisher, New York.

HOME AND HEALTH for June is before us, and is certainly a very valuable number. No other magazine surpasses it in the quality of its literature, while it surpasses all others of its size in the number and variety of its articles, and in its adaptation to all the wants of the family. Its department of Health Culture, and Home Entertainment, Humorous Incidents and Current Events, makes it the most valuable and cheapest family magazine published in the country. Order it from the New York office, or send direct to Dr. Pay, & Co., No. 52 Fourth Avenue, New York. Single copies, 15 cents; \$1.50 per annum.

OLIVER OPTIC for June contains two more chapters of Oliver Optic's story "Sea and Shore," the conclusion of Mrs. E. D. Cheney's story entitled "Sally Williams, the Mountain Girl," and two more chapters in Elijah Collogg's story "The Wilt-Peria Pine." It contains numerous illustrations.

Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, at \$2.50 per year.

RED RIDING-HOOD.

Cool, and dark the shadows glimmered
In the gloomy grim old wood.
Where, with careless, lingering footsteps,
Wandered fair Red Riding-Hood.

Dark the shadows grew and dimmer,
While the gray wolf by her side
Pronounced—how and how—his pleading—
That no harm should be betide.

Yet her pulses swift and strangely
Flattered fast her trusting heart;
But she told him all her errand
Ere at last they turned to part.

Well we know the tragic ending
Of the simple old tale;
How, for once, in fairy stories
Evil projects did not fail.

Not all wolves are dead and buried,
Nor all maidens woe grown;
Many hearts still flutter strangely
At a specious pleading tone.

Therefore, linger not to listen
When you pass by wolves in crost,
Be you deaf unto the pleading—
She who hesitates is lost.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has been asked whether he wrote a recommendation for a young lady actor now travelling in the West. His answer comes as follows:

A man's long life through ought to count for something—still I forgive you. I have never seen a play acted in a theatre in my life. I have born one uniform testimony on the subject of theatres, and that not in their favor. The stuff attributed to me, in the extract which you sent me, would certainly be considered as poor balderdash in a lunatic asylum for girls run mad. Why you should ask me if I wrote it, I account for only on the supposition that you fear I have a softening of the brain. What a recommendation of theatres this dirty trick of forging such letters must be! A neighborhood into which these strolling theatres come ought to lock up their barns and look well to their horses. A manager who can forge letters will be likely to have around him a company that will rob hen roosts.

ECONOMY.—Contrast the boy, or young man, who considerably saves and invests a portion of his first earnings, with one who thrusts all carelessly into his pocket and then spends it heedlessly for confectionary and cigars, and suppers, and drinks, and rides, and "amusements," and in current dissipations. The one has planted a tree on which will grow, if duly cultivated, a manly character, self-control, self-respect, sobriety, dignity, independence, gathering to itself a wife, children, a cottage, a home, respectability, and fortune. The other makes himself a candidate for ceaseless toil, dependence, poverty, if not for vice and dissipation. "He makes an investment which will bring in heavy taxes for bad habits, and rents to be endlessly paid, fees to doctors, etc., and hence proceed grumbings, and labor unions, and leagues, and orders, and strikes—and all that sort of things. Ah, young men, learn to save a portion of your earnings, and thus you will enter the school to fortune and independence.

MAKING BABY RUDE.—The baby happened once in a pretty little caprice to slap papa's face instead of kissing him, when he stooped down for his greeting. Papa laughed, mamma laughed, aunts laughed, and baby thought she had hit a happy idea. After that she would slap papa instead of kissing him. Papa was very well content to feel the soft little waxen touch against his cheek. And it was very funny. It was also a nice little show for friends when they came in. Baby could at any time win a round of laughter and applause by visiting an expectant cheek with a blow for a kiss. She was such a sweet plaything! But there came a time when she ceased to be a plaything. What had been only arch and cute became downright rude. If she now mortified her parents by her brusque, pert manners as a little girl, it was in doing precisely as they had taught her to do when she was a little baby.

LOVE'S QUESTION.—A little girl often followed after her father when he came into the house, with this question: "Father what can I do for you?" And never was she happier than when he gave her something to do for him. Once he said, perhaps tired with her asking, "Child, why do you ask that question so often?"

"O father," she answered, with two great tears swelling in her eyes, "because I can't help it!"

It was love that put the question; and her readiness to undertake whatever he set her, was proof of the genuineness of that love; she wanted always to be doing something for father.

People are sometimes in doubt whether they love God or not. I will tell them how they can find out. Are you often asking your Heavenly Father? Is it one of your first thoughts, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" And do you keep on asking because you cannot help it?

Morality without religion is only a kind of dead-rookery—an endeavor to find our place on a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have run, but without any observation of the heavenly bodies.—[Longfellow.]

A lady occupied the pulpit and six young ladies passed the contribution boxes in the staid and sober old State street Methodist church, in Troy, on Sunday evening.

THE DANGER OF TAMPERING WITH SIN.

Men are seldom stricken down with malaria when they first go into malarial regions. Frequently the disease does not show itself until the second or third year. And persons living in new countries often rejoice in their immunity. I have lived where chills are prevalent, and heard a great deal about it, and seen other people have it, and I noticed that often they escaped until the second year; but during the first year they were breathing the malarial atmosphere, and a gradual process of poisoning was going on in them which had not disclosed itself. But the moment it did disclose itself they broke down under the disease. I feared that I should have it; but I was not susceptible to such things. I seemed to have a peculiar temperament in that respect. The facts therefore showed that a man in one state being attacked by disease would take it, whereas a man in another state would not. If a man has vigor and resiliency of nerve; if there is that in him which when he comes into the atmosphere of contagious diseases fights them and throws them off, then he can walk in the midst of dangers and be safe. But if there is a certain lack of tone and resisting power in his system, he breaks down. It is precisely that state which is the most dangerous in the early life of young men and maidens. It is that moral condition in which there is a want of tone and resisting power, so that when sudden temptation comes upon them their system breaks down under it. It is not alone necessary that a man should not do technically wrong. You are not safe when you simply keep your feet from known sins. No man is safe who does not keep his heart as in the fear of God. A man must *abhor* wickedness. He must *love* that which is right. In this temperament, if I may so say of the soul, there is safety; but there are ten thousand fitting pleasures, ten thousand associations, ten thousand acts in the life of young men and maidens, which, though not wrong in themselves, have a tendency to drag men down lower and lower, and more and more weaken their resisting power and prepare them for the attack of evil when it comes by and by. And one reason why so many fall so quickly and so completely when the stress of temptation overtakes them, is that they have been gradually and imperceptibly brought into a condition in which they were predisposed to corruption under evil influences. Their final destruction is the legitimate result of the way in which they have been tampering with themselves. People say, "Is it wrong for a man to read any books he chooses, if he never allows himself to go wrong? There are books, of course, that I should not want to read in my family, nor in the presence of ladies; but they are extremely entertaining and I read them; and I do not think there is any danger in it for me. Why not read all books and see all sorts of pictures and places?" Because no man can render himself familiar with such things, even out of curiosity, without marring his purity, without dulling his sensibility, without lowering the tone of his resisting power, in which is his safety. I do not care who you are, if you acquiesce yourself with evil from no other motive than curiosity you are not safe. A man who, as a teacher, or a censor in literature, has the unpleasant duty imposed upon him of probing and exposing wickedness, may fulfil that duty and not be harmed, for the reason that he is acting with his mind under the predominant influence of benevolence and obligation; but when a man merely for the sake of gratifying his curiosity goes into the midst of things that are perverting in their tendency, he is taking out of his nerve, that which gives the nerve the whole of its preservative power.

THE GREAT MUSICAL JUBILEE.—The Bostonians are to give us another grand Musical Jubilee this year, to open June 17th and close July 4th. An immense building is now in progress of erection at Boston, which is to be supplied with a gigantic organ. The roaring octaves are to be produced by cannons fired by electricity, the electric keys being placed on the organ and operated, like the other musical keys, by the organist. The clanging notes are to be done by means of a chime of church bells, also worked by keys.

The grand choruses will be sung by twenty thousand performers, representing some two hundred musical societies, from all parts of the country.

The orchestra will be made up of one thousand selected musicians, which, with the military bands, American and foreign, will constitute in all about two thousand players. New York, it is expected, will furnish five hundred of this number; while Boston, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Chicago and other cities of the South and West will make up the remainder.

The instruments for this select orchestra will be as follows: First violins, 250; second violins, 200; violas, 150; violoncellos, 100; contra basses, 100; first flutes, 12; second flutes, 12; first clarionets, 12; second clarionets, 12; first oboes, 10; second oboes, 10; bassoons (first, second, third, and fourth), 20; French horns (first, second, third and fourth), 24; trumpets, (first, second, third and fourth), 24; alto trombones, 12; tenor trombones, 12; bass trombones, 8; bass tubas, 6; tympani (pairs), 6; small drums, 10; bass drums, 4; cymbals (pairs), 4; great drum, 1; great triangle, 1; total, 1,000.

The building, it is calculated, will seat not less than one hundred thousand people. The chorus and orchestra will occupy nearly two acres; while nearly three acres will be given to the audience. The great drum is to be twelve feet in diameter. The frame has just been completed.

Each programme will contain one or more familiar hymns to be sung by the full chorus and audience together. This will be "congregational singing" on a large scale. Among the pieces of this description named are Old Hundred.

The music, for the greater part, will be sacred. The selections announced are principally from the great masters, Mendelssohn being most conspicuous. Handel's oratorio "Israel in Egypt" will be given entire, by a chorus of singers familiar with the music, resident in Boston and its adjacent towns.

The Savannah *News* says to a correspondent: "Your 'Sonnet to a Violet' is good; but it is an inviolable rule among newspapers to publish no original poetry unless it is paid for in advance. Our usual price for original poetry is eight dollars a line, but as there are extenuating circumstances in your favor, we will print yours for seven and a half. We have unsurpassed facilities for doing this kind of work."

will kindly employ me, and lend me money to redeem my tools, I will work for you till all is repaid."

"Lift up your head, and let me have a fair look at your face," replied the employer.

Dick quietly obeyed the request; and the master fixed a keen scrutinizing glance upon him, replying at length, "All right, Dick, I'll trust you willingly."

So Dick fought the hard strife! and conquered; clinging to his work, to Fannie's Bible and to prayer. Among the vilest he goes upon his way, speaking of Jesus, of Fannie and hope; himself a living gospel to the drunkard, a breathing proof of the infinite willingness of the Son of God to rescue and to save.

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN.—Speaking generally, the training and discipline that are suitable for the one sex in early life are also the most suitable for the other; and the education and culture that fill the mind of the man will prove equally wholesome for the woman. Indeed, all the arguments which have yet been advanced in favor of the higher education of men plead equally strongly in favor of the higher education of women.

In all the departments of home, intelligence will add to woman's usefulness and efficiency. It will give her thought and forethought, enable her to anticipate and provide for the contingencies of life, suggest improved methods of management, and give her strength in every way. But while the mind and character of women ought to be cultivated with a view to their own well-being, they ought not the less to be educated liberally with a view to the happiness of others. Men themselves cannot be sound in mind or morals if woman be the reverse, and if, as we hold to be the case, the moral condition of a people mainly depends upon the education of the home, then the education of women is to be regarded as a matter of importance. But while it is certain that the character of a nation will be elevated by the enlightenment and refinement of woman, it is much more than doubtful whether any advantage is to be derived from her entering into competition with man in the rough work of business and politics. Women can no more do men's special work in the world than men can do women's. And wherever woman has been withdrawn from her home and family to enter upon other work, the result has been socially disastrous. Indeed, the efforts of some of the best philanthropists have of late years been devoted to withdrawing women from the toiling alongside of men in coalpits, factories, nail-shops, and brick-yards. There is, however, one special department of woman's work demanding the earnest attention of all true female reformers, though it is one which has hitherto been unaccountably neglected.—We mean the better economizing and preparation of human food, the waste of which at present, for want of the most ordinary culinary knowledge, is little short of scandalous. If that man is to be regarded as a benefactor of his species who makes two stalks of corn to grow where only one grew before, not less is she to be regarded as a public benefactor who economizes and turns to the best practical account the food-products of human skill and labor. The improved use of even our existing supply would be equivalent to an immediate extension of the cultivable acreage of our country—not to speak of the increase in health and domestic comfort. Were our female reformers to turn their energies in this direction with effect, they would earn the gratitude of all households, and be esteemed among the greatest of all practical philanthropists.—[Samuel Smiles.]

SILENT INFLUENCES.—It is not the water-spout, but the nightly dew which freshens vegetation. It is not the flashes of lightning which mature our harvests, but the golden sunbeam and the quiet electricity which thrill in atoms, and which flash in every ripening ear. Niagara in all its thundering yields no fertility; but the Nile coming without observation, with noiseless fastness, overflows, and from under the retiring flood Egypt looks up again, a garner of golden corn. The world may be the better for its moral cataraacts and its spiritual thunderbolts, but the influences which do the world's great work, which freshen and fertilize it, and which are maturing its harvests for the garner of glory, are not the proud and potent spirits, but the patient and the persevering; they are not noisy and startling phenomena, but the steady and silent operators. They are the Sunday schools, which line upon line repeat the gospel lesson, and keep alive in the hearts of youthful millions some fear of God. They are the good and loving mothers, who begin with cradle hymns, and who try to make the sweet story of Jesus as dear and as memorable as their own kind voices. They are also the indefatigable toilers in the cause of temperance and other Christian reforms, who, day after day and year after year, are laboring to restore poor suffering humanity, and crown it with the benedictions of God.—[Voice of Truth.]

The latest advices from Antioch report the town to be for all practical purposes entirely destroyed. Shocks of earthquake are still felt in the country round about, but they are not severe, and the exhumation of the dead lying under the ruins is going on actively. About one thousand bodies have already been brought to light, and some three hundred persons are suffering from more or less serious injuries sustained during the disaster. Several people were rescued from positions in which they had been almost buried alive for some days, unable to extricate themselves. Shortly after the last great shock the earth opened in gaps in many places about the town and vomited forth a quantity of fine yellow-colored ashes, with which the surrounding fields for a considerable distance are still covered.

CHEAP LABOR IN GARDENING.—We make a seasonable suggestion to young gardeners, on the best mode of keeping clean grounds, and raising good crops at little cost. Novices will commonly allow weeds to get several inches high before they think of clearing them out and destroying them. Now the great secret of cheap and successful culture is to kill all the weeds before they come up. Go over the bare surface of earth as often as once a week, and pulverize it thoroughly with a rake or a hoe. This will kill every weed just as it is starting, with less than a tenth of the labor required to kill them when several inches high. Do this often and thoroughly.—[Country Gentleman.]

no reason to complain of the scarcity of birds hereabout; nor do we imagine any one in our village has reason to complain of their lack. Swallows in particular are very plenty. Of an evening hundreds of them in a flock may be seen winging the air just at night-fall in a sort of gyration preparatory for a dive into some neighboring unoccupied chimney for rest and shelter.

If there be any scarcity of birds in the East Village, as is intimated, who knows but by their instincts they have discovered that the town government is soon to be removed to the centre and so they have come hither to anticipate that event somewhat? Or, perhaps they don't like the decision of the bridge case and so left; who knows? Birds are nice creatures, and know some things as well as men.

W. WATERTOWN, June 31, 1872. B. F. W.

So they do—and Josh Billings says "some men know some things afterwards that they never know'd afore."

[For the Waterville Mail.]

SCARE-CROWS.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—I rode out recently a few miles among the farmers and I noticed that many of them had placed scare crows in their corn fields. For the last five years that I lived on my farm I took the opposite course by coaxing the black rascals on to my fields (for I rather liked them). I would take a pint of corn, and go early in the morning and sow it in two or three places on the field, and do the same each day for ten or twelve days, by which time it will get so firmly rooted that they will leave it, for they don't like hard work more than some white folks. In this way you will save your corn, for I never knew it to fail, and it will cost you six quarts of corn, worth 18 cts. and you have the satisfaction of feeding the hungry, which is certainly worth something.

ISA. MARSTON.

MESSRS. MAZHAM & WING.—I promised you some time since to give you a few statistics of our shirt manufacturing business; but want of time has hindered, till I see you have published a few items, which need slight correction.

The number of hands now employed in our manufactory is 120; the number of hands outside is quite indefinite, because shirts are often taken out by one member, to be worked upon by the family groups. It may be safe to say that 500 work on the shirts, more or less, outside.

Our production for the present six months, from 1st of Jan., will be rising 3000 doz. The payments for labor during the same time, \$25,000.

These statistics indicate considerable prosperity, but not fully up to what the great outlay requires, nor what we hope to attain.

It has taken many years of hard toil, care and sacrifice, to attain to this success. During the first ten years here, not less than \$10,000 had been sunk in the enterprise, and failure seemed almost certain to human view. But by the blessing of God I had a religious faith which sustained me during that trying period. And it was during this time, and in one of my darkest hours, that I received one of those "blessings in disguise," an anonymous letter, (of which I have had many,) in which the writer reproached me for "building up on the blood of my workmen." How sadly we may misunderstand the motives and course of others! Happy he who can forgive his enemies, and look confidently, though humbly, up to God, who knows all.

C. F. L.

(Communication.)

THE CIRCUS.—Is it quite among the courtesies of good neighbors for the owners of vacant lots of land in the midst of the village to let them to be occupied by a circus? There is a plenty of vacant land outside of and near enough to the village for such purposes. It is very sure the Courts would restrain the owners from such a use of land so situated, were application made to them. Such an institution always attracts great numbers of noisy and disorderly people, that are, to say the least of it, an annoyance to the dwellers adjoining.

THE DEATH OF YOUNG APPLETON.—The inquest called to investigate the death of Daniel Webster Appleton, after finding that he died from injuries received in the lockup in Neponset, close their verdict as follows: A careful review of the evidence shows the condition of Appleton on the afternoon in question was one that demanded police interference; that the arrest and subsequent detention were conservative acts and that ordinary care was exercised by the officer in searching the person and providing for the wants of the prisoner. The evidence also tends to show that the cell was designedly fired by its inmate and for the purpose of obtaining his release, his isolated situation furnishing the opportunity; and the jury cannot too severely censure a system which permits the custodian to leave his charge unattended, a custom which must always be attended with danger and one which in this instance lost a fellow citizen his life.

Senator Sumner says he has been haunted day and night by the dying words of Secretary Stanton derogatory to President Grant, and that he regards these words as a legacy which he cannot withhold from the country. As these words were uttered before President Grant entered upon his presidential office, this testimony has no bearing upon the question whether he has properly discharged the duties of that office. The Senator says he knew before that time, that the ex-secretary did not have a very high estimate of the general capacity of the President elect, and it is quite probable that in seeking a confidant he made sure that the views of the custodian of this "legacy" were in harmony with his own. And thus the two men sat and communed together, and if the whole story is told, it will appear that each expressed the opinion that the Republican party had selected the wrong man for its standard-bearer. [Boston Traveller.]

Boston is startled by a new and serious bank defection. William H. Wardleigh, clerk in the Merchant's Bank, Boston is discovered to have taken \$87,000 of the bonds belonging to the bank, and converted them to his own use. It is the old story of stock speculations and losses, endeavored to be repaired by borrowing from funds in his control, and new ventures in stocks. He had charge of the U. S. bonds belonging to the bank, and his method of concealing the fraud is curious. It is said that Wardleigh has been able to cover up the absence of bonds, by bringing to the directors, when they made their examination, a bundle at a time from the vault. As the bundle was counted and recorded he took it back to the vault and brought another, but by bringing the same bundle twice in the course of an examination—being aware of the exact deficiency—he was always able to have the number of bonds counted tally with the amount of bond assets.

Waterville Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DAN'L R. WING,
EDITORS.
WATERTOWN... JUNE 7, 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 required at this office:—

S. M. PETERSON & Co., No. 10 State St., Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York.
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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 WATERTOWN MAIL OFFICE.

FOR PRESIDENT.

ULYSSES S. GRANT,
Of Illinois.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT.

HENRY WILSON,
Of Massachusetts.

For Representative to Congress,
JAMES G. BLAINE.

GRANT AND WILSON.—The unanimous nomination of president Grant and senator Wilson of Massachusetts, for president and vice-president, settles the republican programme for the present campaign. This was done with great harmony by the convention at Philadelphia on Thursday. Mr. Colfax, who has persisted in his desire to retire whenever the public voice would permit, withdrew his name from the canvass when it was found that Mr. Wilson would probably be acceptable to a majority of the delegates. Probably no party convention ever came more directly from the mass of the people, or acted with more earnestness and harmony. Now it remains to be seen whether the northern and southern democrats who sympathized in the rebellion can strike hands at Richmond and accept Horace Greeley to bear their ragged banner. Then the contest will be a plain one on both sides.

MR. SUMNER'S SPEECH.

When the leaders of the party which by its sympathy co-operated with the South in the rebellion, bring charges of incapacity and maladministration against President Grant, it is so much a matter of course that little heed is due to it. If he were ever so much of a statesman, and his administration ever so faultless, all these charges would be made. The country expects them; indeed it would be a sign of dangerous stupor when corruption gave no such token of its locality. But when such men as Mr. Sumner nerve their best energies to do the same thing,—not merely using their own weapons, but seizing and sharpening and wielding those of the general enemy—then even falser and baser charges acquire a dignity that commands notice.

Mr. Sumner need not have commenced with a labored effort to affirm his love for the republican party. This was the thought of the politician rather than the statesman. He did not go to Cincinnati, but he sent others there. He would not help nominate Horace Greeley, but he would urge on the schism that aimed to damage the party more than it could damage the president. He loves the party less as it now is, than he would love it in the ruin to which he aims to bring it.

Uppermost in his mind is "the president's St. Domingo policy." In that contest Mr. Sumner was the victor—unless the president's truly manly retreat was the greater victory. So, Mr. Sumner is the party who can afford to be generous instead of belching his gall upon dead issues. But he does not try to withhold the chafing words that wound his loved party more than they wound his personal enemy—for his whole speech is rather the work of the sharp-shooter who aims at a single foe, than of the philanthropic statesman who looks over the broad public. The party has its sins no doubt, but are they all to be expiated in the name of Gen. Grant? Mr. Sumner says he is peculiarly the teacher of wrong-doing to both the party and the country; the begetter of broils and the backer of quarrellers. If he had called him the pursuer of wrong-doers and the finisher of quarrels, the charge would have been merited. Gen. Grant closed the war, and the war left the country in a quarrelsome mood; but does not Mr. Sumner exhibit his full share of both the nervousness and the pugnacity that he thinks pervade the party generally and the president particularly? Nobody will deny that Charles Sumner is the most quarrelsome politician in the country—just now.

The president is no statesman, says Mr. Sumner. Well, if he had proved great in this respect he would have disappointed those who elected him. The country had statesmen enough, and ready to serve. As after the first revolution, so after the second, it needed a military man at its head. The cabinet might be all civilians; and Gen. Grant knew how to select them. The country felt their deep obligation to Gen. Grant, and was ready with one voice to discharge the debt. They did it without sacrifice, for no other man was so much wanted. He of all men was best fitted to over-

see the difficult process of healing the wounds the country had received from the rebellion. They knew he was not learned in politics, and that his lessons in statesmanship had been studied chiefly on the battle-field. It was because we had the great enemy but half conquered, and Gen. Grant knew how to finish up the work, that he was placed at the head of the band of statesmen and politicians, to whose true hands the restored country was committed. When Mr. Sumner first gave utterance to the charge of "No statesman," he but echoed a sneer that nobody pretended to notice; but when it has become the watchword of the same men who once claimed that Gen. Grant was "no soldier," and Mr. Sumner has made himself the champion by whose slimy rhetoric the charge is to be urged, he must be ranked in the re-organizing party whose instincts and intents harmonize in the cry, and point at the triumph of democracy in the restoration of Jeff Davis to the U. S. Senate. For any man less politically sanctified than he, his present position would be rank treason to the party he so fondly kisses in his betrayal.

A prominent point in Mr. Sumner's speech is his interview with secretary Stanton, in which the latter said of Gen. Grant, "He cannot govern this country." Perhaps the secretary, in the weakness of his death-bed, had fears like this. Possibly he had entertained similar doubts when Grant was sent to the head of the army—that he could not put down the rebellion. Time has shown that he could both put down the rebellion and "govern this country." Mr. Sumner cannot see how a country can be governed except within the rule and etiquette of diplomacy, as he has studied them in his books. It was the excuse of the old warriors who fell back before the assaults of Napoleon in his Italian campaign, that the young soldier did not fight according to the rules of war. He replied that he fought for victory and not for etiquette. So far as the prosperity of the people depends upon the manner in which they are "governed," who has ever governed this country better than President Grant? To quote the fears of the dead secretary after they have been found groundless, is but an evidence of the barrenness of sound argument that everywhere marks this last great display of Mr. Sumner's rhetoric.

The great rhetorician charges the president with appointing his relatives to office. He says report puts the number at forty-two; but with his own knowledge of the origin of these reports he shows his faith in them by cutting the list squarely down to "a baker's dozen." And are all who "boast the blood of 'gallant Grant'" to be disfranchised because he has won the right to help the rest? What if neither Pierce or Washington, or even bachelor Buchanan, could find a dozen relatives fit for office? One of the noblest names in this nation is hereafter to be Grant, and the more of them hold office the better if they are qualified and get it honestly. Of all the flimsy accusations brought against the president, the most puny and low-bred is this of having appointed to office persons who were related to him, either by blood or marriage. The men who make it would if they dared accuse him of favoring the men who helped him fight his way onward to Richmond.

It might seem strange, if Mr. Sumner's personal bitterness towards the president were not so generally understood, that the whole power of his speech should be aimed at a single individual. He claims to raise his voice for a dying party;—is one man, with no power as a politician, no wisdom as a statesman, and no moral strength as a civilian, to be held to all the blame of destroying Mr. Sumner's dearly beloved party? He sees no cabinet, and no senatorial counsellors, of whom he is himself one. He sees only the one devoted head upon which he pours the full stream of his boiling rhetoric.

When, years ago, in the same august body in which Mr. Sumner now speaks, one of the Whig leaders poured upon the head of Andrew Jackson a torrent of vituperation just like this, Henry Clay rose in his seat and said in substance, that however he might sympathize with the speaker in party opposition to Gen. Jackson, he could not hear such language against a man who had done so much for his country, without marking it with his emphatic protest! In the same spirit and with the same emphasis will the nation enter its protest against this outpouring of eloquent abuse and rhetorical bitterness upon Gen. Grant.

STATE FAIR.—Arrangements are being completed for the Fair of the State Agricultural Society at Bangor. Warren Percival, esq., of Vassalboro', has been elected General Superintendent of the Grounds; Rufus Prince esq., of Turner, General Superintendent of Halls; and Seth T. Holbrook, esq., of Oxford, Chief Marshal.—The other officials have not yet been appointed.

LT. JOHN D. MYRICK, late of the 10th U. S. Cavalry, has resigned his position in the army, and returned to his home in Augusta, with the intention of entering upon the practice of law.

The closing exercises of the Westbrook Seminary will occur next week. Graduating exercises Thursday forenoon; Commencement Dinner at 3 P. M.; Oration by Dr. C. E. Bolles of Salem, Mass., and Poem by Miss Helen F. Spaulding, in the evening.

Our late frequent rains keep the river at a good driving pitch and full of logs.

The small pox has been stamped out in Rockland.

OUR TABLE.

THE July number of "OLD AND NEW," to be issued June 15, will repeat the highly successful experiment of last year, and will be an Educational Number. It will contain a graphic account of life at the famous Round Hill School, established and conducted by George Bancroft and Dr. Cogswell; a comprehensive view of the whole range of instruction now given at Harvard University; other papers upon topics of educational importance, and a College Directory, giving the name, locality, course of study, faculty and number of students of 175 or more of the principal collegiate institutions of the United States—being an extremely convenient reference list.

Mailed, post paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by the publishers, Messrs. Roberts Bros., Boston.

MERRY'S MUSEUM.—The bright pages, handsome illustrations, interesting stories, sound moral lessons, and good manners taught in this popular monthly, explain its glad welcome among the boys and girls. The June number is a gem. Terms \$1.50 a year. Horace B. Fuller, Publisher, Boston.

It would be unfortunate for Mr. Sumner and his friends, if the only point in his speech not previously harped upon should be found weak in its veracity. In detailing his last interview with the dying Stanton, he says that when he asked the secretary why, with his doubts of Grant's capacity, he had advocated his election, the reply was that though he had spoken for the republican party, he had never mentioned Grant's name. Gen. Logan, in replying to Mr. Sumner, read extracts from Stanton's speeches in the campaign of 1868, made at Cleveland, Philadelphia and New York, in which he repeatedly eulogized Grant by name, saying the safety of the country was due to Grant, that it was an honor to vote for Grant, that the mistakes and mismanagement charged upon the Republican party were no reproach to Grant, because he was in the field when they were made, if made at all, and that the large attendance at the meeting he was addressing, signified that the people had given judgment in favor of U. S. Grant.

Certainly nobody can deny that here is a square question of veracity between Mr. Sumner and secretary Stanton. If the former tells the truth, certainly the latter told a falsehood. However serious this charge may look, it cannot be winked out of sight. The only resort for Mr. Sumner is the inquiry which would be most likely, he in the bitterness that everywhere marks his speech, or Mr. Stanton upon his death-bed, to utter what was not true?

THE STRIKE EPIDEMIC has reached Waterville, and selects its first victims among Canadian Frenchmen. Last Monday morning Chas. Hallett's crew, employed on the extension between Danville and Portland, refused to leave until after Circus, but having had their fill of that they went quietly back to work on Wednesday. The crew employed on the extension in this village, having unloaded the first gravel train on Monday morning, stuck their shovels in the sand and refused to do anything more unless their \$1.50 a day was made \$2.00; but the railroad company don't "see it," and will find another crew elsewhere to commence work next Monday.

MR. MOSES PARSONS, of Burnham, was killed at Leonard's Crossing, about three miles from Burnham village, on Monday morning, by the regular train from Belfast. Mr. P. was unloading wood from his team, and his animals becoming restive under the sound of the approaching train, he stepped to their heads, when, just before the train reached him, the horses reared and threw him directly in front of the engine, which with the cars passed over him, killing him instantly. His wife and two children were within sight, and their grief can better be imagined than described. His age was 45. One of the horses was also killed. The coroner's inquest exonerated the railroad company from all blame.

WITHOUT disparaging more costly and imposing church edifices, we confess to hearty admiration for the modest building occupied by the Universalist Society, which, — neat and clean in its new coat of paint, and half hidden half revealed amid its leafy surroundings—helps to complete a charming picture for the eye in that part of our village. The belfry, too, though it does not stand up so tall as its neighbors, yet peeps over the tops of the trees as though quietly conscious that the bright new time upon its top and the fresh gilding upon its weather vane make it presentable among its loftier brethren.

THE NEW UNIVERSITY BUILDING, having received its outside finishing touches, the surrounding stables have been taken down, and the lofty structure now stands forth plainly to public view. The walls are pronounced better specimens of this peculiar kind of stone work even than of the Memorial building. The plastering is approaching completion.

The alterations and repairs on the south division of the north College are nearly completed, and these neat and convenient rooms will soon be ready for occupancy.

The thunder shower that swept around our village on Saturday, and from the skirts of which we had a pleasant watering for our streets, was quite severe in some localities. In Bath, Bangor, Skowhegan, and other places, hail fell so that people gladly sought shelter from the pelting shower and the streets were left white with stones, some of which were as large as bullets.

The Railroad Company have provided a lumber yard and convenient loading place, on the south side of their track, west of pleasant street, with an approach from the County road—principally for the benefit of Smith's mill, we suppose.

CONSEQUENTIAL DAMAGES.—As a protection from sparks from passing engines, and to keep down the rates of insurance, we presume, the roof of the buildings next below the new railroad crossing on College street are receiving a covering of slate.

The fifty-second anniversary of the Bangor Theological Seminary was celebrated this week.

The following letter from William Lloyd Garrison has made its appearance since Sumner's last speech; and we cannot help believing that this serious rebuke and earnest protest from one of the fathers of emancipation and one of the founders of the republican party, will command the attention of conscientious men.

ROXBURY, June 1, 1872.

Dear Mr. Sumner.—I owe it to you to say, with all the frankness which a sincere friendship justifies, that I have carefully read your speech in sharp arraignment of the President; and my conviction is that it is ill-judged, ill-timed, and so extravagant in its charges and bitter in its personalities as to neutralize whatever of just criticism can be found in it. It will assuredly serve the purposes of the worst foes the cause of impartial freedom has most to fear, very many of them now rallying under the deceptive banner of "Liberal Republicanism;" but the loyal liberty-upholding party with which you have hitherto been proud to be identified, will pursue it with deep regret if not unfeigned astonishment. Certainly you do not represent Massachusetts in this sweeping impeachment. Her Republican people are almost a unit for the re-election of the man whom you attempt to stain with crime and cover with infamy. You cannot separate General Grant from the party which put him in the Presidential chair, and which means to keep him in it, if possible, another term, being satisfied as to his ability, integrity, and patriotism; and, therefore, in stigmatizing him as a venal self-seeker and an unscrupulous usurper, you virtually pronounce it to be equally corrupt and untrustworthy. This you have a right to do, on your own responsibility, if you must; but in so doing you will find yourself, for the first time, in marked opposition to the sentiment of Massachusetts, as its Senator in Congress, and surrounded by allies who have heretofore been your deadliest enemies.

Occupying, as I do, an outside position, I write this under no party bias, and only because I feel constrained in this manner to free my mind as a proof of my friendship. Receive it in the spirit which has dictated it.

Faithfully and respectfully yours,
WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

Hon. Charles Sumner.

MR. J. S. FIELD, of Thibodeaux, Louisiana, died in Augusta, last Sunday, at the age of 38 years. He was a native of Sidney, son of Capt. Benj. Field, of Sidney, and brother of Mrs. J. H. Hanson of this village.

MR. SEWALL, from the Seminary at Bangor, will preach in the Congregational Church, in this village, next Sabbath.

PRICES of beef at Brighton, this week, advanced a quarter of a cent per pound and trade was active. The supply was mostly from the west, and some of the cattle were sold to come to Maine.

ANSON has voted to exempt from taxation, for ten years, property invested in any one manufacturing establishment in that town to the amount of ten thousand dollars.

THE GRAND DIVISION of the Sons of Temperance met in Augusta on Tuesday the following officers being present:—

Joshua Nye, Grand Worthy Patriarch; Mrs. Belle A. Small, Grand Worthy Associate; Hiram K. Morrell, Grand Worthy Scribe; J. S. Kimball, G. W. Treasurer; B. F. Tallman, G. W. Chaplain; J. L. Brown, P. G. W. P.; L. T. Boothby, G. Conductor; E. D. Lamson, G. Sentinel.

The reports of the officers showed the order to be in a flourishing condition. The present number of subordinate divisions is 28, an increase of one during the past quarter; number of members 1751, an increase during the quarter of 234. The Grand Division heartily endorsed the work of the Reform Clubs, and appointed Joshua Nye, D. B. Randall, Henry Tallman, J. S. Kimball, and P. M. Folger a committee to attend the State convention of Reform Clubs.

The following were elected Representatives to the National Division to meet in Chicago the present month: P. G. W. Patriarchs J. S. Kimball, Z. Pope Vose, Henry Tallman, Joshua Nye, D. B. Randall, B. F. Tallman, Neal Dow, Sidney Perham, Jas. Nash, E. W. Jackson, J. B. Thorndike, S. L. Carlton, J. L. Brown; P. G. W. Associates A. J. Potter, L. T. Boothby, S. W. Ward, F. Loring; Present G. W. W. Associate Mrs. Belle A. Small; G. W. Scribe H. K. Morrell.

We learn from the Belfast Journal that Mayo H. Nickerson, son of Thomas C. Nickerson, of Seabrook, who left his father's house a short time ago with an axe to repair a fence, cannot be found, but the axe has been discovered in a hollow stump. He was about 19 years of age and had no money with him.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, the founder of the New York Herald, died last Saturday evening.

WE are glad to see them making the approach to the Waterville end of Ticonic Bridge a little more secure, and we hope that the Winslow authorities will see that their end is all right. It has seemed as though the conditions were favorable for a first class catastrophe at both ends of the bridge.

MR. J. B. WENDELL, for so many years the faithful steward of one of our Engine Companies, is now serving as Steward of the Atlantic Engine Co., of Augusta, and the Journal says keeps the machine looking as neat as a lily.

THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION will be held in Bangor June 18; and, curiously enough, the democratic convention for the Third Congressional District will be held at the same time and place.

DANIEL C. DOYLE, from the provinces, reports that he was knocked down, and robbed of \$40 in Bangor, Tuesday morning.

GOOD.—Temperance celebrations are to be fashionable on the next Independence Day.

H. A. BROWN, of Boston, has issued a Guide Book of the City of Notions, which will be a great convenience to visitors who wish to see all they can in the shortest time. It only costs 20 cents, but contains a great amount of useful information.

KENDALL'S MILLS ITEMS.

A REFORM MEETING was held at Andrews Hall last Friday evening, agreeable to notice and addressed by Mr. Osgood, of Gardiner, Hon. Joshua Nye, of Augusta, and others. An invitation was then extended to all to pledge themselves against the use and traffic in spirituous and malt liquors, wine and cider. A large number signed the pledge and an organization was formed to be known as the Kendall's Mills Washingtonian Reform Club, the following officers being chosen:—Frank Kenrick, President; Lorenzo Dow, E. S. Page, S. S. Page, Vice Presidents; F. M. Totman, Secretary and Treasurer. A meeting of the Club was held at the Hall Monday evening, and a large number signed the pledge, among whom were hard drinkers, moderate drinkers, and those who did not drink at all. The Citizens' Band furnished music for both occasions, and quite an interest is manifested by all for the success of this movement. It is intended to have regular meetings of the Club and speakers from abroad will address each meeting.

DECORATION DAY was observed Sunday by the citizens, with appropriate services, although the rain kept a large number at home, and made it uncomfortable for those who took part in the ceremonies.

MR. CHARLES VITUM, Clerk at the Andrews House, and George Tarbox, an Express Messenger, were upset in a toy buggy at Skowhegan Village, Saturday evening last, by the horse becoming frightened at a wheelbarrow beside the road. Vitum got some bruises in the head and Tarbox had a wrist sprained, besides receiving other slight injuries.

REV. MR. SKINNER, of Waterville, has been engaged to preach at the Universalist Church, and services are held there regularly at 2 o'clock, P. M.

HON. NATHAN WESTON, LL. D., late Chief Justice of Maine, died at his residence in Augusta, on Tuesday, June 4th, at the age of 83 years, 10 months and 6 days.

Not only cattle but swine are now bought at Brighton for the Bangor market.

White frost was reported in low places on Monday night, but no damage was done.

Another circular saw victim is reported by the Bangor Whig—Daniel Hinds about 20 years old, son of Mr. Samuel Hinds, at work in Morris' Mills in Bangor, fell upon the trimming saw, on Wednesday, and was so horribly mangled that he cannot live.

Capt. Calvercoross, of the U. S. Navy, was murdered in Bridgeport, Conn., shortly after he had left the hotel for the New York boat, at 10½ o'clock Monday evening. A pistol shot was heard and the police found him dying, with a bullet in the lower left breast and a severe cut on the hip. His sword cane, with which he had probably attempted to defend himself, was bent double, and a pistol of peculiar make, was found near him, but his watch and satchel, believed to contain about \$10,000, were gone. He had a life insurance of \$10,000. No arrests have been made.

TEMPERANCE REFORM CONVENTION.—The Temperance Reform Convention met in Augusta Wednesday afternoon and was welcomed with a song by the children of the Cold Water Temple of Augusta. Dr. Brickett of Augusta was made temporary chairman, and N. Dingley, Jr., of Lewiston, Secretary. Seventy-five delegates were reported.

The following were elected officers of the permanent organization: President J. K. Osgood, of Gardiner; Vice Presidents, one from each club; Secretaries, John G. Conley, of Bath, and H. M. Sprague, of Auburn; Treasurer, George G. Crawford, of Brunswick; Chaplain, O. M. Cousins, of Hallowell.

In the evening a meeting was held at Granite Hall, and the convention was welcomed to Augusta in a brief speech by Mayor Eveleth. Short speeches were made by Dr. Brickett, J. K. Osgood, Francis Murphy of Portland, H. M. Bryant and N. Dingley of Lewiston, E. W. Stetson of Damariscotta, Camp-Meeting John Allen, Joshua Nye, Pinkham of Brunswick, Payson of Auburn, Rev. Mr. Thompson of Massachusetts, and Rev. Mr. Pillsbury of Wisconsin. The remarks were interspersed with music by the Augusta Band and the hall was filled to repletion with interested spectators.

The St. Louis Democrat puts it thus: "Political demoralization has never reached a lower depth, than in this proposal to demote to support Greeley in the faith that he is a hypocrite and will prove a renegade. It is called political strategy. It is in truth moral stupefaction. The manipulators of this trick imagine they have achieved the very acme of shrewdness, when they have really touched the bottom of degradation. Their fatal mistake is in presuming that the people are as destitute of honorable instincts as themselves."

Reports from various points in Illinois and Iowa indicate a general backwardness of crops, especially corn, on account of the coldness of the season. The farmers are however planting a very large area. Fall wheat looks badly, and in some counties wheat fields are plowed up and planted with corn. But this often happens in the northern counties of Illinois. Oats and other small grains promise well.

Insurance.

ENTIRE SAFETY.

J. T. BOOTHBY, Insurance Agent, begs leave to present the following statement of the Insurance Companies represented by him, to the public, after paying all liabilities by the Chicago Fire.

North British and Mercantile Ins. Co.
London, Assets, (Gold), \$11,000,000.

Home, New York.
Assets, \$4,272,000.

Andes, Cincinnati
Assets, \$1,201,000.

Phoenix Fire Insurance Co.
Of Hartford, Assets, \$1,908,821 87

Springfield Fire and M. Ins. Co.
Assets, \$1,055,106 75.

Union, of Bangor
Assets, \$540,701 87.

National Insurance Company, Bangor.
Assets \$449,660 78.

Bay State Insurance Co.
Of Worcester, Assets, \$340,378 99.

We shall give our best services to the protection of our patrons, and trust we shall receive their continued confidence.
Oct. 18th, 1871 L. T. BOOTHBY.

MISCELLANY.

NATURE AND FAITH.

Nature sees the body dead;
Faith beholds the spirit fled.
Nature stops at Jordan's tide;
Faith can see the other side.
That but hears farewell and sigh;
This the welcome in the sky.
Nature mourns the cruel blow;
Faith assures it is not so.
Nature never sees the more;
Faith but sees the glory before.
Nature reads a dismal story;
Faith has visions full of glory.
Nature murmurs, "I give meekness;
Faith reads the story of the cross."
Nature looks up and blesses God;
Faith looks down and blesses God.
That sees the darkness; this above,
That sees the darkness; this above,
That sees the darkness; this above,
That sees the darkness; this above.

—Rev. Robert Peden.

NEW FIRM!

NEW GOODS!

C. H. REDINGTON, having sold to MARTIN BLAISDELL, an interest in his business; the firm under the name of

REDINGTON & BLAISDELL,

will continue the

Furniture, Carpet,
CROCKERY, CASKET & COFFIN

Business, at the OLD STAND of C. H. REDINGTON.

Hoping by honorable dealing and close attention to business and by keeping constantly on hand a much larger stock than is kept in town, to receive the patronage of those wanting goods in our line. We invite attention to our stock of

NEW CARPETING,

of all grades, Tapestry Three Plys, Extras, Ingrain, Duncees, emps, Wall Carpeting, Oil Cloths

—MATS and RUGS of all kinds.

URNITURE

of every description. Parlor Suits, Chamber Sets, Walnut, Ash and Pine, got up in the latest styles. —Sofas, Lounges, Bedsteads, Cases and Wood-Grain, Office Chairs, and everything kept in the best Furniture Stores.

CROCKERY,

the largest stock ever in town. French, China, Ironstone, Figured and Plain, several varieties; C. Ware, White and Yellow; Ware, China, Vases, Cupboards, Flower Pots, &c., &c.

Shades and Curtains, Tassels, Cords, &c., &c.

GLASS WARE, new and beautiful Patterns.

TABLE & POCKET CUTLERY,
SOLID SILVER WARE, Rogers Bros.

MATRASSES,

Hair, Spring, Wool, Duck and Kael. For. FEATHERS, all grades, &c. Bedsteads, Mirrors, all sizes. Chandeliers, Lamps, and all other goods.

Mir Plates at 0 Order.

Caskets and Coffins,
All sizes always on hand, Walnut, Rosewood, Whiteoak, Elm, Birch and Pine, elegant and trimmed in the very best manner at factory prices.

BURIAL ROBES.

Thibet, Cashmere and Lawn, always on hand. We will sell these goods at the very bottom prices. Just examine and judge for yourselves.

REDINGTON & BLAISDELL,
101 Centre Street
opposite the Express Office.

F. A. WALDRON,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,
OFFICE IN PRINCE BLOCK,
WATERVILLE, MAINE.

Special attention given to collecting and conveying.

L W & CO'S

WILD CHERRY BITTERS
An excellent SPRING MEDICINE for the

Dyspepsia, Jaundice, ziness, Headache,
out of Appetite, General Debility, &c.

They are a gentle laxative and cleanse the stomach and bowels, promote digestion and restore the system to a healthy condition. Prepared and sold only by

IRA H. LOW & Co.,
Apothecaries.

Phenix Block, Waterville.

All are invited!

call and examine the

ORIENTAL,
now on exhibition, at
ARNOLD & MEADERS.

NO ONE SHOULD FAIL TO SEE IT. 20

Beautiful Patterns, at

NEW CARPETS,
J. F. ELDEN'S.

LADIES;
YOU can get a pair of New York Boots at
O. F. MAYO'S, opposite the P. O.

NEW CHANDELIERS AND LAMP
GOODS
Just received at
J. F. ELDEN'S.

Real Estate For Sale.

A nice little Farm
Containing about 50 acres, 2 1/2 miles from the post-office, near the school house. The land is of varied and excellent soil, and easy tillage. Crops last year sold for about \$600. Buildings fair, with a thirty year old orchard of fruit trees. Will be sold at a bargain. Apply at my residence, near Crockett's Mills, or inquire at the Mill Office, Waterville, April 26, 1872. 414

W. M. TRUEB.

Caskets, Coffins and Robes
AT
REDINGTON & BLAISDELL'S.

NEW HAVEN, Bangor, Portland and Augusta make and largest and best assortment ever in town. Rosewood, Walnut, Elm, Whiteoak, Birch and Pine. Round caskets, Oval Top, 1/2 Top, Spring Top and Half Spring. Lined and Trimmed in the very best manner, and at lower prices than elsewhere in the State. Burial Robes always on hand. 41
REDINGTON & BLAISDELL.

NEW Carpets at
REDINGTON & BLAISDELL'S.

SERGE & LEATHER BOOTS.
FOR Ladies and Misses, selling low
at MAXWELL'S.

HOUSE-KEEPING GOODS
In infinite variety, at
J. F. ELDEN'S.

CROCKERY and GLASS WARE
In great variety, at
J. F. ELDEN'S.

WANTED.
EXPERIENCED SHIRT
address 100 DOWRY, WAT
LEWISTON, 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—Hair cloth, Rep and Terry. CHAMBER SETS—Walnut Chestnut and Pine. Lounges, Mirrors, and Dining-room Furniture.

The best assortment of Tapestry, Three Ply, Ingrain, Hemp, Straw, and Oil Cloth

CARPETS,

on the river at LOWEST PRICES.

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

Cutlery and Plate Ware;
Chandeliers, Brackets and Lamps, in great variety.

LACE CURTAINS AND PAINTED SHADES.
CORNICES 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.

F. C. THAYER, M. D.

OFFICE
IN MERCHANTS' ROW, MAIN ST.,
OPPOSITE 1ST AND KENDALL'S STORE

WATERVILLE, MAINE.

Dr. Thayer may be found at his office or at his home opposite the Baptist Church except when absent on professional business.

Dec. 1871.

DR. G. S. PALMER,

DENTAL OFFICE,
over
ALDEN'S JEWELRY
STORE,
opp People's Nat'l Bank,
WATERVILLE ME

Chloroform, Ether or Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when desired

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 the quality and descriptions.

Mrs. Williams is Agent for the
New Union 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.

REMOVAL.

G. H. CARPENTER
has moved his
MUSIC STORE
to Prof. Lyford's Brick Block, nearly opposite his former place of business, where he will keep a

Pianos, Organs, Melodeons,
and SMALL MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Which will be sold as low as can be bought elsewhere. There are advantages in buying near home.

Also a large stock of SHEET MUSIC, and MUSIC BOOK

The celebrated
ELIAS HOWE SEWING MACHINES,
BUTTRICK'S PATTERNS OF GARMENTS

Address
G. H. CARPENTER, Waterville, Me.

DUNNING'S
ICE PRESERVER
PATENT IMPROVED
SEP 18, 1871.

THIS Preserver is made of felt, flannel and other material which are non-conductors of heat; and as to its durability, it will last during one's natural life, with ordinary care.

There is not a question but it will save from one-half to two-thirds the quantity of ice used in Hotels, Boarding houses and Hospitals, to say nothing about the great amount of labor saved by servants. One pitcher of ice each day for a boarder's room in the heat of summer is not only a waste of money, but a source of danger, and one from a pitcher of cold water to preserve it in that state, and protect it from the dust and impurities in the atmosphere which water always takes up, it is worth double the money asked for them. Where water is obtained from cold springs in cases of sickness, with no ice, and it is desirable to keep it cool, this Preserver is invaluable.

Think of the value of it to a sick person longing for a drink of cold water during the hours of a hot summer night. The difference between an invalid reaching out for a pitcher of tepid water, or cold water, or one from a pitcher of cold water that has been taking up the poison in the atmosphere of a sick room for eight or ten hours, is not to be measured by dollars and cents by any one who values health and life.

As a cover for a pitcher of cold water to preserve it in that state, and protect it from the dust and impurities in the atmosphere which water always takes up, it is worth double the money asked for them. Where water is obtained from cold springs in cases of sickness, with no ice, and it is desirable to keep it cool, this Preserver is invaluable.

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Kendall's Mills Column.

LAWRENCE & BLACKWELL,

DEALERS IN

Flour, Grain, Meal, Feed,
AND GROUND PLASTER.

AT THE GRIST MILL,
KENDALL'S MILLS.

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

GIVE US A CALL

E. R. MAYO.

Oyster & Eating-House,
CORNER BRIDGE AND WATER STREET

KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

REMOVAL.
DR. A. PINKHAM.

SURGEON DENTIST,
KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

Has removed to his new office,
NO. 17 NEWHALL ST.,
First door north of Brick Hotel, where he continues to execute all orders for those in need of dental services.

E. W. McFADDEN.

Attorney and Counselor at Law,
AND
Insurance and Real Estate Agent,
KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Winter Arrangement. -- 1871-2.

The new line of road between Bangor and Cumberland, will be opened on Monday the 13th inst, and on and after 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 A. M. via Augusta.

For Bangor and East 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 despatched from Portland and Boston, via Lewiston, at 4:55 P. M., and through freight for Boston, same depot at 4:55 P. 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 for Boston at 10:45 A. M. From Portland via Augusta at 1:35 P. M.

L. L. LINCOLN, Asst. Supt.

Nov. 1, 1871

Portland and Boston & Bangor.

The STANCH and SUPERIOR Sea-Going steamers

JOHN BROOKS and MONTREAL,

Having large and commodious Cabin and superior Stateroom accommodations will run, during the season, as follows:

Leaving Daily, Atlantic Wharf, Portland, and India Wharf, Boston, (Sundays excepted).

At 7 o'clock P. M.

These Steamers have been newly fitted up with steam apparatus for heating cabins and state rooms, and now afford the most convenient and comfortable mode of transportation between Boston and Portland.

Passengers by the long established line obtain every comfort and convenience, arrive in season to take the earliest trains out of the city, and avoid the inconvenience of traveling late at night.

Freight taken at Low Rates,
For goods on P. & N. Packet Co.,
For Freight and Passage apply to
L. L. LINCOLN, Asst. Supt.

MAINE STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

SEMI-WEEKLY LINE.

On and after the 18th inst, the fine steamer "Birgita" of Francoeur, will until further notice run as follows:

Leave Bangor Wharf, Portland, every MONDAY and THURSDAY, at 5 P. M., and leave Pier 28 E. R. New York, every MONDAY and THURSDAY, at 8 P. M.

The "Birgita" and Francoeur are fitted with the finest accommodations for passengers, making this the most convenient and comfortable mode of travel between New York and Maine.

Passage in State Room \$5. Cabin Passage \$4. Mail extra. Goods forwarded to and from Montreal, Quebec, Halifax, St. John, and all ports of Maine. Shipments received and sent free of charge to the Steamer, as early as 4 P. M., on the day they leave Portland.

For freight or passage apply to
HENRY FOX, Capt. of the "Birgita",
J. E. AMES, Pier 28 E. R. New York.

Dissolution.

Having purchased the interest of my late partner in the firm of MAYO, BROTHERS, I respectfully inform the public that I shall continue to carry on the business of the firm.

THE OLD STAND opposite the Post Office.

Where will be found a full assortment of

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS,
For Ladies', Gentlemen's & Children's Wear.

I shall endeavor to keep the largest and best selected assortment of Ladies' Misses and Children's Boots, Shoes and Rubbers to be found in Waterville.

And shall manufacture to measure

GENTLEMEN'S CALF BOOTS,
BOTH PEGGED AND SEWED.

Alighting to do cash business hereafter, I shall of course be able to give customers even better terms than heretofore, and trust by prompt attention to business and fair dealing to deserve and receive a liberal share of public patronage.