



6-14-1872

The Waterville Mail (Vol. 25, No. 51): June 14, 1872

Maxham & Wing

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville_mail



Part of the [Agriculture Commons](#), [American Popular Culture Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 25, No. 51): June 14, 1872" (1872). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 459.

https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville_mail/459

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Waterville Materials at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby.

A DANGEROUS MAN.

BY CORPORA BUMP.

Mr. Sumner says that Grant is a bold, bad, dangerous man.—[Newspaper.]

"A bold, bad man is Gen. Grant," said Floyd one gloomy night, as out from Dominion he crept, and took his hasty flight. From Pillow's trembling lips there came an echo sounding much the same, and Buckner thought his chief was right, nor longer dared maintain the fight; and then came down the rebel "bars," and from the fort hung stripes and stars, "That Grant's a dangerous man!" said they; and doubtless think the same to-day.

"A bold, bad man is Gen. Grant," said Beauregard one morn, as from the haughty traitor's brow the victor's wreath was torn; and from the field his legions went, by orders Gen. Grant had sent. Then Shiloh's field was ours again, despite the host of rebel men, who came an army boasting loud, but went a panic-stricken crowd; for Beauregard and all his men, perhaps thought Grant was dangerous then.

"A bold, bad man is Gen. Grant," said Mr. Pemberton one day; "Entreaties are of no avail, he will not go away."

A stubborn mulish, dangerous man! He wants our rebel lines to tan, and from the field his legions went, until the rebel flags came down; and then our banners rent and torn were through the streets of Vicksburg borne, "The bold, bad man," that glorious Fourth, sent glad tidings to the North.

"A bold, bad man is Gen. Grant," and poor Bragg's eyes were dim with tears; "I know 'Tis useless fighting him," and soon the cheers from Grant's brave men "On Lookout's crest, told where and when The rebel General had to run, and what that 'bold, bad man,' had done. "That Grant's a dangerous man!" he said, as from the field his army fled.

"A bold, bad man is Gen. Grant," said Lee, "it's vain to see; He must be very bold, indeed, To think of whipping me." Then Petersburg and Richmond fell; Then Appomattox—maybe well, At last our heroes' work was done; The final victory was won. Perhaps the people may forget These things, but then they haven't yet. They needed then, such "dangerous" men, And think, perhaps, they may again.

"A bold, bad man is Gen. Grant," Jeff Davis thought the same, When running off in exile; He to the "last ditch" came. A Kankakee's gentle voice was heard, And "Grant is dangerous" he averred. It needs must be that this is so, For all these rebels ought to know. Then Hall and Tweed, and Woodhouse men— Say "Grant is bold and bad" when such men, declare it, then, forsooth, Folks knew that Sumner told the truth.

HOW HE FOUND HER OUT.

"THERE is the most horrible—horrible—awful—strange—sick-looking man down by the gate, Fan, that ever you saw in all the days of your life. He don't look exactly as if he was intoxicated, although he may be. Something's the matter with him anyway," and little Kate Archer, a flaxen-haired, rosy-cheeked girl, caught her breath, and contemplated for a moment, in laughing silence, the group she had interrupted.

Three young ladies occupied a rustic seat by the side of a pleasant stream, protected from the mid-day sun by a row of noble old elms, which might have stood for centuries, such veterans in ruggedness did they seem to be.

Fanny, the one addressed, the sister of Kate and some three or four years her senior, leaned back in an apparently nonchalant mood, and listened to the conversation of her companions. She had evidently not been particularly interested, for her beautiful dark eyes showed no signs of fire—a sure indication with her of a lack of interest.

Fanny Archer's good looks could be summed up in the following brief inventory. She had fine eyes, splendid hair, and two rows of white, even teeth, especially noticeable on account of a large mouth. She had very little color, and very little expression when her face was in repose; but let her once become interested in a subject, and the play of feature was something to wonder at.

"What does he look like, Kate? Describe him to me particularly. Say, girls, just as likely as not he's an adventurer. Good Gracious! I have been sighing for something romantic all day, and here 'tis right at a body's hand," said Mabel Lynn, the beauty of the group, and perfectly conscious of the fact.

"But what are you going to do about it?" drawled Rosanna Lee, who was always asking questions, and suggesting difficulties; about whom there was nothing remarkable in character or appearance, save a constitutional laziness, which made her the laughing stock on every occasion.

"You know there isn't anybody at the house and I forgot we all promised to get tea. What a horrible bore! But, then, there won't be anybody at home but ourselves, and I reckon we can manage somehow," continued the drawler, looking quizzically at Fanny, who had arisen, and seemed for a moment undecided what course to pursue.

"Where are you going, Fan?" "I am going to see what's the matter with that man," she answered decisively. "I do wish the men weren't all away. Come along, girls!" and Miss Fanny started ahead, looking a little annoyed, it is true, but ready and willing to do her duty.

"Isn't this jolly? Anything to break the monotony," laughed Mabel, skipping gaily ahead.

"Even though a man break his neck to accomplish it!" said Fanny, a little bitterly. "Oh, mercy! here he is," remarked Mabel, with a little shriek, reaching the spot first. "Ugh, what a condition he is in! His face is all covered with blood, his clothes are completely saturated with mud! Well, I don't wonder Kate said he was a horrible looking object. Do let's go away and leave him. He's only drunk, and will come to his senses after a while—time enough to go to another spree you may be sure."

In the meantime Fanny had knelt by the side of the unconscious man, and vainly strove to discover some signs of life.

"I do believe the poor fellow is dead, girls," she said after a careful examination. "Run, Mabel, and bring me some water, will you? Do be quick, child!" and Fanny, without a thought of the sick man's mutilated and disfigured condition, lifted his head to her lap, and her broad-rimmed hat shaded the poor bruised face from the scorching rays of the sun.

"I'll get the water; but I know he is drunk, horrible creature," replied Mabel, with a pout. "And Rosanna, you brush his hands and wrists. That may do some good," continued Fanny, her voice laden with sympathy.

"Me! rub those dirty hands? Me! Why, I should as soon think of bathing the paws of a pig."

"Rosanna Lee, you are worse than a brute," and Fanny's words were expressive enough now. "If you won't do this, then go to the house, and wheel out mamma's garden-chair. And go at once."

"But what are you going to do with it, after you have got it?" inquired this feminine slow-coach.

Waterville Mail.

VOL. XXV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE FRIDAY, JUNE 14, 1872.

NO. 51.

"You and Mabel and Kate and I, are going to lift this man into it, and take him to the house and put him to bed, and send for the doctor. Do you think you know now, and will you for once in your life exert yourself a little?"

Fanny's tones were imperative, and Rosanna turned to obey, adding as she went: "If I must, I must. Dear me! how unfortunate that there are no men around. For mercy's sake, do give me the cleanest place there is to get hold of."

Fanny whose sense of the ludicrous was unusually keen, could not, notwithstanding her anxiety refrain from laughing as the disgusted Rosanna uttered these last words. Just then a pair of fine eyes slowly unclosed and looked at the smiling girl full in the face, while their owner tried to smile back again.

"I am not dead, nor am I drunk," he said, in a whisper, "but I am very badly hurt. I was thrown from my carriage, and I am afraid my hip is dislocated. I do not believe—" and the poor fellow was off again in a dead faint.

Shortly after, Mabel arrived with the water, and five minutes later, Rosanna appeared in sight dragging the chair. It was a comical situation, those four young girls trying to lift the unconscious man into this wheeled vehicle. Mabel, finding that the tips of her dainty little fingers would not suffice for the limb she was expected to raise, with an indignant protest against the folly of such behavior wound her handkerchief about the knee, applied both hands to the work, and performed her task with credit. With great difficulty on the part of the chairbearer, and great suffering on the part of the wounded man, he was at last safely landed on the library lounge. Kate saddled her pony and galloped for the doctor. Fanny sat by the invalid, and tried to rub the breath of life in him, while Mabel and Rosanna tried to purify themselves by a rose-scented bath, from the loathsome contact of the stranger.

The doctor came, and pronounced the injury a compound fracture of the thigh; the patient was put to bed, another M. D. summoned, and the case pronounced very serious. By evening the rest of the household had returned and with the true spirit of charity, gladly did all in their power for the relief of the sufferer.

Five weeks passed, during which time the gentleman had scarcely a lucid moment. He talked of business from morning till night, occasionally calling for his mother. At such times Fanny was the only one who could have the least influence over him, and under her magnetic touch he was sure to grow quiet. Six weeks passed before any one knew his name or his residence. He was then found to be Mr. Paul Merriam of New York, and by profession a lawyer. No more questions were asked, nor did he feel desirous of conveying other information. At the end of two months he was so far recovered as to be able, with the aid of crutches, to hobble along on the piazza. It was very difficult to suppose that this gentleman, with the pale, intellectual face, fine eyes and dignified manner, was the same man the girls had dragged in from the road. Fanny, who had been constant in her attendance, had naturally become well acquainted with him; but the young ladies had never, until he was able to leave his room, been treated to a glimpse of his face.

Discovering that the invalid was really a gentleman by birth and education, and to all appearance in excellent circumstances, they had at once signified to Fanny their willingness to be introduced, which hint Fanny, remembering their indifference on the day of the accident, had not taken the least notice of; but when the invalid had so far recovered as to be able to walk about on the piazza, an introduction could no longer be avoided. "Now, Miss Fannie," said the gentleman, one beautiful morning after having exercised some time in the open air, the young lady walking slowly by his side, "I think I've walked about far enough, and if you will fix things, I will sit here awhile, it is so very pleasant. In a few days I shall be able to assist myself, and relieve you. What a care and trouble I have been to you, child. But what should I have done without you? Fanny Archer, you saved my life! Do you know it?"

And for a moment the gentleman turned away from the beautiful eyes which seemed reading his very soul, to hide the tears he was ashamed to have seen.

Just then Mabel, picturequely clad in muslin, her golden hair floating around her shapely shoulders, danced out of the low parlor window, and with an ecstatic start of surprise, and a little "Oh!" which did seem so natural, stood by the side of the invalid and his patient little nurse.

Mr. Merriam, who had all he could do to arrange himself comfortably in a sitting position, had not yet glanced at the beautiful vision; but when he did, the effect upon the young lady was but a little short of marvellous. With a knowing smile, Fanny said: "Allow me, Miss Lynn, to make you acquainted with Mr. Merriam. Mabel paled and reddened, then said, eagerly, drawing close to the gentleman, who calm and indifferent, surveyed her changing countenance; "Colonel Merriam, I am overwhelmed! Believe me, had I known that you were lying ill under this roof, I should have been by your side. How could I have been deceived? Fanny, why didn't you tell me?"

"Miss Archer knew nothing to tell, and I didn't propose she should have the first intimation of the actual state of things." Then as if suddenly recollecting himself, he continued, "How was I to know of your presence here? I returned from Europe two months earlier than I intended, on account of business, and met with this accident the very next day."

"And I thought it was so strange that I got no letters. I wrote home yesterday to see if they had neglected to mail them to me!" and Mabel's tones had about them a pathetic quality which was entirely new to Fanny, who finding that the pair were old acquaintances, and to all appearances something nearer, drew her chair away to the other end of the piazza. Mabel cooed and sighed, and asked questions. She felt of the sick man's pulse, inquired about his diet, and pronounced him feverish, all of which he received without comment. When she declared that he had been sitting up too long, he replied that he thought he had been out quite long enough, and finished by calling Fanny to his side, who immediately answered the summons.

"I will assist you, dear," said Mabel, with a

rown, as Fanny went carefully about her work. "No, I thank you," replied the Colonel. "This little girl knows exactly how to do it. I shouldn't dare to trust myself to your tender mercies, Mabel. I'm a little cleaner than I was the day you saw me lying by the road, am I not? I must have been a horrible looking object! You see, Mabel, I had been dragged a long distance; and the truth is, that but for the sweet charity and womanly tenderness of this dear girl I should have been in my grave. I recognized your voice that day, and heard every word you said, although too weak to make myself known; and after that, I confess to not having the slightest desire for your presence. These are plain words, Mabel. You know me for a plain man. I have always told you the truth, and these are the truest words I have ever spoken. Faults I could have forgiven, because none of us are, without them. Little girl, turning to Fanny, "help me quickly, for I am very tired."

Mabel had sense enough to walk away without a word, and Colonel Merriam moved slowly to his room.

"You did not imagine, Fanny, that I heard all the conversation that day?" inquired the invalid from the comfortable lounge, ten minutes later.

"I am sure I did not," was the quiet reply. "Don't let us talk any more about it, please. It is all over now. Let me read you something," and Fanny opened a book with a very determined manner.

"Read presently," said the invalid. "I must talk now, and you must listen. I was engaged to Mabel Lynn. I believed her everything that was amiable and womanly, and but for this accident, I should have married her. Thank God for a broken limb! In comparison with a broken heart, it is nowhere."

"Yes, Mr. Merriam; very true. Now we will read, please," interrupted Fanny, demurely. "Presently. I haven't finished yet. Fanny, come here."

And Fanny went. What he said, or what she said, I cannot tell; but after a moment, a blushing face was hidden under some very handsome whiskers, a pair of arms thrown round a sensible waist, and—but how excessively stupid it is to describe love scenes. When the Archers left for their city home, Colonel Merriam accompanied them, and the Colonel and Fanny are to be married in the coming spring.

Captain Calvercrosses, whose brutal murder we chronicled a few days ago, though a Greek by birth was an excellent specimen of the brave "American tar" of old. During our civil war, and while the contest between Chili and Spain was at its height, he was in command of the corvette St. Marys, then comprising our whole effective force in South American waters. The Spanish fleet having threatened to bombard Valparaiso, the St. Marys proceeded there to guard the interests of American citizens, and anchored directly between the Spanish iron-clads and the business portion of the city, so that in case of bombardment she would be in direct line of the Spanish fire. Admiral Pruzon, who commanded the Spanish fleet, being desirous of opening fire, and afraid of insulting the American flag, wrote a letter to Captain Calvercrosses informing him that if he did not shift his anchorage, he must consider himself responsible for any damage which might happen to the corvette in the event of the bombardment. This roused the "Greek fire" in the captain's nature and he replied to the Spaniard in a fiery letter, warning him of insulting the American flag, and closing as follows:

"In the event of a bombardment of the city, I beg you, sir, to have a care that none of your shot touch the hull of the St. Marys. I am perfectly aware of the weakness of my corvette in comparison with the powerful squadron of her most Catholic Majesty now blockading the port. But I beg, sir, to remind you that the flag that floats at her peak, represents three thousand souls on the sea."

The Spaniard concluded he would not fire, and the captain became immensely popular in Chili. The Hartford Evening Post says: He distinguished himself during the late war, and received, as we are informed, some \$25,000 as his share of prizes captured. He leaves a wife, four daughters and one son, who is an ensign in the navy. He has resided in Litchfield, Conn., some fifteen years, and was highly respected and esteemed by those who were acquainted with him.

The deceased had insurance on his life to the amount of \$185,000, and the fact that it has all been taken out within a few months, naturally suggests the idea of the death being caused by the dead man's own hand, and agents of some of the Hartford companies have gone to Bridgeport to look into the matter. The reputed wealth of the deceased, the broken sword cane, the rifled satchel, however, all tend against the theory of suicide.—[Boston Traveller.]

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, in the Evening Post, thus speaks of the late James Gordon Bennett: "To call Mr. Bennett a great journalist" is an entire mistake; he was a great news-vender and made in his calling a world-wide notoriety. But he never discussed any great question, either social or political, with knowledge or sincerity. He never enlightened the public mind by the variety or extent of his information nor directed it by the earnestness of his convictions. He was not a statesman, nor a scholar, nor a philanthropist, nor even a politician. What he said from day to day was merely to produce a sensation, to raise a laugh, or to confirm a vulgar prejudice; and so far as he had any influence at all as a writer, it was one that debased and corrupted the community in which his paper was read. He did more to vulgarize the tone of the press in this country than any man ever before connected with it; and the worst caricatures that the genius of Balzac, Dickens and Thackeray has given us of the low, slandering, dissolute and unprincipled Bohemian of the Loaneas, Jefferson Bricks and Captain Shandons of the journalistic profession, fail to depict what Bennett actually was. His earlier career indeed was so shameful and disgusting that he was banished from respectable society, and the impression it left was so strong that, with all the wealth he subsequently made by the prostitution of his energy and talent, he could not procure social recognition anywhere.

THE LORD'S DAY.—The Advance, of Chicago, a vigorous Congregationalist paper, presents the following view of the Sabbath:—

We hold that the New Testament, both, directly and indirectly—by what it says and what it means to say—teaches that the Jewish Sabbath is abolished. Yet we think that the dialogue—though Jewish in form, address and original intent—was, in substance, an amplification of the law of love, and thus universal in its bearing. We may therefore claim an implied sanction for the devotion of one day in seven to rest from work and to acts of worship. Natural law, so far as we can judge, from numerous facts collected, confirms this position, and physiology indicates the need of such a day. Then the New Testament, while never applying the name Sabbath to any day but the seventh day of the week, or the Jewish rest-day, recognizes its Christian successor in the "Lord's Day," or the weekly festival in honor of our Lord's resurrection, joyfully observed by his disciples from the day of his resurrection to the present time. It is not the Jewish Sabbath, with a mere change of the day from Saturday to Sunday, (a change nowhere alluded to in the New Testament) but it is related to it by a kind of analogy and succession, as the Christian church is to ancient Israel, as baptism is to circumcision, as the Lord's Supper is to the Passover, and as ministers are to the old priests and prophets. In our gladness and free celebration of the resurrection we never forget that we are Christians and not Jews. Any other theory conducts logically and exegetically to the position of the "Seventh Day Baptists," who are a sect of Jew-Christians.

BRANDY AS A MEDICINE.—Brandy kills multitudes every year who enjoyed perfect health before they began to use it; hence it seems fair to infer that it will kill the sick more speedily.

Dr. Lees said he was living near Buckingham Palace, in London, where Prince Albert was taken sick. His case was doing well for a few days, when they began giving him brandy to strengthen him, to enable him to recover more rapidly. The more he was stimulated the worse he grew, until he died. It is true that they thought it was the best thing for him, but their thinking did not make it so.

Some years ago, when it was the custom to attempt curing delirium tremens by giving brandy, one out of every four died at Edinburgh Hospital. Since then the professor of the medical department has treated three hundred cases of delirium tremens without alcohol, without losing a single patient.

Professor Gardner, of the Glasgow University, gave a hundred men thirty ounces of alcohol; seventeen died out of the hundred. Of two hundred and nine cases of young persons who were not allowed either wine or whisky, not a one died.

In a teetotal hospital at Leeds, of three hundred patients who took not a drop, all recovered. Let facts decide.—[Hall's Journal of Health.]

HOMELY GIRLS.—"How did that homely woman contrive to get married?" is not unfrequently remarked of some good domestic creature whom her husband regards as the apple of his eye, and in whose plain face sees something better than beauty. Pretty girls who are vain of their charms are rather prone to make observations of this kind; and consciousness of the fact that bowers of loveliness are often left to pine on the stem, while weeds of homeliness go off readily, is no doubt in many cases at the bottom of the question. The truth is, most men prefer homeliness and amiability to beauty and caprice. Handsome women are apt to overvalue themselves, and in waiting for an immense bid occasionally overstep the market. Their plain sisters, on the contrary, aware of their personal deficiencies, generally lay themselves out to produce an agreeable impression, and in most instances succeed. They don't aspire to capture paragons with princely fortunes, but are willing to take anything respectable and love-worthy that Providence may throw in their way. The rock ahead of our haughty Junos and coquettish Hebes—is fastidiousness. They reject and reject, until nobody cares to woo them. Men don't like to be snubbed or trifled with—a lesson that thousands of pretty women do learn too late. Miss Hannah Moore, a very excellent and pious person who knew whereof she wrote, recommends every unmarried sister to accept the offer of the first good, sensible lover who falls in her way. But ladies whose mirror, aided by the glamour of vanity, assures them that they were born for conquest, pay no heed to such advice. It is a noteworthy fact that homely girls generally get better husbands than fall to the lot of their beautiful sisters. Men who are caught merely by a pretty face and figure do not as a rule amount to much. The practical, useful, thoughtful portion of mankind is wisely content with unpretending excellence.

MR. COLFAX ENFORCING THE RULES.—A few days since Vice-President Colfax had occasion to enforce the rules of the Senate under very unusual circumstances. The sale of wine in the Senate restaurant is positively prohibited. Senator Spencer went in and ordered dinner and wine for himself and a party of friends. The keeper of the restaurant protested that he could not furnish wine, as the Vice-President had given him the very strictest instructions to comply with the Senate Rules. Spencer stormed and said he was a Senator, etc., and would be obeyed. The wine was furnished, and the Vice-President was notified that a Senator had given Colfax orders to be supplied with wine. Mr. Colfax came down in person, called Mr. Spencer out and quietly informed him that he must respect the Senate rules or be at once reported to the Senate as breaking them. At first Spencer was disposed to resist, but after very slight reflection he agreed to comply with the rules and finish his dinner without wine.

"You are in better hands than your own, if you will but be quiet," said the judge to a prisoner who was not guilty, and who so stoutly asserted his innocence as to interrupt the proceedings of the court. How often is the Christian under some afflictive dispensation, restless, and struggling to extricate himself, forgetting that he, with all that concerns him, is in the Lord's hands, and that he has said, "In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength!"—[Messenger.]

OUR TABLE.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY for April has the following table of contents:—

The State of English Architecture; Thomas Carlyle; Trade with China; Masson's Life of Milton; Modern Scepticism—The Duke of Somerset; The British Parliament—its History and Eloquence; Diaries of a Diplomatist; Education, Secularism, and Nonconformity; Concession to the United States.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for May presents the following bill of fare:—

French Home Life—Language; A True Reformer, part 3d; Church Reform; The Maid of Sker, part 10th; The Situation in France; Statesmen in and out of Parliament.

The four great English Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by the Leonard Storr Publishing Company, 37 Walker Street, New York, the terms of subscription being as follows:—For any one of the four Reviews, \$4 per annum; any two of the Reviews, \$7; any three of the Reviews, \$10; all four Reviews, \$13; Blackwood's Magazine \$4; Blackwood and one Review, \$7; Blackwood and any two Reviews, \$10; Blackwood and the four Reviews, \$15—with large discounts to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works are sold by periodical dealers.

APPLES OF GOLD.—Few of those who have received the published numbers of this illustrated weekly for younger readers, would think of their forming an elegant volume when collected twice a year; but the publishers, H. O. Houghton & Co., of the Riverside Press, who issue them for the American Tract Society, Boston, have sent us the first twenty-six, in a neat cover, and we have been surprised to see what a very pretty reading book it makes. When the year ends the subscriber will have a volume of over two hundred pages with more than a hundred cuts, many of them covering a full page, and with interesting and appropriate literary contents. Besides this, each volume contains four full page chromatic pictures. It is a mystery how so much can be afforded for fifty-cents; but it is done. We think Apples of Gold cannot fail to make its way into many thousands of families, and gladden all the little folks who see it. It is distributed, weekly, in the juvenile department of the Baptist Sabbath School in our village.

BENDING THE TWIG.—A mother whose heart is heavy by reason of the ravages of licentiousness in our cities, begs the ear of fathers and mothers to this exhortation concerning preventive measures with their children:—

Let the food be simple, nutritious, administered judiciously, and at proper periods, not overtaxing the digestive organs so as to develop grossness and sensuality. In the name of all that is good, keep them from tobacco and stimulating drinks. Let apparel be plain and neat, such as will not excite the lust of the eye and inflame the imagination. Keep from them trashy and immoral literature. Constant vigilance is requisite to prevent the young from inhaling the miasma arising from iniquitous surroundings. Select for their associates those who are virtuous, chaste in deportment and conversation. The superficial training so rife will not save the young; it gives license to self-indulgence, and loose rein to appetite and passion; and such are often on the brink of ruin ere their parents perceive their danger. Teach your children the law of chastity, and that a penalty will follow violated law, as sure as day follows night.

Look to Jehovah to help you keep this throne unpolluted; that you may manifest in your deportment a rebuke to all lasciviousness in thought, word and act. Ask for that power which condemns all uncleanness, and will not tolerate one impure thought.—[The Advance.]

If Mr. Sumner expected that his speech would influence the Philadelphia Convention to vote against the object of his own dislike, the result will convince him that he misjudges the sentiment of the country just as he has been mistaken in reference to the feelings of his own Republican constituents. A large portion of the delegates left their homes after the speech was made public and their unvarying testimony is to the effect that his bitterness has only made the friends of the President more positive, while his unfairness made firm supporters of men who had been wavering.

More than three years ago the public began to hear of Mr. Sumner's dislike of the President. Month by month, as he has nursed his wrath, he has been growing more and more dissatisfied, and for the past year it has been apparent that he has been so angry that his whole conduct has been shaped by his feelings toward the President. He would not heed the remonstrances of friends, because he can regard no man as a friend who differs with him in his opinion. This out-come of his anger has fully tested their friendship and patience, and when he visits Massachusetts he will realize that his own wrath has stirred the wrath of others, and that he has no longer the friendship of thousands who have gloried in calling themselves his admiring followers.

No man ever more effectually and completely separated himself from his party associates than Mr. Sumner has done. He goes out of the Republican party without a follower. Horace Greely leaves his old party, because he is chasing the presidential butterfly, while Mr. Sumner bids defiance to his party friends because he is angry and they do not make his quarrel their own. It is just the course of a spoiled child or a slighted beauty, who have been petted until they expect their own way in everything, and can never forgive the offender who does not value them at their own high estimate.

Our Senator has been strong with the people, because he has been one of the great lights of his party, but it has been an unsteady light. He was an early advocate of the great principles of right which have been settled by and since the war, and yet he has voted for few of the measures by which they were secured, because they were not couched in just the terms he desired; but the people have admired him notwithstanding his vagaries, because they believed him honest and just. But now that he is unjust to the President and to his party, and has practically made it necessary for his friends to choose between him and that party, they will not hesitate, much as they regret the necessity of the choice. And if with that regret harsher feelings are mingled, we fear that it will be because his own spirit influences them.—[Boston Traveller.]

STATE SABBATH SCHOOL CONVENTION.—By the report of the executive committee it appears that the Congregationalists are taking the lead in gathering children into their Sabbath schools. There is the only evangelical church in the state that has more Sunday school scholars than members of the church. With only 19,887 members, they have 22,192 scholars in their Sunday schools. The Methodist church with her 24,645 members in this state, has 20,297 scholars in her Sunday schools, being eighty per cent. of her membership. The Baptist church has a larger per-

centage, for with her membership of 19,593 she has 18,231 in her Sabbath schools, being 90 per cent. The Free Baptist has 81 per cent. for her membership is 15,306, and her Sunday schools include 12,478. Though the Episcopalians are not included in this organization, yet it may be appropriate for us to remark that they are operating in this work on the same scale as the Baptist church, their 1,784 scholars in their Sunday schools being 90 per cent. of their membership of 1,853. But the Universalist denomination affords the largest proportion of Sunday school scholars to members of church. They have 41 Sunday schools in the State, and only 29 churches, 4,712 Sunday school scholars, and only 1,091 members, which is 4 to 1. Thus the Sunday schools of this organization are shown to have an attendance of 73,828, and if we could include the Friends, and those of the Episcopal church, the aggregate would be in round numbers 75,000. Thus out of a population of 626,914, one out of every 8.13 attends an evangelical Sabbath school.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT WITH A TWO-HORSE TEAM AND A PAIR OF DOGS.—Nathaniel McGrath, an old man of seventy years, with a ten year old boy, arrived in Providence Saturday morning. They left Richmond City, Mo., on the 23d day of February last, with a two-horse team and a pair of dogs, to visit the old man's former home in Maine. From that time until they reached Providence, they slept in a bed but twice. All that long distance this old man and young boy travelled in all sorts of weather, sleeping in their blankets without shelter, and living for the most part on what game the old man could shoot or the dogs catch. But two days of the time they were not traveling, when they were stopping at the houses of friends. For three days at one time were they without food, and at times were several days without seeing a human habitation. Across the big prairie did they travel for several days. At one time they woke up in the morning with seven inches of snow on them. While on the prairies, one of the dogs was disabled by an Indian and had to be killed, and the other gave out long before the journey was finished. One horse also gave out before the travellers arrived at Albany, and the other was in such condition that the old man sold him there for \$10 and continued his journey by boat, and intends to keep on to Maine and visit his relatives at Waterville. During his trip he shot three buffaloes, several deer, and he says an Indian, who attempted to make off with one of his horses in the night. The little fellow stood the trip well. The old man says he thought he should be able to make the whole distance with his team, which would be much cheaper than by rail; but he found it a much harder trip than he had imagined, and he says his sufferings were beyond his power to describe.—[Boston Herald.]

GOLDEN WORDS ON MARRIAGE.—The Golden Age concludes an article under the caption of "Why don't they marry?"

There is no question that our costly style of living diminishes the number of marriages, and indirectly recruits the ranks of the vicious and depraved. So long as fashion demands a style of living which only a millionaire can really afford, and a young married couple must support an expensive establishment, or be excluded from the circle in which they moved before marriage, a bar is raised to matrimonial engagements which only the very courageous or the very imprudent will venture to overcome. The opportunities and lures to a single life of easy indulgence and dissipation have a constantly increasing influence over the young men of our cities; while a continually increasing number of young ladies are educated to a life of ease, display and extravagance, which only few young men can possibly support them in, and be honest. So our fashions put a premium upon bachelorism and vice on the one hand, and untold waste and wretchedness on the other. What is wanted more than anything in our society to day is the courage on the part of young men and women to break away from the present thrall, and set a new and nobler fashion of independence and economy. A score or two of examples of that heroism, which defies the foolish sentiment and custom of the time, and dares to be true to the nobler instincts of the heart, and live simply and honestly in a small and quiet way, would create a reform, it is not a revolution. The question comes to every young heart, Which shall I sacrifice, the instincts and affections of the heart, or the shows and shams of society? Alas, that so many yield the former to the latter! For love is the religion of the young; and whoever suppresses it for the sake of ease or display, whoever sacrifices it for fashion, commits a sacrifice for which nothing on earth can atone. Love is not a thing to be ashamed of or laughed at, but a sentiment to be cherished and gloried in; and, at any sacrifice it may require, is cheap so long as it adds fuel to the precious flame which purifies the heart, refines and ennobles the character, and makes a manhood and a womanhood worth the saving and worth the name.

There is indeed something very pathetic in the account given of the last hours of James Gordon Bennett. The old man who had lived a scroffer, and who much resembled Voltaire, returned on his death bed to the faith of his youth. Sending for the Archbishop of New York, he asked that he might be invested with the scapular, and received the sacraments of the church. There are few men of whom such a pious ending would have been predicted with less apparent likelihood of its coming true, and yet the lessons of the seminary in which he studied for the priesthood came back vividly before him at the last.

A telegram informs us that the Po has overflowed near Ferrara, laying a large section of the country under water, and rendering forty thousand people homeless. This, no doubt, is the consequence of the foolish system of confining the river within narrow banks which was inaugurated in the days of the Roman Republic. In order to redeem many thousands acres of marsh lands from the river, high banks were built to keep the stream within certain limits; but as it constantly brings down gravel from the hills, rising its own bed, the banks must be raised also, and often the river rising suddenly lays whole districts under water before any precautions can be taken.—[Boston Traveller.]

They tell this good one of City Marshal Clark. Said the genial chairman of the recent Democratic State Convention, when they had got through their session, "Marshal, it seems too bad that we couldn't have had a little of something to take here. You ought to have let up on us for a couple of days." "I know it," said Clark; "it's an awful blow to the city to lose such a trade."—[Portland Star.]

WHEN Mr. H. E. Sargent, the genial and efficient Superintendent of the Michigan Central Railroad, receives an application for the situation of brakeman, he amuses himself, it is reported, by stepping to a speaking tube and shouting, "Any brakeman killed lately," and then waiting to see what excuse the candidate makes for shuffling out of the office.

MISCELLANY.

THE REFORMER'S SONG.

SUNG AT THE LATE MEETING OF THE STATE TEMPERANCE REFORM CLUB.

They are coming! They are coming! back to love and home again!
Victorious through their sufferings, true and tender-hearted men!
How the thought of home and kindred thrill their beating pulses when
Our cause is marching on!
Chorus—Glory, &c.
Meet them, brother, in the highway; meet them, children, in the gate!
Send up fires of joyous gleaming from your hearths, once desolate;
Hail with joy each erring brother, stifle every bitter hate,
Since God is marching on!
Chorus—Glory, &c.
O, eyes once red with watching down the dim and lone street,
For the pale hand, and aching head, and loved, but erring feet,
There's no power in earth or Heaven strong enough to bring defeat!
When God is marching on!
Chorus—Glory, &c.

NEW FIRM!

NEW GOODS!

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

REDINGTON & B. BLAISDELL,

will continue the

Furniture, Carpet, CROCKERY, CASKET & COFFIN

Business, at the OLD STAND of J. 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, Extra, Intrins, Dundee, empe, dais Carpeting, Oil Cloth

FURNITURE

of every description, Parlor Suits, Chamber Sets, Walnut, Ash and Pine, got up in the latest styles. Chairs, Lounges, Bed Steads, One and Wood Seat Chairs, Old Chairs, and everything else for the late Furniture Store.

CROCKERY,

the largest stock ever in town. French, China, Ironstone, Figured and Plain, several varieties. U Ware, White and Yellow Ware, Glass, Vase, Cup, Saucer, Flower Pot, &c., &c.

Shades and Curtain Fixtures, Tassels, Cords, &c., &c.

GLASS WARE, new and beautiful Patterns.

TABLE & POCKET CUTLERY,

SOLID SILVER WARE, Rogers Bro's.

MATTRESSES,

Hair, Spring, Wool, Matts and Excel for. FEATHERS, all grades. Spring Beds, Mirrors, all sizes. Chandeliers, Lamps and all kinds of Goods.

Mirror Plates Set to Order.

Caskets and Coffins,

All sizes always on hand, Walnut, Rosewood, Whitewood, Elm, Birch and Pine, lined and trimmed in the very best manner at satisfactory prices.

BURIAL ROBES.

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

REDINGTON & BLAISDELL.

G. H. REDINGTON, MARTIN BLAISDELL.

opposite the Express Office.

F. A. WALDRON,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

OFFICE IN PRINCE BLOCK,

WATERVILLE, MAINE.

Special attention given to collecting and conveyancing.

LOW & CO.'S

WILD CHERRY BITTERS

An excellent SPRING MEDICINE for the cure of

Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Dizziness, Headache, Loss 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.,

Pharmacia Block, Waterville.

Pharmacia Block, Waterville.

Pharmacia Block, Waterville.

Pharmacia Block, Waterville.

Pharmacia Block, Waterville.

Pharmacia Block, Waterville.

Pharmacia Block, Waterville.

Pharmacia Block, Waterville.

Pharmacia Block, Waterville.

Pharmacia Block, Waterville.

Pharmacia Block, Waterville.

Pharmacia Block, Waterville.

Pharmacia Block, Waterville.

Pharmacia Block, Waterville.

Pharmacia Block, Waterville.

Pharmacia Block, Waterville.

Pharmacia Block, Waterville.

Pharmacia Block, Waterville.

Pharmacia Block, Waterville.

Pharmacia Block, Waterville.

Pharmacia Block, Waterville.

Pharmacia Block, Waterville.

Pharmacia Block, Waterville.

Pharmacia Block, Waterville.

Pharmacia Block, Waterville.

Pharmacia Block, Waterville.

Pharmacia Block, Waterville.

Pharmacia Block, Waterville.

Pharmacia Block, Waterville.

Pharmacia Block, Waterville.

Pharmacia Block, Waterville.

Pharmacia Block, Waterville.

Pharmacia Block, Waterville.

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, Elm, 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.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

Waterville, April 20, 1871.

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.

Ovster & Eating-House,

CORNER BRIDGE AND WATER STREETS

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.

MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Winter Arrangement. - 1871-2.

The new line of road between Danville and Cumberland, will be opened on Monday the 13th inst. at 10 A.M. and after that date, trains for Portland and Boston via New York and Lowell, will leave upper depot at 10.45 A.M.; lower depot at 11.45 A.M. and 1.45 P.M.

For Bangor and East and Skowhegan, leave upper depot at 11.45 A.M.; lower depot at 12.45 P.M.

Mixed train for Bangor, Belfast and East, upper depot at 7.10 A.M.; lower depot at 8.10 A.M.

Night Express, with sleeping car, for Boston, via Augusta, leaves lower depot at 11.15 P.M.

Trains will be despatched from Portland and Boston at upper depot at 1.15 P.M.; lower depot at 1.55 P.M. Night Express from Boston at 1.15 P.M.; lower depot at 1.55 P.M.

Freight trains for Portland via Lowell, leave upper depot at 5 A.M. and through freight for Boston, leave depot at 9.40 A.M. Lower depot for Portland, via Augusta, at 7.40 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, leave depot 1.10 P.M.

Nov. 1871

Portland and Boston

THE STAMPAH and SUPERIOR Sea-Going Steamers.

JOHN BROOKS and MONTREAL.

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

Leaving Portland, Monday, 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 stoves, and now afford the most convenient and comfortable mode of transportation between Boston and Portland.

Passengers by this 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 arriving late at night.

Freight taken at Low Rates.

Mark goods care P. S. Packet Co.

Leave Portland, State Rooms may be secured in advance by mail.

April 12, 1872

L. BILLINGS, Agent.

MAINE STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

SEMI-WEEKLY LINE.

On and after the 18th inst. the fine steamer Delvigo, of Franceville, will still further shorten the time as follows:

Leaving Portland, every MONDAY and THURSDAY, at 5 P. M., and leave Port 8 P. M. New York, every MONDAY and Thursday, at 5 P. M.

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

Passengers in State Room & Cabin passage \$4. Meals extra. Goods forwarded to and from Montreal, Quebec, Halifax, St. John, and all parts of Maine. Shippers are requested to send their freight to the Steamer as early as 4 P. M. on the day they leave Portland.

For freight or passage apply to

J. E. AMES, Port 8 P. M. New York.

39

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.

BOOT & SHOE BUSINESS,

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' and Children's Boots, Shoes and Rubbers to be found in Waterville.

And shall maintain to measure

GENTLEMEN'S CALF BOOTS,

BOTH PEGGED AND SEWED.

Almington to 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.

THE above goods of business, make necessary to settle all bills of accounts of the firm, and all indebtedness is requested to call and pay their bills immediately.

9

THE

Thorough bred Durham Bull

"VICTOR,"

May be found during the Season at the stable of the subscriber. TERMS \$1.00 for the Season.

This stock has proved superior to any bull ever kept in the vicinity, and I claim for him uncommon merit as a stock animal.

I also keep a full-blood Essex Boar.

Waterville, April 14, 72. 421

G. A. PARKER.