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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 26, No. 04): July 19, 1872

Maxham & Wing

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THE MOUNTAIN WELL.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

HERE, on the sultry mountain's face,  
Although the heat broods bright around,  
The sunbeams in a mossy place,  
Drips, drop by drop, without a sound,  
Into a basin cool yet bright,  
O'er-shaded from the golden light.

All is as still as sleep; on high  
The clouds float soft and white as wool;  
Fern-fringed crags and boulders lie  
Sun-parched around the dewy pool;  
Beneath the mountain pathway twines,  
Above, peaks rise and sunlight shines.

How still it is! naught moves or stirs,  
Afar below, the lake of blue,  
With purple island dark with firs,  
Gleams smooth as glass and dim as dew;  
And mountain, lake, and woodland rest  
Within the mirror of its breast.

All motionless on yonder stone  
The white grouse crouches in the light;  
On high among the crags, alone,  
The eagle stretches its piercing sight,  
Chasing the ever-darting hawk,  
His shadow black'ning at his feet.

No living thing that flies or creeps  
Comes near the well this moonlit hour;  
The sunlight scorches crags and steep,  
The heather shrinks its purple flower;  
The wild brook glistens in its bed,  
Silent and faded to a thread.

But when the sun is in the west,  
And sheds soft crimson o'er the place,  
The gray-brown creepers from her nest,  
Leaving her dull brown eggs a space,  
Comes hither, pausing on the brink  
With quick sharp eyes, and stoops to drink.

Or from the stones the fountain slim  
Doth hither steal at eve, to cool  
His bloody mouth; or on the brim  
The blue hare shows 'till in the pool  
Sits up erect, or through the rocks  
Springs, at the coming of the fox.

How many a strange and gentle thing  
Hath seen its face reflected here!  
How oft at gloaming hath the spring  
Mirrored the moist eyes of the deer,  
While gleam and corse, peak and height,  
Were redd'ning in the rosy light!

Here stained with blood and foam leap,  
The stag often had paused for breath,  
His blood in the sad pool had deep  
Dark drop by drop, before his death,  
While he watched with looks of woe,  
The hunter tolling from below.

How sweet it lies! how dark and cool!  
Still shaded by the crag on high,  
A tiny place, a shallow pool,  
Yet with its own deep depth of sky—  
Refreshed for ever with its will,  
By the soft trickling of the rill.

All through the dim and dewy night  
It gathers coolness drop by drop,  
While in the moon the crags gleam white,  
And on the silent mountain top  
The evening stars of liquid dew  
Gleams like a diamond in the blue.

A never empty hand, a dim  
Dark eye for dew of love to fill,  
A constant cup full to the brim,  
Art thou, O fount, upon the hill,  
I sleep and kiss thy lip and  
Refresh'd, I bless thee as I go.

PLAIN JANE.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITZ.

I AM not, and never was, a beauty! Even  
though somebody whom I like very much per-  
sists in calling me pretty, I am well aware that  
it is only because what we love is apt to look  
fair and comely to us, that I appear so to him.  
The sober fact is—I am not a beauty.

But Clem, and Laura, and Anna, my older  
sisters, were all beauties, so you see if nature  
had been a niggard to me, she had not been to  
the whole family. They were all beauties, and  
good, kind girls in their way, but I was only  
Plain Jane.

I think my mother considered it a personal  
affront that I came, such a black sheep among  
her pretty flock of white ones, and never quite  
forgave me my homeliness. But my good fa-  
ther made it up to me the best he could, and  
gave me a better education than my sisters had,  
at a good deal of cost.

Well, I needed my good father's words, and  
did learn all I could, so when we all came to  
our graduating exhibition, the girls looked  
the loveliest on the stage, but I carried off the  
ribbons of honor. After we went home I had a  
small part in the gay life they led. At first  
people invited me with them, but it cost so  
much to dress four girls, that mother would say,  
—Jane don't care much about going—and  
she is so plain, too.

And the new dresses were bought for the  
other girls, while people seeing I did not go out,  
soon ceased to invite me.

But I had my books and my music at home,  
and I cared little for society. So I contentedly  
braided and curled the girls' long hair, and  
did up their laces, and in return, they gave me  
plenty of partly-worn dresses, which my fingers  
contrived to make nearly as good as new, so I  
could present a good appearance at church, or  
the few other places I went.

One summer father informed us that we were  
to have a visit from Lawrence Heath, the old  
and valued friend of his youth. Mr. Lawrence  
Heath was handsome, wealthy and talented.  
What more could any one desire? The girls  
were in a great state of feminine flutter.

"And who knows," said Clem, surveying her  
pretty face in the glass, "but that he may take  
a fancy to one of us? Wouldn't it be nice?"

"Yes," returned Laura, "splendid! I wonder  
which one it will be?"

There was an innocent rivalry among them  
as to which should capture the golden prize,  
but I went quietly on my way, and cared little  
about him until the day of his arrival came.

Then papa took a severe spell of neuralgia  
in his shoulder, and could not drive over to the  
station, three miles off, to meet him; somebody  
must go, but who?

"I can go," said I. "I am not at all afraid  
to drive Selim."

Mother and the girls cried out at this, but  
father said,

"Let her go; somebody must. He won't  
eat her alive, and she can manage the horse!  
Let her go."

"Well—t may do for Jane," said mother  
slowly; "it never would do for one of the other  
girls to drive over alone to meet him, but  
Jane is so plain, perhaps people won't talk."

"Let 'em talk," responded my father, ironi-  
cally; and as I would have gone to meet any-  
body for the sake of driving Selim an hour, the  
end of it was, I stood on the platform when the  
train came up to the station.

"I knew Mr. Lawrence Heath from the  
photograph he had sent father, so when I saw  
him stand on the platform, and look around  
as if searching for some one, I went up to him.  
"This is Mr. Heath, I think?" said I.

"Yes, Madam," touching his hat with gen-  
tlemanly courtesy. "I was told some one  
would meet me from Mr. Lyle's."

"Very well; I have come for you, sir,"  
he looked a little surprised.

"Beg pardon, ma'am, but you are—"  
"Mr. Lyle's youngest daughter," said I.

"Here is my buggy; will you walk this way,  
please?"

After we were seated, he asked if he should  
drive.

"No—thanks," said I. "Selim knows me,  
and I fancy he will obey me better than he  
would a stranger."

He looked a little amused, but submitted to  
my driving. Presently he said,

"Did I understand rightly, that you were  
Miss Lyle?"

# Waterville Mail.

VOL. XXVI.

WATERVILLE, MAINE . . . . FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1872.

NO. 4.

"Yes, sir, the youngest."  
"But I thought—"  
He paused abruptly, and I finished his sen-  
tence for him.

"You thought the Misses Lyle were all hand-  
some. My sisters are, but I am Plain Jane."

"Indeed, I am sure—"  
He paused again. I laughed, and took up  
his words the second time.

"You are sure I am not a beauty, for your  
eyes tell me so; but nevertheless, Mr. Heath,  
I am quite a contented little girl."

"Then you have arrived at a more blissful  
state than common mortals often do," he said,  
with a frank smile, which pleased me exceed-  
ingly.

"As to that, I might be happier—most of us  
might you know. But I manage to find con-  
siderable sunshine as I go along. Mr. Heath,  
the view on this road is beautiful—Get up,  
Selim."

He gave another amused smile at my way  
of changing the conversation, but took the hint,  
and we had no more personalities during the  
drive.

The girls were all in their prettiest attire to  
receive Mr. Heath, and after we reached home,  
I saw very little of him. They were so gay, I  
suppose, it made me seem more lonely than  
usual. I spent my moments wondering which  
of my fair sisters Mr. Heath would fancy—  
they were so pretty, I did not know how he  
could help taking to one of them. It would be  
Laura, I thought; she was the prettiest, and  
he seemed to like her so much. She ought to  
be happy. I did not see how any one could be  
unhappy living with one so bright and cheerful  
as Lawrence Heath. A lonely life, at school-  
teaching did not seem so pleasant after all.

One morning when he had been at our house  
little over a week, I met him face to face in  
the hall. I would have made my escape, but  
he came forward with both hands extended.

"Good morning, my little charioter! You  
see I have not forgotten you, if you have me."  
"I have not forgotten you, Mr. Heath."

"Then why don't I see more of you?"  
"Oh, I am so busy, you know."

"Indeed! The cares of the whole country  
on these young shoulders?"  
"No, sir; but I have a good deal to do with-  
out that."

"So much that you cannot spare an hour to  
me and Selim, this morning?"  
Oh, how I longed to go! But I had an idea  
that the girls would not like it, so I answered—  
"I can't, indeed, Mr. Heath—and I am sorry."

"Well, at least, you will come into the par-  
lor and play for me to-night?" looking into my  
eyes with a questioning glance.

"If I can. Please let me go, Mr. Heath."  
"Oh, yes! you are so busy, you know!" he  
said mockingly; but he let go my hands, for  
he, as well as I, heard the rattle of dresses in  
the upper hall.

I ventured into the parlor that night, and  
played when Mr. Heath asked me to. The  
girls did not say an unkind word, but they looked  
so astonished that I did not care to repeat the  
experiment. So I kept out of Mr. Heath's  
way more than ever for another week.

One morning I went up to my own room to  
dress, as Laura wished me to go into the vil-  
lage and do a little shopping for her. As I un-  
pinned my collar, and laid it on the table, a  
white envelope caught my eyes, lying directly  
upon my pin-cushion. It was directed to "Miss  
Jane Lyle," and I had an undoubted right to  
read it. I trembled so that I had to sit down  
before I could read it; and this is what I read:

"MY DEAR, LITTLE CHAROTER!—I know that this  
is an absurd way to address you, but you keep out  
of the way so persistently, what can I do? And I must tell  
you that I liked my driver so much, the other day, that  
I have concluded to ask her if she will take the lines in  
her dear hands for the rest of our lives. Dear child, I am  
so earnest that I cannot help now, or ever, if you re-  
fuse me. I cannot say much, but judge for yourself whether  
or no I am capable of feeling much. If you think I am,  
and even with our slight acquaintance are willing to  
take me on trust, and believe that I do, will you please  
come down to the back parlor, and tell me whether I  
may or must not, call myself your  
Lawrence Heath."

That was all. I sat for a few minutes like  
one stupefied, and then I got up, pinned on my  
collar again, went straight down to my father's  
library, and put the letter into his hand.

He read it, and looked up to me with a smile,  
and I hung over the back of his chair.

"Well," said he, "I have heard something  
of this kind before."

"Who from, father?" I whispered.

"From Lawrence himself," he answered.

"Well, father?"

"What shall I do, father dear?"

"I think if I were you, I should go to the  
parlor and tell the young man what he wants to  
know."

"But what must I tell him, father?"

And I hid my crimson face on his shoulder.  
He smoothed back my hair, and said, gently,  
"Jenny, I have already told him that if he  
wants my little daughter, I am willing to give  
her to him, because I believe he will make her  
happier than she is here. Now go, Jenny!"

I clung to him a minute, gave him a squeeze  
and a mute, little kiss, and slowly went up to  
the parlor.

Lawrence Heath stood alone by the window,  
but as I entered, he turned quickly, came for-  
ward, and took both my hands.

"Which is it?" he said, with a smile, but  
with strong hidden emotion in his voice.

"It is—what you like, Mr. Heath," I made  
out to say.

"Am I your Lawrence?"

"If you wish to be."

"If I wish it! Look up, Jane, don't be  
afraid of me! Tell me, are you my Jenny?"

Drawing me gently to him.

"If you can be contented with such a bad  
bargain," I said, hiding my face against his  
shoulder.

"If I can! Jenny, what a lot of 'ifs.' Do  
you know, darling, you make me very happy?"

"But I am so plain!"

"No, you are not. To me you are sweet  
and fair, because I love you so—I have, ever  
since that first day, Jenny dear. There, look  
up and let me take my rights!"

Now I don't propose to tell you just what  
Mr. Lawrence Heath considered his "rights,"  
but he made his claims good, and has not given  
them up yet.

And the girls, after the first shock of sur-  
prise was over, were dear, good-natured girls, and I  
believe, really glad of my good fortune.

They are all happily married now, but not  
one of them has a better husband or a happi-

home, or a sweeter little daughter, than just  
Plain Jane.

THE NAMING OF CHILDREN.—One of the most  
common, foolish and mischievous habits is  
that of naming babies after historic characters,  
or persons who have achieved contemporaneous  
distinction. The smaller the chance the children  
have of ever achieving any resemblance to those  
with whose title they are crushed from the first,  
the greater is the likelihood of the bestowal  
of such titles. A narrow and ignorant man, living  
in some rural and semi-civilized region, is more  
inclined to call his boy, born under every  
disadvantage of circumstances, after some cele-  
brated poet or scholar, than a wealthy and  
cultivated citizen would be, on whom fatherhood  
had fallen. A woman to whom fate has always  
been unkind, whom poverty and toil have  
narrowed and vulgarized, blindly reaches out  
towards the ideal, by stamping her graceless  
and commonplace daughter with a name ac-  
quired from a popular romance. It may be  
said that fair names may exercise a favorable  
influence, and serve as models and patterns for  
the namesake. So they may, if there be any  
similarity or concord between the two; but  
when there is not, when the two natures are  
opposite, perchance antagonistic, the heavy  
capital overweighs and weakens the slender  
column. Names, to be beneficial and inspiring  
to their bearers, must either find or beget  
corresponding tendencies.

The injury that William Shakespeare, John  
Milton, George Washington, Daniel Webster,  
and a hundred others have done at the baptismal  
font, can never be reckoned. It is doubtful  
which would have been better—that they should  
not have been born, or that the nominal wearers  
of their honors should not have been born. I  
am sure hundreds of promising and naturally  
clever boys have been spoiled by indiscreet  
nomenclature. How can a sensitive and  
competent youth, with an ardent proclivity  
and many gifts for literature, obey the bent of  
his inclination, when everybody is aware that  
he is William Shakespeare, John Jones, or Smith,  
or Brown, or anything else? He inevitably  
shrinks from comparison, dreading lest his  
efforts, creditable as they may be, should be  
made contemptible thereby. Can a healthy,  
impulsive lad, with George Washington thrust  
upon him, be expected to accomplish anything,  
knowing as he must that George Washington  
has always been portrayed as being the most  
unnaturally perfect and momentous of mortals?  
Who shall say how many retiring, cloistered  
natures have been embittered by discovering  
in their first thinking years how ridiculous  
their parents had made them by styling them  
Napoleon Bonaparte? Of course they wrote  
only their initials, and then were perpetually  
mortified to hear themselves called *Napoleon*,  
Wiggins or Take Notice Simpson. Boys bub-  
bling over with animal spirits, and fond of  
adventuring, have doubtless been driven to  
violent extremes by having John Calvin or  
John Knox tacked to their patronymics. The  
entire law of their being prevented them from  
imitating those ascetic theologians, and so they  
deliberately became prodigal from contradic-  
tion, and from a vague sense of the wrong that  
had been put upon them. I have known  
Melancthons and Wilberfores to be thieves,  
and Solomons and Solons to be circus clowns;  
and I make no question but the former went  
in disgust to the opposite extreme, or that the  
latter were resolved to caricature the ancient  
sages by becoming the most melucholy of  
fools.—[July Galaxy.]

PHILOLOGICAL CURIOSITIES.—There are  
a number of words in the English language, each  
of which contains all the five regular vowels,  
but it would puzzle almost any one to think of  
more than one or two at short notice. The  
following may be given as good examples:  
Education, Reputation, Regulation, Emulation,  
Perturbation, Mensuration, and Repudiation.  
Besides these there are several words, each  
containing all the vowels, including the y. Of  
these words we may mention Revolutionary,  
Elocutionary and Unquestionably. Then we  
may note Individually as a peculiar word, for  
it contains the letter i six times. Mississippi  
and Tennessee are each spelled with only four  
different letters of the alphabet, although one  
consists of eleven letters and the other of nine.  
Snappans, a word of one syllable and eight  
letters, contains but one vowel. There are no  
words in the English language of more than  
eight syllables, and of those containing that  
number we may mention Incomprehensibility.

COLD COMFORT FOR "REFORMERS."—Ex-  
Sec. Wells of Ct.—the whom the democrats  
were wont to call "Granny Wells" on account  
of his inefficiency, for which he was given to  
understand that he could resign,—has come  
out for Greeley in a letter, in which he says  
that "we must get rid of the hateful policy  
which has for some years been pursued." Wells  
admits that Greeley is not a suitable man for  
Presidency, but says: "A crooked stick may  
be made available to beat a mad dog." The  
ex "Granny" thus concludes: "If Greeley is  
elected, he will have a new and different Con-  
gress and all Presidents are more or less in-  
fluenced by their friends." As the leading  
friends of Greeley are John Cochrane, Fenton,  
John Morrissey, Ben and Fernando Wood,  
Wm. M. Tweed, Jeff Davis, Geo. N. Sanders,  
Hoffman, and such men, we can judge some-  
thing of the character of the "influence" that  
will mold Mr. Greeley.—[Lewiston Journal.]

THE ST. LOUIS REPUBLICAN in speaking of the  
plea of insanity which is now-a-days almost  
invariably offered as a defense in murder cases  
very shrewdly remarks that a singular feature  
of this practice is that, while it often acquiesces  
the accused of the charge of murder, it never  
supplies an inmate for an insane asylum. The  
dangerous lunatic is turned out upon the world,  
and even his friends who knew him best and  
have established his insanity are not afraid of  
him. Georgia is in a most benighted condition  
respecting this popular line of criminal practice,  
and in that State they not only hang the man  
who commits a murder under mental aberration,  
but the man who furnishes ammunition to the  
manic also swings for it.

THE NEW YORK WORLD in reluctantly sur-  
rendering to Baltimore, thus consoles itself:  
"If Democrats are to vote for Mr. Greeley,  
it must be under such circumstances that he will  
be compelled to acknowledge his obligations to  
the party, and will make him dependent on it  
for the success of his administration."

MILITARY DESPOTISM.—The complaint that  
comes up from the South, and finds utterance at  
Baltimore, is that this is a government of  
bayonets, and that the people of that section  
are deprived of local self-rule, which is the new  
name for State rights. It is true that there are  
a few soldiers in the Southern States, and that  
the laws of Congress have been enforced by their  
aid. But one thing should be, and will be  
borne in mind by the people of the country—  
these soldiers have never been used except to  
protect citizens from mobs or midnight assassins,  
and to arrest criminals. The bayonets  
have been pointed at the breasts of none but  
law-breakers, and the local self-government that  
has been interfered with is that whose councils  
are in secret, and whose ministers are armed  
bands of masked ruffians. No local law has  
been overturned, and no local courts prevented  
from executing justice, by the national govern-  
ment. But when local officials have been un-  
able to protect peaceable citizens in their  
rights, and the local courts have been remiss  
in duty, the national government, under the  
authority of the constitution, has stretched out  
its arm to give protection and administer justice.  
The delegates at Baltimore from the North and  
South are, to use the words of their presidential  
candidate, joining hands over a bloody clasp,  
but it is a clasp in which nearly fifty thousand  
victims of the Ku-Klux outrages have sunk  
during the past few years—a clasp which will  
long remain open for victims, if they succeed  
in November. If, as the Democrats assert,  
the administration of Grant is the rule of the  
bayonet, it is preferable to the rule of the  
midnight assassin, which they seek to restore.  
The bayonet is used to bring men to the light  
of day, that they may in open court, surrounded  
by friends and defended by counsel, be tried  
for the crimes with which they are charged,  
and we are not ashamed to defend its use in  
preference to the weapons of secret murderers,  
whose victims, aroused at night by the burning  
of their homes, never live to see the light of day.  
The bayonet, as used by the present administra-  
tion, is an instrument for the enforcement of the  
laws and the administration of justice, and those  
who complain of its use are more or less in  
sympathy with those who violate the laws,  
defy justice, and seek to deprive a large class  
of citizens of their legal rights.—[Boston Trav-  
eller.]

FANNY FERN ON THE PREVAILING STYLE.—  
When I say that the street dress of the  
majority of respectable women of New York  
is disgusting, I but feebly express my emotion.  
I say the respectable woman, and yet, save  
to them who know them to be such, their  
appearance leaves a wide margin for doubt.  
The clown at a circus wears not a more par-  
ticularly disgusting costume; in fact, his has the  
advantage of being sufficiently tasteful, to employ a nautical  
phrase, not to interfere with locomotion; while  
theirs—what with disgusting humps upon their  
backs, and big rosettes upon their shoulders,  
and loops, and folds, and buttons, and clasps,  
and bows upon their skirts, and striped satin  
petticoats, all too short to hide their clumsy  
ankles—and more colors and shades of colors  
heaped up on one poor little body than ever  
was gathered in one rainbow—and all this  
worn without regard to temperature, or time,  
or place—I say this presents a spectacle which  
is too disheartening to be comical. One can  
not smile at the young girls who are one day  
—Heaven help them!—to be wives and mothers!

STARTLING FACTS.—Since the close of the  
rebellion not less than twenty-three thousand  
persons, black and white, have been scourged,  
banished, or murdered by the KuKlux Klans of  
the South. The victims of their horrible bar-  
barity have been Republicans. Not a single  
Democrat has suffered. Loyalty to the United  
States Government brought persecution; disloyalty  
exemption.

Since the enforcement of the KuKlux acts  
by the present Administration, peace and securi-  
ty have reigned throughout those States infested  
by the Klans. The defeat of this adminis-  
tration will be the renewal of these organiza-  
tions and a repetition of past outrages. Is there  
a Republican in the land base enough to be a  
party to so great a wrong? Millions of loyal  
men and women South are depending on our  
party and its strong arm of justice for continued  
protection. The Government must protect them.

IMPORTANT TO PENSIONERS.—By a recent  
act of Congress, persons who were drawing at  
the rate of \$15, \$20, and \$25 per month, are  
entitled to the following increase. Those draw-  
ing \$15 will hereafter be entitled to \$18,  
those drawing \$20 to \$25, and those drawing  
\$25 to \$31.50. The commissioner of pensions  
has issued a circular instructing pensioners  
how to proceed to get the increase without  
the intervention of an attorney or agent. No  
attorneyship will be recognized in these cases.

The School Report of the city of Portland  
hits upon the true seed of truancy, which is  
indifference or connivance of parents. The  
truant officer of that city has labored in the  
field of the homes, and by urging upon parents  
the duty they owe their children in preventing  
this evil, has been remarkably successful in  
reducing the percentage of truancy. There is  
no doubt that here is the true origin of the  
evil, and it is a department where a capable  
and efficient man might do much good. But  
it needs just the right man to influence a home  
successfully. Are there any more such men  
besides the one in Portland?

A few practical women in San Francisco,  
instead of wandering about through the country  
proclaiming themselves as good as men, are  
quietly proving the fact by instituting a really  
important business, and providing for carrying  
it on in so thorough and able a manner as to  
leave no doubt of its success. We refer to the  
Women's Pacific Publishing Company, which  
was incorporated a few weeks since in San  
Francisco. It has for its capital the sum of  
\$25,000, all contributed to it by women. Its  
officers, superintendent and business agents are  
all women, the compositors are women, and so  
in fact are all connected with the concern, with  
a few necessary exceptions.

The London Observer anticipates that by  
the awards to be made by the Geneva Tribunal,  
England will be obliged to pay heavy claims  
for direct damages, although it believes the  
total amount will be full several millions below  
the American estimate.

NEW ENGLAND MANNERS.—The editor of  
the Cincinnati Gazette, in an article on the  
Boston Jubilee, says:

"Perhaps in no other place is the average  
civilization of a people better displayed, than  
in the conduct of audiences at places of public  
entertainment. The audiences at the Coliseum  
were well behaved. They were curious and  
alert, and were generally inclined to rise up to  
look when any celebrity appeared, or there  
were signs of a coming event. This became a  
regular thing, and the ushers limited their  
efforts to seating them after they had had their  
look. But they were orderly, well bred, and  
well behaved people, and had that mutual  
consideration and politeness which are requisite  
to the preservation of the rights of all in large  
audiences. They were largely composed of  
people from the country. They were of all  
ages, from the patriarch of the family to the  
little grandchildren. They were an intelligent  
looking people, by no means of a uniform type,  
as some men suppose of the New Englanders,  
but of a great variety. There must be a  
difference in their habits and enjoyments from  
those of the Western and Southern people; for  
on passing down nearly the whole length of  
one of the broad aisles, at the close of the  
first or second day's concert, our attention was  
attracted to the whiteness of the pine floor, on  
which, neither in the aisle nor among the  
benches, was there a tobacco puddle or spot.  
This seemed to divest the thing of reality."

The Democrats talk of tyranny in their  
borrowed platform, in their newspapers, and in  
their political harangues. The tyranny of which  
they complain is the use of soldiers to  
prevent mobs of armed and masked villains  
from murdering their political opponents, and  
to uphold the civil authorities in their attempts  
to punish such crimes. The law-breaker always  
declains against the tyranny of the law, and of  
those who enforce it. The rum-seller calls it  
tyranny, if the free sale of his poisonous drinks  
is interfered with. The Mormon bigamist  
raises a similar cry, when an attempt is made  
to limit the number of his wives. The Sabbath-  
breaker says it is tyrannical to prohibit sport  
or labor on the Lord's Day. The pirate and the  
robber make tyranny the excuse for the lives  
they have chosen. And the Ku-Klux  
villain, who in the midnight hour burns the  
cabin or takes the life of his colored neighbor,  
because he votes the Republican ticket and  
sees no harm in it, is shocked by the tyranny  
of the government that forbids and tries to  
prevent such acts, and the whole Democratic  
party shouts "Amen!" to his denunciation of  
the government that restrains him. Tyranny,  
indeed! If this be tyranny, what should be  
said of the government that failed to punish  
such outrages?—[Boston Traveller.]

WHAT IS HEAT?—Wind is neither seen  
nor tasted, and yet it is a force. Heat may be  
felt, and that is about all we know about it. It  
must be a substance, because when it enters  
into metals, it passes into spaces between the  
particles, and throws them farther apart than  
when the mass is cold. That action is called  
expansion, and when heat escapes, the little  
molecules coming nearer to each other—that is  
contraction.

But the question is, this, viz.: Is heat a  
material something? Steam is nothing more  
than particles of water separated by heat. The  
expansive power of steam can hardly be stated,  
so terrific is its energy, which means simply an  
accumulation of caloric or heat forcing the  
particles asunder.

Heat may be latent. It seems to pervade  
almost all bodies, where it may remain at rest  
indefinitely. The touch of a match will let  
loose the caged fury, which runs and consumes  
everything in which heat is held as a prisoner.  
What becomes of it when it escapes? A more  
difficult problem could hardly be presented.

In treating of caloric and its relations, and  
the mission that it performs in the economy of  
nature, neither chemists nor writers on optics  
have unlocked the mystery of its origin or of  
its disappearance.

Some of the Baltimore delegates called at  
the White House recently, and were politely  
shown over the building. In the course of the  
conversation, General Dent asked a Western  
gentleman whether they could not find any  
suitable candidate in the Democratic party to  
nominate instead of Greeley, to which a reply  
was made that they had plenty of candidates,  
but none who could be elected, and he added:  
"You see the Democratic machine is stuck in  
the mud, and we want to move it. To do that  
we are not particular about the team we hitch  
to, whether it is a draught horse or a jackass.  
What we want is to move the machine." This  
delegate told the whole story very briefly.

HOW THEY LOOK.—The Revolution gives  
the following personal description of the lead-  
ing women of the world:

Very intellectual women are seldom beau-



## Waterville Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANT. R. WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... JULY 19, 1872.



## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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FOR PRESIDENT.  
**ULYSSES S. GRANT,**  
Of Illinois.FOR VICE PRESIDENT.  
**HENRY WILSON,**  
Of Massachusetts.For Representative to Congress,  
**JAMES G. BLAINE.**

## HOME NOTES FROM ABROAD.

A traveller with vacant room enough in his head may gather material for letters without much waste of time or enjoyment; but to write them out he wants a quiet minute somewhere. The "ten minutes for refreshments" are not enough for elaborate details; and to clip an hour from a night's rest, in this season of high heat and tall mosquitoes, is easier at home than abroad. To escape from the printing office only to write letters to the newspaper, is much like gnawing a file for dinner;—there is more work than enjoyment in it. A man who can't carry in his memory enough of what he sees and hears to make a letter of, had better stay at home. Taking "notes by the way" at forty miles an hour over the old-fashioned rails, is no way to grow fat;—and for what else was the editorial "dead-head system" designed? This jubilee was known better in prophecy than it will be in history; and the newspapers take "boot" in free passes and introductions to the mayor. Why need they pass a balance to new account by praises and puffs that can sell no more tickets?

Of the ten days allotted to our summer vacation, only one was pledged to the Coliseum. That was to have been the 4th of July, but it fell a day behind out of fear of the fever heat that always makes such a stew of that glorious day. To hear the German Band an hour and a half on the 5th, we strolled three hours among the interior wonders of that vast building. It was no task—so well aired, cool, clean, fresh, new, everything seemed, though all outside was scalding hot. It seemed to have been baptized in songs of "peace on earth."

Here and there stroll the quiet officials, stepping carefully, as though this unmeasured magnificence were taking a brief rest that must not be broken. Visitors, dropping in one by one, dot the spreading aisles as they gaze into the distant beauty, and now and then meet in couples to utter their admiration. Leaving our two lady associates in front of the great organ at the far north, we make a half hour's journey, resting and gazing by the way, to the extreme south window, that looks out upon the vast enterprises which there gradually fill up the ocean. Looking back to the starting point, our two friends have dwindled to the size of our two fingers. We see now how sixty thousand persons were admitted to this vast expanse of seats.

"Tempus fugit" needs no translator here. The only time thought of is that set for the appearance of the German band—3 o'clock,—and its arrival is only noted by the "thousand or two" to which the newspapers say the slowly increasing audience has grown. So quietly have they dropped in, one by one and two by two, gazing in their turn at the bursting wonder, and slowly falling into the central auditorium, that we see with surprise that the hour is at hand. We see, too, another indication of the vast capacity of the building. This "thousand or two" cover but a mere patch of its wide field of benches. Might not this handful be multiplied by fifty without crowding one another? So we queried, and ceased to doubt the daily reports we had read in the papers—for we are not over credulous thitherward.

Somebody had whispered in our vicinity that the German band had failed in their engagement; and that the French band were to take their places. Nobody could be sorry, for the French band had been the lion of the jubilee. So when they took their place, amid the cheers of every hand and face, (for cheering with the feet is peculiar only to smaller places than Boston,) we greeted the French band. Indeed we listened to the French band, and very critically noticed how wonderfully Frenchy they were, both musically and personally. Those Frenchmen are small, slim, polite, little gentlemen, we mentally said; so unlike the burly Englishman, the fat Dutchman, or the bony Yankee. No wonder those big German soldiers beat them everywhere—except in their music. Nobody can do that. Their delicate hands are

made for these instruments. Their small hands are just as good as large ones for these uses; and their souls are strung to the gamut as an Englishman's mouth to the beer mug, or an Irishman's fist to his shillalah. How lucky were we to hear the famous French band! and it was not till next day that we learned it was the German band after all! Well—those who laugh at our blunder may as well do it behind our back, or they may hear something saucy. We would wager a mug of lager against a pint of frog-soup, that those soft fingered young men had seen more of the Seine than of the Rhine. We made our blunder on this base, and we shall stick to it—not the blunder, but the reason for it.

But—we are going out to the spindle city of Lawrence to-night; and as Waterville threatens to make an experiment covering conditions and circumstances that have been demonstrated there, we may find something to say a word about. That city has had its birth within the quarter of a century we have spent in Waterville. On her birthday Ticonic Falls turned more machinery than is moving now—though for fifty years her waters had murmured louder promises than are made to-day. Like Byron's Don Juan, these promises have since been "dammed to immortality." (More anon.)

SENIOR.

Be careful what you believe of reports of the rapid growth of the new party. Many good and true republicans are reported among the deserters, for effect abroad, while they are known at home to be incapable of deserting the old flag. There seems to be a systematic effort of this kind in operation, the effect being to decoy weaker men into the same trap. The names of Hon. Dennis L. Miliken, Hon. Edwin Noyes, and several others less known abroad, are among those thus impeached in Waterville. Those who know them personally would not credit such reports, but those who would do "anything to beat Grant" are taking all such chances.

POSTMASTER JONES of New York tells a good campaign story for Horace Greeley. Some time ago one Norton, cashier of the Post-office, turned out a defaulter, and the United States Government came down on his securities among whom was Horace Greeley, responsible to the extent of about \$30,000. Greeley was very restless under this obligation, and he is so much in fear of debt that he actually wanted to give his check for the whole sum and get it off his mind. Finally a meeting of the indorsers was held, and Mr. Greeley put on his spectacles, took up his bond, and dolefully read over the conditions. "They say I write an infernally bad hand," said Greeley, "but they can read it plainly enough when it gets on one of these things."

A WEAK, good natured man, continually blinded by the plausible stories of those who approach him, and easily persuaded to endorse dishonest knaves and their schemes,—and, worst of all, gaining no wisdom by painful experience. Is that the man to fill a responsible position, where wisdom, decision and firmness are imperatively called for? Do you say that "Honest Horace"—as the Democrats are fond of styling him now—is a good, well meaning man? Charles the Arrogant shall answer—"That is not much. It was said of Louis the Quarreller, that he meant well; nor is there a slate headstone in any village burial-ground that does not record as much of the humble lodger beneath. Something more is needed for a President."

THE juryman in the case of Stokes, on trial for the murder of Col. Fisk, unable to agree, were discharged. It is reported that nine of them were in favor of a verdict of guilty of murder. A new trial will probably be ordered at an early day, in another county. Stokes is well satisfied with the result, for he feels quite confident that he will never be hung. The newspapers are very free in condemning the action of the jury.

SUPPOSE an honest ("honest, my lord?") yeoman to get a load of hay weighed at the West Village, and that on his way out to deliver it here, he should throw off several sizeable boulders by the roadside; unless he rendered an account of those stones the buyer of the hay would be so much out would he not? "Well, that's what we thought." Our informant says that the boulders are there yet to testify to the transaction.

ARRIVALS.—Among the returning sons and daughters of Waterville, we may mention Prof. William Mathews and family, of Chicago; Hon. John H. Redington, and the family of the late Mr. Joshua Bartlett, of San Francisco, Cal. In Mr. Redington's party was Mrs. Buck, daughter of Hon. Solymon Heath. Lieut. T. B. Noyes, of the U. S. Navy, son of Hon. Edwin Noyes, is enjoying a visit at home, after a two or three years cruise in the Mediterranean and other eastern waters.

By the overturning of a wagon on Wednesday morning, while on the road from Readfield to our village, Howe's Circus had a small conflagration. The wagon contained their gas works, and the breaking of a kerosene lamp set the whole thing in a blaze. The running part of the wagon was saved, but the body was badly blackened and charred, and the contents a good deal damaged.

CONSUL GENERAL BUTLER and some companions recently got into a row at Alexandria, with several of the Khedive's officers, formerly secessionists in this country, in which it is hard to say which was most to blame, they being evidently "birds of a feather." One of the officers was badly wounded, and Butler left the country.

SAMUEL FOLLANSBEE, of Brewer, a brakeman on the E. & N. A. Railway, was fatally injured on Saturday, while shuffling cases in Bangor, being caught between the bunters. He was about 23 years of age, a man highly esteemed, married about three months ago.

## WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT CURRANT WORMS.

For many years we have fought the old geometer currant worm, and always came out ahead and saved our bushes; and encouraged by this success we hopefully attacked the new worm, slaying many thousands, while the first crop lasted, and preserving the bushes from any serious injury, though many of our neighbors suffered severely. The enemy, however, rallied for a second attack, and we were again compelled to go into the contest, and where we formerly slew thousands we slaughtered millions; but there is a limit to human endurance and human endeavor, and we now retire in good order, leaving the worms masters of the field. The new scourge is extending its ravages all over our village, many gardens which escaped at first being now visited and stripped. Many persons make a cursory examination of their bushes without discovering the enemy, and perhaps they are surprised in a few days by finding the leaves all alive. Until one understands the game he naturally wonders where such immense swarms came from so suddenly. The explanation is, that they were there and busily at work; but out of sight. You are told of the ravages of the new worm, and looking over your bushes you find a few leaves with from one to forty large worms at work upon the edge, and you say, "Oh, I can pick those off and destroy them." Follow down the twig and you will be likely to find some leaves, more or less eaten, some of them almost bare skeletons; turn them over and you find them alive with smaller worms; and though a little staggered, you still think you can handle them. Well, look a little farther and you find a great many leaves in the lower part of the bush, pierced with small holes; turn them over, and if your eyes are good enough you will see around these holes, little fellows who have just had time to gnaw these holes since they were hatched. But that is not all; for if you turn over the sound leaves, you shall find arranged along the ribs, bright dotted lines, every dot an egg, and every egg bound to be a worm. Well, don't run yet. Do you see these small innocent looking flies, with yellowish bodies and thin gauzy wings? There is one now, moving quietly across that leaf. But mark what he is doing. Behind him he leaves that bright dotted line, so full of mischief. And while you are killing a few of the larger worms at the top, all these agencies are at work unnoticed below. Do you now wonder, that, being left for a few days,—and they develop with wonderful rapidity—they overrun and strip your bushes?

The young worms finish the leaf upon which they are born by working outward from the starting hole through which they first gnaw; then they ascend to a leaf above, and arranging themselves at the edge they gnaw in; and so they climb and gnaw and gnaw and climb; finally dropping to the earth, where they burrow, to come out a fly, and through the same round, increasing indefinitely. If they multiply in the same ratio another year, the current is doomed; but if some enemy is found, they may disappear as did the army worm a few years ago.

We hope some wholesale remedy may be found for this trouble, but if any are disposed to rely on hand picking let them begin early, and go to the origin of the trouble at first, and not wait for the worms to swarm to the tops of the bushes. Closely examine the leaves near the ground, and carefully pluck all that have been punctured. Keep doing so, and if none escape you may save the tops of your bushes.

MR. J. FRAZER GILMAN, son of the late Nathaniel Gilman, Esq., and Mr. Charles Davis, son of the late Mr. Jonas Davis,—two Waterville boys, with too much enterprise to stagnate here at home—went west a few years ago, and shouldering their packs, made their way into the wilds of Dakota, purchased land, built a hut, and commenced a clearing. Having located judiciously, they now find settlers coming in rapidly all around them, their property rising in value, and a railroad coming right along. The following paragraph in the *Courier*, of Elk Point, gives a hint of what they are doing:

Mr. Charles Davis, from Eden, was in town last Wednesday with large number of teams, to haul lumber from Patten's Mill, for the new hotel and store to be built at Sterling this Spring, by J. Frazer Gilman. Mr. Davis is one of those whole-souled, honorable and upright young men, that a community should be proud to have among them.

We invite attention to the advertisement of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary and Female College, in another column. This well known institution was never in better condition than at present. We are indebted to A. Fitzroy Chase, Teacher of Mathematics, for a catalogue, which informs us that the whole number of pupils last year was 651.

MASTER LEWIS POLLARD, gathering wood on the Winslow side near the end of Ticonic Bridge, one day last week, secured a beautiful ten pound salmon which he sold for a nice sum to Mr. H. W. Barney. The salmon leaped upon the logs upon which the boy stood, and he secured him with his bare hands. Several others have been seen in the bay, which have probably made their way through the lock. With a fishway at Augusta, we should have an abundant supply of these delicious fish close by our doors.

The Republicans of Bangor, as we learn from the *Whig*, inaugurated the campaign of '72, on Saturday evening, by a glorious demonstration in Noronobeg Hall, the great gathering being addressed by Senators Chandler and Hamlin, Speaker Blaine and Representative Peters.

JUSTICE KENT RICHARDSON, a graduate of Colby, who has just finished his studies at Newton, was ordained as pastor of the Baptist Church in Maplewood, Mass., July 10th.

THE BAPTIST SABBATH SCHOOL celebrated its forty-fifth anniversary last Sabbath. As it was the children's Sunday, the church was beautifully ornamented with flowers arranged with charming taste, and a large audience was present. The officers made their reports, there was much singing interspersed, and Mr. Burago, the pastor, preached a sermon, taking for his text the 17th verse of the 3d chapter of Malachi—"They shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels." Dea. W. A. F. Stevens, who has for many years been the efficient Superintendent of this school, has been laid aside by sickness for several months, and though improving in health was unable to be present, but the reports of the officers showed the school to be in a flourishing condition. Dr. G. S. Palmer, the Assistant Superintendent, reported the number of names on the book to be 411, and the average attendance during the past year, 197. Prof. Hall, the Treasurer and Librarian reported that the school has raised by penny contributions, \$86.24, to support a colporteur in Assam, and \$88.98 for the library fund. They also collected \$50 to support a colored student at Colver Institute, and \$16.50 in aid of the North Star Mission in Chicago. Total receipts from all sources, \$341.86.

REMEMBER that the Commencement Concert can hardly fail to be the most attractive ever offered at Colby. Mrs. Burnham, who has recently returned from Italy with the benefit of a long course of tuition, will be heard with great interest, not only by musical artists, but by a large circle of personal friends who rejoice in her success. The Germania Band is well known as standing at the very head of its class in this country, if it may not be said to be unrivalled. The graduating class justly looks to the citizens of Waterville, as well as to all the friends of the college, for their aid in meeting the large expenses of a festival in which all are interested, and when they offer so choice an entertainment it should be received with corresponding liberality.

CATALOGUE UNIVERSITATIS COLBIANÆ.—We are indebted to Prof. Hall for a copy of the new triennial catalogue of Colby University, elegantly printed by Hewes & Co. of Boston. It is mildly dignified in Latin, wherever the names are convertible, though the untranslatable ones make a rather comical hash; but a notice to the alumni, on the cover, is put in plain English, as though it was feared that some of them may have got a little rusty in that classical tongue.

Our village having been disgraced by considerable drunkenness when the first circus was here, in consequence of the free sale of cider, it was thought best to prevent a repetition of the nuisance on Wednesday, and accordingly officers McFadden and Dow interrupted two men from Albion, who had commenced a brisk business in that line. One of them, who had established himself on Main street, after some talk, consented to take his cider away, but the other, more stubborn, would only quit when his casks were seized. What with original manufacturers and authorized agents, the cider dodge is working considerable mischief.

H. W. BUTTERFIELD, Esq., of Vassalboro', has purchased the Stackpole lot, immediately below the east end of Ticonic Bridge, upon which he will erect a building for manufacturing shovel handles—obtaining his driving power, probably, from the wheel at the Furniture manufactory.

"GOOD old Uncle Horace," and "Honest Horace Greeley," are the titles now applied to Mr. Greeley by men who have had precious little knowledge of honesty or any other virtue, and who have the same liking for principles formerly held by him that the devil has for holy water.

CHARLES SUMNER, whose speeches have led some republicans into the Democratic fold, has not yet declared which way he is going himself. Would it not have been as well if some of his admirers had been as cautious?

JAMES M. LUNT, Esq., Superintendent of the Maine Central Railroad, has resigned, to leave the office in October. After Lunt, who? A COMPANY from the Railroad Machine Shop, in our village, some of their wives accompanying, and headed by Master Mechanic Philbrick, went over to Belfast on Saturday and chartered the yacht Bonnie, for a cruise, intending to return the last of this week. They are a goodly company and they will have a pleasant time.

MR. J. H. HANSON, the principal of the Waterville Classical Institute, met with a severe loss on Monday. A pocket book containing nearly three hundred dollars, mysteriously disappeared from the pocket of his coat while hung in a back entry; and though he is quite confident that it was taken between four and five in the afternoon, he is at loss to know by whom it was abstracted.

POOR CHIEF is down—that is, down street, a little farther than he was. They have torn out the inards of his old quarters which they are transforming into a dry goods store.

Rev. Mr. Cameron, of Greenville, will preach again in the Congregational church next Sabbath.

THE body of Mr. Asa D. Nudd, who died a few months ago in California, arrived in Waterville yesterday and was buried in Pine Grove Cemetery this morning.

GEN. BANKS has not pronounced for Greeley, but will heartily support Gen. Grant.

A NICE rain last night sets vegetation humming again, and farmers cry out that things are growing too fast.

During a severe thunder storm, last week, Came's large carriage factory, in Portsmouth, N. H. was struck by lightning and burned.

COLBY UNIVERSITY.—The following is the programme for commencement:

Sunday Evening, July 21st.—Sermon before the Boardman Missionary Society, by Prof. S. K. Smith, D. D.

Monday Evening, July 22d.—Prize Declaration, by the Junior Class.

Tuesday, July 23d.—Examinations for entrance. In the evening, Oration before the Literary Societies, by the Hon. Wm. Whiting, of Boston.

Wednesday, July 24th.—Meeting of the Board of Trustees at 10 o'clock, A. M.; meeting of the Alumni Association at 2 o'clock, P. M.; musical concert in the evening.

Thursday, July 25th.—Commencement exercises of the graduating class; public dinner; President's leave in the evening.

The alterations in the North College are completed, and the new rooms ready for occupancy.

THE seizure of cider, on circus day, made quite a stir among those whose sympathies run that way. "Every gallon of cider they seize makes a vote for Greeley," said one who was trying to find what consolation he could to cool his indignation. But how is that? We thought Greeley was held up as alone worthy of the confidence and votes of the temperance men, while Grant was represented as a drunken beast. The trouble is, that though artful and unscrupulous men may seek to mystify matters, liquor sympathizers are not deceived, and their unerring instincts lead them into that party with which they are most in harmony. If Grant was the man he is represented to be, he would have their support; but as it is, the great crowd of law breakers hate him, and with the disappointed office-seekers are ready to vote for anybody to beat Grant.

Take notice, ye who thirst and sweat in these scalding days, that Dunning's Patent Improved Ice Preserver, which is advertised in the Mail, will keep a small lump of ice a very long time in a pitcher of water. Just read the particulars and then call at Eldon's or at Redington's and see the article. It is an ornament to a table or a sideboard, especially if you are thirsty and know what is under it. Look at it.

The Japanese pupils in this country, are said to be very diligent students.

TUESDAY was a scorching, the mercury climbing up dangerously near to a hundred.

The apple crop is said to be abundant all through New England.

CAPTAIN JINKS on two hand organs is rather oppressive in a hot day, even with a monkey thrown in.

THE flag of the Greeleyites, at Bangor, bears the name of the new party—"Liberal Republican Democratic Union Candidates"—which is a nice little white blackbird, used as a decoy duck.

A Democrat writes to the Chicago Times from Racine, Wis., to say that "should Greeley receive the unanimous indorsement of every man in the Baltimore Convention, and be then and there baptized, parboiled and steeped in Democratic blood, through and through, he shall never have my vote." He says there are tens of thousands of "Lion hearted Democrats" in Wisconsin who think the same way.

There is just enough of that kind of talk put about to blind the republicans. Democrats were always noted for their party training, following their leaders like sheep over a stone wall. "Anything to beat Grant."

TENNEY, of the Brunswick Telegraph, who visited the studio of Mr. G. L. Seavey, in Boston, the other day, says:—He has his hands full in painting flower pictures, a department of art in which he excels. Indeed a brother artist told us that Mr. Seavey ranks among the very first in Boston in the execution of this difficult branch, the tendency of flower coloring being to exaggeration. We saw several beautiful specimens, some of them just executed, and some that we saw here on the walls of Mr. Seavey's room at the time he was giving instruction in painting. Upon his easel at the time of our visit, was a gem in its way, a cluster of pansies true to nature in the drawing and the coloring was almost marvellous, as you looked, you said,—that is true to nature. And here is just the success of the true artist.

The oldest remark made by Mr. Greeley to the announcing committee is this: "While you in making this nomination are not less democratic, but even more so than had you taken the opposite course, I, in accepting it, am as much a Republican as ever I was." Is this apparently confused language the result of a confused mind, or does it come from a public man who is ashamed of what he has done? As it stands, it is the most nonsensical stuff that ever was uttered, resembling the words of the dying Falstaff, when he babbled of green fields. How could the Democrats be made more democratic by nominating Mr. Greeley, while that gentleman was as good a Republican as ever he had been in accepting that nomination? Two negatives make an affirmative, but here is a possibility made through the union of two impossibilities! This is the queerest of all the queer births of time. Nature and art might be defied to match it, either singly or in combination. As no one can doubt Mr. Greeley's ability to speak intelligently and with clearness, we must conclude that he is ashamed of what he has done, and would have the world believe that he has not changed his position, though his associate, Mr. Gratz Brown, pointedly says that he has abandoned his protectionist views. It might be possible for Mr. Greeley to make plausible argument in support of his assertion that his sentiments and purposes have not changed, but in so doing he would have to give up the other half of his assertion, namely, that the Democrats are more democratic than ever they were before, because they have made him their candidate. The two things are absolutely incompatible. They neither agree, nor can they be made to agree. If he is the Horace Greeley of long ago, then the Democrats must have changed, he being their candidate—must in fact be more Republican than the Republicans, and this is what they say is not the fact. Which can we believe, the party or the candidate, the man who is supported, or the men who support him?—[Boston Traveller.]

Augusta has started a Republican Campaign Club with General Selden Conner as President, with one hundred names to begin with.

My first is a prop, my second's a prop, and my whole is a prop. Very prop-er.

## FAIRFIELD ITEMS.

They are prompt to hang out their banner, these republicans. It was unfurled here on Thursday evening of last week; and Gen. Conner made a fitting speech to a large audience. It was warm with the patriotism that has marked the life of the speaker.

A sad accident happened to Mr. Geo. B. Corson a few days ago. He was thrown down and trampled upon by a horse he was unharnessing, receiving injuries from which it is feared he will not recover.

Mrs. Joseph F. Nye is making most commendable efforts to benefit the children of our village by her interest in Cold Water Temple No. 13. The officers for the coming quarter are—Julia Rowell, Chief Templar; Ned Russell, Sumner Goodwin, Supporters; Charlie Lawrence, Vice Templar; Eugene Rowell, Past Chief Templar; Lucy Wyman, Chaplain; Carrie Kelley, Secretary; Dora Gibson, Assistant Secretary; Phoebe Sanborn, Financial Secretary; Nalum Sanborn, Treasurer; Wilbur F. Randall, Marshall; Burdie Nye, Inside Guard; George Weeks, Outside Guard.

One of the school boys while practicing with a pistol, sent a ball in at an open window at which a moment before Mrs. John Harris was sewing. A narrow escape—and a careless boy.

The cider mentioned in the Mail last week as seized at Mayo's was relinquished, on the ground that it was owned by the manufacturer and retailed by his appointed agent. (Narrow dodge this.)

ANOTHER DARING BANK ROBBERY!—The *Bowdoinham Affair Repeated!*—The residence of E. W. Hayward, cashier of the Blackstone National Bank in Uxbridge, Mass., was entered last Saturday morning, between one and two o'clock, through a chamber window, by five disguised men, who, after binding and gagging Mr. Hayward and family (four persons), entered the room of Charles Wesson, teller of the bank, and compelled him to accompany them to the bank and unlock the safe. They obtained between \$13,000 and \$14,000, mostly in bills. They then locked the safe and bank, and took the teller to his room, ungagged the whole family, and gave them a drink of water, then regagged and left them. The condition of affairs was discovered about daylight. The robbers left no traces. A satchel was found near the bank, containing fuses, powder and burglar's implements.

In his recent letter to St. Louis, Mr. Sumner makes this important declaration: "The Republican party must be saved, and what I can do shall be done for it." After this declaration we cannot expect to see Mr. Sumner helping to elect a Democratic candidate for President, under the pretence that this is the way to save the Republican party.—[Traveller.]

On Saturday last John P. Craig, Esq., of Readfield, met with quite a severe injury. He was attacked by a furious bull, tossed in the air and rather harshly treated. He was rescued by a hired man, but was insensible for some minutes. It is believed that no permanent injury was inflicted.

DISINFECTANTS.—One pound of green copperas, costing six cents, dissolved in one quart of water, and poured down a water-closet, will effectually concentrate and destroy the foulest smells. On board ships and steamboats, about hotels and other public places, there is nothing so nice to purify the air. Simple copperas, dissolved under the bed in anything that will hold water, will render a hospital or any place for the sick free from unpleasant smells. For butcher's stalls, fish markets, slaughter-houses, sinks, and wherever there are offensive putrid gases, dissolve copperas and sprinkle it about, and after a few days the smell will pass away. If a cat, rat, or mouse dies about the house, and sends forth an offensive gas, place some dissolved copperas in an open vessel near the place where the nuisance is, and it will soon purify the atmosphere.

The following paragraph from the *Lewiston Journal* may prove a wholesome warning for other localities:—

Will not that easy going father who cannot say no to his daughter when she desires to walk on the street, and that indulgent mother who rarely asks her child where she spent the evening, quietly follow her and notice the rudeness of manner and the freedom of acquaintance with lads and young men which characterize her course upon the street? Parents are painfully led to speak of a wayward child bringing their gray hair down to the grave with sorrow, when the first steps in that wayward course were the result of a foolish parental indulgence. When a young girl thinks the rude, perhaps indecent word which greets her at the corner, something to laugh at, when she has come to a boldness which prompts her to answer to the slang, it needs no prophet to tell her future.

## Insurance.

ENTIRE SAFETY.

L. 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, \$4,672,000.

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

Phoenix Fire Insurance Co. Of Hartford, Assets, \$1,908,331.37.

Springfield Fire and M. Ins. Co. Assets, \$1,056,106.75.

Union, of Bangor. Assets, \$540,701.57.

National Insurance Company, Bangor. Assets \$449,669.72.

Bay State Insurance Co. Of Worcester, Assets, \$340,375.00.

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.

Do YOU WANT TO KEEP YOUR HOUSE COOL

And Comfortable during Hot Weather? If so buy your Bread, Beans, Cake, Pastry, &c.,

MAZZEWS,

Who will sell you the cheapest goods in his line that the market affords, at the lowest prices that can be afforded.

His motto is "LIVE AND LET LIVE." The Cart will be around every afternoon through the hot weather, also Sunday morning.

Patronize the Baker and be Happy!







# MISCELLANY.

## How Softly on the Bruised Heart.

How softly on the bruised heart  
A word of kindness falls,  
And to the dry and parched soul  
The moistening tear-drop calls;  
Oh, if they knew who walked the earth  
Mid sorrow, grief and pain,  
The power of a word of kindness hath,  
I were paradise again.

The weakest and the poorest may  
The simplest pittance give,  
And bid delight to withered hearts,  
Return again and live;  
Oh, what is life if love be lost?  
If man's unkindness to man,  
Oh, what the heaven that waits beyond,  
This brief and mortal span?

As stars upon the tranquil sea  
In mimic glory shine,  
So words of kindness in the heart  
Reflect the source divine;  
Oh, then be kind who'er thou art,  
That breathest mortal breath,  
And it shall brighten all thy life,  
And sweeten even death.

# NEW FIRM! NEW GOODS!

C. H. REDINGTON, having sold to MARTIN BLAISDELL, and bid delinquent to 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  
has been 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 Ply, Extra, Ingrain, Dundee,  
etc., etc. Also Rugs of all kinds.

## FURNITURE

of every description, Parlor Suits, Chamber Sets, Walnut, Ash  
and Pine, got up in the latest styles. Sofa, Lounges, Bed  
steads, and Wood Bedsteads, Office Chairs, and every-  
thing else in the furniture line.

## CROCKERY,

the largest stock ever in town. French, China, Ironstone,  
Figured and Plain, earthenware, etc. Also Ware, White and Yel-  
low, Ware, Green, and other colors.

## Shades and Curtains, Picture Frames,

Cords, &c., &c.

## GLASS WARE, new and beautiful Patterns.

## TABLE & POCKET CUTLERY,

SOLID SILVER WARE, Rogers Bros.

## MATRASSES,

Half, Spring, Wool, Hair and Kael, etc. FRATHERS, all  
grades, Bed, and Mirrors, all sizes, Chandeliers, Lamp  
and on up.

## Mirror Plates Set to Order.

## Caskets and Coffins,

I save always on hand, Walnut, Rosewood, Whiteoak,  
Elm, Birch and Pine, lined and trimmed in the very best  
manner at satisfactory 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,

C. 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 conveying.

## NICKEL PLATING

Costs less than Silver Plating

AND IS  
**MORE DURABLE!**

All articles to which Nickel Plating is applicable plated in  
the best manner, under license from UNITED STATES COMPANY  
of New York.

\* Manufacturers are requested to avail themselves of the  
facilities we offer.

## AUBURN FOUNDRY & MFG CO.

AUBURN, MAINE.

## WANTED.

EXPERIENCED SHIRT MAKERS: Apply to or  
address GOODWIN, WAIT & PERLINSON,  
Waterville, Maine.

## NEW STYLE NECK TIES.

MRS. S. E. PERCIVAL'S

## HAIR WORK.

MRS. S. W. WILLIAMS,  
Next door to People's Bank, does all kinds of Hair Work in  
good style and at reasonable prices.  
She has for sale all kinds of IMITATION HAIR, and a good  
stock of REAL HAIR.  
Also SILK SWITCHES, and STRAIGHT HAIR RATS,  
new article

Waterville, May 20, 1872.

## AVERILL

Chemical Paint.

THE BEST PAINT IN USE.

Sample cards of colors can be seen at  
ARNOLD & MEADERS, Agent.

## BACK AGAIN!

TO CROMMETT'S MILLS, WATERVILLE.

That public are informed that the subscriber is again in his  
old place, Crommett's Mills, and will continue to do so.

## CARDING AND DYEING

as usual.

LADIES' COATS and JACKETS, also GENTLEMEN'S GARMENTS  
cleaned, dyed or remade without being ripped,  
and pressed and pressed. Goods left with J. S. CARTER, Esq.,  
who is my agent, at his Periodical Store, will be attended to  
with promptness.

Waterville, May 1872.

## He is Dead!

WHO? my neighbor B. C. CARR, who was killed by a horse  
on the same way.

## HILL'S REMEDY

has killed the Canker out of my system. I am like a New  
Made Man. Thank the Lord! Try it! HENRY PERCY.

W. Waterville, May 1872.

## LADIES,

YOU will find a nice

## NEW YORK BOOT,

at O. F. MAYO'S.

# 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 ex-  
ecute all orders for those in need of dental services.

## MAINE STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

SEMI-WEEKLY LINE.

On and after the 18th inst. the fine steamer

Drigot of Franceville, will still further no-

vice runs as follows:

Leave Waterville, Portland, every MONDAY and THUR-

SDAY, at 6 P. M., and leave Portland at 8 P. M., New York, every

MONDAY and Thursday, at 8 P. M.

The ship and Franceville are fitted with fine accommo-

dations for passengers, making this the most convenient and

comfortable route for travellers between New York and Maine.

Passage State Room \$5. 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.

Freight or passage apply to

HENRY FOX, Gal's Wharf, Portland.

J. E. ARMS, Pier 3 E. R. New York.

## Portland and Boston Steamers.

CHARGE OF TIME.

In order to accommodate passengers arriv-

ing in Portland by evening trains

The STAGHORN and PORTLAND Sea-Going

Steamers.

JOHN BROWN and MONTREAL,

will, until further notice, run as follows:

Leaving Atlantic Wharf for Boston, (Sundays except-  
ed), at 8 o'clock P. M.

Returning, leave India Wharf, Boston, same days at 8 o'clock

P. M.

These Steamers have been newly fitted up, with steam

apparatus for heating cabins and staterooms, and now afford

the most convenient and comfortable means of transportation

between Boston and Portland.

Passengers by this long established line obtain every com-

fort and convenience, arrive in time 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 sent by P. Packet Co.

State Rooms may be secured in advance by

mail.

April 12, 1872

## MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Winter Arrangement. - 1871-2.

The new line of road between Danville and Cumberland,

will be opened on Monday the 18th inst. and on and after

that date, trains for Portland and Boston, via new road and

via old road, will run as follows:

For Portland and Boston, leave upper depot at 7:10 A. M.

Leave lower depot at 7:20 P. M.

For Boston and Portland, leave upper depot at 7:10 A. M.

Leave lower depot at 7:20 P. M.

Trains will be run on Sunday, August 12, at 10 A. M.

Freight train for Portland via Lewiston, leave upper de-

pot at 6 A. M., and through freight for Boston, same de-

pot at 6 A. M. Lower depot for Portland, via Augusta, at 7:40

A. M.

Freight train from Portland will be due at upper depot at

1:30 P. M., and through freight from Boston at 10:40 A. M.

From Portland via Augusta, leave upper depot at 1:50 P. M.

ADWYN NOYSE, Agent.

L. L. LINCOLN, Asst. Agent.

Nov. 1, 1871

## 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

## BOOT & SHOE BUSINESS,

The Old Stand opposite the Post Office.

Where will be found a full assortment of

# NEW GOODS JUST OPENED

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

No. 2, Boutelle Block, Main St.

WATERVILLE.

Furniture, Carpets, Crockery, Glass

Ware, and House Furnishing Goods.

## FURNITURE.

PARLOR SETS—Hickory, 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.

Outlet and Plate Ware

Chandeliers, Bracketed and Lamp.

Various other goods in great variety.

## LACE CURTAINS AND PAINTED SHADES.

CORNICERS 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 ESTY AND KIMBALL'S STORE.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.

Dr. Thayer may be found at his office or at his home oppo-

site the old Kimball Store, except when absent on pro-

fessional 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 Ni-

trous 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 styles and descriptions.

Mrs. Williams is Agent for the

New Wilson Sewing Machine,

the first and only First Class Low Priced Sewing Machine yet

offered having the "Drop Foot."

\* 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, and has a large stock of first class

Pianos, Organs, Melodeons,

and SMALL MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Which will be sold as low as can be bought elsewhere

in this section.

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

PATENT IMPROVED

Ice Preservers.

THIS Preserver is made of flannel and other materials

which are non-conductors of heat; and as to its

durability, it will last during one's natural life, with-  
out any repair.

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, and in any place where the great

amount of travel saved by servants. One pitcher of ice

each day for a boarder's room in the heat of summer is all

that would be required if covered with this Preserver.

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 ob-

tained from cold springs in cases of sickness, with no ice

# R. R. R.

**RADWAY'S READY RELIEF**

CURES THE WORST PAINS

In from One to Twenty Minutes.