


7-7-1871

## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 25, No. 02): July 7, 1871

Maxham & Wing

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### Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 25, No. 02): July 7, 1871" (1871). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 410.  
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"WHAT SHE COULD."

BY H. A. BROWNE.

Man deem it little. No sublime achievement,  
By which at once a life is glorified;  
No weary pilgrimage; no painful penance,  
Which veil or disfigure hide.  
But a dull round of homely household duties,  
Meekly accepted, faithfully performed;  
In Christ's dear name the cup of water proffered;  
The needy fed and warmed.  
Angel of love, and tenderness to childhood,  
Soothing and comfort of hoary age,  
Serenity and patience by the sick and dying,  
In counsel sound and sage.  
What though men deem it commonplace and narrow;  
This humble, lifelong toil for others' good?  
The master lends it his divine approval—  
"She hath done what she could!"  
—Independent.

THE SADDEST OF ALL IS LOVING.

From Harper's Magazine for July.

[CONTINUED.]

It was with well assumed indifference that Franklin entered the breakfast-room next morning and he saw with some surprise, that Louise was not in her accustomed place and that Mrs. Randall had been breakfasting alone. Rising as he approached the table she greeted him with a volley of questions: "Where is Barry Harwood, Mr. Franklin? Why has he gone away? Have you seen Louise this morning? Did she know last night that he was going? It is very strange, and I cannot at all understand it."

"Barry hasn't gone? It must be something very sudden. He had no such intention last night."

"Well, I must find Louise immediately, and see what light she can throw upon this peculiar step of his."

In a thoroughly uncomfortable frame of mind Dick took his breakfast hastily, left the hotel, and walked down the road toward the bridge.

As he pursued his way alone he tried to put out of his mind the recollections of last night, and the unpleasant discovery of Barry's departure this morning. So he swung his cane, whistled, and even contrived to get up a cheerful expression of countenance as he thought that in a few days he would be with Ruth and the remembrance of the last four weeks would soon fade away.

His friends, the Sterlings, were at the Clifton House, and he had promised—he didn't care to think how long ago—that he would see them in a few days. He was almost ashamed to go now, even to carry the excuses he so well versed in creating; but he put a bold face on the matter, and, on reaching the hotel, met Mrs. Sterling and her three daughters with the air of an old friend whose visits had been frequent. Here he remained all the morning, and was wonderfully entertained by a whole bevy of girls, who were altogether too nice to have been neglected all this time, without endeavoring to make up for it by staying just long enough to make the younger ones hope they should see him again, and the older ones secretly wish they had never met him at all. Back at the "Cataracs" once more, he was passing through one of the halls, on his way to his rooms, when he caught sight of Louise, and stopped.

"Bon jour, Miss Louise! you are looking for something. Can I help you?"

"Thank you; yes. A ball from my moral is missing, and I think I must have lost it here last night after I left you."

"It could not be lost in a worse place." Her eyes had never worn so sad a look, and it was evident she had been crying. So he studiously avoided looking at her, or seeming to notice in any way her altered appearance. He succeeded even in controlling his manner, which he feared might be too sympathetic, as he stooped to pick up the coral ball which his keen eyes had at last discovered, saying:

"Harwood didn't tell me he should go so early this morning. I was quite depending on him to assist me in getting away from this enchanted spot. My banker still fails to honor my draft. Good heavens, Miss Louise! As he placed the coral in her extended hand he missed the diamond circlet from her finger, and the solemn truth of what he had only surmised flashed upon him. It can not be you who have sent Barry away?"

"I—I don't know what I have done. I—I didn't know he was going. I only meant—oh! I don't know what I did mean."

"I take it you have had a quarrel. All lovers quarrel. At least that's the way it is in books. He'll come back again, Miss Louise. Don't look so unhappy. That's where it hurts me."

Why couldn't he have held his tongue about his hurting him? So far he had tried, for his heart went out in honest sorrow after Barry, to be true to his friend, true to his own heart, and true to the woman whose happiness, he now felt, lay in his power. But his pity had triumphed over his judgment at last, and his words were poorly chosen. They expressed too much, and he was not long in finding it out. She was standing in the doorway, and he leaning against the wall facing her, with his arms folded. Looking steadily into his eyes, Louise said, slowly:

"Barry Harwood will never come back."

"Poor fellow, from my soul I pity him." He drew a long breath and shook his head. "Is there nothing I can do to bring about a reconciliation?"

This was too much. Since Barry's note had been handed her this morning, and she had read his own words calmly written—"I do not care to stay, and I release you fully and freely"—her wild, untutored heart had gone out with such a wealth of affection as none would have ascribed to her after this man, who of all others, should be the last to say, "I will bring your lover back."

Still retaining that perfect control of voice which was natural to her in any emergency, she said:

"You bring Barry Harwood back?"

Her red eyes fell beneath his earnest gaze, and her lips half-whispered, "God help me!" She had staked everything; and now she stood before Franklin, not as the proud woman he had known, but as the gentle, loving girl, to whom his chivalry, at least, must render that homage of the heart which her very weakness now claimed. Impulsive as his nature was, Dick was spared, at this moment, from expressing one of the many tender thoughts which at the sight of her sorrowful attitude had risen to his lips.

A small boy rushed past Louise with such force as to push her aside quite violently, as he announced that he "was going to fire an arrow at that there boy out on the porch."

The sudden revulsion of feeling which this episode induced was too much for Dick. His keen sense of the ludicrous overcame everything else, and bursting into a laugh, he pulled the youngster's ear, and, turning to Louise, said:

"Get your hat please, and go for a walk."

In a few minutes they were on their way. Dick, discouraging enthusiastically on his morning at the Clifton; which girl had beat at tennis, and which had shown the least temper;

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who had looked the prettiest in the group the photographer had taken of them all, and who had made the wittiest speeches to keep them all laughing; what a nice old lady Mrs. Sterling was; and, finally, he was in for an elaborate genealogy of the Sterling family and its connection with his own, when it occurred to him that Louise was paying little attention to what he was saying. He therefore broke in upon her thoughts, as though, with a woman's intuition, he had divined them, with:

"Come, Miss Louise, since I have somehow stumbled into your confidence, will you not allow me to talk over your trouble with you frankly, as your friend? Forgive me for saying that I know Harwood better than you do. I have seen the man go through such fires as would wither the heart of most men. You have heard of his sister's sad affair; but you can't know, as I do, what it was to him. He stands to-day, Miss Louise, a man among men; and I know of no one to whom I would more proudly give the hand of my sister, were she living, than to Barry Harwood."

Her voice was quite steady. "What good can this pleading do now?"

"He loves you, and would make the devoted husband you deserve, and which too few of us men know how to be."

"He doesn't wish to marry me now." They were verging on dangerous ground again.

"That I can't believe." This he said looking down at her and smiling. Then, as he turned his head, he saw the sky in the west, and, in an ecstasy of delight, made her stand still for a moment to drink in its full beauty, while he pretended to trace in one bright cloud after another her life in all its changes.

"You see the end will be cloudless, Miss Louise," a soft purple light was pervading both sky and air, and the stars were coming out as they walked slowly back to the hotel.

That night there were more arrivals. All the young men who came and could be presented to Miss Randall were not slow to avail themselves of the opportunity. So the evening passed, as far as she was concerned, with strangers. Dick talked to Mrs. Randall in such a way of love affairs in general, though he said nothing of the case before them, as to leave the good lady entirely convinced that he was not responsible for the frustrations of her cherished plans.

Next day, Louise's pride being once more enthroned, and Dick's sense of honor being still his helmman, they were much apart.

To her that day, as she looked back upon it, always recalled a form passing and repassing her wherever she might chance to be—unmindful of her, yet filling more than ever her mental vision to the exclusion of all the world. To him, as his thoughts reverted to that day, for a long time Louise was sure to appear as a perfect type of earthly loveliness; and both felt they could better have sacrificed themselves at any other time.

The night of that day neither of them could ever efface from memory.

As the time drew near for his leave-taking, Dick asked for one more short walk, one more talk about the Rapids—they meant so many things to him—and one more long look from their favorite stand-point.

"And now good-night, and good-by."

Louise gave him her hand. "I wish I could feel it was just a little hard for you to go."

"It is hard, Louise," unconsciously using her name thus for the first time. "I have never known a woman at whose side I would rather linger. It will be hard to put you out of my thoughts when I am gone. I wish you would tell me I need not try."

"I should be very miserable if I thought you would forget me. Now I know you will not. Oh, what a month this has been!"

There was silence for a few moments. Then, releasing her hand, which she had given him in farewell, Dick said:

"Good-bys are horrid things. Let's play I am not going away at all, and part with our usual good-night. I shall be off in the morning long before you are up."

Was her happiness so nearly completed, to be taken from her in this way? She could not have it so. She must understand him more fully before he left; so she spoke:

"I like good-bys. One's whole heart goes out in them, and one is left with sweet memories to live upon during the dreadful separation that follows."

Bending down, he imprinted one kiss upon her lips.

"Good-by, darling!"

And then, drawing her arm hastily through his, without another word, took her back to the brilliantly lighted parlors; and, having said a few words of parting and thanks for her kindness to Mrs. Randall, he left them.

Up in the northern part of New York the village of Wells lies nestled among its many hills, as beautiful a spot as the most romantic lover of nature could desire.

Here it was that Ruth Heaton had come, with her father and mother, to spend the summer months. They had taken one of the three pretty cottages that lie along the shore of the lake, which forms the chief attraction of the place, and is the most frequented by the summer visitors. It is a perfect piece of water, scarce four miles around, with its shaded banks, its island in the centre, and, at the further end, the bay filled from early spring with white water-lilies.

Very happy had Ruth been, with her own heart and her own thoughts for companions; and when, in the quiet of the long summer days, she would row her boat into some shady spot, and lie back upon its soft cushions to give herself up to thinking of Dick, and wondering how it would be when he came, she sometimes doubted if she could be more contented when he really should be with her. To be sure, within the last few weeks she had often grown restless and tired of waiting, and thought, with a pang, that the beautiful summer was slipping away, and he had not come to her. It was strange, too, that he did not write. His last letter had contained the promise of another in a few days, and had declared his intention of making his visit at Niagara a short one. Was he not impatient to see her once more? He had said so, and she was only too glad to believe any thing to which her own heart responded so fondly. She had waited very patiently all the three years of his absence, living on his letters, which came with regularity, and were fond, though never lover-like. Playmates from their youngest days, they had been taught to

believe that as they grew to manhood and womanhood their lives were to be dependent upon each other; and, though no engagement had been entered upon, each knew that such was the dearest wish of both families, between whom there had ever been the strongest intimacy and friendship.

Three years before, Ruth, then little more than a child, had said good-by to Dick with her arms about his neck and her voice choked with sobs; and when he made one final effort, and rushed from her, she could not see the brave young midshipman's retreating form for the blinding tears that filled her eyes. Since then her studies and her play had always been more improving or amusing, according to the amount of interest Dick had seemed to take in her written accounts of each. And her loving ambition had been to become such a woman as he would most desire to have her.

While she longs to see him once more, she never asks herself why he does not come, and not one reproachful thought does she have.

It was a lovely evening. Mr. Heaton had just returned from the village, and had called out "No," in answer to Ruth's upraised hand, as she stood in her boat to signal "any letters?" when he felt a touch upon his arm, and heard a voice say:

"Mr. Heaton, you have not forgotten Dick?"

Turning, he beheld Richard Franklin, older by three years than when he last saw him, more pleasing in his maturer beauty, and very fair to look upon.

"Dick, my dear boy, you have come at last! Taller and bigger than ever, aren't you? I don't believe Ruth will know you."

"Shall I see Ruth if I go into the house?"

"No; there she is, out on the lake. You had better stay here until she turns to come in, when you can meet her down by the boat-house, and give her as great a surprise as you did me; or, if you choose, you can take one of the boats and row out to her."

"I think I will see Mrs. Heaton first, Sir."

But he had only a few moments for a warm greeting from that quarter, when Mr. Heaton called out from the porch:

"Run, my good fellow; she is near the boat-house." And he reached there in time to find her just coming in.

"Shan't I help you?"

Her back was toward him. "No, thank you, Sir." She had only partially turned her head, and had evidently taken him for a stranger.

Dick watched the lithe form swaying and bending, as she guided the boat carefully to its moorings, secured it fast, leaped on to the steps, and mounted to the platform.

"By Jove! This a pretty welcome to give a fellow!"

"Oh! why, Dick!"

As her musical voice once more fell on his ear her words seemed like a chord from some old half-forgotten strain, the three notes expressing surprise and joy and complete satisfaction.

She gave him her hand and looked down upon the ground, and Dick did not dare claim a more affectionate salutation. In an instant, however, her eyes flashed up at him, and her saucy lips looked very tempting as she began to chatter about her not expecting him—how changed he was—how blue his eyes had grown—was it being at sea made them so?—how glad mamma would be—

"I have been to the house, Siebling."

"Not before you had seen me, Raed? How could you?"

"How was I to know you weren't there? Mother doesn't look a bit sick." He watched the quiet smile creep across her mouth. The affection between himself and her mother was beautiful, not only in her eyes but to all who ever saw them together.

"I think she will soon be right-well now." The last word was emphasized by look and tone as she folded her right hand over her left, which already rested on his arm.

"Isn't this a sweet place to live in for weeks and weeks? How could you wait so long at Niagara, when we weren't there?" Little dreaming that he had chosen to stay away, the unconscious child did not catch the slight shadow of his frown as she continued to chirp along at his side, too happy to think of any thing else than that Dick was hers, and she was Dick's, and that they both belonged to papa and mamma.

They had taken the long way back to the cottage, which they reached at last, and found Mr. Heaton still waiting at the door, to see, as he told them, "whether Ruth would come back in her right mind or not."

"I thought you looked a little dazed, daughter."

"So I was, papa, for a few moments at least," she said, with a caress; "and now for tea. Dick is very hungry, and so am I."

The evening was a pleasant one. They all sat out on the porch, and Dick, leaning back in his chair, with Ruth on a low seat at his feet, looking shyly into his face, talked in his own easy way of his life at sea, and his travels and adventures in foreign lands.

Later, Ruth slipped away from them, and presently through the open window came the soft tones of the piano.

Ruth was too fond of her music to be kept long from it, even by Dick, and, besides, she wanted to get away by herself, where she was not dazzled by the sight of him, and think for a few moments how happy she was. She actually clasped her hands, and screwed her mouth into comical little shapes—her favorite mode of expressing the intense delight which just then was dancing in her eyes.

As for Dick, long before the evening was over, he felt to wondering how he could have staid so long from her side, and, except when his farewell to Louise would force itself into his mind, he was very happy and contented; and when at last the little party separated for the night, he could not fail to see that his coming had brightened the three faces that were so dear to him as any in the world.

Next morning Ruth wanted to take Dick out in her boat, that he might see how well she managed her oars, and was impatient because Mrs. Heaton could not spare him till she had had a motherly talk with him, and had asked the many questions which her affection and interest prompted.

It was the first of many days spent upon the lake. Dick grew to look eagerly each morning for the hour when the graceful figure, clad in a boating dress of dark blue, should call to him to prepare himself for his row; and often, as

their boat glided across the water, he teaching her to keep time with his longer and more even strokes, he would catch sight of the face half turned to his for approval, of the sunny head, with its pretty braids, and think, with a feeling of fond pride, that no other woman was ever just like her, and none ever so lovely. She had a half-playful way, all her own, of beguiling the hours for him; and was so full of vivacity and change that he had never a chance to grow weary. Each day found him more in love with Ruth, and the knowledge of this brought him the purest happiness he had ever known.

Their relations to each other did not require that he should ask her hand in a formal way; and, so one day, soon after his coming, as they walked together, he spoke a few simple words, and Ruth gave herself into his keeping.

Of his visit at Niagara he said little; and, in fact, but little remained in his memory. He had spoken of Louise; and once, as he lay on the grass at Ruth's feet, puffing out great clouds of smoke from his pipe—Barry Harwood's gift—he had said:

"She was very beautiful, and had it not been for somebody far prettier, she might have worked my destruction, as she has many another man's."

Ruth smiled and said, but not as though speaking of the subject in hand,

"I don't think Dick, that you could be charmed by a simply beautiful woman. She must be good, too."

"I fear, Ruth, I should have been quite like other men, and done a score of foolish things, had it not been for your memory, which is always before me."

He could say these things now, for only when alone was he troubled with thoughts of Louise. With Ruth his whole mind and being were absorbed; and the past, save the parts in which she had some share, seemed never to be remembered.

Once in a while he did ask himself if away from her dear presence he should always be true to her, always feel that she was the one being on earth to whom his heart would turn with that unswerving allegiance which characterized it now.

One day, toward the last of August, there came an order not altogether unexpected, but none the less unwelcome. Dick was to go to Portsmouth; and while Mr. Heaton felt sanguine of having him ordered to Washington, where they were all to pass the winter, yet the quiet, blissful times were over, and they felt that Dick was, after all, subject to the government he served, and not to the warm hearts whose loving behests he loved to obey.

"In these few months at Portsmouth I shall learn to do without you when I go on a cruise again, darling, and you shall find, in your gay winter at Washington, whether I am, indeed, the best man for you."

"Oh, Dick, I can't bear to think of your going to sea again, and what sort of a winter can Washington give me if you are not there?"

Parting thus, Ruth took up her life where she had left it when Dick came. Father and mother saw no change in face or temper, which were always bright and gay; and if there was any difference in her winning ways, they were only more tender and more unselfish. Dick, on the other hand, evinced unwonted restlessness and discontent in every one of his daily letters; and, in fact, he was as amazed as he was delighted to find that his loneliness was even greater than he had anticipated, and he fairly revelled in the consciousness of being as thoroughly miserable as any one of the devoted lovers he had known aboard ship. Nothing pleased him more than to have his old comrades, who had known so well how fickle he used to be, nag him about his dullness when they were around, or his obtuseness when pretty girls were discussed, and declare that it must all be owing to the fact that he was anchored somewhere at last.

He paid a few official calls, and the rest of his time—when he was not sleeping or dining, or occupied with his duties, which were almost nominal—was absorbed in smoking and thinking of Ruth, or impatiently stroking his mustache, and writing to her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Jim Fisk was not allowed to make a public demonstration in the open air, on the Sabbath day, in Boston; and suspecting this to be the work of the ministers, a New York Sunday paper shows that the communistic spirit is not confined to Paris, by the following bitter remarks:—

"At present the clergy of America are simply held in contempt by the more intelligent of the masses. Let this contempt be changed to wrath—a result which acts will be certain to effect—and the thousands of ministerial exorcismes, who now disgrace our land and breed moral pestilence among the people, will be swept into the grave which already holds the corpses of the Inquisition and the stake."

The allopathic doctors have claimed the number of fifty thousand in the United States, and the homoeopaths have claimed to have ten thousand. The number of physicians who paid taxes for the year ending April 30, 1871, is as follows: regular, or allopathic, 39,070; homoeopathic, 2961; hydropathic, 133; eclectic, 2860; miscellaneous, not classified, 4774; total, 49,798. The doctors must either own to the correctness of these figures, or else that as many of their profession as they may claim over these numbers, have all defrauded the government of its lawful tax. The names and addresses of all these 49,798 physicians are indexed for reference.

Rev. Dr. Samuel Osgood says that in church building the most common mischief comes from the honest ignorance of a man who thinks that he understands a subject, simply because he does not know enough about it to know that he knows nothing at all about it.

ALL the members of the civil service commission have agreed as to the necessity for reform, and that their power be merely advisory and not executive, and their duties were simply to recommend to the President the rules and regulations to promote efficiency in the civil service.

When a man and woman are made one, the question is, which one. Sometimes there is a long struggle between them before the matter is settled.

OUR TABLE.

HISTORY OF THE WAR IN EUROPE.—The National Publishing Co. of Philadelphia, have just issued a very valuable history of the late War between Germany and France, from the pen of one of our most popular writers, Mr. James D. McCabe, Jr.

In a large volume of 800 octavo pages, the author tells a wonderful story—all the stranger because of its truth. He tells of battles which have shaken Europe to its centre, and the consequences of which even now the West. World must feel; of patriotism, heroism, military skill and statesmanship, never surpassed in history. The author writes with the weight and force of truth, and the great merits of his book are its reliability and strict impartiality.

The book is complete in every particular. It describes the causes of the war, and the events which preceded it; the opening campaign, and the first reverses of the French; the effect of these reverses upon the French people; the frantic effort to rescue the beaten army, and the terrible disaster of Sedan; the capture of the Emperor, or Napoleon, and an entire army; the Revolution events; the rise and formation of the Republic; the flight of the Emperor from Paris; the siege and surrender of Strasbourg and their frontier fortresses of France; the triumphal advance of the German armies to Paris; the efforts of Bazaine to escape from Metz, and the final surrender of his army; the investment and siege of Paris; the details history of this great siege; its plans, sorties, battles, successes and failures; the course of events in the beleaguered city, given in the form of a full diary of the events of the siege; the campaigns on the Loire, and in other parts of France; the peace negotiations, the surrender of Paris, and the treaty; the naval history of the war; the diplomatic history on the German and the French side; the history of the formation of the great German Empire; the proclamation of King William Emperor, and the realization of German unity; the events of the civil war and second siege of Paris, its terrible scenes of bloodshed and vandalism, with a minutest, desired. No intelligent person can afford to be uninformed as to these events which have left so deep an impression on the world's history, and few will fail to read this Standard American History of the War.

In this age of sensational literature, we cannot too highly commend this brilliant and thoughtful narrative. The book is richly illustrated with 150 maps, portraits, battle scenes, and views of the principal localities connected with the war. No expense has been spared by the publishers to make it worthy of the support of the public, and we predict for it an immense sale, especially as its low price brings it within the reach of all. It is published in both English and German, and by subscription only, and the publishers want agents in every country.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY for July has two fine steel engravings—"On Guard," and "The Interest ing Chapter;" and wood engravings accompany the following articles:—Motherhood, Hawking in the Middle Ages, The Vegetable World No. 3, The Palaces of Venice. The other articles we need not enumerate, but the number is full of good healthful reading for the family, in which old and young are remembered.

Published by Hitchcock & Walde, Cincinnati, at \$3.50 a year.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for June has the following table of contents:—

Charles Dickens: Under the Red Cross—A Narrative of Hospital Life with the French in France, Part 2; Old and New Annals of Oxford; Fair in Sen; A Century of Great Poets—No. 1, William Cowper; Burton's History of Scotland—concluding Volumes.

The article on Dickens, while it accords to him genius of high quality, yet rates him vastly below the station assigned to him by his enthusiastic admirers on this side of the water; and the one on Cowper elevates him as a poet and lovers him as a man. Both of these articles are worthy of a careful reading.

The four great English Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 87 Walker Street, New York, the terms of subscription being as follows:—For any one 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 all three Reviews, \$13—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works are sold by periodical dealers.

New volumes of Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works is but 50 cents a year.

OLD AND NEW.—After an absence of several months, this welcome visitor once more appears on our table in a July number, which is styled a special number for Commencement, containing as it does much reading of special interest to College men. The following is the table of contents:—

Old and New; Ups and Downs, by Edward E. Hale; Edward Everett's English Lyrics; Two College Friends continued, by Fred W. Loring; Horace I. 88; The Cambridge Union, by William Everett; Recollections of Pinks and White Tyranny, continued; A Theological Seminary; Talk about the Tea Table; Elegies; with the well filled departments of the Examiner, Fine Arts, Record of Progress—the last containing the history and present condition of many of our leading colleges.

Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, at \$3 a year.

HOME AND HEALTH for June is full of valuable articles and hints and suggestions in the department of hygiene. There are articles on The Health of Our Women, Origin and Distribution of Epidemics, Contagion of Scarcities, Important Conversation about Eating, Important facts concerning Vaccination, etc., etc. The aim of this magazine, devoted to Health and the Home Circle, is, to give the fullest information concerning the art of preserving health, and in doing this it gleams from all schools of medicine and seeks aid from all honest and intelligent teachers.

Published by W. R. De Puy & Brother, New York, at \$1.50 a year.

THE SCHOOLMASTER for July presents a continuation of "Paul the Peddler," by Horatio Alger, Jr.; "The Merchant's Son," by Mrs. H. Potwin; "The Stone Hammer," first lessons in Geology, attractively presented; "Cosmos Lot and I," etc., etc., with the usual Declaration and Dialogue, and other departments. A Prize Dialogue, "Worth, Pedigree and Money," will be given in the August number of this illustrated monthly for boys and girls.

Published by Joseph H. Allen, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

"OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE."—The July number is unusually brilliant. Two new stories are begun—"Bivouac and Battle," or "The Struggles of a Soldier," by Oliver Optic; and "The Sophomores of Beldoriff," or "The Boston Friends of James Traflet," by Eljah Kellogg. Additional chapters are given of Sophie May's capital story, "The Doctor's Daughter." Oliver Optic has a splendid illustrated article on "Yachts and Yachting." "Vacation in Petrolia" has a third illustrated chapter full of information; and several pieces of excellent poetry, including one of Mr. Barnham's verifications of Esop's Fables, are scattered through the number. Then follow Handwork, Letter-Box, and Pigeon-hole Papers, a splendid Begonia Song, with words by Oliver Optic, dialogue, oration, &c.; while illustrations and full-page pictures are given in profusion. Published by Lee & Shepard, 149 Washington Street, Boston, at 65.50 per annum.

AN ARCADIAN PEOPLE.

A wonderful story is that of the mutiny of the Bounty, and the growth of the Pitcairn Island settlement. It recalls the myths of the settlement of the ancient colonies as handed down in the Greek poems; it almost realizes the fanciful fiction of the isles of the blest. It has been made new again, and continued down to nearly present dates, in the interesting work of Lady Belcher on the subject, which the Harpers have just published.

The Bounty, a ship of 215 tons, was dispatched by the British Government to go to Tahiti, and obtain a cargo of young bread-fruit

trees, with which to stock plantations in the British West Indies. She was commanded by Lieutenant Bligh, an officer of strict probity, but excessively stingy, suspicious and irritable. He kept his men on starving rations, while there was a good stock of provisions on board, and insulted them with scolding wantonness. One day after they had visited Tahiti, he charged Fletcher Christian, his Lieutenant, with stealing coconuts. Christian made the captain a prisoner, took the ship, put off the captain and part of the crew in a small boat, kept the rest of the crew with himself, and returned to Tahiti. Here the mutineers resided for some time, taking wives of the Tahitian women, and forming social relations with several families. Some of the men returned to Europe. Eight others with Christian and his Tahitian friends, sought a spot where they would be safe from English officers and laws. They found Pitcairn Island. It is a small rock, away out of the usual sailing track. The settlers were not discovered on it for twenty years. Jealousies had arisen between the Tahitian men and the sailors, in the workings of which all of the former and most of the latter had met with violent deaths. One sailor had died a natural death. Alexander Smith, who afterwards called himself John Adams, and had constituted himself pastor and instructor of the community, was the only one of the original mutineers who was left. Their families had grown, and become a community of thirty five persons, who lived in such a state of simplicity and innocence, of moral excellence and religious life, as the world has seldom seen, and only poets have dreamed of.

The colony continued to grow and thrive. It kept up its standard of morals and innocence. A few accessions came to it from abroad; among them was George H. Nobbs, a waif among mankind, who drifted there, and succeeded Adams as pastor. He appears to be a faithful and devoted servant of the Lord, doing his whole duty and possessing the undoubting love of his whole people. A few years ago he received ordination in the Church of England, having made a tedious voyage in London for that purpose. One Joshua Hill also visited the settlement, and did what he could to demoralize and destroy it, without any effect that lasted.

The people increased so rapidly that it was feared the island would not support them. They were transplanted to Tahiti, but would not stay there. In 1854 they had increased to about one hundred and seventy persons, and severely taxed the productive powers of the island to supply them with food. The British Government made arrangements for removing them to Norfolk Island, and took them all there two years afterward. Here they had convenient residences assigned them, and twelve thousand acres of land with no neighbors except the Melanesian mission college, under the charge of Bishop Patteson, which occupies a small part of one end of the island. They have their hearts set on continuing to live in the seclusion from the world under which they have grown up and been happy and virtuous. But Norfolk Island with its prairies was not their dear old Pitcairn, with its hills. They were homesick. Two families returned to the old rock solitude, and were prospering there in 1869. Those who remained at Norfolk Island grew contented, and now seem fondly attached to it as their country.

The testimony to the character of these people is all of one kind. They are fervently pious, having grown up under habits of religious worship which were organized over eighty years ago by the repentant mutineer, John Adams. Their purity of heart and manner, word and deed, is nearly perfect and almost miraculous.

Admirable Moresby, who visited them in 1852, records: "I feel convinced that the most hard hearted villain must loathe himself and detest his own sins in contemplating the high moral standard to which these simple islanders have attained. Their pure, virtuous character produces an impression that can never be effaced. Their happiness in this life consists solely in their virtue, and their virtue is their truest pleasure. No profligate has ever been known to practice his vicious courses in this island; for their virtue, like a garment in cold weather, completely disarms him and protects them. They usually rise at dawn, and have family prayers, do the work that is necessary, and about dusk have supper, then go to the singing-school or to Mr. Nobbs's or meet to have a chat. About nine or ten, they go to bed having previously had family worship. Should one of the little ones go to bed or to sleep before its mother comes home, she immediately wakes it to say its prayers. Not a soul on the island would dream of commencing or finishing a meal without asking a blessing or returning thanks."

Not a person among the people has to be excepted from these characterizations; not an account has come from the settlement but has confirmed them in all the particulars.

Such has been the marvellous development, in entire freedom from extraneous influences, of a community that was founded by mutinous British sailors and heathen Tahitians.

Senator Sherman's speech before the Republican Convention of Ohio, goes to the marrow of the new departure movement. He asks what it means, except to say, "We recognize the amendments, but we will repeal the laws that enforce them!" Prior to the rebellion the democratic party, by what they call strict construction, and by their refusal to pass proper laws, stripped the Constitution of half of its vitality, and in view of this, Mr. Sherman very pointedly asks, "Does any sensible man suppose that a democratic Congress could, or would pass any law to enforce any of these amendments?" That is the whole of it; the new movement is a sham, and its getters up are not to be trusted.

Postmaster Nasby reports that the new departure does not work very well at the Corners, and the conclusion he comes to is after this wise: "To keep our people acting decently toward the negroes, we must keep whisky away from em, and if we keep whisky away from the democracy, the older ones of the party will die, and the younger ones will learn to read and will finally drift into Sunday schools, and from thence inevitably into the republican party. The conundrum is a perplexin one and I confess my intellect ain't equal to the solvin of it. We must hev, wat from the very nacher av things, we can't git. Wat the end is to be, don't know."

The Emperor of Japan has ordered that two men from each of the nearly four hundred provinces of his empire shall be sent to this country and to Europe, in order that a knowledge of the western civilization may be spread abroad among all his subjects by the reports of those who come here and return. He hopes in this way to conciliate the prejudices of his people and prepare them for the reception of the reform he is trying to introduce.

It is now considered certain that 90 of the 114 deputies chosen to the French Assembly are moderate Republicans, and will support the administration of President Thiers. M. Gambetta has been returned to the Assembly.



# Waterville Mail.

WATERVILLE... JULY 7, 1871.



## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

The following parties are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions for the Mail and will do so at the same rates as the Mail Office.

S. M. PETTEN & CO., No. 10 State St., Boston, and 87 Park Row, New York.  
 F. H. NILES, No. 100 Broadway, Boston.  
 G. P. ROWELL & CO., No. 40 Park Row, New York.  
 T. C. EVANS, 106 Washington St., Boston.

Advertisers abroad are referred to the Agents named above.

## ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS

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

## Special Notice!

HAVING made expensive additions to our office, and contemplating still further outlay, we are driven to the collection of what is due us. We are therefore preparing bills to send and present, and trust our friends will, by paying them promptly, enable us to meet our engagements. We mean this particularly for those whose bills have been long standing.

**COLBY UNIVERSITY.**—The commencement exercises of Colby University begin on Sunday, July 30th, with a sermon before the Boardman Missionary Society by the Rev. Geo. B. Ide, D. D.

Monday evening the annual prize declamation of the Junior class will occur.

Tuesday evening Rev. J. D. Fulton will deliver the oration before the Literary Societies.

Wednesday forenoon comes the regular exercises of the graduating class.

Class day is assigned to Thursday. The exercises will be as follows:—Oration, by D. A. Hamlin; Poem, by W. F. Marston; Historian, F. A. Wilson; Prophet, G. S. Paine; Address at the tree, W. B. Matthews.

Music will be furnished by Chandler's Band and the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. The concert is to be given Wednesday evening.

**THE BAPTIST SABBATH SCHOOL** in our village will celebrate its Forty-Third Anniversary next Sabbath, commencing at half past two o'clock P. M. Rev. Mr. Burrage, the pastor, will deliver an address, giving the history of this school, and of the early labors of the pioneers of this good work in our town. The evening meeting, too, will be devoted to Sabbath School talk—reminiscences, discussion, suggestions, etc. It will no doubt prove an interesting occasion.

**ECLECTIC MED. SOCIETY.**—At the recent annual meeting at Waterville the following officers were selected for the ensuing year: President, Samuel York, M. D., of Lewiston; Vice President, M. H. Holmes, M. D., of Waterville; Corresponding Secretary, M. F. Marble, M. D., of Gardiner; Recording Secretary, L. A. Shattuck, M. D., of Augusta; Treasurer, N. R. Martin, M. D., of Saccarap; Librarian, E. Grellet Jones, M. D., of Dirigo; Councilors, Drs. Richard Mace, Reynolds, and Shattuck; Anniversary Chairman, Dr. Holmes. Drs. Richard Mace, Martin and Marble were appointed essayists for the next semi-annual meeting. Drs. Watson, Wright and Marble were appointed Committee of Arrangements.

How naturally one wicked action leads to another! Having stolen our salmon, those Augusta fellows swear at us while they eat them. Go on, you graceless fellows, as you have begun, and you'll soon ornament a gallows.

**THE WILLIAMS HOUSE** has been wonderfully improved, outwardly and inwardly. It will be in nice condition by Commencement, so that parties from abroad can be accommodated without making too strong a draft upon private hospitality.

The Directors of the Belfast & Moosehead Lake Railroad Company have chosen Charles B. Hazeltine, President, Asa Faunce, Treasurer, and John H. Quimby, Clerk. Mr. Faunce was a Waterville boy; and Daniel Faunce, another Waterville boy, is one of the directors.

Among the graduates of Harvard College, at its recent Commencement, was Virgil Roscoe Conner, of Kendall's Mills, Fairfield.

The Rev. Dr. Palfrey, of Belfast, is expected to preach in the Unitarian Church, Sunday, July 9th.

Worcester, Mass., voted by a small majority to allow beer to be sold.

**OLIVER S. HALSTED, Jr.**, a fast man, who was formerly a political schemer and known by the name of "Pot Halsted," was killed in a house of ill fame in Newark, N. J., on Sunday morning, by Geo. Bott, alias "Charcoal." Both were married men, and their quarrel was over the possession of one who was wife to neither.

Rumors of a riot in New York at the coming picnic of the Orangemen on the 12th of July are about the Roman Catholics threatening to repeat the assault of last year.

## LETTER FROM THE WEST.

Kidder, Caldwell Co., Mo., June 26th, 1871.  
 Messrs. Editors:—I would respectfully ask leave to give to the readers of your paper, a description of this portion of my adopted State, known as Northern Missouri. And let me here state, that in this sketch, I shall endeavor to give a correct view of the country as I understand it after residing here four years.

The particular part of the State which I shall describe, is situated between the Grand and Missouri rivers. It is mostly beautiful rolling prairie, divided by creeks, generally running in a southerly direction, the banks of which are generally well timbered with black walnut, oak and cottonwood.

Nature has so favored the country by placing the timber on the low banks of the streams, that a person can see villages many miles distant, and as I write, I have a view of the village of Cameron, seven miles West; of Kidder, two and one half miles North, and Kingston, the county seat of Caldwell County, nine miles southeast, and thousands of acres of prairie, interspersed with beautiful corn and oat fields. The face of the country is beautiful and the soil is rich, and the only fault any one can find with it, is that the surface is too uneven; but the country is not rough and broken, the accents and descents are gradual. With this fault this portion of the State is much more beautiful and fertile, than the level prairie situated between the Mississippi and Grand rivers, which appears to be a perfect level for miles as far as the eye can reach. Our rolling prairie is of a rich, limestone soil, and produces heavy crops in favorable seasons; yet it is not so rich but that it will pay for every farmer among us, to save all of the fertilizers that he can and use them on his land. On bottom lands, I do not know as their productiveness can or need be improved, for a person must be greedy to want to raise greater crops than are produced yearly from the bottom lands. Early planted corn is now five or six feet high on the rolling prairie land, and it is most likely it will not show any signs of the tassel for ten days or more.

I believe corn to be the best crop raised in Missouri. Oats give a good yield, so does rye and wheat, but wheat has more enemies than the other crops. Sorghum does well with us, yielding in a favorable season about two hundred gallons per acre. All kinds of fruit and berries are raised in abundance, such as apples, peaches, pears, cherries, grapes, strawberries and raspberries.

The climate is very healthy, except on the bottom lands near the streams, which is subject to chills and fever. Good water is generally obtained, by digging from twenty to forty feet and a plenty of it.

The old settlers generally live in hewn timber houses, with a chimney built outside at each end of the house of stone; while the new settlers who have come here since the "late unpleasantness," live in neatly built frame houses, and in some instances have put too much money into their dwelling houses. Many of the old settlers do not enjoy the comforts of so good a house as they might. The old settlers evidently know the easiest and surest way to make money, for the majority of them raise all of the stock they can, and many of the new settlers are beginning to take the hint from them.

Considerable interest is felt in the cause of education, and good school houses are built or being built where a sufficient number of scholars can be found to warrant it.

Thayer College, in the town of Kidder, is a beautiful brick structure, substantially built, and calls to this section of the country a very excellent class of settlers.

CHARLES N. SMILEY.

## THE FOURTH AT BENTON.

This glorious day was celebrated by the people of Benton and Winslow, not with vain display and tumult, not with horse-racing and whiskey-drinking, by which the day and its associations are in many places so sadly desecrated, but by a quiet picnic gathering in a beautiful oak grove about a mile from the village. There farmer Crosby had anticipated our coming by arranging a speakers' stand and a very long table, and around these seats in abundance. Besides all this preparation, there were some half dozen swings among the trees, so that when the people gathered, there was nothing to do but occupy.

As they came from every direction, some on foot, some with single teams, and others still in companies of twenty-five or thirty, with horses four, and chariots tastefully adorned, the long table began to grow heavy with contributions of a substantial character, and the merry laugh of lads and lassies rang out through the grove as they swung among the trees.

After a few stirring and patriotic words by Crosby Hinds, Esq., chairman of the meetings, a prayer by Rev. Mr. Burrage, of Waterville, and a blessing by Rev. Mr. Dinsmore, the company tested the quality of articles on the table, and it was quite evident the quantity tested them.

Then came a speech, short and telling, by Mr. Burrage, who urged that the glory of the past should teach devotion to present duty, and ending with an earnest exhortation to all, especially the young to keep to the right.

Mr. Dinsmore followed with a pleasant and instructive talk to the Sabbath School scholars. Remarks were made by several others, interspersed with songs, which were finely rendered by Sabbath School classes and others.

The company adjourned at an early hour to meet there again the next Fourth of July. How we can spend such a day more pleasantly or profitably we have not yet learned. No foolish waste of money, nobody drunk, no black eyes, nobody in the lockup, no police needed, but all in their right minds; was not that a celebration worth having? Let every village go and do likewise. Thus shall we renew and perpetuate the Immortal Declaration of 1776. M.

**THE FIFTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE EATON FAMILY AND DAY SCHOOL**, was held at Norridgewock, June 21st and 22d. The exercises consisted of a public review of all the classes taught the past term, together with Music, Declamations, Reading of Compositions and Selections. The most interesting of the exercises the first day were the recitations of the Arithmetic and Syntax classes; also the reading of a Selection by Miss Addie P. Farnsworth. The compositions written by H. P. Roundy, Edward Lowe, and Miss Grace M. Crosby, were worthy note.

In the evening an entertainment was given at the Church, consisting of Declamations and Readings by the public class, about 40 in number, with music by the Norridgewock Band.

Thursday the most interesting parts were the reading of the composition entitled Norridgewock, by Miss Mary L. Hilton, and another entitled Stumbling Blocks, by Russell W. Eaton.

The recitation of the Astronomy, Chemistry and Philosophy classes was worthy of more than a passing notice. This with a Levee at the Hall in the evening closed the examination.

The past year has been one of unusual prosperity with the school, the whole number of

scholars being 888. This school is pleasantly located, has a good building and also a selected apparatus by which every important principle in Natural Philosophy and Chemistry can be demonstrated; and last, but not least, it has, in the person of Hamlin F. Eaton, one of the best teachers in the country, who with able assistants is prepared to furnish as good advantages for an education at this school as can be had at any place in the State. HUDSON.

**Officers of Cold Water Temple No. 1.**—Fannie Low, C. T.; Perlie Leslie, V. T.; Melville B. Maxwell, P. C. T.; Temmie C. Williams, R. S.; Mary Butterfield, T.; Annie I. Getchell, M.; Emma L. Morrill, G.; Annie F. Bartlett, C.; Eddie I. Lowe, S.; Joshua Nye, Superintendent; Emma L. Crowell, Assistant Supt.

**Mr. A. D. SMALL**, a graduate of Colby University, formerly Principal of the Rockland High School, and now Principal of the High School of Newport, R. I., has been elected Superintendent of Public Schools in the latter city, with a salary of \$2,500.

The Supreme Court of Massachusetts decides that a woman has no constitutional or legal authority to act as Justice of the Peace, even though formally appointed to the office.

An itinerant Methodist Camp Meeting has invaded Salt Lake City. It is made up of a picked company, one of whom is "Camp Meeting John Allen."

**FOR THE LADIES.**—Jos. Hatch & Co., at West Waterville, advertise Japanese Silks at low prices, in our columns.

**WATERVILLE THREES**, Attention!—Special meeting next Saturday at 6 1/2 P. M. See notice in advertising columns.

Fifteen persons were killed and twenty-three wounded on the Nashville and Northern R. R. on Monday. It occurred at Harpeth river, by the falling of the bridge.

Victor Emmanuel had a brilliant reception in Rome recently, and there was a universal attendance of cardinals and other church dignitaries at the King's court during his stay.

"How is this for high?"—A correspondent of the Ken. Journal, who attended the celebration at Skowhegan, says:—"The 'Noras' of Waterville, a new club, played with the Bath club for the second prize and got beaten by a score of 23 to 8, in favor of the Bath boys. The 'Light Foot' of West Waterville then played with the Bath Club and beat them, 22 to 2, and took the prize, \$25."

**ACCIDENT.**—At Skowhegan, on the 4th, a free coach running between the Turner House and the fair grounds was overturned by the carelessness of the driver, and George Davis, son of Alonzo Davis, Esq., of Sidney, had his collar bone broken. Dr. Watson, of Waterville, was present and attended him, and he was conveyed home the same day. A son of the proprietor of the Turner House had his shoulder dislocated, and others were slightly injured. The coach "turned too short a corner."

In the trot at Skowhegan on the 4th, H. C. Burleigh's mare, "Gentle Annie," won the first prize, \$35, in the 250 class; and his gray mare, "Lady Burleigh," won the sweepstakes.

**STATE FAIR.**—Farmers in this section are growing a little anxious about the State Fair. Since they fail to provide for it in Bangor, why not provide for it in Augusta? That is by far the most convenient place in the State. With the exception of the accident last year, we never had a better fair. If the trustees would proceed at once to announce an exhibition at Augusta, we cannot doubt that the proposition would be cordially met by the farmers of the State. Will not the Farmer speak for them?

The Ken. Journal says Mr. Levi Young, of Belgrade, was shockingly bitten by a dog the other day, at the door of the Belgrade depot. The dog seized him by one of his wrists. Young took a hatchet that was lying near with the holy purpose of laying open the dog's head, when the animal grabbed him by the other wrist compelling him to drop it. Another gentleman present picked up the hatchet and speedily made way with the dog. Mr. Young had both arms badly lacerated, and his throat torn. The result of these wounds is still in doubt.

"A little yelping dog" frightened two horses in front of an Augusta farm house, and three men, one carriage and a good pair of horses were injured in consequence. How cruel it is to tax dogs.

**MR. GILBRETH'S STOCK SALE**, on Saturday last, at Kendall's Mills, proved very successful. Rodney Jones, Fairfield, bought "High Life" for \$310. The yearling "I'll Try," was sold to Mr. Flint, of Boston for \$325. Mr. Shorey, of Damariscotta, bought "Silky Knox" for \$335. A two-year-old filly and a yearling filly were taken by Mr. Sumner of Boston, the first at \$300 and the second at \$200.

Several good Jerseys, mostly young, went at fair prices. Yorkshire and Chester pigs sold for \$10 and were pronounced cheap at that price.

The sales seemed positive and fair, and all competitors were satisfied. Advances were offered after the sale, by parties who regretted they had not bid higher. Mr. Gilbreth has some twenty to twenty-five very choice horses unsold, and his sales will doubtless be continued at suitable seasons.

Boston grants licenses at \$4 each, for the sale of fire crackers, and hires three hundred extra policemen the 4th of July to protect the city from fires and other mischief. Good bargain that!

## OUR TABLE.

**THE LITERARY WORLD**, containing Choice Readings from the Best New Books, and Critical Reviews, gives us a very interesting July number, which must prove of great value to those who are looking for good books, to buy them, or those who like to be informed of the progress of the world of letters and the growth of human thought. We have marked an extract from its review of Mrs. Stowe's last novel, "Pink and White Tarn," for insertion in our paper. We commend this independent and high-toned literary monthly to all who wish to advance in culture and refinement.

Published by S. R. Crocker, Boston, at \$1.00 a year. Office with Nichols & Hall, 82 Bromfield St.

**DIE MODENWELDT.**—This week's number of this elegant illustrated magazine for fashions and fancy work has a handsome colored plate of three figures, in addition to a host of wood engravings of patterns, designs, styles, etc. There is also a tinted supplement sheet with full sized patterns for cutting. No other publication, we think, gives so much in the special department to which it is devoted as "Die Modenwelt."

Published by S. T. Taylor, 391 Canal Street, New York, at \$3 a year.

**CLASSICAL INSTITUTE.**—The Semi-annual Examination will occur on Wednesday and Thursday the 12th and 13th inst.; Annual Prize Exhibition on Thursday evening; on Friday at 10 1/2 o'clock, A. M., Oration before the Literary Societies by Prof. G. Anderson, D. D., of the Newton Theological Seminary; Friday, P. M. at 2 o'clock, the Commencement exercises of the graduating classes; Friday Evening, Concert. The avails of the concert are to pay for the music and other necessary expenses of the Anniversary. The music will be furnished by Chandler's Band, assisted at the concert by Shaw's Quartette of Portland. We trust that the Concert will be liberally patronized. Those who attend will be doubly blessed—they will enjoy a rich musical treat and aid the class in meeting their heavy graduating bills.

Haying has commenced in this vicinity with considerable energy, though everybody seems willing to give the grass the last possible minute for further growth. The crop is generally very light, though an occasional field in high culture yields a good crop—showing the advantage, in time of drouth, of good land over poor. "Take our pastures and our mowing land together," said a live young farmer to us yesterday, "there is no doubt but the best of us are running our farms down rather than up." These successive dry seasons are making some revelations to farmers that will be profitable if they are well heeded.

**OFFICERS ELECT OF Ticonic Division** for the coming quarter.—W. W. Rideout, W. P.; Belle A. Small, W. A.; H. M. Rideout, R. S.; Frances Dunbar, A. R. S.; J. W. Curtis, F. S.; Elias H. Pratt, T.; J. C. Pratt, Chap.; J. H. Small, Con.; Julia Emery, A. Con.; Eunice Field, I. S.; A. T. Shurtleff, O. S.; F. O. Smiley, P. W. P.

**WANTED!**—Cash and a fair price paid for three small dogs. Apply to John Smith at No. 1 Main Street.

The propeller Maine exploded on the 4th at Ogdensburg, on Lake Ontario, killing three persons and badly scalding a fourth.

An English railroad superintendent is able to report that upon his road no casualty has occurred during the last three years, and this exemption is credited to the adoption of a new signal system. As stated in his own words, this system is after this sort: No train is allowed to leave one signal station until that station has asked leave from the station next in advance and received an affirmative reply. When the train has been so allowed to leave, the sending station must inform the receiving station that the train has left, and receipt of such information must be acknowledged. The danger signals are kept up meanwhile, until these signals have been made and answered. Lastly, an immediate record is to be made of all these signals and the precise time of their occurrence.

A speck of trouble appears on the horizon of Utah. One David H. Wells, who styles himself Lieutenant General, orders out militia for a parade on the Fourth, contrary to the laws of the United States, and the Governor of that Territory forbids their thus assembling. Wells is commander of the Nauvoo Legion, but is not recognized by the government, and is entirely unauthorized. It is generally held that the Mormons will not attempt to carry out their scheme in the face of the proclamation. If they do, the laws will be enforced, and then trouble may ensue.

The remark attributed to Mr. Gladstone that "this is the age of the workmen," is worthy of his sagacity, and points to a question which is looming up in the near future. It is the problem of labor in relation to capital—of the vast mass of toilers who are beginning to be conscious of brains in their heads, and of rights which the privileged few are bound to respect. Communism was symptomatic of more than the disease of Parisian society. A land of millionaires and paupers is England itself. But at length the workers are growing restive, as they look on from their misery, and see luxurious idleness squandering so much of the world's wealth which it has never earned. That was an uncomfortable but very significant remark of Herr Bebel in the German Parliament the other day: "Woe to the palaces, peace to the cottages, and death to the luxurious idlers, is and ever will be, the watch-word of the proletariat in all parts of the world."—[The Advance.]

**HAY AND HARTE.**—Once is a dose—as a physician would or should say of a purge or a sweat, so one or two specimens like "Banty Tim" or "The Heathen Chinese" will pass very well. But when it comes to flooding the country with profanity, coarseness, wretched rhyme, and worse grammar and spelling, and when imitators are springing up on every side, and as a consequence, the people are getting more and more familiar with slang and flash phrases, it is time that efforts were made to abate the nuisance. Perhaps the only way is to let the public appetite be satiated with such nauseating food, when it will require more healthy pabulum. May that time soon come.—[Bath Times.]

Chamber's Journal well says that of all the ways of trying to settle a dispute, war is the very stupidest.

Calais allows the circus to exhibit July 4th without paying for a license. This is done to bring people to the city, and no further action will be taken by the city towards a celebration of the immortal Jefferson! A city hires a circus to celebrate the nation's birthday. All hail, our country's natal morn!—[Calais Advertiser.]

Mr. Lorenzo D. Moody, of Chelsea, was brutally assaulted on Tuesday evening of last week, by two of his nephews, named Frank Morang and Fred. Moody, in settlement of an old grudge. The affair caused a great deal of excitement and indignation, says the Gardiner Reporter.

Mr. C. A. F. Emery has purchased of Mr. A. L. Brown one half interest in the Somerset Reporter, and the paper is now published by Moody and Emery.

Hon. Phineas Barnes, of Portland, still lies in a very critical condition.

Josiah H. Tilton, of Skowhegan, was hit by the incoming train at that place on Saturday evening, the cars running over his foot, and crushing it so that it had to be amputated. No blame is attached to any one but himself.

Three hundred Mormons, just from Europe, left New York for Salt Lake, Friday night, in charge of Brigham Young's sons, and 400 more are in quarantine.

A refrigerator car is building for the Maine Central Railroad, to be used for conveying meats, by the fast freight train between Bangor and Boston.

The city of Rockland has pledged its credit for an additional sum of \$5,300 in aid of the Knox and Lincoln Railroad by a vote of 183 in favor of the loan and 11 against it.

A small boy on Broadway attempted to use a glass bottle to fire a salute from on Tuesday and in consequence a physician was employed for some time picking fragments of glass out of his arm and leg. He was not seriously injured, but a great many persons were, that day, by using bottles.—[Bangor Whig.]

George Hutchins, of Hampden, a lad about 15 years of age, was firing a gun over his head, the night before the 4th, when the piece exploded, mangleing his left hand so badly that amputation at the wrist was necessary. The barrel of the gun was shattered into over twenty pieces, some of which went through an inch board. Young Hutchins' hat was blown off, but fortunately his head was not injured.—[Bangor Whig.]

The ratification of the Treaty of Washington was exchanged on the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, and proclaimed in this country on the Fourth of July.

A man by the name of George M. Staples of Stockton, Me., reports at the Second Police Station that he lost \$87 in Congress street Saturday afternoon by the old confidence game. Somebody had a "small bill" to pay and only a check to operate with. Staples furnished the money to pay the bill, and has got the check yet.—[Boston Herald, 31.]

**BOLD ROBBERY OF \$1100 ON STATE STREET, BOSTON.** At noon Saturday an unknown man entered the banking house of Brewster, Sweet & Co., 40 State Street, and after asking some questions sold bond for eleven hundred dollars. The clerk asked him if he would have a check, and he replied that he would take bills. The money was counted out to him, when a good looking fellow at his left side remarked to the stranger, "You have dropped some of your money." "So I have," he replied. While in the act of picking up the (two) bills from the floor a man on the other side of the stranger grabbed the pile of money still lying on the counter, darted out of the room like an arrow, and has not been seen since; nor has the other man, his confederate, who quietly left immediately after the transaction, which was a bold and very successful one, to say the least. The thing was done so quick that the stranger was dumfounded, and now wishes that he had taken a check instead of the money.

Exercise can kill as well as cure. To be taken advantageously, it should be done with judgment. Sometimes a particular part of the body needs exercise, but the whole body is too weak to give it; in such case, only the part needing it should have it. But there is one rule which is applicable to all, never go against the instincts. Many persons have hurried themselves into the grave by endeavoring "to keep up" when they ought to be in bed; and they do "keep up," too far so long a time, that when they do take to their beds, their strength is so completely exhausted, that the system has no power to rise, and they fall into a typhoid condition and all is lost. When anything serious is the matter with domestic animals, they court quietude and perfect rest. Sometimes we feel indisposed to exercise from sheer laziness; in all loose conditions of the bowels, debility an instinctive desire to sit down and stay there is universal; in most of such cases quietude is cure. But there is one safe rule for all under all circumstances; if every step you take is with an effort, do not take another; go to bed; if you feel the better for a walk, then walk on; but stop short of great fatigue.—[Dr. W. W. Hall.]

**THE POT OF THE FIRE.** There is one way of preparing food in general use in many parts of Europe, which we should do very well to more generally adopt; that is gentle simmering. In every, or almost every French house, there is the pot on the fire. This permanent pot on the fire, after the manner of the old digester, occupies a quiet little corner of the stove or fireplace. It can hardly be said to boil, but it simmers on gently, very gently, for hours. There it is the receptacle of many a little bone, whether the trimmings of poultry or butcher's meat it matters not; every little stray fragment of wholesome meat finds its way there. A bit of liver is considered a great improvement, and any vegetables that may be about, add to its pleasant flavor, whether the tops of celery, Jerusalem artichokes—which make it delicious—or otherwise, carrots, leeks, turnips, etc. But supposing it were made all of fresh materials—which, in France, it rarely is—this would be the proper recipe: Put a gallon of water into a pot; put into this three or four pounds of shin of beef, or similar thing. Add to this an onion or two, or some carrots, leeks, or some other vegetable, three or four teaspoonsful of salt, one of black pepper, three cloves. Give it one boil up; skim carefully. Now cover the pot closely, and let it simmer gently, for four hours at least. About every hour, throw a wineglassful of cold water into it, to make it clear. Taste it; it may require a little more salt or pepper, according to taste. Pour this soup over roasted crusts of bread. Both soup and meat will be found delicious. The whole secret of this lies in the gentle heat in a covered vessel, whereby the flavor is all preserved, and nothing is lost.

A school committee in Massachusetts are reported to have summed up their opinion of an examination which they had attended, by making the pupils this address: "You've spelled well, and you've ciphered good, but you haint got still."

Panama letters of the 20th ultimo state that the survey of the Napipi River valley for a Darien ship canal was satisfactory, the route having been demonstrated practicable, and Commander Selfridge was at Panama awaiting the return of the surveying party which ascended the Atrato River, and for the storeship Grand, when the entire expedition would sail for home.

One hundred and seventy-three freshmen were admitted to Harvard college Saturday and an addition to the sophomore class swells its numbers to 199, making it the largest class Harvard has ever had. It is probable that the fall examinations will add another 25 to the freshmen's numbers.

The returns from the French elections, as far as received, indicated strong majorities for the republicans. Two monarchists only were elected from Paris. Still later returns say that 80 or 90 out of the 114 will support Thiers' administration. An approximate result of the election in 34 departments, exclusive of that of the Seine, is 56 republicans and 12 conservatives.

Fifteen persons have recently been baptized and added to the First Baptist Church in Wadoboro'.

Vice President Colfax has written a letter in which he denies the statement that he has reconsidered his determination to retire from public life. He says he does not intend to be a candidate for political honors, but retire to private life at the end of his present term.

Deaths of the week in New York, 604, an increase of 118 over last week. The increase is attributed to small-pox.

War between Egypt and Turkey is again believed to be probable. The Khedive of Egypt is rapidly arming his troops with the most modern and efficient weapons. Large consignments of American arms have been received from manufacturers in the United States.

Mr. Nathaniel Dennett of Brewer, took two ounces of laudanum on Wednesday for the purpose of committing suicide. He will probably succeed in his attempt as he is very low, lying in a state of lethargy.

Alexander H. Stephens in his paper, at Columbus (Ga.) says that the "idea of adopting a radical platform to elect a democratic President is as sensible as burning down a house to clean it of fleas."

Boston voted on Saturday to permit the sale of ale and beer, by about five to one.

Hiram Powers writes that Vinnie Ream has "no more talent for art than the carver of weeping willows on tombstones."

The potato bug, on its march eastward from Colorado, has already reached the vicinity of Wheeling, Va.

The genial Benjamin P. Shillaber, our own American Mrs. Partington's amanuensis, has joined the editorial staff of Every Saturday.

COL. R. C. SHANNON, a graduate of Colby, has received an appointment as Secretary of Legation, under the newly appointed Minister to Brazil, Hon. James R. Partridge.

GENERAL McCLELLAN sent a letter to the Tammany celebration in which he says: "Slavery is dead. So let it remain forever! The negro has a right to vote. Let him keep it, but strive to educate him to a fitness for the high privilege conferred on him. Show him who his real friends are and we will eventually turn in our own favor the weapon so carefully forged for our destruction."

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**GILBRETH KNOX**

Have received at Narragansett Park, Providence, of 1 half mile in a race 130 1-4, quarter 34 1-2 seconds.

His latest colt "DONEST JOHN," won the 4 year old purse at Waterville.

His 3 year old colt "Knox-them-all," sold for five thousand dollars.

"MAINE HAMBLETONIAN." See Advertiser in Maine Farmer, or send for a circular.

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