


8-4-1871

The Waterville Mail (Vol. 25, No. 06): August 4, 1871

Maxham & Wing

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

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

Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 25, No. 06): August 4, 1871" (1871). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 414.
https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville_mail/414

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

It was the Sabbath's blessed evening hour,
And the dusk stillness of the fire-lit room
Fell on the spirit with a soothing power,
A spell of holy calm unbroken gloom.
The twilight flickered upon steadfast eyes,
Brows where the Prince of Peace his seal had set,
And tremulous lips where echoes of the skies,
Most eloquent in silence, trembled yet.

At length the music of one heart found way;
"Oh, it is bliss," she said, "to join the throng
That fills God's temple on his holy day,
With the full harmony of sacred song.
Surely the soul draws nearer to Him there,
And bows with holiest awe before His throne;
Surely the highest bliss of faith and prayer
Is found within these sacred courts alone!"

"Nay," said another, "not alone, our Lord
Dwelt in temples made with hands. He fills
The love height of the everlasting hills,
And dwells with all who tremble at His word.
And I have felt his blessed presence more,
And owned with lowlier awe its hallowing way,
On the hillside or the wave-washed shore,
Than even in his house of prayer to-day."

Then spoke a third—"Oh friends, full well I know
The joys ye speak of, but one dearer far
Comes to me often in the ceaseless flow
Of week-day cares, amid earth's din and jar,
When for a moment's breathing-time I pause,
Saying, 'O master, bless, and let the while
Stand beside me, and my spirit draw
A heaven of rest, and gladness from his smile.'"

She ceased, and then one answered yet again—
"Yes, it is always bliss to feel him near,
In crowd, or solitude, or sacred fane,
But never is this presence half so dear
As when the storms of sorrow sweep o'er me,
And with bleeding heart and baffled will,
I faint yet pursuing, struggle to His feet,
And lay my soul before Him, and am still."

Then were silent, and my heart said, "Yes,
Thou hast well spoken, thou dost well to prize,
Higher than any bliss beneath the skies,
The faith that clings and trusts Him, though He
Slay."

This is the one note in the song of praise,
Rolling from all creation round the throne,
That only human hearts sore tried can raise,
And even they in this brief life alone.

[From Harper's Magazine.]

UNCLE NATHAN'S CHARITY.

[Concluded.]

Charity did not cough once during the night; and when the first rays of sunlight were dawning through her chamber window, and the air was vibrating with the music of birds, and the cattle, churning their great mouths and letting out clouds of fragrant breath, were rising from their knees in the dewy pastures, she woke to hear somebody making a cautious movement down stairs around the kitchen stove. Presently there was a stealthy step through to the shed, and then a man's voice broke out singing "Windham," as if in a sense of the goodness and mercy of God was pent up inside of him, and must find expression. Charity crept out of bed and slipped on her clothes, and went softly down stairs. Uncle Nathan had opened the window and let out the smoke, and now he was lifting the iron tea-kettle to its place over the fire.

"Why, if the little girl ain't up and dressed!" said he, pleasantly. "I hope I didn't disturb you with my racket and poor singing. I never could carry a tune square through in my life; but there's something in my feelings that's always trying to sing, just the same. Did you sleep first-rate?"

"Oh, I slept in clover, and didn't wake to cough once. How pretty it is here!" she cried, as she bent out of the window and inhaled a deep breath of the sweet morning air, loaded with perfume from the orchard, where the gnarled branches of the apple-trees fairly bent under a tempest of white blossoms.

"A sniff of this air is rather better than them smells that come up from the gutters. I've got too sharp a nose to live in a town, and I take more comfort before the rest of the folks are up than I do any other time of day. I thought I'd give the breakfast a lift, for Patty is clean tired out."

"You must let me help you," said Charity. "It would be so nice to get it all ready before we call her."

"You may set the table if you've a mind to. My fingers are all thumbs when I go to do that kind of work; and then we'll see what can be picked up. There is cold meat, and we can boil some eggs, and have a cup of coffee; but I haven't come across any bread in the cupboard."

"Never mind," said Charity, with enthusiasm; "I can make a lovely johnny-cake after aunt's recipe."

Between them the johnny-cake was concocted; and after Uncle Nathan had gone to milk the cows, while Charity was watching the oven as if all her hopes in life depended on its contents, Mrs. Prescott's bedroom door opened, and she came out, looking pale and thin, clad in a straight morning-wrapper, with her hair skewered on each side in little hard rings.

"Merciful Peter! I guess Nathan has been showing you all the dirt and confusion," said she, shutting the buttery door with a slam. "Meh never do mind how things look." Nevertheless, her voice was pleasant. She had had a good night's rest, and she must have been made of much sterner stuff than in fact she was not to have relented at sight of the neatly spread table, with its glass of sweet-smelling lilacs and snow-balls which Charity had found time to gather, and at the modest, home-like young presence which ruled so deftly over the kitchen. She did not say in so many words that she was glad to have breakfast all ready to sit down to, without taking any pains herself. It wasn't her way. But she watched Charity cutting the johnny-cake, that turned out as light as a feather, and then she inquired after her cough, and prescribed some of her favorite mixture.

"Don't begin to dose the girl, Patty," said Uncle Nathan, coming in with a pail foaming over with milk. "I guess all the doctoring she needs is plenty of out-doors, and good country fare."

Charity was very happy that day. She got plenty of out-doors, as Uncle Nathan called it, and everywhere there were blossoms and bird-music and a whole world of beauty. Before night she had ransacked the barn, and got acquainted with old White, the cows, pigs, and chickens, and a colony of little blind kittens. She had been down to the back lots, along a shabby lane, and had found the places where Ray used to build dams in the pretty gold-green brook running beneath willow-trees, and alder-bushes flecked with a foam of white blossoms. She wondered if Ray was like his father—just such a tall, cheery man, with kind, beaming eyes.

A week had passed by; the worst agony of house-cleaning was over, and things were beginning to slip back into their comfortable old ruts. There was a nice smell of fresh white-wash about the kitchen and buttery. The sitting-room carpet was down. Clean dainty curtains fell over the spotless windows. The old spider-legged tables were back in their places. Uncle Nathan had his file of the *Tribune* restored to him, close at hand against the back of his easy-chair, which had been covered afresh with clean, starched chintz. Now he was coming along with his coat over his arm, for the day was warm. He stopped by the window and peeped through the scarlet runners and morning-glory vines to note what was passing within. There sat Mrs. Prescott, very stiff and rigid, as if afraid to stir, while Charity pinned some lavender bows on a new cap, using her head for a block. Presently the young girl who had a great

Waterville Mail.

genius for loving, bent down and kissed her cheek, and the good matron appeared to like it. A moment later Uncle Nathan opened the sitting-room door.

"Look here, Patty," said he, in his slow way, "I'm going to town to fetch Ray home this afternoon, and I'd just like to have you step here a minute."

Mrs. Prescott got up, with the streamers of the hat hanging about her, and went into the kitchen where old Dinah was washing. She looked rather sour, as if she knew by instinct that something disagreeable was about to occur.

"I guess I'll tell Charity to pick up her things and go back to town with me," Uncle Nathan began. "She looks a sight better than she did when she came out, and I s'pose you've been bothered with her about long enough."

"What an unreasonable man you are, Nathan Prescott!" Mrs. Patty broke out. "Just when the girl is beginning to be of some use to me, and I want my summer dresses spruced up, and my caps trimmed, you talk about dragging her back to that wretched shop. You know she ain't fit to go and sit crooked over all day with that bad pain in her side. For a man that pretends to have as much feeling as you do, I must say you beat all." Mrs. Prescott turned with dignity and went back into the sitting-room. Uncle Nathan gave a wink to Dinah, who was wiping the foamy suds from her ebony arms, and her countenance expanded, showing a set of fine ivory.

Charity, meantime, felt oppressed. It seemed as though her fate was being decided. She put down the bow of pretty ribbon she was pinning together on a heap of bonnet wire and illusion, and went out into the yard. "Just as she was passing through the big gate, close by where the coops stood, with little downy, peeping chickens running through the grass and plants, a cheery voice called out, 'Come here, Charity, and turn grindstone for me.' She ran back to the shed, and there was Uncle Nathan feeling the edge of a pruning knife with his thumb. Charity had something on her mind to say, and here was an opportunity; so she made a dash at it at once.

"I heard you speak about going to town to-day," she began, "and I guess you'd better take me back. I've had such a nice time, but I shouldn't like to stay long enough to give trouble." Here her voice grew tremulous and stopped.

"Don't you fret your little head a mite," returned Uncle Nathan, examining the edge of the knife more critically than ever, and speaking in a slow, deliberate way. "There ain't no occasion. You do enough to pay for your board twice over. We've all of us taken a kind of shine to you, and you won't go away from here till you're a great deal smarter than you are now. I shall call at the boarding-house and get your trunk."

"How shall I ever thank you?" It was all she could say.

"Pshaw! you needn't thank me at all," said Uncle Nathan, bending over the grindstone. "There ain't nothing to be thankful for. If you ever get a chance to do a good deed to any body, do it, and think of the words of the Master, 'As ye did it unto the least of these my little ones, ye did it unto me.'"

Charity got hold of his brown hand, hardened and callous from hard work, and pressed it against her breast with a sweet, natural motion of gratitude; and Uncle Nathan's face worked and twitched, and puckered, and he winked away from his eyes a few bright drops that did him immense credit.

That afternoon, soon after the arrival of the four-twenty train, Ray strode behind his father to the old home wagon, carrying his valise in his hand. He walked with a great stride, and had a loud voice, a cheery laugh, and a perfect set of white teeth, and was very positive in all his ways.

"Where am I going to pack in?" said he, looking at the big load.

"Oh, you can sit on Charity's trunk. Whoa, White! be still."

"Charity! Who's Charity?"

"She's a little girl, eighteen or twenty years old, I came across the other day. The fact is, she was killing herself trying to earn a living in a mantua-maker's shop. I took her out to recruit, and now I've got kind of fond of her. I guess I shall let her stay along. It appears to me every house ought to have nice girl in it."

Ray was not prepared to dispute this opinion. It opened rather a pleasant prospect for the future. He squeezed himself into the wagon without grumbling, and the query presented itself to his mind whether he too should get fond of Charity, but he did not give it utterance.

"How does mother like this new arrangement?" he inquired carelessly.

"Oh, they're as thick as hasty-pudding."

Seated on Charity's little trunk, Ray was very amiable all the way home, though his legs had no accommodations to speak of. He had grappled with his father on a tough argument, and they were hard at it when old White trotted in at the gate. A pair of soft brown eyes were peeping through the vines at a tall, fresh-complexioned young man, who got out of the wagon and came striding toward the house. Then Charity stepped up stairs to her own little room, thinking Mrs. Prescott would not like to have a stranger by when she met her boy. She pulled the rose-buds out of her hair, and tried to smooth the ripples away from her forehead, that curled more and more coquettishly with every effort. Why she wished to look plainer and quieter than common was something little Charity did not try to explain even to herself.

Ray kissed his mother, and took out a new, crispy magazine and a lot of illustrated papers from the pocket of his coat, while at the same time he noticed a glass of wild flowers and ferns upon the table somebody had arranged beautifully. "Whew!" said he, going to the window a moment later, "you're just as much afraid of flies and fresh air as you used to be, ain't you, mother?" With that, some way in a delicious breeze, scented by the little cocks of fresh-cut grass which dotted the door-yard.

Charity experienced a slight inward flutter which brought a touch of pink into her cheek, and made her eyes dewy and lambent, when at last she screwed her courage up and descended the stairs. She thought she was too humble a personage to attract the notice of the young son and heir; and he on his part was curious to see the young person who had so quickly won the good-will of every body at the homestead. "She's natural and unpretending, if she isn't handsome," thought Ray; and then he began

to speculate as to whether she really were pretty or not. Ray was such a healthy human being, and had such an infectious laugh, and such beautiful white teeth, and such a positive, clear way of putting things, it was a delight to be in his presence. Twice during supper Charity laughed out a clear, silvery, rippling laugh, and her bronze-brown eyes overflowed with shy fun. After that Ray made up his mind about her looks. The house was twice as pleasant as formerly, now Ray had come. Every thing seemed to lose its stiffness and formality, and the bright warm weather showed a lovely face at all the doors and windows.

The next morning after his arrival Uncle Nathan drove round to the side door in his shirt sleeves, with a ragged straw hat adorning his head. There were some bags of grain in the back of the light wagon.

"Hullo, Charity!" he called. "I'm going to mill. Don't you want to get your sun-bonnet and hop in?"

"Dear me! how your father does go looking!" sighed Mrs. Prescott.

Ray had been reading on the lounge. He got up and poked his head out of the window. "You'd better let me drive over to the mill. I can take Charity along, of course."

There he had said Charity, and now the ice was broken. Charity sat near the open door in a little rocking-chair, with a black and white kitten in her lap, hemming a gingham neck-handkerchief for Uncle Nathan. She put her work by, and went and got her things in quite a pleasant flutter of excitement. As the young couple drove off, Dinah's black and smiling face was visible at the kitchen window.

"Dar dar young Mass' Ray knows what he's 'bout," thought she.

After that ride Ray and Charity made rapid strides toward an acquaintance. The young girl wore rose-buds in her hair every day, and let her pretty tresses curl as they pleased. As for Ray, he never seemed to tire of coaxing the smiles and blushes out of her dowcast, bashful face. Ray was one of those rare young men who have an exceedingly good opinion of themselves. He loved to teach, and Charity loved to learn. As the days and weeks sped on Mrs. Prescott thought to herself her big boy had never been so contented at home before. Uncle Nathan put something in his pipe and smoked it, as the saying is. "If it's the Lord's will, amen," said he to himself, joyfully, for the orphan girl grew more and more into his heart.

Haying time had come and the few fields about the homestead were to be cleared of their beautiful waving crop. Ray put on a tow frock, that became his tall, lithe form, and went into the hay lot, and Charity went too. Her heart was full to overflowing. Happiness had cured her. As she grew strong and rosy she could do much to lighten Mrs. Prescott's burdens, so that that excellent woman's asperities of temper were softened down.

One day when masses of curdy white clouds were sailing through the sky, and the long summer shadows were falling over shaven fields, down at the end of a long meadow where the gold green brook was babbling to the trees, something happened that is always happening—something good and sweet and beautiful.

But it troubled Charity. She went sadly homeward, and thought all the afternoon of packing her trunk, and going back to her old weary life. Toward evening Uncle Nathan and Ray came glowing and warm from their toil. The hay was all secured. The fields were clean as if they had been swept; and now it looked as if the sultry day would end in showers. Charity brought them a cooling drink on the porch where they were resting, and as she handed Ray his glass her hand shook. But Ray got hold of it, and kept it in his own.

"See here, father," said he (and somehow his voice trembled, and the confidence with which he was endowed seemed to ooze away.) "I want you to give Charity to me. She says duty to you won't let her promise to be my wife. She thinks it's wrong to come into this family and steal away the affections of an artless young man like me. I want you to get that notion out of her head; for I won't marry any other girl if I live to be a hundred. I honor her above all for earning her own living. Come, speak up for me, father. She's dreadful obstinate, and never will consent unless you do."

Uncle Nathan drew his hand across his eyes, and then he put out his arm, and somehow enclosed Charity within its round, and drew her close to his broad breast.

"Ray is a good boy," whispered he to the downcast face and little fluttering heart. "He never made my heart ache; and I guess he'd know how to treat a wife. If you could like him, I should be glad. We'll make him live here at home; for he shan't take you away from us. Now go and say something comforting to the boy."

Charity kissed Uncle Nathan twice, and then she went back to Ray. It seemed as though love had exalted her, and made her brave. Just then Mrs. Prescott came to the door, looking earnestly through her specks.

"What's to pay?" she inquired characteristically.

"We've got a new daughter," said Uncle Nathan. "Don't scold them; it's all my doing."

By a sudden impulse the good woman went and put an arm round each of her children.

"Jess what I loved," said Aunt Dinah, looking out between the vines, and sipping her old eyes vigorously. "Pears like de hand of de Lord was in it."

Professor Torres, who has been traveling in Grady's Circus, making balloon ascensions, was drowned in the Ohio Canal, at Massillon, O., on July 22nd. He made an ascension at six o'clock, and the balloon, on descending, fell into the canal. Being unable to swim, he drowned before any assistance could be rendered him.

As soon as the Maine Central Extension is completed to the Junction, at Cumberland, all the long through freight trains now running through Augusta will be run by the back route, as the grades are easier and heavier trains can be hauled. The change of freight, will greatly relieve the lower section of the line for passenger travel.

A woman charged with being a witch was recently burned alive in the public square of a town in Peru. The cruel punishment was by orders of the Lieutenant-Governor and Judge of the Province.

THE BEGGAR AND BANKER.

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE?

"Stand out of my way!" said a rough, surly voice under my window one day, as I sat musing over the bustling scenes below me, at my lodgings in Chestnut street.

"Your honor will please to recollect," said a sharp and somewhat indignant voice—"your honor will please to recollect that I am a beggar, and have as much right to the road as yourself."

"And I'm a banker," was retorted still more gruffly and angrily.

Amused at this strange dialogue, I leaned over the case, and beheld a couple of citizens in the position which a puglist denominates as squared, their countenances somewhat menacing, and their persons presenting a contrast at once ludicrous and instructive. The one was a pure proud, lordly-mannered man—attired in silk, and protecting a carcass of nearly the circumference of a hoghead; and the other a ragged and dirty, but equally impudent and self-important personage; and from comparing their countenances, it would have puzzled the most profound M. D. to determine which one of their rotundities was best stored habitually with good victuals and drink.

Upon a closer observation, however, of the countenance of the banker, I saw, almost as soon as my eye fell upon it, a line bespeaking humor and awakened curiosity, as he stood fixed and eyeing his antagonist; and this became more clear and conspicuous when he lowered his tone and asked, "How will you make that right appear?"

"How?" said the beggar; "why, listen a moment, and I'll teach you; in the first place, do you notice that God has given me a soul and body just as good for all the purposes of eating, drinking, thinking, and taking my pleasures, as He has you—and then you may remember Dives and Lazarus just as we pass. Then it is a free country, and here too we are upon an equality—for you must know, that here, even a beggar's dog may look a gentleman in the face with as much indifference as he would a brother. I and you have the same common Master, are equally free; live equally easy; and are both traveling the same journey, bound to the same place, and both have to die and be buried at the end."

"But," interrupted the banker, "do you then pretend that there is no difference between a beggar and a banker?"

"Not in the least," rejoined the other, with the utmost readiness; "not in the least as to essentials. You swagger and drink wine, in company of your own choosing—I swagger and drink beer, which I like better than your wine, in company that I like better than your company. You perhaps make thousands in a day; I make a shilling perhaps; if you are contented, I am; and we are equally happy at night. You dress in new clothes; I am just as comfortable in old ones, and have no trouble in keeping them from soiling; if I have less property than you, I have less to care about; if fewer friends, I have less friendship to lose; and if I do not make as great a figure in the world, I make as great a shadow on the pavement; I am as great as you. Besides, my word for it, I have fewer enemies; meet with fewer losses; carry as light a heart, and sing as many songs as the best of you."

"And then," said the banker, who had all along tried to get a word in edgeways, "is the contempt of the world nothing?"

"The envy of the world is as bad as its contempt; you have, perhaps, the one, and I, my share of the other. We are matched there too. And besides, the world deals in this matter equally unjustly with us both. You and I live by our wits, instead of living by our industry; and the only difference in this particular worth naming is, that it costs society more to support you than it does me—I am content with a very little, you want a great deal. Neither of us raises grain or potatoes, weaves cloth, or manufactures anything useful; we therefore add nothing to the common stock; we are both only consumers; and if the world judged with strict impartiality, therefore, it seems to me I would be pronounced the cleverest fellow."

Some passers interrupted their conversation. The disputants then separated, apparently good friends; and I drew in my head, ejaculating somewhat in the manner of Alexander in the play—is there then no difference between a beggar and a banker?

But several years have since passed away; and now both these individuals have paid the last debt of nature. They died as they had lived, the one a banker and the other a beggar. I examined both of their graves, when I next visited the city. They were of similar length and breadth; the grass grew equally green above each; and the sun looked down quite as pleasantly on the one as on the other. No honors, pleasures, or delights clustered around the grave of the rich man. No finger of scorn was pointed to that of the poor man. They were both equally deserted and forgotten. I thought, too, of the destinies to which they have passed; and of that state where temporal distinctions existed not; temporal honors are regarded not; where pride and circumstances which surround this life never find admittance. Then the distinctions of time appeared but as an atom in the sunbeam, compared with those which are made in that changeless state into which they both had passed.

NOVEL MOUSE TRAPS.—Mr. John Gibbs of Washington recently bought some traps while down this way, and he took them home. As this bivalve is something of a rarity in that corner of Knox county, Mr. G. desired his purchase to last as long as possible. He put the traps into the cellar, and sprinkled meal moistened with water over them. When he went for his traps in the morning, he met with a sight which struck him with astonishment. The mice on the premises scented the meal and went for it, while the traps had received them with the utmost hospitality. When Mr. G. reached the cellar, he found the top of the tub covered with the little rodents, each one held firmly by the tail by a clam.—[Camden Herald.]

The whole reserve police force of Brooklyn was held in readiness for duty on Saturday, on account of threats having been made by Irishmen that the Swedish society of that city should not parade with their flags which are of an orange color.

GINX'S BABY IN BRIEF.—"Who is Ginx?"

"Ginx was the father of the thirteenth baby. Ginx was poor, and becoming impatient at Mrs. Ginx's increasing babies, after she had the twelfth, declared that he would throw the thirteenth off of Westminster Bridge."

"Did he do it?"

"No, but he discovered the infant, after Mrs. Ginx had succeeded in hiding it away several days—seized it and started for the bridge, and—"

"Threw it in!"

"No, the police stopped him. Ginx expostulated, saying he didn't want that confounded baby; that he had twelve already at his home; that he was a poor man, and had no use for the thirteenth Ginx. Then a Catholic nun came along, and offered to feed it and save its life."

"And never bring it back?" asked Ginx.

"Never."

"He's yours—to have and to hold!" Then Ginx ran back to his wife and wretched twelve children, a happy man.

"What then?" But Bernstein started up Brook's Silver Slipper gallop, the bullock rushed to the other room, and I had to lean forward to catch the rest of the story.

"Then the tug commenced. The baby was baptized. Ginx's wife had to go and nurse it twice a day. Father Cozen wanted to—and did—make the sign of the cross on Mrs. Ginx before the baby was allowed to nurse. Mrs. Ginx told this to a Protestant friend."

"Sign of the cross, Mrs. Ginx! Oh horrors—they are making a proselyte of the baby—those atrocious Catholics!" said the friend.

"Then the Protestant clergy got hold of the scandal. Protestant papers raged over this matter. And the Clergy went for a lawyer."

"Some Catholics have forcibly restrained a Protestant baby, and are trying to make him a Catholic—what shall we do?" they asked.

"Bring an action, action of habeas corpus," said lawyer Meddle.

"So the case went to court, and thousands of pounds were spent. Newspapers talked of the Ginx-Baby Case. Ginx-Baby Funds were collected, the lawyers took the money, and the baby was surrendered to the Protestants. In a short while, the Baby Fund was exhausted; its nurse in vain demanded pay for its nursing; she finally left the infant on a club-house doorstep to starve. Another humane religious society took it after the almshouse folks declared they would not have it. So another religious controversy ensued. The infant was always poor, half-starved, and neglected, while people were fighting over his religion."

"What became of him?"

"After fifteen years of kicks, of cold neglect, of ignorance, and starvation—while all of the people and the newspapers were talking about how the Catholics had forcibly restrained from his doting parents a Protestant child—the poor, neglected, sorrowful, and ignorant child went, one dark night, with not even a flickering star to see his act, went and jumped—"

"Off Westminster Bridge?"

"The same; and at the very place where a policeman caught Ginx fifteen years before, as he held the little, innocent cause of all of this trouble over the rolling flood."

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.—The Quarterly Session of the Grand Division of Sons of temperance convened at Wilton Wednesday. The following officers officiated: J. L. Brown, Bowdoinham, G. W. P.; F. Loring, Portland, G. W. A.; H. K. Morrill, Gardiner, G. S.; E. P. Packard, Wilton, G. Chap. pro. tem.; L. T. Boothby, Waterville, G. T. pro. tem.; S. O. Wood, Wilton, G. C. pro. tem.; G. H. Bass, Wilton, G. S. pro. tem.; Henry Tallman, Bath, P. G. W. P. Wednesday was spent in the usual preliminary exercises of the session, and reading of reports of Grand Officers. These reports show that the order throughout the State holds its own well, being rather on the increase, the average addition to each lodge by initiation the past three months being fifteen members. The financial standing of the order is good. The session adjourned Thursday afternoon. The next session, the annual one for choice of officers, will be held in Richmond, commencing the fourth Wednesday in October.—[Portland Adv.]

SIXTY THOUSAND COOKS.—Mrs. Stanton thinks Horace Greeley is right in saying that we want sixty thousand good cooks instead of sixty thousand more voters, and proposes to educate the men for that purpose. She says men are adapted to this work. They can stand any amount of heat. They don't mind any amount of smoke. A dozen of them will get together and smoke a room so full that you can't see across it. They like smoke, and cooking will give them plenty of it. Men are the best cooks. The best book on cooking ever written was written by a man. The quickest cooking Mrs. Stanton ever knew of was by a man on shipboard. He only had one spoon, which he would dip into every thing and between flavors, he would lick it. A woman wouldn't have done that; she would have dirtied a dozen towels and consumed vastly more time.

At the meeting of the American Institute of Instruction, at Fitchburg, Mass., Monday Superintendent Johnson of Maine read a paper on State uniformity of Text-books, treating the subject under six heads:

1. Definition and limitation of the subject. 2. The right of the State to determine and secure the kind and quality of text-books. 3. The duty of the State to establish uniformity. 4. Some of the positive advantages resulting from State uniformity. 5. Consideration of some of the objections. 6. Two methods of obtaining uniformity. The advantage of uniformity of text-books was strongly advocated, and the methods for obtaining these advantages were stated as follows: Either the State should make some satisfactory arrangements with the publishers of the books to furnish them at a reasonable rate or to have the State furnish the books itself, as it now furnishes its own statute book and public documents.

Abner J. Phipps, of Medford was chosen president of the association, and A. P. Stone, of Portland, one of the vice-presidents. A. P. Marble of Worcester, another Maine man, was chosen first on the board of counsellors.—[Portland Adv.]

No man has any right to manage his affairs in such a manner that his sudden death would bring burdens and losses on other people.

WHO ARE THE SAVAGES.—The letter of Lieut. C. E. Whitman, formerly of the 80th Maine, now of the regular army, which we published several weeks ago, giving an account of a brutal massacre of peaceful Indians by the cowardly whites of Arizona, is fully sustained by his longer official report of the affair now published. Lieut. Whitman's conduct in regard to this affair does him great honor. It appears he was stationed at camp Grant. Around his works had gathered slowly a settlement of Indians, its number drawn thither at first by want, and afterward by kind treatment. Their actions had been carefully watched, and no indication had been discovered of a wish to break the peace that they professed to want to establish. On the contrary, the women and children, and many of the men, worked steadily and successfully, and in their work they seemed happy and contented. The problem of civilizing the Apaches was in a fair way of solving. Lieut. Whitman, with the natural enthusiasm of youth, thus touchingly refers to their progress:

"They had so won on me, that from my first idea of treating them justly and honestly, as an officer of the army, I had come to feel a strong personal interest in helping to show them the way to a higher civilization—I had come to feel respect for the men, who, ignorant and naked, are still ashamed to lie or steal, and for the women who would work cheerfully like slaves, to clothe themselves and their children, but untought, held their virtue above price."

Settlers of Tucson interfered. It is not necessary to assert that these white savages were animated by any other feeling than that of hatred to the Indian. We had no evidence to show that the motive that actuated them was the fear that the Indians might become civilized, and thus the presence of soldiers be rendered unnecessary, and thus a market for their produce be taken from their vicinity. Apaches had killed white men, and the white men took a revenge that would have stained a troop of Comanches. They swooped down on the peaceful camp unexpectedly, and killed 125, of whom only eight were men, all the rest being unarmed, defenceless, harmless, women and children. As the wounded were crawling away to places of safety, their brains were dashed out, and their bodies shockingly mutilated.—[Port. Adv.]

SIMPLE COOKERY.—A great deal is written about the importance of training our daughters to be experienced cooks, whatever their position in life is likely to be. And that usually means we should teach them to prepare a great many curious dishes in a most marvellous way, requiring unlimited time and patience, not to mention very generous supplies of ingredients. Now it may be very valuable at times to know all about these curious "made dishes," but for every-day use, it would be well for us to tone down our own and our children's tastes. We should strive to give them a taste for simple dishes prepared to perfection, rather than for elaborate highly seasoned ones.

Skill in simple cookery is one of the finest and most useful accomplishments a young lady can have. Let her graduate in the art of bread making, taking in the whole department. Nothing conduces more to the health of a household than good bread, and every family likes a variety in this article. She has here a wide range for her ingenuity.

Waterville Mail.

RPH MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... AUG. 4, 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 required at this office:

S. M. PETTER, 111 & Co., No. 10 State St., Boston, and
G. P. ROWELL & Co., No. 40 Park Row, New York.
T. C. EVANS, 101 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 MAXHAM & WING, or WATER-
VILLE MAIL OFFICE.

FOR GOVERNOR,
SIDNEY PERHAM
OF PARIS.

COMMENCEMENT AT COLBY.

The old programme with the new feature of the dedication of Memorial Hall, has afforded full the usual interest. Barnum reduced the number without diminishing the value of the total gathering. The weather has been exceedingly fine, and in all the large audiences an unusual quietness has done more than usual to promote the general enjoyment.

The sermon on Sabbath evening, the first of the exercises pertaining to Commencement, was by the Rev. Geo. B. Ide, of Springfield, Mass. The speaker read the first fourteen verses of the sixth chapter of John, with a running accompaniment of interesting comment, and prayer was then offered by Rev. Thomas Adams of Waterville. The subject of the discourse, as announced by the speaker, was, "The miraculous feeding of the five thousand and its bearing upon missions," and his text was John 6: 9—"There is a lad here which hath five barley loaves, and two small fishes; but what are they among so many?" In poetical language, Dr. Ide pictured the scene upon the shore of the sea of Galilee, in the early morning, when Christ and his apostles, anxious for retirement and rest, took ship for the other side; described the gathering of the multitude and their hurried march around the head of the lake to find the great Teacher; pictured the lonely mountain to which Christ had retired, and spoke of his preference for mountains, and also his solitariness, in which, however, there was nothing of moroseness or misanthropy, but only wounded purity shrinking from contact with the sin of the world. But he was always ready to help; and dearer than intercourse with the skies was the opportunity to relieve suffering humanity and to save the lost.

Dr. I. devoted no small share of his discourse to these minute and picturesque descriptions, his ardent and prolific imagination supplying much not embraced in the sacred record; and he spent so much time upon this preliminary work, in order to bring his hearers vividly to realize the "situation" at the time of the miracle, that his audience began to wonder where he was to find room for his "application,"—but he came to it at last and evolved it from the successive steps in the process of the miracle. As it was of old, so it is now: the means at hand always seem inadequate for obedience to the commands of Christ; and looking at our five insignificant loaves and two small fishes, our faith is weak; like the lad (Dr. Ide's, and not John's) we skulk behind the rock with our little money and small talent; but if we do not come out, as he did, with our trifling contribution we get no blessing for ourselves and bring no help to our fellows.—God never does what man can do; and so Christ directed his disciples to arrange the men for the reception of the miraculous gift with all the necessary preliminaries.—And as the lad, in the distribution received more and better than he gave, so do we; for now, as then, it is more blessed to give than to receive.—Lavish expenditure and careful saving may go hand in hand; more was provided than could be eaten, but the fragments were carefully gathered up that nothing should be lost.—In this miracle Christ did not start from absolute nothing, as in creation, but from certain rudiments out of which he developed the result. By his omnipotent power he could as easily have created all, as to have blessed and multiplied the little that was provided; but then would the miracle have lacked that ethical and moral element that predominates in all his wonderful works while here on earth, and we should have missed the great lesson, teaching the methods of the Gospel. Christ fed the multitude by multiplying the means furnished by human instrumentality; and in like manner he carries forward the work of grace through the instrumentality of his followers. All the little offerings brought to Christ will be multiplied and magnified.—Our contributions are not to be kept back because they are small, for God delights to bless small things and the weak; and among the most effective of them is a humble, faithful Christian life.—In this miracle, too, was fore-shadowed that bread of life, the only true bread that can fully satisfy the wants of fallen man; and at the close he dwelt upon the

folly of those who reject it, unlike those of old who ate and were filled. "He that eateth this bread shall never die; but they who refuse it will forever endure the gnawing of a hunger which no bread can quell and the agony of a thirst which no water can quench."

The sermon was listened to with marked attention by the large audience, but much dissatisfaction was expressed at its unfitness for the time and occasion. Thrown into verse it would have made an admirable sacred poem; but it did not furnish that "meat for strong men," which is needed by those who are girding themselves for the great battle of life.

The prize declamation of the Junior Class, on Monday evening, drew a good audience and secured marked attention. The average, both of composition and oratory, was above the ordinary grade of similar exhibitions, so far as we have noted them. Not one could be marked inferior. The first prize was given to Horace W. Tilden, of Lewiston, and the second to Elihu B. Haskell, of Guilford. These honors were won over strong competitors—Barrows in oratory, Perry and Mitchell in composition—and perhaps, in one or the other, we might go through the programme.

- 1—The Scholar.
- 2—Physical and Moral Culture.
- 3—Christianity and Free Government.
- 4—The Ocean.
- 5—Design in Nature.
- 6—Eloquence.
- 7—History among the Nations.
- 8—The Eternity of Influence.

THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

held their annual meeting at Memorial Hall, on Tuesday afternoon, the number in attendance being unusually small. Hon. Henry W. Paine declining a re-election, Rev. E. E. Cummings D. D., of Concord, N. H., was chosen President. The other officers were re-elected as follows:—Prof. C. E. Hamlin, Secretary and Necrologist; Prof. E. W. Hall, Treasurer; Professor M. Lyford, Hon. Reuben Foster and Nathaniel Meader, Esq., Counsellors. At this meeting Prof. Hamlin presented the following

NECROLOGY OF THE ALUMNI.

FOR THE ACADEMIC YEAR 1870-71.

ONLY one Alumnus is known to have died since the last anniversary.

Of the class of 1859, JUDAH TRAGUE POMPLILY died in Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 6th, 1870, in the 33d year of his age. He was son of Allen and Eleanor (Pomplily) Pomplily, and was born March 17th, 1837, in Turner, which was the home of his early years, though the residence of the family during his college life was Auburn. He was chiefly prepared for college at Hebron Academy, under the instruction of Mark H. Dunnell (C. U. 1849), but studied the last year of his preparatory course at Waterville Academy, Isaac S. Hamblen, (C. U. 1858) Principal. He entered college in Sept., 1859, and graduated with his class Aug. 10th, 1863. With the ministry in view, he immediately entered Newton Theol. Sem., but left, at the close of his first term, from failure of health. For the sake of a more active life, he accepted soon after a mercantile agency which required his presence in Ohio. Finding the climate of that State favorable to his health, he engaged, Sept. 1869, as Assistant in Hugh's High School in Cincinnati, and held this situation until April 5th, 1863. On the 11th of the latter month, still remaining at Cincinnati, he engaged as agent of a Newark Life Ins. Company, and acted in that capacity for about one year with signal success. From an extended notice of his life, printed in the "Insurance Times" for August, 1870, we extract those parts that relate to the remarkable business career that ended only with his life. Says the Times:—"But though the Queen City of the West offered many advantages to a man of enterprise, to the cosmopolitan mind of Mr. Pomplily these presented by the metropolis of America were much more attractive, and he accordingly removed to New York, where he found a wider field for the exercise of his talents. He became associated with the Manhattan Life in the summer of 1864, and achieved a success from the start so surprising and continuous that he was enabled in the autumn of 1865 to obtain the metropolitan agency of the Charter Oak Life, in which position his mental and executive abilities were brilliantly and profitably displayed in building up a business for his company which added greatly to its magnitude, importance and honorable standing. He remained with the Charter Oak until August, 1868, when he sold out his agency. At this time he was tendered the Professorship of Modern and Ancient History at Vassar College, an offer very acceptable to his taste, which he, however, declined. He was afterward induced to join the North American Life as superintendent of agencies, and his connection with this company was maintained till a few months prior to his decease.

"Mr. Pomplily's success in the business world," continues the "Times," is attributable to the resolute devotion of his extraordinary powers to every undertaking in which he engaged. The results of his labors proved solid and permanent, and few young men coming to this city without friends or pecuniary means have won, as he did within the space of five years, an ample fortune and lasting distinction."

Mr. Pomplily displayed rare gifts as a writer, and it is stated in the paper already quoted that "The originality and force of his articles [on Life Insurance,] written in a peculiarly epigrammatic and animated style, abounding in brief, neat, compact sentences, were universally admired, and his fearless and trenchant denunciations of every corruption and wrong were as scathing in their effect upon the evil as they were reasoning to the good." His "Card and Note System Reviewed," one of the most widely circulated pamphlets ever issued, was a fair sample of his method of argumentation. But an immeasurably superior specimen of his merits as a writer is afforded by his exquisite articles entitled: "Watchman! What of the Night?" and "Light in Dark Places," which have become the most popular brochure on life insurance ever published. The former was translated into several languages, and its sale has been altogether unprecedented. The license fees paid to Mr. Pomplily by the companies for the privilege of reissuing this article amounted to \$1,000. The composition is remarkable for its vivid lucidity of statement and illustration, and a tender pathos that touches every heart."

He fixed his residence in Brooklyn, and united with the South Presbyterian church of that

city. Here he was a very active and zealous laborer both in the church and Sabbath School. "In the spring of 1869, he was," according to the writer in the "Times," "afflicted with a chronic diarrhoea, and repaired to his native place in Maine to restore his health. Relaxation from anxious employment infused fresh life into his enfeebled frame, and he returned in good health late in the summer to New York, and entered with renewed energy and enthusiasm into his life insurance business. In the spring of 1870 the east winds and inclemency of March proved too severe for his delicate constitution, and being advised to seek a milder atmosphere he took a trip to the South, but found its climate uncongenial and injurious. He was compelled to return, and remained in Brooklyn until his death, which is ascribed to consumption of the bowels."

He was married, Aug. 20th, 1863, to Miss Mary B., eldest daughter of Rev. J. A. Thome of Cleveland, Ohio. She is still living, with her two children, in Brooklyn.

Another death, not before reported, has come to the knowledge of the necrologist since the last anniversary.

Of the class of 1850, BENJAMIN LAURISTON KNOWLTON died of typhoid fever, in Jamaica, Vt., Sept. 19th, 1859, aged 35 years and 3 days. He was the son of Benjamin and Olive (Stone) Knowlton, and was born, Sept. 16th, 1824, in Newfane, Vt., which was the family residence until about his 20th year, when his parents removed to Jamaica. He was fitted for college at Townsend and Ludlow Academies, Vt., under the instruction at both places, of Wm. B. Bunnell. He entered the Freshman class in Sept., 1846, and in due course graduated with his class on Aug. 14th, 1850. In the fall of the latter year he engaged as assistant of his former instructor, Mr. Bunnell, Principal of the Academy in Yates, Orleans county, N. Y. Here he remained one school year, when leaving, he began, about the first of Jan., 1852, the study of law with O. L. Shafter of Wilmington, Vt. He was admitted to the bar on April 19th, 1854, and commenced practice the first of May following, in company with Hon. J. E. Butler of Jamaica, where he resided till his death. He was successful as a lawyer, and was elected State's Attorney for Windham county in Sept., 1856, and was re-elected in 1857. Proceedings of the bar, subsequent to his death, speak of him as exhibiting "marked ability, assiduous devotion to study, and honorable dealing in all departments of his professional practice."

He was married in Lockport, N. Y., Dec. 28th, 1854, to Miss Eliza A. Macley, of that place. The widow and her two sons are still living in Jamaica.

At the close of the meeting of the Alumni, the Hall was thrown open to the public, and a great crowd thronged in to witness the interesting and impressive exercises dedicating the monument recently placed there to commemorate the patriotic devotion of the sons of the College who fell in defence of the country.

After music by Chandler's Band, which was present, President Cummings made a brief address, followed by a fervent prayer by Rev. Dr. Bosworth. The College Club then sang a dirge, sweetly solemn, after which Rev. Dr. Small of Portland was introduced.

[We have notes of Dr. Small's eloquent address, but prefer to use the complete speech as furnished to the Portland Advertiser, though we are compelled to defer it until next week.]

Rev. Dr. Ide, of Springfield, Mass., was next introduced, who apologized for being there, with little or no preparation, especially as he was not an alumnus but a stranger; and he wished to have it understood that he spoke not willingly but in obedience to command and because he was compelled. Though a stranger, however, he was in full sympathy with the feeling that had brought them together, to dedicate a fitting memorial for a fitting occasion. It was eminently fitting and proper that this should be done here where these young men had received the culture by which they had been prepared for heroic labors. For one he doubted not the spirits of these departed heroes were conscious of this act; that they looked down from their blissful abode and rejoiced with solemn joy over the completion of this work. Such a belief falls in with an instinct of our nature; we have a desire to live in the memory of those who live after us—

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering view behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies;
Some pious drops the closing eye requires:
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

This beautiful and costly monument here erected is richly their due. Not many institutions of learning have done this, but all should, and thus testify their gratitude for what has been done by their fallen heroes. Monuments had generally been erected to the memory of the world's rangers by hero-worshippers, but quite a different class of men were infinitely more deserving—those who died for the salvation and not for the destruction of their country. And here he put in a plea for the living, the returned soldiers, in our midst; eulogized Gen. Chamberlain and congratulated Maine upon the gratitude and wisdom she had shown in honoring him with the highest office in her gift. Republics had always been ungrateful, but he hoped that ours would be an exception; and he charged the people not to forget the living soldiers who had the same claim upon the gratitude of the citizens as those whose names are here inscribed. They responded to the call of the country with equal promptness, fought as bravely and were as ready to do and die for the country as these. He pictured what they all left and sacrificed to save the land; and frankly confessing that previous to the war he had misjudged the young men of the country, whom he thought light and frivolous and vicious he thanked God for the true-hearted young men of 1860. It was at fearful cost, however, that the tide of rebellion had been rolled back and the country saved; and if ever men deserved the gratitude of their kind those who died in our behalf; but here with you sit men who did the same as those, except to die. The influence of this monument and the noble examples it commemorates upon the coming classes of this institution must be great, for he protested that nothing nobler could be found in Grecian or

Roman history. But the names of all your dead heroes are not here; and noble and brave as they were (and he paid a loving tribute to Knox, whom he had known) there is a grand name on your roll than any of these—one that has given your institution a wider and higher reputation—a moral hero—Boardman, the missionary. These died as he died,—for man; and they are equally dear to God. Let them be treated alike by you; and let a monument be erected to Boardman upon the opposite side of this beautiful Hall—that the heroes of the sword may be confronted by the hero of the cross.

At the close the audience joined in singing "America," and then the people separated, feeling that it had been good for them to be there.

THE ORATION before the Literary Societies' on Tuesday evening, was by the Rev. J. D. Fulton, of Tremont Temple, Boston, the introductory prayer being made by the Rev. Dr. Bosworth. Of the Oration we borrow the following synopsis by the reporter of the Kennebec Journal, which should be premised with the remark that Mr. Fulton is a most unreportable speaker:—

The speaker announced his subject as "The Force that Wins." Accept congratulation from the world outside that you are here. Your being in College means more than we are accustomed to think; high hopes are being built up on you. Scholarship is a living force and with rarely an exception is the force that wins. Does it attain in New England the recognition it deserves? At some length he proved that it did not, and showed that notwithstanding our common system of Schools, Academies, and Colleges, there exists a formidable ignorance. Why is it that the young men in our farming districts have grown up in ignorance? After glancing at the few men in numbers in our colleges, and showing that it was not poverty nor a feeling of cast that closes the door against the individual, but because ignorance is not felt to be a curse, and education is not regarded as a blessing. There is reason for alarm because in the land just saved from slavery there seems to be a concentrated effort against a free school system, and the consequent diffusion of knowledge. Those who pleaded for the divine right of slavery, now contend as strongly for ignorance under the garb of professedly christian purpose. At some length he showed that nothing could be worse for christianity or humanity than this plea. The greatest gift to any age is educated christian manhood. He illustrated this by mention of Hugh Miller and others like him, who have won laurels for science in the garb of "working men." As in the days before the civil war, men fitted themselves for high positions of responsibility, so be assured young men, that there are responsibilities which will yet require all your skill and acquirements. There are eyes resting upon you, waiting to assign you places where every power with which God and Nature and culture have blessed you, shall be employed for the high weal of humanity.

It is but just to state what is well known to be true—that a strong feeling against Mr. Fulton is abroad in the community, which has even deeply penetrated the denomination to which he belongs; and whether he was aware of it or not, he had to face that measure of opposition when he rose to speak on Tuesday evening. He had scarcely got under way, however, before he had his audience largely with him, and through his oration the house came down with loud and frequent applause. That he was able to do this and to part with his hearers on much better terms than he met them, may be fairly set down to his credit; and this success must have been highly gratifying to his friends, who hoped that he would take advantage of this opportunity and by a wise forbearance disappoint those who speak bitter things against him.

Mr. Fulton's faults are neither small, nor few; and his success comes largely from his wonderful energy. He is very far from being a polished writer or speaker, judged by the standard of the schools; and though he dwells in the city of Notions, he has none of what is technically known as Boston culture and scholarship. What he does is by main strength, rudely, and not by trained skill, dexterously; his favorite weapon being not the keen scymetar of Saladin, but the ponderous mass of Richard, which weapon he swings carelessly about, quite as often to the grief of his friends as to the injury of his opponents. His voice is sharp and penetrating, but with an occasional yankee twang that is almost ludicrous, and his pronunciation is frequently such as is endorsed by no dictionary of good standing, while a refined taste is shocked by his barbarisms at every turn. But criticize as you please, and set yourself in opposition as stoutly as you may, there is such a storm of words; such a mad rush and roar, as he sweeps impetuously along, that before you know it you are off your feet and involved in the rushing torrent. His logic may often be loose; his assertions careless and ill considered; his words rough and rasping; and he may violate the canons of good taste continually; but he is a man of power and moves men.

THE GRADUATING EXERCISES
Were at the church on Wednesday, as usual. In detail they gave opportunity for marked praise; while as a whole, they at least compared well with the long record of their antecedents. The following was the programme:

- 1—Oration.—The American Scholar.
- 2—Oration.—Honors to the Dead.
- 3—English Oration.—Contact.
- 4—Oration.—The True Greatness of Nations.
- 5—English Oration.—The Baconian Philosophy.
- 6—Oration.—The Province of Poetry.
- 7—Oration.—Force Spiritual.
- 8—English Oration.—Language.
- 9—English Oration.—Progressive Culture.
- 10—English Oration.—Dickens.
- 11—Oration.—Lendship.
- 12—English Oration.—The Sphere of Artistic Culture.

—Exeused.

The degree of A. B. was conferred upon the graduating class, and that of A. M. in course upon the following members of the class of '68:—J. D. Taylor, Chas. L. Clay, John B. Clough, Thos. M. Butler, G. W. Davis, H. C. Hallowell, Frederick A. Waldron, Wm. H. Clark.

The following honorary degrees were conferred:—

A. M. on Professor Samuel B. Morse of California; William B. Lapham, M. D. of Augusta; Rev. A. Bryant, of East Winthrop; and Rev. James M. Follett, of Foxcroft. D. D. on Samuel King Smith, of class of 1845, Professor in the University. L. L. D. on Hon. Josiah Hayden Drummond, of Portland, class of 1846.

THE DINNER, served in Memorial Hall, was most excellent. Rev. Dr. Shailer invoked the divine blessing, and then the hungry company fell to with a will. After the dinner, President Champlin called the company to order, and announced that Governor Perham had been called away to attend the examination of the State College at Orono, an interruption which would hereafter be avoided, as Colby had decided to change her Commencement to the 4th Wednesday of July. In the absence of the Governor he called upon Hon. Josiah H. Drummond, who had just been honored afresh by his alma mater.

Mr. Drummond said that getting out of the atmosphere of the Court room he felt himself a good deal embarrassed in attempting to speak to another and very different audience; he hardly knew what to say, or what would interest. The spirit of the age confines men to ruts and grooves; and under the pressure of these fast times men must so move in order to succeed in any profession. We are driving faster every year; first the stage coach, then the railroad, and now the telegraph; until we travel while we sleep that we may lose no time, but have the whole day for labor and business. One of the worst results of this driving process was, that young men hurry into business without proper preparation; they do not willingly submit to seven years of hard, dry preparatory study. The doors of the professions are now thrown open to all who choose to enter, and many enter without proper preparation. But now, as of old, there is no royal road to learning, and you cannot educate men by steam; and those who wish to win permanent success and to wear the honors, must make proper preparation for their life work. Looking back to the time when he left college, and judging by his experience and observation since, he thought he could not do better than to say that a preparatory discipline, such as can be here obtained, was the best preparation for a career of usefulness, and that men of thorough culture and discipline are those who achieve the most substantial success. Success in political life might be otherwise obtained, perhaps, but it was a mean condition of life, and afforded only precarious and unreliable means of support. The successful men have all been hard workers, and thorough discipline can no more be dispensed with now than formerly. Young men, with their strong and vigorous constitutions are in no great danger from overwork; and we need to work hard in youth that we may rest in middle life and farther along. He had presented these thoughts, because the tendency now was to divert young men from proper preparation. He rejoiced that the institutions of learning had kept up their higher standard of education; and though it had been decided to throw open the doors to women there would be no lowering of scholarship. He congratulated the College on its prosperity and the improvements which had been made; he was in the Memorial Hall this year for the first time, and was highly pleased to see what had been done. He had risen at the pre-emptory call of the President out of the old habit of obedience, and had spoken with pleasure; though he presumed it was for the last time under present circumstances. Hereafter silk and broadcloth were to be sandwiched together here, and the honors of the College would not be confined to the masculine gender.

Rev. Dr. Child, of Boston, who was next called, responded in a pleasant vein of compliment and congratulation; contrasting a former visit with the present one under more favorable circumstances and more agreeable surroundings; and in conclusion he invoked the blessing of God upon Colby and all its interests.

Rev. Dr. Ide, who was next called, while he professed to be a most grateful and gratified guest, protested that he did not owe them two speeches in two successive days. He was glad to be present at a Commencement of Colby University, though the name of Waterville College seemed nearer and dearer, and he had to think twice or he should continually mistake. He proceeded to compliment the colleges of the country and especially those of New England, and their faithful and underpaid teachers. Academies and common schools had done much for the education of the masses; but American colleges had laid the foundation for all the advancement in the education and culture of the people. He had visited much of the country, and everywhere Waterville had been a sacred name and its graduates had been found to be men of thorough training—faithful sound, liberal. He congratulated the teachers and alumni upon what had been done, and enjoined upon them to keep up the standard of scholarship. Men might get into the profession of law easily, as a previous speaker had stated, but the pupil, he was glad to say, demanded every year higher qualification and better preparation. We need colleges of high standard and thorough culture. He hoped that the wealthy patrons of the College, who had begun so well, would keep on and continue to bless it with their substance.

Rev. Dr. Small was next called up, and he made an excellent and feeling speech, as he always does, in the course of which he stated that for twenty years he had not failed to be present

at Commencement, and it had come to be a great pleasure to attend and welcome another band of brothers upon the stage of action and into the ranks of the alumni. Next to the home of his own mother he cherished that of his alma mater; and in his dreams, even, he often found himself back in his old room inquiring of his classmate, "Where's the lesson?" "Welcome, brothers; let each of you always be one with us; and when you are in trouble, remember that all your brothers sympathize with you." He spoke of his own classmates, and paid a high compliment to one of them—Surgeon Sanger. At the close, by an allusion to the late work of the board of trustees, of which he is a member, in making doctors, and waked a thundering call for "Smith."

Prof. Smith—or perhaps we should say Rev. Dr. Smith—rose with some embarrassment, protesting that nothing but that ominous prefix would have brought him to his feet. ("Louder, Dr. Smith!" exclaimed some irreverent graduate, who probably had vivid recollections of vigorous training by the Professor of Eloquence.) The wise fathers, instigated by the representatives of Young America in the Board, having been employed in gal-vanizing their rickety institution, had afterward undertaken to doctor the Faculty, beginning with him as the most sickly of the number. It was one thing, however, to doctor a man and quite another to make him a fluent and graceful speaker, and he must beg to be excused from any further remarks.

Percival Bonney, Esq., of Portland, next responded to the call of the President; and he began by announcing (in allusion to Dr. Ide's boast) that he did not belong to that profession that monopolized all the brains of the country, (cheers and hisses) and he did not expect to be called up here where no alumnus was permitted to speak unless his parchment was covered with the dust of a score of years; but as he was up he would put in a word for Young America. It was a day of new "departures," and he congratulated the College for opening its doors to woman, which he regarded as a measure of sound policy. Woman is enlarging her sphere (cheers and laughter) and pushing herself into new situations; and if the Faculty are not permitted to receive her with open arms, he trusted they would with hospitable hearts. He did not, for a moment believe that young men would be driven away by this measure; for where the girls are the boys are sure to go. The college is open and the ballot will come next; and he believed that woman was nearer to suffrage to-day than the negro was ten years ago. He alluded feelingly to the tablet and monument; mentioned the names of some who were his dear friends and noble men; and ended a hearty eulogy of Maj. Arch D. Leavitt, of class of '62, by whose death bed he was privileged to stand, by repeating his dying message to his father—"Tell him that I tried to do my duty, and that if I had known, just how it was to end and what was to happen I should have done just as I have done." He rejoiced that the names of these noble men and true patriots had been put in marble beneath their beautiful monument.

A Concert by the Quintette Club in the evening, followed by a Levee at the house of the President, closed the pleasant but very quiet Commencement of 1871.

The most important business item in the work just done is the admission of women to all the departments of study and honor enjoyed by men. This is a great step in the line of progress, and one that we believe will result in both honor and profit. The trustees also voted to completely renovate the North College building. The sum of \$500 was appropriated, as in several years, to the increase of apparatus in the department of natural Philosophy to which Prof. Lyford is directing special attention, gradually building up a highly valuable collection of instruments. The salary of Tutor Taylor was raised to \$1200. The professorship of Ancient Languages was divided, and at an early day a Professor of Latin will be appointed. Rev. A. R. Crane of Hallowell, and Hon. G. H. Pillsbury, of Lewiston, were chosen Trustees in place of Rev. Dr. Wilson and Dean H. B. Hart, deceased.

Class-Day has been ignored for several years, but this year it was determined to revive it, and the announcement had been made and special invitations issued; but at a late hour one member of the class announced that he should be unable to perform the part assigned him, and the whole thing exploded, considerably to the regret and indignation of the other members of the class.

Thirteen candidates for the freshman class appeared at the first examination at Colby University, and as many more will probably report before the commencement of the term. Among them it is said, will be several young ladies.

It has been pleasant, during Commencement, when visitors have referred to the neatness of our streets, to direct at least a portion of the credit to Maj. Marston, the acting street-commissioner. He has been putting gravel in the right places, and doing what he could with the means at his disposal. Of course he is not to blame for the little patches of straw and dirt in front of the Mail office—or some little spots of "smutch" down-along on the other side—and a few on both sides—or the patch of burdocks and old rubbish at the north end of Boutelle Block. Some of these things have become fixtures that he does not feel at liberty to meddle with. The late fine showers, that have sprinkled the streets and washed the dust from the trees, have so assisted him in his work of "getting ready for company," that many pleasant compliments have been paid to the neatness and pleasantness of our proud little village.

To-day, we went onto the perch and suckers!—the Waterville Perch Association go to Thayer's, at McGrath Pond, and the "Roundabout" to Bradley's, at East Vassalboro'. Commencement was the fore-runner of these anniversaries. Everybody will receive a "string of fish" Saturday morning.

THE REPUBLICAN COUNTY CONVENTION for Somerset will be held at Skowhegan on Thursday, the 17th instant.

GEO. PENDLETON, charged with stealing several horses, was arrested at Bingham last Saturday by Amos Knight, of Kendall's Mills, as we learn from the Somerset Reporter. One of the horses was stolen from Knight, of Kendall's Mills.

MISCELLANY.

UNWEDED.

BY ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

Oh, thou beloved, who should'st have been mine own,
Serenely beautiful and wise and strong,
Conqueror whom my life has never known,
How have I missed thee, seeking thee all day long?

Somewhere upon the wide and misty track
I strayed behind, or did not wait for thee;
And so must always mourn my bitter lack,
For on this weary road we go not back.

Often, with sorely burdened heart and mind,
When there were none to aid or understand,
How have I groped with tears, alone and blind,
In the thick darkness, longing but to find

For I believe that Love is doubly armed
Against all woes, and with unshaken breath
Could pass through pain and suffering unharmed;
Could take up poisonous things and not be harmed.

"And how shall Love, immortal and sublime,"
I said, "be hindered of its best estate,
By any petty chance of space or time?"
Alas! my life has lost its freshest prime,

How beautiful our mingled lives had been,
Had we but found each other in our youth!
The world had grown, despite its stain and sin,
Sweeter because we two had lived therein.

Then all the myriad ills which Fate contrives
Wherewith to fret men's hearts, to us had been
But notes along the sunshine of our lives;
Nought could have harmed us, since the true soul thrives

Then this unending toil and ceaseless loss
Had never marred my life; the hindering load
Of worldly circumstance, of gain or loss,
Had seemed to us but cobwebs stretched across

Where art thou, love? Far as the farthest pole
Hast thou, too, vaguely dreamed of what should be?
Or, mated early with some feebler soul,
Hast struggled with thy bonds in grief and dole,

I had been more than all the world to thee,
So proudly tender, so entirely true,
So wise and tireless in thy ministry,
More dear than any other soul could be.

Alas! the sun's last glimmering has kissed
The highest mountain-tops to gold; and now
The crimson west has changed to amethyst,
And all the vale is dim with chilly mist.

Too late! too late! the darkness gathereth,
And the night falleth, pitiless and dumb;
I cannot reach thee with this hopeless breath;
But when I walk the other side of death,

Will thou not come?
—*Scriver's Monthly.*

Castelar, in the course of a very eloquent
speech in the Spanish Cortes, like all intelli-
gent men in Europe, has been watching the
progress of events in this country, referring

to the past and present of America, said:
"Nations are like beehives. Each nation con-
tributes to fabricate the honey of universal life.

Ideas, wherever scattered, wherever matured,
change the human conscience. When from our
narrow horizon we turn our eyes to the
whole planet we see that the continents are

ruled by universal and incontestable laws.
Asia is the improvable land of the past, the
patriarchal land of the empires, the theocracies,
the castes. Europe is the volcanic land of the

present, the area of combat between the
ancient powers and the new ideas. America,
and especially Saxon America, with its immense
virgin territories, with its republic, with its

equilibrium between stability and progress,
with its harmony between liberty and democ-
racy, is the continent of the future—the im-
mense continent stretched by God between the

Atlantic and Pacific, where mankind may plant,
essay and resolve all social problems. The
present moment is supreme and anguishing.
The last years of the nineteenth century, which

are fast approaching, may be as grave and
solemn as the last years of the eighteenth cen-
tury, in which was installed the first French
revolution. Europe has to decide whether she

will confound herself with Asia, placing upon
her lands old altars, and upon the altars old
idols, and upon the idols immovable theocracies,
and upon the theocracies despotic empires, or

whether she will go by labor, by liberty and
by the republic, collaborate with America in
the grand work of universal civilization.

"UNCOMFORTABLE."—Archbishop White-
ley once wrote to Mrs. Arnold: "I remember
one of my parishioners at Halesworth telling me
that he thought 'a person should not go to

church to be made uncomfortable.' I replied
that I thought so too; but whether it should
be the sermon or the man's life, that should be
altered so as to avoid the discomfort must de-
pend on whether the doctrine is right or wrong.

The New York Times makes a good point
against those who denounce the authorities for
suppressing the New York riot, in the follow-
ing paragraph:—

"There is one reflection connected with this
unanimity of Irish sentiment, as expressed
through their organs, which will naturally sug-
gest itself to every mind. The better class of

Irish Catholics have all along pretended that
they were in favor of the right of Orangemen
and all others to equal privileges in parading
the streets. The priests advocated this right

in their addresses to their congregations on the
Sunday preceding the riot, and instructed their
people to keep away from the parade, and to
avoid molesting the Orangemen in any way.

And yet, because Governor Hoffman took them
at their word, and maintained that right by the
strong arm of the law, they denounce him, one
and all, as a murderer. Either the Irish news-
papers unanimously misrepresent Irish opinion,

or else the priests and educated Catholics were
hypocrites in pretending that they were in
favor of equal rights and privileges for all.

PROPOSED METHOD OF APPOINTING POST-
MASTERS.—Mr. Medill, of the Civil Service
Commission, has prepared a plan for reforming
post-office appointments for all except 200. He

proposes that the President shall appoint for
five years the person presenting a petition
most numerous signed by legal voters within
the range of delivery of the office. Various

safeguards against fraud in lists of names is
proposed. Petitions are to be signed without
regard to party, the person presenting the most
names to be appointed. Signatures are to be

under oath that the person endorsed is suitable
and competent. The author of this scheme
thinks adoption of the plan would remove lo-
cal post-offices from the control of congression-
al aspirants and partizan cliques, and enable

the people to free themselves from obnoxious
postmasters, and at the same time would pre-
vent the dominant party from monopolizing the
enormous patronage pertaining to the Post
Office Department. The power of removal

would not be taken away, and responsibility
would still be secured.

Senator Wilson is pursuing his social studies
in the United Kingdom, and though he thinks
the rags and poverty of Ireland would make
him a revolutionist, he is evidently pleased with
the morality he finds, for he says in writing

from London: "I have not heard a profane

oath since I landed on the 15th of June at
Queenstown, eighteen days ago. I have seen
hundreds of thousands of the people, from the
queen down to the ragged beggar of the slums
of this wilderness of houses, and I have yet to
hear the first profane word. This has surprised
and gratified me much. I trust the time is not
distant when a stranger can travel hundreds of
miles in our country and mingle with hun-
dreds of thousands of our people without hear-
ing an oath.

The Boston Pilot, along with some talk
about the riot based on a misapprehension of
the facts, utters the following sound sense,
all the more useful for coming from the most
widely circulated Catholic paper in the coun-
try:—

There are two ways of getting rid of this
apple of discord. The first is by an agreement
between the general Irish population and the
Orangemen foregoing all right to parade, and
expressing their determination never to hold
processions for Irish political objects alone.
This, we may rest assured, will not be easily
agreed to. The second one is the best, and
the one that must come in the end, when Amer-
ica, tired out and inignant with her squabbling
population, puts her foot down with a will and
tells them all—Germans, French, Irish, Orange—
"You have had enough now. There is only
one flag to be raised in future in this country
and that is the Stars and Stripes."

A most excellent old lady uptown is much
excited in mind to know how it is that a little
quicksilver in a glass tube can make such aw-
ful hot weather by just rising in it an inch or
two.

General Insurance Agency.

J. B. BRADBURY
HAS resumed the practice of
Fire Insurance,

At his Office on Main Street, and now offers the very
popular and desirable

Participation Policies,
And all other approved forms, in perfectly safe and
reliable Companies.

Public patronage is respectfully solicited.
Waterville, April 23, 1871.

L. T. BOOTHBY,
General Insurance Ag't,

Office in Phenix Block,
WATERVILLE, ME.

Representing the Leading Insurance Companies
of New England and New York.

Reliable Insurance effected on all kinds of property on
most favorable terms.

The Sun.

CHARLES A. DANA, Editor.
A Newspaper of the Present Times.
Intended for People Now on Earth.

Including Farmers, Mechanics, Merchants, Pro-
fessional Men, Workers, Thinkers, and all Man-
ner of Honest Folks, and the Wives, Sons, and
Daughters of all such.

ONLY ONE DOLLAR A YEAR!
ONE HUNDRED COPIES FOR \$50.
Or less than One Cent a Copy. Let there be a
\$50 Club at every Post Office.

SEMI-WEEKLY SUN, \$2 A YEAR.
Of the same size and general character as
THE WEEKLY, but with a greater variety of
miscellaneous readings, and furnishing the news
to its subscribers with greater freshness, because
it comes twice a week instead of once only.

THE DAILY SUN, \$4 A YEAR.
A predominantly readable newspaper, with the
latest circulation, the latest news, the latest
pendent, and fearless in politics. All the news
from everywhere. Two cents a copy; by mail,
50 cents a month, or \$5 a year.

TERMS TO CLUBS.
THE DOLLAR WEEKLY SUN.
Five copies, one year, separately addressed.
Ten copies, one year, separately addressed (and
an extra copy to the getter up of club).
Twenty copies, one year, separately addressed
(and an extra copy to the getter up of club).
Fifty copies, one year, to one address (and the
Semi-Weekly one year to the getter up of club).
Thirty-five Dollars.
Fifty copies, one year, to one address (and the
Semi-Weekly one year to the getter up of club).
Fifty Dollars.
One hundred copies, one year, to one address
(and the Daily for one year to the getter up
of club). Sixty Dollars.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY SUN.
Five copies, one year, separately addressed.
Ten copies, one year, separately addressed (and
an extra copy to the getter up of club).
Fifteen Dollars.

SEND YOUR MONEY
In Post Office orders, checks, or drafts on New
York, wherever convenient. If not, then remit
the letters containing money. Address
L. W. ENGLAND, Publisher,
Sun Office, New York City.

THE HOUSE-LOT on School Street, formerly occupied by
J. Furber; also a lot of about 16 acres on corner of road
to West Waterville. 3 1/2 acre way; also a lot of 10 acres near
Mountain, formerly owned by Henry Taylor. Apply to
GEO. G. PERCIVAL, Administrator.

Don't wait for a Fire to Warn you
G O at once and insure with
BOOTHBY.

NOTICE.
GENTLEMEN FARMERS—I have moved my CARDING MA-
CHINE to Greely's Mill, Smithfield, where I intend to carry
on Carding and Cloth Dressing in the best workmanlike man-
ner. I leave give me a call.
Sunkfield, May 26, 1871. G. L. HILL.

FOR SALE.
THE HOUSE-LOT on School Street, formerly occupied by
J. Furber; also a lot of about 16 acres on corner of road
to West Waterville. 3 1/2 acre way; also a lot of 10 acres near
Mountain, formerly owned by Henry Taylor. Apply to
GEO. G. PERCIVAL, Administrator.

Bill Heads!
Of all Quality, Style and Prices
AT THE MAIL OFFICE.

FOR SALE
OR TO LET.
THE HOUSE of the late Ivory Log, on College Street.
It will be sold on easy terms. If not sold, will be let,
possession given on the 1st of August. J. P. BLUNT, Jr.,
July 14, 1871. 84

FOR SALE.
GENTLEMEN FARMERS—I have moved my CARDING MA-
CHINE to Greely's Mill, Smithfield, where I intend to carry
on Carding and Cloth Dressing in the best workmanlike man-
ner. I leave give me a call.
Sunkfield, May 26, 1871. G. L. HILL.

FOR SALE.
GENTLEMEN FARMERS—I have moved my CARDING MA-
CHINE to Greely's Mill, Smithfield, where I intend to carry
on Carding and Cloth Dressing in the best workmanlike man-
ner. I leave give me a call.
Sunkfield, May 26, 1871. G. L. HILL.

FOR SALE.
GENTLEMEN FARMERS—I have moved my CARDING MA-
CHINE to Greely's Mill, Smithfield, where I intend to carry
on Carding and Cloth Dressing in the best workmanlike man-
ner. I leave give me a call.
Sunkfield, May 26, 1871. G. L. HILL.

FOR SALE.
GENTLEMEN FARMERS—I have moved my CARDING MA-
CHINE to Greely's Mill, Smithfield, where I intend to carry
on Carding and Cloth Dressing in the best workmanlike man-
ner. I leave give me a call.
Sunkfield, May 26, 1871. G. L. HILL.

FOR SALE.
GENTLEMEN FARMERS—I have moved my CARDING MA-
CHINE to Greely's Mill, Smithfield, where I intend to carry
on Carding and Cloth Dressing in the best workmanlike man-
ner. I leave give me a call.
Sunkfield, May 26, 1871. G. L. HILL.

FOR SALE.
GENTLEMEN FARMERS—I have moved my CARDING MA-
CHINE to Greely's Mill, Smithfield, where I intend to carry
on Carding and Cloth Dressing in the best workmanlike man-
ner. I leave give me a call.
Sunkfield, May 26, 1871. G. L. HILL.

FOR SALE.
GENTLEMEN FARMERS—I have moved my CARDING MA-
CHINE to Greely's Mill, Smithfield, where I intend to carry
on Carding and Cloth Dressing in the best workmanlike man-
ner. I leave give me a call.
Sunkfield, May 26, 1871. G. L. HILL.

Kendall's Mills Column.

MRS. A. ATWOOD
Returns her sincere thanks to her friends and patrons for
past favors, and begs to inform them that she will have from
this date a carefully selected line of

Fashionable Millinery.
And having secured
A COMPETENT MILLINER,
(MISS F. A. HAYES.)

Is prepared to fill orders promptly and in the most approved
style. She is also desirous to call special attention to her
new and choice stock of

FANCY GOODS,
Comprising
Kid and Lisle Gloves, Hosiery, Real and Imitation
Laces, Fancy Ribbons, Sashes, Trimmings of all
kinds; Hair and Silk Switches, &c., &c.

All of which she is prepared to offer at the lowest market
rates.
Kendall's Mills, Me. 6m57

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.

E. W. McFADDEN.
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
AND
Insurance and Real Estate A
KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

F. C. THAYER, M. D.
OFFICE
IN MERCANTILE ROW, MAIN ST.
OPPOSITE RENT AND KENDALL'S STORE.
WATERVILLE, MAINE.

Dr. Thayer may be found at his office at all hours, day and
night, except when absent on professional business.
46 May, 1871.

F. Kenrick & Bro.,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
Carriages and Sleighs,
KENDALL'S MILLS.

epistories at Kendall's Mills and Waterville Me.
F. KENRICK. 36 E. P. KENRICK.

CARDS!
ALL KINDS.
Wedding,
Address,
Traveling,
Business,
Tags,
&c., &c. &c. Tickets,
Done in the neatest style and at the lowest rates,
AT THE MAIL OFFICE.

All Right, Again!
WM. L. MAXWELL
having procured two
FIRST CLASS
WORKMEN,
is ready to fill all orders on Peg-
ged Calf Boots at the shortest no-
tice possible. Also

REPAIRING
done in the neatest manner at
short notice.
Or if you want ready made
BOOTS & SHOES,
RUBBER BOOTS & SHOES
of most any kind, call at Maxwell's and get them, for he has
got the largest stock and best assortment to be found in town,
and of a superior quality.

ARCTIC OVERS,
Congress and Buckle, Men's, Women's and Misses', which will
be sold low for cash.
Nov. 10, 1870. 20

WINGS
INVESTIGATING ANTI-BILLIOUS
PILLS
Are an unparalleled cure for Dyspepsia, Jaundice,
diarrhoea, Liver Complaint and all low and
debilitated conditions of the system.

Have you Dyspepsia, and have you "tried every thing else?"
Go and buy a box of WING'S INVESTIGATING PILLS and
they will cure you.
Have you Jaundice? One box of the PILLS will make
you well.
Are you troubled with LIVER COMPLAINT? Are you
weak low spirited? circulation sluggish, dull and drowsy?
Appetite poor, constive, with Kidney Complaint, with urine
high colored, with Pain in the back, Headache, Nervous
Excitation &c.

Be sure to try a box of the Investigating Pills, and you will
find it the most powerful remedy that you ever used.
Are you worn out, thin in flesh, nervous with tremulous
cough, and perhaps Neuritis? Then go straightway and ge-
a box of the pills, and all will then be done to take ac-
cording to directions to be made entirely well.

Are you now, and have you been for a long time subject to
severe spells of sick-headache, and have tried the "every thing
else" and are not cured? Now the time has come for you to
get cured. Take the anti-billious pills, and you'll not fail to
a happy experience as the result.

The Investigating Pills are a positive cure for Amosorrhea
and Chlorosis, or in other words for Irregularities, such as
suppression and retention of the Catamenia.

They will surely restore the natural function. Try them
and you will find a true friend. This indispensable function
of life and health is brought about by secreting or ans the
Ovaries, and when the secretion has not taken place, no
amount of powerful medicine will bring on the usual discharge
immediately, no more than a powerful fertilizer will produce
corn in a single day. The system must be invigorated, and
the special organs nourished into activity, during the
proper time by the pills, and a favorable result is
sure.

Bill Heads!
Of all Quality, Style and Prices
AT THE MAIL OFFICE.

FOR SALE
OR TO LET.
THE HOUSE of the late Ivory Log, on College Street.
It will be sold on easy terms. If not sold, will be let,
possession given on the 1st of August. J. P. BLUNT, Jr.,
July 14, 1871. 84

FOR SALE.
GENTLEMEN FARMERS—I have moved my CARDING MA-
CHINE to Greely's Mill, Smithfield, where I intend to carry
on Carding and Cloth Dressing in the best workmanlike man-
ner. I leave give me a call.
Sunkfield, May 26, 1871. G. L. HILL.

FOR SALE.
GENTLEMEN FARMERS—I have moved my CARDING MA-
CHINE to Greely's Mill, Smithfield, where I intend to carry
on Carding and Cloth Dressing in the best workmanlike man-
ner. I leave give me a call.
Sunkfield, May 26, 1871. G. L. HILL.

FOR SALE.
GENTLEMEN FARMERS—I have moved my CARDING MA-
CHINE to Greely's Mill, Smithfield, where I intend to carry
on Carding and Cloth Dressing in the best workmanlike man-
ner. I leave give me a call.
Sunkfield, May 26, 1871. G. L. HILL.

FOR SALE.
GENTLEMEN FARMERS—I have moved my CARDING MA-
CHINE to Greely's Mill, Smithfield, where I intend to carry
on Carding and Cloth Dressing in the best workmanlike man-
ner. I leave give me a call.
Sunkfield, May 26, 1871. G. L. HILL.

FOR SALE.
GENTLEMEN FARMERS—I have moved my CARDING MA-
CHINE to Greely's Mill, Smithfield, where I intend to carry
on Carding and Cloth Dressing in the best workmanlike man-
ner. I leave give me a call.
Sunkfield, May 26, 1871. G. L. HILL.

FOR SALE.
GENTLEMEN FARMERS—I have moved my CARDING MA-
CHINE to Greely's Mill, Smithfield, where I intend to carry
on Carding and Cloth Dressing in the best workmanlike man-
ner. I leave give me a call.
Sunkfield, May 26, 1871. G. L. HILL.

FOR SALE.
GENTLEMEN FARMERS—I have moved my CARDING MA-
CHINE to Greely's Mill, Smithfield, where I intend to carry
on Carding and Cloth Dressing in the best workmanlike man-
ner. I leave give me a call.
Sunkfield, May 26, 1871. G. L. HILL.

FOR SALE.
GENTLEMEN FARMERS—I have moved my CARDING MA-
CHINE to Greely's Mill, Smithfield, where I intend to carry
on Carding and Cloth Dressing in the best workmanlike man-
ner. I leave give me a call.
Sunkfield, May 26, 1871. G. L. HILL.

FOR SALE.
GENTLEMEN FARMERS—I have moved my CARDING MA-
CHINE to Greely's Mill, Smithfield, where I intend to carry
on Carding and Cloth Dressing in the best workmanlike man-
ner. I leave give me a call.
Sunkfield, May 26, 1871. G. L. HILL.

FOR SALE.
GENTLEMEN FARMERS—I have moved my CARDING MA-
CHINE to Greely's Mill, Smithfield, where I intend to carry
on Carding and Cloth Dressing in the best workmanlike man-
ner. I leave give me a call.
Sunkfield, May 26, 1871. G. L. HILL.

FOR SALE.
GENTLEMEN FARMERS—I have moved my CARDING MA-
CHINE to Greely's Mill, Smithfield, where I intend to carry
on Carding and Cloth Dressing in the best workmanlike man-
ner. I leave give me a call.
Sunkfield, May 26, 1871. G. L. HILL.

FOR SALE.
GENTLEMEN FARMERS—I have moved my CARDING MA-
CHINE to Greely's Mill, Smithfield, where I intend to carry
on Carding and Cloth Dressing in the best workmanlike man-
ner. I leave give me a call.
Sunkfield, May 26, 1871. G. L. HILL.

FOR SALE.
GENTLEMEN FARMERS—I have moved my CARDING MA-
CHINE to Greely's Mill, Smithfield, where I intend to carry
on Carding and Cloth Dressing in the best workmanlike man-
ner. I leave give me a call.
Sunkfield, May 26, 1871. G. L. HILL.

FOR SALE.
GENTLEMEN FARMERS—I have moved my CARDING MA-
CHINE to Greely's Mill, Smithfield, where I intend to carry
on Carding and Cloth Dressing in the best workmanlike man-
ner. I leave give me a call.
Sunkfield, May 26, 1871. G. L. HILL.

FOR SALE.
GENTLEMEN FARMERS—I have moved my CARDING MA-
CHINE to Greely's Mill, Smithfield, where I intend to carry
on Carding and Cloth Dressing in the best workmanlike man-
ner. I leave give me a call.
Sunkfield, May 26, 1871. G. L. HILL.

FOR SALE.
GENTLEMEN FARMERS—I have moved my CARDING MA-
CHINE to Greely's Mill, Smithfield, where I intend to carry
on Carding and Cloth Dressing in the best workmanlike man-
ner. I leave give me a call.
Sunkfield, May 26, 1871. G. L. HILL.

A GREAT MEDICAL DISCOVERY

Dr. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA
VINEGAR BITTERS
Hundreds of Thousands
Bear testimony to their Wonder-
ful Curative Effects.

WHAT ARE THEY?
They are a Gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, possessing
the peculiar merit of acting as a powerful agent in relieving
constipation or indigestion of the Liver, and all the Visceral Organs.

FOR FEMALE COMPLAINTS, whether in young or old
married or single, at the dawn of womanhood or at the turn of life,
these Bitters have no equal. Send for a circular.

THEY ARE NOT A VILE
FANCY DRINK,
Made of Roor Rrim, Whisky, Proof Spirits,
and Refuse Liquors, but of pure and sweet
"Restorers," &c., that lead the tippler on to
drunkenness and ruin, but are a true Medicine, made
from the Native Roots and Herbs of California, free
from all Alcoholic Stimulants. They are the
GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER and a LIFE-
GIVING PRINCIPLE, a perfect Renovator and
Invigorator of the system, carrying off all poisonous
matter and restoring the blood to a healthy con-
dition. No person can take these Bitters according to
direction and remain long unwell, provided the bones
are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means,
and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism
and Gout, Dyspepsia, or Indigestion,
Biliousness, Remittent and Intermitting Fevers,
Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys
and Bladder, these Bitters have been most suc-
cessful. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated
Blood, which is generated by derangement of
the Digestive Organs.

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION, Head-
ache, Pain in the Shoulder, Coughs, Tightness of the
Chest, Disordered Stomach, Sour Eructations, Pe-
rversity of the Blood, Bilious Attacks, Puffiness
of the Face, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the
regions of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful
symptoms, are the offspring of Dyspepsia.

They investigate the stomach and eliminate the tri-
pid liver and bowels, which render them of unequal-
led efficacy in cleansing the blood of all impurities and
imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

FOR SKIN DISEASES, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt
Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils,
Caruncles, Ring-Worms, Scald Head, Sore Eyes,
Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations of the Skin,
Humors and General Impurities, San Francisco, Cal.,
or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the
system in a short time by the use of these Bitters.

One Bottle in such cases will convince the most in-
credulous of their efficacy. They cleanse the blood
impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples,
Eruptions or sores; cleanse it when you find it ob-
structed and sluggish in the veins, cleanse it when
it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when
the blood purifies, and the health of the system will
follow.

FOR TAPES and other WORMS, lurking in the
system of so many thousands, are effectually de-
stroyed and removed. For full directions, read carefully
the circular around each bottle, printed in four lan-
guages—English, German, French and Spanish.

J. WALKER, Proprietor, R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Druggists and General Agents