



6-4-1869

The Waterville Mail (Vol. 22, No. 49): June 4, 1869

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. 22, No. 49): June 4, 1869" (1869). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 301.
https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville_mail/301

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.

THE SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

Aye! Strew their graves with flowers rare;
And mark the hallowed spot
Where sleep our country's martyred dead,
That we forget them not.

Go bring from north, south, east and west
Those messengers of love
That to the earth's broad bosom cling,
Nursed by the hand above.

Go bring from off yon dizzy heights
The flowers that tremble there,
Go bring from out yon hot-house walls
Those plants at risk and rare.

Go strew them on yon heroes' graves
With pride and sorrow true,
Can ye do less for them? I ask,
Who gave their lives for you.

When first our country called for aid—
To some ill-fated battle—
They answered: "We come!"
And in their cause were slain.

Then pick from woodland, rock and cliff,
From wayside hill and plain,
Those emblems of unshin love
As tributes to our slain.

Go call the coltsfoot from the swamps;
That justice may be done,
The daisy will be glad to tell
The glory they have won.

The ever-smiling buttercups
Their riches will proclaim,
The small, white, nodding
Will immortalize their name.

Go search for cypress and fir tree;
Which death and sorrow speak,
The heliotrope with purple leaves,
Tells of devotion deep.

Bring from the south the olive branch,
Bid war forever depart,
And let the balm of grief heal
Each soldier's widow's heart.

Bring forth the flowers of fragrant Spring;
Our native flowers of May,
And from the live oak bring a sprig;
It speaks of Liberty.

The lilac, lily, and the bay,
The rose and daisy red,
The locust and the aspen leaf,
Are emblems of our dead.

Select the myrtle and the pink,
The pansy and the tiger,
To tell our loved ones that we
Upon affection's page.

Each leaflet is a tiny scroll,
With solemn truth impressed,
Which speaks of sorrow, joy and love,
Of glory and of death.

Then strew them o'er the soldiers' graves,
Mourning's dreaded goal,
And let their never-dying flame
Be shrined within the soil.

[Cape Ann Advertiser.]

BRAINS.

[Concluded.]

"Well," I said, "tell Susy not to worry. I shall get along nicely, and I will come to see her as soon as I can make time—to night, if not before."

"Yes, ma'am."

She went away then. She had a lazy sort of voice, and spoke lingeringly—quite unlike the quick, characteristic utterances of little Brains. How well I remembered that first day, and the brisk "Yes'm" that broke in upon my musings.

It was quite late in the afternoon before I could make time to go to Pleasant Street. I found the Mory's living in the third story of a comfortable looking house. I went first into the room which seemed to serve as a kitchen and sitting room. Mrs. Mory, a tired looking woman who had been pretty once, was stirring something in a saucepan over the fire. She turned to greet me, and invited me to go into the next room, where Susy was. It was a small bedroom, but everything was neat and clean. There lay poor little Brains, with a bright flush burning on her cheeks, her eyes glittering, and her poor little body shaken by a paroxysm of coughing. As soon as she could speak she put out her hand.

"Thank you, Miss Macgregor; it was very kind of you to come. I didn't mean to give up this way and disappoint you. And I suppose you will have to get some one else. I thought first that perhaps Body could do my work for a week or two, until I got better; but I don't suppose she'd answer."

"No, I fear she wouldn't; and besides while you are ill your mother will need her at home. But I'll keep the place for you. I shall have to get some one else, to be sure, but I'll get them with the understanding that you are to come back just as soon as you are able, and they must be ready to give up to you at any time."

"Oh, how good, how good you are!" the poor little morsel cried, with kindling eyes. "I was so afraid I should lose my place that it was worse than the sickness."

Her gratitude touched me profoundly, for it seemed to me, even then, that she would never get any better; and it was so hard to think that poor little patient life going out so early quenched in its dawn.

It brought on her cough to talk, so I did not stay with her long. In the way out I said to her mother:

"Do not be troubled by any fear of want. I shall pay Susy her wages just the same as if she were well. I can well afford it, for I am prospering in my business, and if she wants anything that you cannot get her you must let me know."

As I went out of the house I caught a faint, red glow of the March sunset, glowing up high enough to show a glimpse of its splendor even to the dwellers in brick walls. I wondered Brains saw many more days to decline? I longed to take her away into the country, and give her one glimpse of wide-stretching fields, of sunsets and sunrises. But it was too late. She was not well enough to be moved, and if she should never get any better she would see a light before long such as no one ever kindled, breathe air of healing, smell flowers that grow not on any earthly soil. Her country would be brighter than any of her dreams—the land that lies "very far off."

The next day I went to see her again. I had not thought of going so soon, but a spell seemed to draw me. It was enough to see her face brighten, and her eyes grow eager with welcome when I went in. But she was no better. She never would be. I thought. I asked her mother what the doctor said, and she answered me, with a burst of sobbing.

"I don't think he has much hope of her. He says her lungs are very much inflamed. He thinks it might have been better if she had staid at home, when she first got her cold, but I couldn't keep her. She was such an ambitious child. Oh, ma'am, if God takes her how shall I bear it? She's her father's little, little as she is, she's been 'what I depended on.'"

VOL. XXII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE. . . . FRIDAY, JUNE 4, 1869.

NO. 49.

"We need not quite give up hope yet, and we ought to think of her now—of making her as comfortable as we can."

Then I went out again into the March twilight.

Every night after that found me at Pleasant Street. I could not stay away. Besides all my interest in her an unaccountable impression took possession of me that she was in some way associated with my own fate. I was going, so it seemed to me, straight toward my destiny—a destiny in some dim undreamed of way connected with "Brains" and her little room.

I have said that from the first I had not much hope of her. My hope lessened every day. She would never come back to the place I had engaged another to fill till she got well. I should never watch again her tiny little ways, or be amused at her quaint womanliness. I had not thought it was in me to care for her so much, but my heart grew heavy as I saw her fade away. She suffered terribly with her hacking cough, and the constant, wearing pain in the side and chest; but she did not lose her bright cheerfulness. For a long time, too, she seemed to make light of her illness, and tell me that in a little while she should be buck doing my errands as of old.

The first time she said anything else was one April night. I went to her a little later than usual, and found the Doctor with her. I had never seen him before, this Dr. Sargent. His name seemed somehow strangely familiar, though I could not recall at the moment where I heard it. He was bending over poor little Brains when I went in, but he raised his head and met my eyes with his own, so kind, so pitiful, so serious, that I felt drawn toward him at once. The child put out her hand.

"You'll have to keep her, Miss Macgregor," she said with a sad smile.

I did not think at first who she meant and I asked her.

"The girl that took my place, you know, I've been asking Doctor Sargent, and he doesn't think I'll ever be able to go back any more."

She was so calm that for very shame I tried to be calm also, but the tears would come, and I went out into the next room without speaking.

Soon Dr. Sargent joined me.

"It is very sad," he said. "I have seldom been so much interested in a case, such a bright, patient little thing as she is, and so wonderfully womanly! She asked me herself, to-night, if I was any hope, and I had to tell her. You see how she bears it."

After he had gone I went back to little Susy. I had bought her a bunch of violets which I saw in a shop window as I came along, and her very pleasure in them made my heart ache. How she loved all beautiful things! How much she was capable of enjoying, and how little she had to enjoy in this world, poor child! And now she was going.

I think she guessed my thought, for she touched my hand with a timid, caressing motion and said, very softly:

"There will be brighter flowers there, Miss Macgregor. It hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive, you know. It is well for me; only it will be so hard for mother and Jane. But their father will take care of them. You know what it says about the widow and the fatherless."

How unconsciously she reproved my lack of faith! I bent over, and pressed my lips to the little cheek where the hectic burned. How many times I have doubted God, and what faith she had! She seemed to infuse into my soul new strength. As I went through the other room to go home I found Mrs. Mory crying very still, so as not to disturb her sick child, in a quiet, dreary way, inexpressibly pitiful. Poor Body was kneeling with her face buried in her mother's lap, fairly shaken by the violence of her suppressed sobbing. I only said as I went by:

"Don't grieve her by weeping. She has been telling me that God will take care of you."

When I reached home I sat down and tried to think what I had known before about Dr. Sargent.

I carried me back to Horace Weir. John Sargent was his friend. I remembered a class-mate and the *fidus Achates* of his early manhood. Did they occupy such a relation still, I wondered. Would I be mentioned between them? But no, Mr. Sargent knew of me only as Miss Macgregor, the fashionable dress-maker for whom little Brains had worked. He would never associate her with Horace Weir, even if Weir had once made that name familiar to him. What was there to arouse such tumult of hope and memory in my heart? I remembered little Susy and the world where she was going, and tried to grow calm.

For a fortnight after that she failed fast. Of course I went to see her every day, and it carried me strangely near to the eternal world whither her footsteps tended. You cannot think what a change it seemed to come back to the thoroughly as thly atmosphere of my fashionable establishment—to see the bright-hued silks, and laces white and dainty as hoar-frost—to hear the perpetual talk about what was stylish and what was becoming, and be complimented about my invention, my charming taste. It was like turning back to earth from the gate of Heaven.

At length there came a day—it was toward the last of April—when I went earlier than usual to see little Brains. She had been so weak the day before that I felt anxious. I carried her the first May flowers I had seen. The little creature had a sort of passionate fondness for flowers not unusual in such an organization. She loved and cherished them as if they were her own kindred.

When I went in I saw Dr. Sargent was in the room, and with him, his back toward the door, another gentleman. The Doctor heard my footsteps and came out.

"A friend of mine is there," he said. "Dr. Weir, from New York. He came on to visit me, and I brought him to see the child. There is no hope of cure, but he might think of something to relieve her that I did not."

I felt my face turning crimson under his searching glance. But neither he nor I made any comment. As soon as I felt sufficiently mistress of myself I went into the room. Calmness stole like a balm over my spirit as I crossed its threshold. I felt as if I were in the presence of waiting angels. I met Horace Weir's eyes, but I scarcely knew it as I went up to Susy, and saw the strange, seraphic light which made her little face seem as the face of an angel. I gave her the flowers, and she took

them and my hand together into her clinging hold.

"Dear kind Miss Macgregor," she said fondly; "you want to bring me any more flowers. I am going where they blow all the time. What should I have done without you? How thankful I am that I went to your shop!"

"But if you hadn't come there, perhaps you would have lived," I said as well as I could for the sobs which were choking me. She thought a moment, then she shook her head.

"No I should not have outlived God's time; and you have made me so much happier. If I can pray for anything after I die, I shall ask Him, when I get to his feet to bless you forevermore. Can you stay with me a little while?"

I took off my shawl and bonnet, and sat down at her bedside. Dr. Sargent came up to bid her good-night.

"I must go now," he said, "but I will come very early in the morning. Will you stay a while, Weir, in case anything should be wanted?"

"Certainly," answered a voice, every tone of which I knew well.

Little Brains looked up with such a bright smile—

"How kind every one is," she said. "God kind you've always been, Dr. Sargent. 'How

Moved by some sudden impulse of tenderness, Dr. Sargent bent over and kissed the little wistful face of the child he had tended so long and so patiently. Next time he sees her it will be after he too has gone over the river. He will not be sorry then that he 'dile into one of the least of these,' Christ's little ones."

Weir sat down in the outer room. I staid by Susy. Her mother came in and out, restlessly, with white face, and eyes full of anguish and longing. Body cried herself into a state of exhaustion, and she sat on the floor, her head in a chair, sleeping heavily. I felt I ever forgot the glimpse I had that night into the heart of that dying child? Holding that little hand, looking into those eyes so full of meaning, and so soon to close forever, I drew nearer than I ever had before to the mysteries of death and of life. It was midnight, I think, when a sudden light illumined all her face, and as if in answer to a call we did not hear, she said:

"I am ready."

Her mother clung to her in a passion of tears and prayers. Her sister, wide awake now, was sobbing at her side. She kissed them both fondly.

"God loves you too," she said; and then, a moment after, she spoke again, as if that voice we could not hear were once more calling:

"All ready."

Then she turned her face, with that last smile on it, to the wall, and went home.

An hour afterward she lay as we had robbed her in white garments, with shut eyes, and a look so calm and sweet upon her face, that you would have thought her sleeping. I had to go then. I knew my mother was waiting for me anxiously.

"May God comfort you," I said, going up to Mrs. Mory to bid her good-night. She did not turn her eyes away from the dead face on the pillow.

"Yes," she answered dreamily. "She said God loved us."

As I went down stairs Weir followed me. When we were in the street he drew my hand through his arm, and spoke to me for the first time.

"Helen, that dear child has given us to each other. But for her I never should have found you. Sargent knew how vain all inquiries for you since I came back, had been. He had seen a photograph of you which I carried—perhaps you have forgotten it—across the sea with me. He felt pretty sure that he recognized you from the first time he saw you; and he knew, besides, that Macgregor was your middle name. So last week he wrote to me, and I came on to find you out."

We buried poor little Brains two days after that, in the cemetery at Forest Hills, under the shadow of a great rock. You will see her tombstone if you go there—a little white cross, on which there is no word save "Susy."

We left her there on the last day of April, under a sunshine bright as June. We put white flowers around the little white face, and into the hands that should never be tired any more. And on the sod piled above her grave we left sweet blossoms to lie there and give forth their sweetness, and then die as she had died.

It was not long after that before I gave up my business to a successor and married Dr. Weir. We have been together for more than a year, enjoying a happiness that sometimes seem to me too blessed to last. But we try to sanctify it by making ourselves ministers of God's bounty to His children. What we do for Mrs. Mory and Jane is no charity, for we consider them a bequest from little Brains, at whose bedside we found each other anew.—[Harper's Magazine.]

A GOOD WORD FOR PORTLAND.—In commencing an article on railroad communications, the Boston Advertiser says:—

There is probably no other city or town in the country which has, according to its population, so much public spirit and downright business pluck as the city of Portland. Her citizens are always at work in some scheme of public improvement; and while there are a great many among them of remarkable energy and sagacity, there are few or none disposed to stand in the way of their enterprises. The Forest City is fortunately saved from that infiction.

LONG SERMONS.—A lawyer who consumes three hours in arguing a question of law relating to the ownership of a barrel of apples is indignant at his minister for expending twenty-five minutes in unfolding one of the great principles of morality, on the observance of which the tolerable existence of society depends. The judge who fills two hours with his opinion on the right of a counsel to challenge a witness, grumbles at his minister because he has prolonged the discussion of fundamental laws of human existence to thirty minutes. The physician who takes ten minutes to prepare the medicine for the headache, is nervously restive if his minister spends twice as many in attempting to relieve a chronic headache. The belle who has spent—how long?—in adjusting the bows of her bonnet, is remorseless in her criticisms on the minister who does not finish his

meditations on the character of God in fifteen minutes. The top who has combed and perfumed and waxed his beard and mustache for an hour, is mortified past endurance if the poor minister is not through his discussion of the immortal life "inside" of twenty minutes.

THE "SINGLE EYE."

Mattie was trying very hard to be a Christian. She had heard how beautiful it was to serve the Lord Jesus, how God's care is peculiarly over His children; that "perfect love" for Him "casteth out fear," and that His followers did "not want any thing that is good." Like Mary, the mother of Jesus, she pondered these things in her heart, and then determined herself to be a Christian.

"Now what great work can I find to do for God?" she said to herself one morning, waking early, and springing up full of eagerness to prove her new found love. "There is nothing here at any rate," she continued, looking about the room, and so hurriedly dressing, she ran down stairs into the dining room. There was nothing here either, as far as she could see; for the room was very disagreeably full of dust, and her mother was busily sweeping. She turned quickly away and went into the kitchen, but it was too warm there, and the baby was crying, and Mattie did not fancy crying babies, even if the screams came from her own little brother; so she sought the shade of a great tree outside the house, and throwing herself on the grass, remained there until breakfast time.

I am not going to give you a history of the hours which followed, for it was sweeping dirty, and the baby was cross, and Mattie could not share the card or learn her lessons because she was thinking of her great work which she expected every moment would come to her from God.

But when night came she had not found it, and so she very sorrowfully put on her hat and walked over to see her aunt Jennie, and when there, she seated herself on the broad piazza where she could overlook miles of glorious country. But when Aunt Jennie found her, instead of looking out at the sunset, her face was covered with her hand, and she was very grave.

Aunt Jennie sat down beside her and drew away her hand.

"What is the matter with Mattie?" she asked, gently.

"Why auntie," replied the little girl sorrowfully, "I want to serve the Lord Jesus, and I have been looking all day for some great thing to do for Him, and He has sent me nothing."

"How has the day gone, my child?"

"Auntie, it has gone badly," she replied, "not at all as I expected. Mother swept the house, and the baby cried, and there was no quiet place where I could study, so I spent most of the time under the chestnut tree."

"Is your mother tired to-night?"

"I suppose so; indeed, I believe she said she had a bad head-ache."

"And my little Mattie has made the same mistake which hundreds and thousands are making every day," said Aunt Jennie gravely.

"What mistake, auntie?"

"My dear, if you will look in the Bible you will find a text which reads, 'Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus.' Now, if this morning, in Jesus' name, you had helped in the washing, or assisted the baby, or helped in the kitchen, and learned all that long lesson, you would have found your work for God."

"But auntie, these are little things!"

"Life is made up of small things, Mattie, and God tells us we must not despise them. I am going to spend you home now, and I want you to try this plan to-morrow, and when the day is over, and you find you have had 'a single eye,' that is, but one motive in all you did, and that, God's glory, look at the sixth chapter of St. Matthew and the twenty-second verse, and see if I am not right."

Mattie walked home wiser than she came, and the next day began anew. She found the Lord's work before she left her room, and her mother was surprised to find it in perfect order when she came up. Jesus' work was down stairs too. All over the house, and all through that long, warm Saturday, so full of overflowing of household duties, the Lord's work was everywhere, in everything, and Mattie had no need to ask, "Where is my task?" for it was then before her.

Late in the day, she had her foot on the stairs, just on her way to her room, when her mother met her.

"God's service makes us all stronger, doesn't it darling?" she said, alighting, as she bent down to kiss the bright face, "You have been a blessing indeed to-day, my daughter."

Mattie sprang away, and there were two big tears in her eyes as she took her Bible from its shelf, and opened it as her aunt directed. The two tears fell as she read them. "The light of the body is the eye; therefore if thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light."

Yes, she had it—that light which is God's own blessed presence in the heart, "the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."—[Herald of Peace.]

THE MESSRS. LAIRD have added to the embarrassment of the English government by publishing a letter in which they say that no concealment was attempted as to the building of the Alabama and the purpose for which she was intended. They declare that the government knew perfectly well what was going on all the while and could have interposed as well as not if it had been thought desirable. They claim, however, that no rules of international law was violated and cite authorities in support of their position. Even the Tory papers, like the Standard, do not concur in this view of the case.

OUR TABLE.

GRACE GREENWOOD has sold her "Little Pilgrim" to Alfred L. Sewall & Co., publishers of "The Little Pilgrim" of Chicago. The Pilgrim has been published as a children's magazine for over fifteen years, and has been a popular juvenile, but will now stop "pilgrimage" on his own account, and hereafter be an "aide" to the conquering Western Napoleon, THE LITTLE CONFEDERATE, the well deserved circulation of which was even before this addition larger than that of any other juvenile magazine in the world. Grace Greenwood still writes for it. The July number begins a new volume, and we advise our friends to send on the publishers, at once, one dollar, which is the price for one year, and give their children this unique original magazine, which has no superior anywhere. Those who subscribe during June will receive the June number extra.

THE SCHOOLMATE for June has for a frontispiece a portrait of Paul Revere, with a biographical sketch of this revolutionary patriot. It also contains a few more chapters of "Rough and Ready, or Life among the New York News Boys," by Horatio Alger, Jr.; a ramble in the pastures, No. 6 of "Pleasant Hours"; the collection of "The Story of Bab and her Blue Ribbon"; "Hints and Helps for Boys and Girls"; "Excellent Advice"; "Careless Little Lotty"; with a piece for declamation, an amusing dialogue, etc. It is a nice number of a very good magazine for boys and girls. Published by Joseph H. Allen, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

"SOMEBODY LOVES ME."

Two or three years ago the Supt. of the Little Wanderers' Home in Boston received one morning a request from the Judge that he would come up to the court-room. He complied directly, and found there a group of seven little girls, ragged, dirty, and forlorn beyond what even he was accustomed to see. The Judge pointed to them (utterly homeless and friendless), and said: "Mr. T., can you take any of these?"

"Certainly, I'll take them all," was his prompt reply.

"All! What in the world can you do with them?"

"The Judge singled out one, even worse in appearance than the rest, and asked again: 'What can you do with that one?'"

"I'll make a woman of her," Mr. T. repeated firmly and hopefully. He took them all home. They were washed and dressed and provided with a good supper and bed. The next morning they went into the school-room with the rest of the children. Mary was the name of the little girl whose chance for better things the Judge thought so small. During the forenoon the teacher said to Mr. T. in reference to her, "I never saw a child like that. I have tried for an hour to get a single smile and failed."

Mr. T. said afterwards himself that her face was the saddest he had ever seen—sorrowful beyond expression; yet she was "a very little girl only five or six years old."

After school he called her into his office, and said pleasantly: "Mary, I've lost my little pet I used to have a little girl here who would wait upon me, and I loved her very much. A kind gentleman and lady adopted her and she went to live with them. I miss her and I should like you to take her place and I be my little pet now. Will you?"

A gleam of light flitted over the poor child's face as she began to understand him. He gave her ten cents and told her she might go to a store near by and get some candy. While she was out he took two or three newspapers, tore them in pieces and scattered them about the room. When she returned he said to her, "Mary, will you clear up my office a little for me?" "Pick up these papers and make it look real nice!"

She went to work with a will. A little more of this kind of management—in fact treating her just as a kind father would—wrought the desired result. She went into the school-room after dinner with so changed a look and bearing that the teacher was astonished. The child's face was absolutely radiant; and half-forgotten of some mental wandering she went to her and said: "Mary what is it? What makes you look so happy?"

"Oh! I've got somebody to love me!—SOMEBODY TO LOVE ME!" the child answered earnestly, as if it was heaven come down to earth.

That was all the secret. For want of love that little one's life had been so cold and desolate that she had lost childhood's beautiful faith and hope. She could not at first believe in the reality of kindness or joy for her. It was this certainty that some one loved her and desired her affection, that lighted the child's soul, and glorified her face.

Mary has since been adopted by wealthy people and lives in a beautiful home in New England; but more than all its comfort and beauty, running like a golden thread through it all, she still finds the love of her father and mother.

Shall we who have many to love, and to love us, refuse to be comforted, to see any value and use in life, any work for our hands to do, because one of our treasures may be removed from our sight, our home and care, to a better?

And oh! shall we let any of these little ones go hungering for affection, go up even to God's throne before they find "One to love them?"—[Arthur's Home Magazine.]

The commencement exercises of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary at Kent's Hill, will occur on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, June 8th, 9th and 10th. There will be a prize declamation on Tuesday, and the anniversary of the Calliopean and Adelphean Societies will take place on Wednesday, at 2 P. M., when an address will be delivered by Rev. W. T. Mahallan of Chelsea, Mass., and a poem by David Barker, Esq. of Exeter. An Alumni association will be formed at the close of the anniversary exercises, and a social reunion of the Alumni will take place at the College Chapel the same evening. On Thursday will occur the Commencement, at 10 A. M., and in the evening Chandler's Band of Portland will give a concert at the church.

The Tribune's Washington dispatch says that the President and Secretary of State are in entire accord on the Alabama question, that the ridiculous rumor of the President's jealousy of the Senator's concurrent jurisdiction in making treaties is false, and that Mr. Motley did receive instructions before setting out for England.

VOLCANES IN MAINE.—The Lewiston Journal says it may seem strange that Maine was once subject to terrible volcanoes and earthquakes equal to any that occur in modern times. While stopping at Danville Junction, a few days since, the editor took a stroll after dinner of some thirty rods on the track of the Maine Central, where, in a cut, through the ledge of gneiss and granite have penetrated huge masses of lava from the interior of the earth to its surface. Wherever a rent was made through the rocks the lava poured in and filled up the crevice. One of these veins is ten feet wide and has cemented itself in the position. The rock is essentially the same in composition as that which pours out of the volcanoes at the present day. The only difference is that it is harder than modern lava. Similar evidences of volcanic action are very abundant in Maine. The eastern portion of the State has been subjected to the most violent action of volcanoes and earthquakes. The rocks the whole length of the State along the sea-coast have been rent asunder and filled with volcanic matter. Scarcely a rock exists in Maine which has not been broken up and tilted up from its original position, while many have been subjected to such compression and folding and distortion as to materially change their character. Thus the same changes that are now going on in some portions of the earth were once in active operation about our own homes.

LIFE LONG COURTSHIP.—When the senior Jonathan Trumbull was Governor of Connecticut, a gentleman called at his house, requesting to see his excellency in private. He said: "I have called upon a very unpleasant errand, sir, and want your advice. My wife and I do not live happily together, and I am thinking of getting a divorce. What do you advise, sir?"

The Governor sat a few moments in thought, then turning to his visitor, said: "How did you treat Mrs. W. when you were courting her? and how did you feel toward her at the time of your marriage?"

Squire W. replied: "I treated her as kindly as I could, for I loved her dearly at that time."

"Well, sir," said the Governor, "go home and court her now just as you did then, and love her as when you married her. Do this in the fear of God for one year, and then tell me the result."

The Governor then said: "Let us pray." They bowed in prayer, and separated. When a year had passed away, Squire W. called again to see the Governor, and said, "I have called, sir, to thank you for the good advice you gave me, and tell you that my wife and I are as happy as when first we were married. I cannot be grateful enough for your good counsel."

"I am glad to hear it Mr. W. and hope that you will continue to court your wife as long as you live."

SINGULAR CASE.—A correspondent of the Lewiston Journal at Burnham Depot sends an account of the remarkable illness of Randall Sylvester, of Freedom. He was taken strangely sick at 17 years of age; has been sick fifteen years; for years was not able to turn in bed; could not have one walk with shoes on in any part of the house; he has not been able to speak above a low whisper, and is a mere skeleton. One night he dreamed he could make a violin and conceived all parts of it in his mind. After a while he had never made or seen one made. After a while they got him some limbs in the rough, and he began his work with a knife and a few other tools, such as a small chisel, &c. He dug it out with an apple corer. The violin is a very handsome one, has considerable ornament, such as are made of fresh water clamshells, and are very beautiful—one would suppose them to be of pearl. The violin has ninety-two pieces in all, and appears to be one piece until carefully examined. Its tones are very beautiful.

Frederick Douglass, in a letter to the editor of The Commonwealth, referring to the proposition of a statue of himself on the Lincoln monument, says: "My friends must do as they please, but my impressions are against the statue. I am not dead yet! I am but little over fifty-two, and may live twenty years longer—a space altogether too long for a live man to be looking upon his dead monument, and having other people looking upon it and upon him at the

Waterville Mail.

E. M. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... JUNE 4, 1869.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

E. M. MAXHAM, & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 27 Park Row, New York; S. R. Niles, Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 40 Park Row, New York; and T. C. Evans, Advertising Agent, 129 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the Waterville Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

ATWELL & CO., Advertising Agents, 7 Middle Street, Portland, are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisements are referred to the Agents named above.

LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS

relating either to the business or editorial department, of the paper, should be addressed to "MAXHAM & WING," or "WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE."

DECORATION DAY.—We are eminently a practical people—ready to manifest our gratitude for favors received, in a substantial way—ready to contribute money for the relief of suffering or in support of a worthy object or a good cause; but we think it must be confessed that we are not forward in a demonstration of sentiment, like that of decorating the graves of our dead soldiers. And thus it happens that in a busy working day, in this year of grace sixty-nine, when we have but recently finished at the ballot-box the great conflict transferred from the battle-field where our heroes fell, this labor of love and duty is left to the women and children. What a world of difference, in this respect, between the volatile Frenchman or the dandy Italian and the plodding, practical Yankee.

Very few of the men of our village were present at the Cemetery on Saturday last—only about enough to balance the number of strangers who came from adjoining towns to see how we honored our patriot dead. A procession of Mr. Nye's Section of Cadets of Temperance, under the lead of Maj. J. K. Richardson, of Colby University, formed at Town Hall and marched to Pine Grove Cemetery, followed by the students of the University. They proceeded first to the grave of W. Wallace West, a graduate of the College, where prayer was offered by Mr. F. H. Evelevit, of the University; then depositing their tribute of flowers and evergreens they went to the grave of Orrin Brackett. Here the students sang an appropriate song, and the same was done at the graves of Capt. Wm. A. Stevens and Sergt. Maj. Edward C. Stevens, brothers, who left the College to enter the army. Here, too, a short and fitting address was made by Lieut. Richardson, himself an actor in the great contest, and carrying with him a lasting memento of it in the case with which he is compelled to support himself.

The grave of Lieut. Thos. G. Rice was next visited, and then the graves of the brothers Penney—Pelatiah and William. The father of these boys, Mr. William G. Penney, gave still another son to his country—Ira D., who died in a rebel prison, and had another in the service, Charles, the little drummer boy, who came out of the war unharmed. These boys came of good fighting stock—their grandfather having been a soldier of the revolution. At these graves the children and students united in a song.

Casting their tributes of respect as they passed, the procession went to the grave of Frank Dasty, a French Canadian, and then to those of Alfred and Walter M. Tazier, brothers, where brief remarks were made by Dea. W. A. F. Stevens, who himself gave two sons to the country.

The next grave visited was that of W. H. DeWolf, who proved his love for his adopted country by giving his life in its defense, and here a poem was recited by Mr. W. S. Marston, of the University.

The grave of Lieut. Charles A. Farrington came next, and here some remarks were arranged for, but no one was present to perform the duty.

At the next grave, that of Capt. Henry E. Tazier, a song was sung by the students; and leaving the customary tributes on the grave of Elijah Balentine in passing, the procession went to that of Joseph M. Penney, where a short address was made by Mr. William Libby, of the University, himself a disabled soldier.

The graves of Lewis G. Phelps and Ira I. McFarland were visited, and also that of James S. Reed, a member of a Massachusetts regiment, but well known here as an active business man thirty years ago. Mr. Reed fell at the battle of Gaines' Mill and he was buried on the Gaines' farm. His widow went for his body, and although three crops had been raised over his grave, she was able to find it and identify his remains.

The last grave visited, the nineteenth, was that of Lieut. Col. Geo. C. Getchell, another graduate of the College, where a song was sung by the students, and then all present joined in singing "America." With thanks to the young gentlemen of the University for their fine music, which had contributed so much to the interest of these decoration services, and thanks to the Cadets, for their presence and

good behavior, the company dispersed, only regretting that so few of our citizens had been present to join in these testimonials of gratitude to those who had given their precious lives for our common country and its free institutions.

Dr. Sheldon gave his third lecture on the Ten Commandments last Sunday evening. It was on the Commandment "Thou shalt not kill," compared with the words of Jesus on the same subject in Mat. V: 21, 22. The Commandment was regarded as meaning, *Thou shalt do no murder*. He distinguished it from killing in war, by the authority of civil magistrates, in self defence, and by accident. The legal definition of murder, as killing "with malice aforethought," was commented upon—the term "malice" embracing all motives leading to a deliberate act of murder, though in the popular sense of the word there might be no malice; as in the case of a hired murderer or one who has done him no injury. The prohibition extended to all wanton and deliberate taking of human life, to all instigations of any to commit this crime, and to all attempts to shield actual murderers from punishment. It condemned likewise the feeling of settled anger and hatred from which murders spring. It reached duelling, infanticide of the born or unborn, and suicide.

The question was considered whether in our time, in enlightened and Christian States, capital punishments are needed for the protection of society. The right of society to inflict these punishments, as a measure of public safety, if nothing else would answer the end, was acknowledged. But the preacher denied the necessity, among us, of such punishments. It was not a question of other times, but of today; not of all nations, but of such communities as New England and Maine. Was the punishment of death needed in a land of schools, bibles, churches and prisons, and among a people of intelligence and of humane and philanthropic sentiments? He thought the question thus stated answered itself. The argument from public safety was analyzed and contradicted. It included two things—the restraining of actual murderers from further crimes, and the deterring, from the example of their death, of others from committing like crimes. But the murderers would be sufficiently restrained by life-long imprisonment; and this, made certain, would quite as effectually deter others from murder. To men meditating murder, and considering the chances of detection, the difference between hanging and a prison for the rest of their life, was not probably in one case of a hundred the make-weight which turned the scale. The deliberate murderer expected to remain hidden, and those taking life in the heat of passion had no thought of the difference between the gallows and the prison.

He spoke of the fact that juries are reluctant to convict of murder by reason of their aversion to hanging, when if imprisonment only were the consequence of their verdict they might not hesitate. He referred also to the mistake made by the virtuous part of the community, in attributing their sense of the horror of crime, when they hear of the execution of a criminal, to the depraved class, who receive no such impression. The imprisonment of the condemned murderer would also permit the revision of incorrect judgments. He concluded by referring to the spirit of reform which distinguishes our age, and called for the particular reform in their part of our penal code.

OUR PECULIAR STREET ENGINEERING was beautifully illustrated on Tuesday after the copious rain of the previous night. A large pond of water, broad and deep enough to forbid the passage of pedestrians, stood on either side of the road bed of Main street, between the crossing at the Post Office and that opposite Appleton Hall, nicely kept in place by the sidewalk embankment on either side. There are no "billion springs" in that vicinity; but as rain will fall occasionally, would it not be wise to so construct our streets that there may be some vent for surplus moisture.

GRAND LODGE OF GOOD TEMPLARS.—The fifteenth annual session of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of Good Templars of North America, held at Oswego, N. Y., last week, was the largest meeting the body has ever held. Delegates were in attendance from all the grand lodges in the Union and British Provinces. The following are the officers elected for the ensuing year:—Right Worthy Grand Templar, Jonathan H. Orne of Marblehead, Mass.; Right Worthy Grand Counsel, W. S. Williams of Napane, Ontario, Canada; Right Worthy Grand Vice-Templar, Fannie Woodbury of Chicago, Illinois; Right Worthy Grand Secretary, J. A. Spencer of Cleveland, Ohio; Right Worthy Grand Treasurer, John Campbell of St. Louis. The next session is to be held in St. Louis.

ASPARAGUS.—We are glad to believe that this delicious and healthy vegetable promises to be supplied, in the course of a few years, from our own gardens. It gets hard and tasteless when brought from Boston. But we trust our grocers will see to it that the buyers have fair play. A pound is the standard weight of the bunches, and an established habit of short weight would be a serious wrong, in an article that sells at so great profit. Short weight bunches, even cut down to ten ounces, have lately been put into our markets, to be sold as high as 15 cts. Is this right? Let us buy the home product, but insist upon full weight.

The Photographic Congress has held its annual session in Boston this week. This is an association for mutual progress in the art all discoveries and improvements bring common stock to the members. Our Carleton is a member in attendance—always posted.

DECORATION DAY at Kendall's Mills was observed Sunday afternoon, and secured a large audience. One of the leading features was an address by Gen. Selden Conner, which was characterized by the good sense and earnest patriotism for which he is well known. The regular programme consisted of prayer by Rev. Mr. Adams, music by the choir, Gen. Conner's address, singing, and decoration of the monument—closing with an ode. From the monument grounds a considerable portion of the audience went to the cemetery, where the graves of soldiers were severally decorated. The entire services were in marked harmony with the day and the occasion.

WATERVILLE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.—At the annual meeting, held at the rooms of the Association on Monday evening, the following officers were chosen:—President.—T. F. White.

Vice Presidents.—D. R. Wing, W. H. Mayo, J. H. Morgan, L. T. Boothby, W. H. Carter. Recording and Corresponding Secretary.—E. R. Drummond.

Treasurer and Librarian.—C. F. Gardner. Directors.—J. L. Towne, Edmund Strange, G. S. Palmer, H. R. Richardson, Isaac Pratt. The above constitute the Executive Committee of the Association.

Standing Committee.—W. A. F. Stevens, G. A. Osborn, W. H. Mayo, Wm. Dodge, J. H. Morgan, H. Richardson.

"**THE ORDER OF THE EAGLE**" is the title of a new organization, born in Connecticut, that has for its purpose the diminution of corruption in politics and the inculcation of respect for the institutions and flag of our country. The members swear that they will vote only for good men for office, and that if chosen to office themselves they will never take a bribe. Let that Eagle scream and grow.

MAINE WESLEYAN SEMINARY.—A very handsome catalogue of this flourishing institution, printed at the Lewiston Journal Office, informs us that the whole number of students for the year just closed, was 528. Quite a number of the pupils have their residence in this vicinity. A paragraph in another column gives the programme of the Commencement exercises to be held next week.

It must be that Kenrick's carriages are giving remarkable satisfaction, judging from the number he sells. All styles and fancies go off here and there, as though men and women had nothing to do but ride about, and nobody cared for them but Kenrick. All this we know, because his repository is just over the way from our window. He has sold "sunshades" enough to make an eclipse.

A Mrs. M. A. E. Baker was shot at the Western Promenade, in Portland, on Tuesday evening, by Mrs. Irving W. Parker. Three balls were fired from a revolver, two of which inflicted dangerous if not fatal wounds. Jealousy prompted the act; and the Argus suggests that public sympathy leans strongly to the side of the assailant.

The Portland Argus announces the death of Chas. Wells, Esq., son of the late Gov. Wells, at the residence of his father-in-law, Hon. Bion Bradbury, in Portland.

The American Institute of Homoeopathy will hold its twenty-second annual session in Boston. The annual address will be delivered Tuesday evening by Professor R. Ludlam, M. D., of Chicago; on Wednesday evening a lecture will be given by the city at the Music Hall to the members of the institute and their ladies and on Thursday evening a dinner will be given to the members of the institute by the Massachusetts Homoeopathic Medical Society. For the public reception and dress levee on Wednesday evening the city has made an appropriation of \$2,500. Dr. Pulsiver, of this place is one of the delegates of the Me. Homoeopathic Society.

The Kennebec Co. Medical Association met at the City Council room in Augusta, June 1st. The officers for the ensuing year are:

A. P. Snow, M. D., Winthrop, President, M. R. Boutelle, M. D., Waterville, Vice President, J. Q. A. Hawes, M. D., Hollowell, Secretary, J. W. Toward, M. D., Augusta, Treasurer, S. S. Cole, M. D., Hollowell, J. S. Cushing, M. D., Sidney, Atwood Crosby, M. D., Waterville, Standing Committee.

WALTER HATCH, Esq., has returned with improved health, but will not resume his connection with the railroad at present.

Expose a wound or bruise to the smoke of burning woolen rags and the pain will abate, the soreness will be removed, and the healing process hastened,—says one who has tried it.

The prospects of all kinds of crops are unusually good in all Kennebec, though there is yet talk about snow drifts away up in the woods—somewhere.

C. R. McFadden has sold his mare "Lady Wilkins" to Gideon Wells, for a good round price—which report sets but a single figure, and that a very small one, short of a thousand. She is well worth every dollar of it!

William Brown, a lad of some ten or twelve years, broke his leg yesterday while playing with a velocipede.

OUR TABLE.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY for June completes the first volume in 1869. It is embellished with two fine pictures—"The Bay of New York," from a painting by George L. Brown, and "Home Treasures," a domestic scene. As usual, also, there are numerous wood engravings. The literature of the number is healthy and vigorous.

Published by Hitechook & Welden, Cincinnati, under the auspices of the M. E. Church, at \$3.50 a year.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL for June 12th is the best number we have seen. In addition to an instalment of Victor Hugo's story of "The Man who Laughs," it contains the opening chapter of a new novel by Mrs. Oliphant, entitled "The Three Brothers," a continuation of "The Women of Business," and a large number of interesting articles and the usual spicy Table Talk. The Art Supplement is occupied with illustrations of scenery in and about New York, and there are several other fine pictures.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, at \$4 a year.

MERRY'S MUSEUM for June has a charming story, by Helen W. Pierson, entitled "The Wooden Spoon," another chapter of "Pictures from French History," which gives the remainder of the life of the "Chevalier Bayart, Fearless and Blameless," chapter 4th of "Hollyhock"; and there is the story of "The Pet Eagle," something "About a Colt and a Hen," the story of "The Little Gentleman," etc., with the usual Scrap Bag, Puzzle-Drawer, and Monthly Chat. The number is very handsomely embellished.

In the July number of this favorite juvenile magazine will appear the first chapter of Miss Louisa M. Alcott's new story, "An Old Fashioned Girl," and the author's brilliant success in a similar field of literature is a guarantee of the interest and popularity of this new venture. New subscribers, beginning with the July number, will receive a supplement, containing all of the chapters of "Hollyhock" published up to the date of that issue.

Published by Horace B. Fuller, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for May

contains the following articles:—

How Lisa Loved King, a poem; A Year and a Day, part I; Cornelius O'Dowd, who presents A Page of Autobiography, Jail Deliverers, Breach of Promise to Mary, Insolent People, The Two Dromedaries, Eloquence for Every One, Sir John Lawrence, part 2; Convent Life; Self-Government in Ireland; The Progress of the Revolution.

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

New volumes of Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works under the new rates will be but 56 cents a year.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH for June

has a seasonable article on "Summer Recreations," full of good advice, and a lengthy and valuable treatise on "Consumption."

Published by W. W. Hall, New York, at \$1 a year.

USEFUL PRACTICAL HINTS about the every day out-door and in-door work, are always of great value. A single hint often saves a valuable animal, or changes one's method of performing a particular kind of work so as to greatly lessen its drudgery. A farmer was troubled with smut in wheat. A single line in his newspaper told him to "wet the seed with tar water and roll it in lime." Acting on this hint for part of his crop, he gave him an increase of over five bushels per acre of fine wheat, worth a hundred dollars on twenty acres, and many hundreds of dollars in other years. The knowledge, extended by practical observing men, and in all kinds of instances illustrated with engravings that speak directly to the eye and the mind more effectively than words can do. We doubt if there be a family in the country, or in a village or city, for that matter, that would not find this journal tenfold more valuable than its cost, \$1.50 a year. We notice that the publishers offer a beautiful "Annual" free to every subscriber to the *Argus* received during June, for June, for June, for June. Orange Judd & Co., publishers, 213 Broadway, New York.

A DEERBY RECOGNITION.—S. R. Niles, the great Advertising Agent of Boston, has been one of the prime movers in the Jubilee affairs, and thus gets a recognition of his services in the Commercial Bulletin.

The Executive Committee of the Peace Jubilee have made a "most sagacious choice" in selecting Mr. S. R. Niles to take the sole charge of the room devoted to the press at the Coliseum. During an experience of twenty years as one of the largest advertising agents in Boston, Mr. Niles has become identified with the press, and his name is "honored at sight" by newspapers in all sections of the country. In addition to his business qualifications, he is eminently fitted for the position as a gentleman whose genial courtesy and frank directness of purpose have gained for him a large circle of personal friends in the business community.

Many persons mistake enlarged selfishness for unselfishness. They are ready to make almost any personal sacrifice for their own family and intimate personal friends, but beyond that narrow circle their sympathies do not go. As if one should say, "Am I not Christianly unselfish? behold how I love and serve my friends!" But there is no Christianity about it. Genuine unselfishness consists in serving the one who can make no return for our services, and in loving those who have no society or family claims upon us. Instinctive affection, which we share with the brute creation should not be mistaken for unselfishness or philanthropy.

FANNY FERN'S personal experience with young gentlemen gives her a theme for one of her most biting satires on our sex. "A woman, by taking a big basket in her hand and leaving her hoops at home and pinning an old shawl round her waist may walk unmolested at any hour in the evening. I know it because I have tried it when I have felt like having a provol' all alone, and a good 'think,' without every puppy saying at every step, 'A pleasant evening, Miss!'"

SPAIN.—The Constituent Cortes has adopted the new constitution by a vote of 214 affirmative, and 55 negative. After the vote was declared, Senor Figueras, amid much enthusiasm, announced that the Republicans, though opposed to those clauses of the Constitution which provided for the establishment of a monarchy, would support and follow them.

The depot of the Maine Central Railroad at Belgrade was broken into Sunday night and a small amount of scrip was stolen. The baggage and freight were ransacked, but it is not known whether any was stolen.

We have at length some information about Gen. McMahon. Minister Webb sends advice that he is at Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay, and in good health.

STICKNEY'S RAILROAD CIRCUS.—This compact, comprehensive and decided novel circus of artistic talent is announced to exhibit after noon and evening Thursday, June 10th. It is according to well established reports, in all respect a first class equestrian establishment and under the proprietorship of the celebrated Stickney family who have devoted their life time to the advancement of their profession. Putting all their energy and talents into the concern and strengthening their efforts, by those of a number of artists of decided ability, they are prepared to give to the public an entertainment of the most sterling and attractive character. Their general outfit is neat and tasty; their horses, ponies, mules, unsurpassable for quality; and making no grand parade on the street but giving an entertainment in the pavilion superior to any of the nondescript traveling exhibitions now in vogue, "who amply keep the promise to the ear but break it to the hope" Stickney's Circus has probably a stronger claim to success than any other exhibition of the kind.

The literary dinner at Liverpool in honor of Mr. Dickens, has brought out numerous criticisms from the English press. The Pall Mall Gazette speaks thus plainly:—

All our most popular novelists, Mr. Dickens quite as much as any other, have used their genius not to produce works of art, but to produce an article of commerce, in enormous quantities, wholesale, retail, and for exportation. They make novels as a Nottingham manufacturer makes lace, and sell them by the yard. The second fact is that, though it is certainly a harmless and even a laudable act, to labor industriously in any vocation whatever, bare industry in a calling which is at once pleasant and extremely profitable is hardly sufficient or intense personal admiration and sympathy. If a man can go on spinning popular novels for thirty years together, and if repeated waterings do not take the flavor out of the brew, so much the better for him. It is his luck to be the owner of a very profitable gift, just as it may be another man's luck to be the heir to a large estate or to an old established business connection; but it appears to us about as unnatural and affected to go into ecstasies over him as it would be to burst into tears of irrepressible emotion at the announcement that a peculiarly energetic and successful drysalter had retired from business and bought a handsome estate in the Midland Counties. A popular novelist does his work and is well paid for it, and there ought to be an end of the matter.

At the last meeting of the London Royal Geographical Society a letter was read from M. J. Lamont, the French Arctic explorer, written on the day of his departure on a voyage to the Northern regions. In spite of the testimony of several previous explorers, who claim to have seen an open Polar sea, M. Lamont professes his disbelief in the existence of such a body of water. M. Lamont goes to the North in a steam yacht which he has fitted out at his own expense. His proposed route is far to the east of Spitzbergen, and around the eastern end of the ice to Gillies land, and along the western coast of this land. It is his purpose to force a passage through the pack ice two hundred miles further than any other previous explorer has penetrated, and to reach it possible the lofty barrier of perpetual ice, which he maintains surrounds the polar area. M. Lamont goes abundantly provided with all necessary apparatus for observation, and has a picked crew of men to accompany him on his perilous voyage.—[Boston Adv.]

At the late State Convention of the Republicans of Tennessee, when the quarrel between the Stokes and Senter factions was at its height a Dr. Young (colored) managed to get the floor, and this is the telling rebuke he administered:—"Will you hear me for a moment? I merely wish to caution my people to abstain from all boisterousness. We have as imitative people taken the action of the whites as an example. I pray that you will not to-day allow this Convention to contaminate your brains. Don't take a bit of it. If the great hero of universal liberty could rise from his tomb and look over this assembly he would say, 'Lord, Lord, forgive them for they know not what they do.' (Tremendous applause.) The colored men who have brains, minds and energy act like men. Stand upon your manhood and quietly maintain it. Be more respectful than these white men, and to them I mean no disrespect, who let their passions predominate over their better judgement."

The London Times recently printed a letter from an "American Citizen" which had quite a reassuring effect on the minds of the excited Britons. Senator Grimes of Iowa was the author and he informs his readers that there never was a time when the United States had less disposition to go to war than now. He smooths over Mr. Sumner's speech and says our real grievance is this: that the Alabama built and fitted out in an English port never ran into a confederate port so as to acquire the legal character of a Confederate belligerent, technically or otherwise; that she was in truth, an English vessel, sailing from a British port under the British flag, manned by British sailors, was everywhere cordially received, supplied, and coaled at British stations, while such hospitality was denied to American cruisers; that she never had any other home than the port of Liverpool, from which she originally departed, and remained in law and conscience a British vessel until she sank beneath the waves. All else he says is the embellishment of the orator.

The Maine Farmer says that those who are interested in the improvement of stock in Maine, will be glad to learn that the famous stallion Gen. Knox will be kept for service during the season, at the old stand in North Vassalboro. Col. Lang has made arrangements with Mr. Alfred Goodspeed, under whose care Knox has been for some years past, and he will give his entire attention, as heretofore, to the business. The imported thoroughbred stallion Anfield will also be kept for service at the stables of Mr. Goodspeed.

Three stores were broken open by burglars on Sunday night in New Sharon and goods and all the currency they could find was carried off. In one store was an iron safe which the light fingered gentry attacked but did not succeed in opening. They however damaged it so that the owners could not open it.

Connecticut is acquiring a reputation equal to that of Indiana. During last year there were 478 divorces granted, or more than one-tenth as many as there were marriages. The subject is exciting much attention.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—I have a Wheeler & Wilson machine, (No. 239.) bought of Mr. Gardiner, in 1853, he having used it a year. I have used it constantly in shirt manufacturing, as well as family sewing, sixteen years. My wife ran it four years, and earned between \$700 and \$800, besides doing her housework. I have never expended fifty cents on it for repairs. It is to day in the best of order, stitching fine linen bosoms nicely. I started manufacturing shirts with this machine, and now have one hundred of them in use. I have paid at least \$3000, for the stitching done by this old machine, and it will do as much now as any machine I have.

W. F. TAYLOR.
Berlin, N. Y.
A lawyer named Andrews appeared in one of the New York courts Thursday to defend a prisoner, but the Judge ordered him to leave the court. The lawyer protested and wished to send for his partner but the Judge was not to be moved and forced him to retire. The arbitrary conduct of the Judge will be applauded when it is known that Andrews is the Virginian who harangued a crowd during the July riots in 1863. He was tried for this crime, and sentenced by Judge Nelson to three years in State prison. In some way he obtained a pardon before the expiration of the term of imprisonment, and managed to get himself admitted to the bar.

The state of Ireland seems to be getting worse instead of better. In a recent speech Earl Derby brought out an ominous fact. He has large estates there, is a good landlord, and his rents are paid with great punctuality; but he says his tenants have lately taken up the idea, in consequence of the speech of Bright, Gladstone, and others, that they are to pay no rent for 1870. After that treat date the land is to be their own, and hence the determination of tenants now holding land to keep possession. War is declared against evictions. Notices are posted up warning landlords and agents that no more landlord oppression will be submitted to as long as a single ounce of lead will settle the question. Mr. Bright's plan of buying out the land owners may yet be adopted. England paid twenty millions sterling to buy out the West Indian planters and could afford to pay a great deal more to secure peace in Ireland.

The counting house of Charles and Elias Milken, in Augusta was broken into on Thursday night, and a small hair trunk was taken from an iron safe that was open, which contained some \$30,000 worth of stock, consisting of about \$20,000 worth of various kinds of bank stock; \$9,000 worth of Ticonderoga Water Power shares, and the balance in notes of hand and other valuable papers. The robbery was undoubtedly perpetrated by parties familiar with the premises.

It is anticipated at the Treasury Department that the June statement will show a reduction of the public debt during the current month of over thirteen million dollars, and at the same time Secretary Boutwell will have as much gold on hand as he had at the commencement of the month. The gold speculations of New York will find this rather an uncomfortable "nut to crack," and the people will find in it additional evidence of the benefit the nation has sustained by a change of administration in that department.

The Peruvian government has granted belligerent rights to the Cuban revolutionists, and the Chilean Senate is debating the policy of similar action.

A Sacramento paper tells the following rather funny story:—"It is currently reported that a new tribe of Indians have been discovered near Independence, on the line of the Central Pacific, who did not seem to be so well posted in regard to railroad matters as their red-skin brethren of the plains. The other day, a locomotive having passed by to their bewilderment, they resolved to lay in wait for parade and lariat the monster. Accordingly, they made a very strong lariat, and perceiving the mystery approaching, stretched it across the track, either end being held firmly by twenty or thirty of the world-beaters. The engine came thundering along, the lariat was struck just before the head-light, and it is said the Indians exhibited greater feats of strength and louty tumbling than was ever seen in a first-class circus."

One of the saddest disclosures of breach of confidence ever known is that in the case of Wm. C. Rushmore, late President of the Atlantic Bank of Brooklyn, New York. It will be remembered that Mr. Rushmore, whose social and business reputation was of the highest character, was killed a few weeks ago by an accident on the Long Island Railroad. The bank officers, on investigating the condition of the bank find a deficiency of some \$250,000 in its securities, while a surplus of about \$100,000 more, that was supposed to be in its strong vaults, is not on hand. The leak was too easily traced to transactions of the late President, who, it has been discovered made large advances to a contractor on securities that the directors had declared to be insufficient. Again, they found, the deceased, to have speculated largely in real estate, the transactions being in his own name, and the deeds placed in the bank to secure it, are worthless to it.

TO CLEAR A ROOM OF MOSQUITOES.—A writer in a South Carolina paper says: "I have tried the following, and find it works like a charm. Take of gun camphor a piece about one-third the size of an egg, and evaporate it by placing it in a tin vessel, and holding it over a lamp or candle, taking care that it does not ignite. The smoke will soon fill the room and expel the mosquitoes. One night I was terribly annoyed by them, when I thought of and tried the above, after which I never saw or heard them that night, and the next morning there was not one to be found in the room though the window had been left open all night."

The New York Sun tells the following almost incredible story. The young lady must, we think, be a member of the Equal Rights Association:—

A beautiful young woman entered a Third Avenue car near Thirty-first street on Monday evening, and a workingman, whose countenance bore evidence of a day of toil, politely offered her a seat. "Please keep your seat, sir," was the response; "you are no doubt tired." This uncommon remark arrested the attention of many other masculine passengers, and the offers of seats that were instantly tendered were almost overwhelming.

The Indians on the western frontier of Kansas are getting to be very active in their hostilities, and twenty murders by them are reported during the past week. Fears are entertained for the safety of some surveying parties in that section, as they are wholly unprotected.

