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Maxham & Wing

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WHERE'S MY BABY?

Where's my baby? where's my baby?
But a little while ago,
In my arm I held one fondly,
And a robe of lengthened flow
Covered little knees so dimpled,
And each pink and chubby toe.

Where's my baby? I remember
Now about the shoes so red,
Peeping from his shortened dresses,
And the bright curls on his head,
Or the little teeth so pearly,
And the first sweet words he said.

Where's my baby? In the doorway
Is a boy with slung hair,
Whistling as he tries to whistle,
With a big boy's manly air;
With his pants within his boot-tops,
But my baby is not there.

Where's my baby? Ask that archin,
Let me hear what he will say:
"Where's your baby, ma?" he questioned,
With a roguish look and way;
"Guess he's grown to be a boy, now,
Big enough to work and play."

Where's my baby? where's my baby?
Ah! the years fly on apace!
Yesterday I held and kissed it,
In its loveliness and grace;
But tomorrow, sturdy manhood
Takes the little baby's place.

A STORY OF A SHOEMAKER.

BY MARY A. DALLAS.

The rest of the brothers—sturdy Jem and sturdy Jack, and the young, grave Eben—were out in the summer cornfields, hard at work. Ira, the third of the old farmer's sons, sat on a bench in the far end of the porch, making shoes.

The patriarch of the tribe of Harlowe, an unlettered man, who might have come of a race of giants, and whose other sons were all like him, saw no wiser plan before him than to apprentice his one weakling to the shoemaker; and how, the shoemaker being dead, Ira held his place in the village, worked at his trade, and between times found it possible to study as few college youths ever do, and to read—so his fond mother declared—everything. It was no common place head or prosaic face over which the trembling shadow of the bean vines fell, and no trade or calling could have made it so. Being a genius, this man should have repined over his fate, but he did not. The last and waxed-ends gave him independence, and in that he rejoiced. Perhaps some dream beckoned him on—perhaps some hope dreamed upon that cobbler's bench which might be realized in time. Now, as he bent over his last, Miss Lillie Wharton, drawing rein at the gate beyond, thought to herself that any one with black eyes and golden hair, and a dimple in the chin, must be beautiful; wondered why, looking for this ideal face in the parlors of Fifth Avenue, at Newport and Saratoga, and in her own well-bred country circle, she had never met it until a year before, she came to this porch to be measured for a pair of slippers, heard the thud of a crutch, always a trying thing to her nerves, because it spoke of pain and distortion and other disagreeable things, and saw the face she had dreamt of until she was three and twenty, but had never before set eyes upon, save in a picture in the *Louvre*.

She herself was a bright brunette, with carnation cheeks, and eyes in each of which a diamond seemed imprisoned. She looked like a creature not too fair and good for human nature's toil and pain, of poverty or grief. "She was an orphan, it is true, but her parents died before she was old enough to know them, and she had been petted and belabored all her life, as heiresses are wont to be, when they are as beautiful as Lillie Wharton.

She took her unseen survey of her ideal face for a moment, and then called across the fence: "Are you too deep in your brown study to think of shoes, Mr. Harlowe, or may I come in and be measured? Sit still; you see I am off Dame Durdene already; she is gentle as a pet lamb. What a day this is to run wild in! Were it always such weather, I think we should never have houses built; only, perhaps, a vine-covered porch or so, like this we're under. Put a bean vine in your next verses, will you? They are so beautiful, and poets always neglect them."

"All vines are beautiful, I think," said Ira, drawing a chair forward for the lady. "I never see one but I think of a woman. It's a hackneyed comparison, I know, but a good one none the less—the vine a graceful, gentle woman; the oak a great stalwart man to whom she clings. See, our vines are doing it since they have climbed to the top of the trellis. They hang upon the long oak branch there as a bride hangs on her husband's arm. Were I a tree, I should like to be that oak, with the vines about my branches. Do such fancies come into your head, Miss Wharton?"

He was not "a great stalwart fellow," not an oak among men. The thought came into his mind that a vine might never twine about him. I cannot tell you what thought was in her eyes that she veiled from him, lest he should read it, with her lashes.

"They were taking their dinner in the field yonder," she said, "as I came past. Pattie and Jane were serving it out to them—as fresh and bright as roses. How do you manage so much cooking? My cook went away a week or two ago, and I had cousins from the city come to see me, and I almost killed myself over the dinners. I envy the farmer's wives their strength and energy. Yet I am no frail creature. I can ride all day and dance all night, I assure you."

"You know nothing of work-a-day life, Miss Wharton," said Ira. "The back is always fitted to bear the burden, I believe, as the heart is. Just a little sigh caught his breath then, as though his heart might have a burden on it. And then he turned to her with a bright, pleasant look, and she answered with a smile such as, had the truth been known, she gave to no one else. And the two fell a talking—as they always did when they were together, though only the matter of shoes in the those meetings—of poetry and music and new books, and of the thoughts that grew from them. No gentleman of all Miss Wharton's set pleased her in such talk as this shoemaker did. At last Miss Wharton rode off on her pony. She smiled until she was out of sight. Then she grew grave. "Poor fellow!" she said, "poor dear fellow! but then he is only a shoemaker."

Meanwhile the gentleman who happened to make shoes said to himself much the same thing; bade himself remember it carefully, and remember also the crutch at his side, on which, as the setting sun fell aslant over the corn fields, he swung himself down to a shady bit of woodland beside the river's brink, where he lay waist deep in the long grass and watched the shadows lengthen.

"A rich woman should never be wooed by a poor man, he said, not bitterly, but a little sadly. "The heart should never overrule common sense. Young beauties are not apt to give their loves to crippled fellows who make shoes for them. Smiles are natural to her. She cannot help being sweet to me, for it is her nature. I am not an idiot, nor will I become so. If I could win her, I would be mad to do so; and among all the things fate has left out of my fortune, love is one, I doubt not."

VOL. XXIII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... FRIDAY, JULY 2, 1869.

NO. 1.

Waterville Mail.

And just then a voice behind him, seeming to echo his thoughts, cried:
"Won't you have your fortune told, sir? Give a poor old woman anything you like, and she'll tell your fortune true."

It was a queer, high-pitched voice, with a false ring to it, like the voice of the "first old woman" in a play; and the figure he looked upon, wrapped in a great cloak, with a handkerchief about its chin, and a broad hat on its head was a mere bundle of clothes in the twilight, but from the shadow bright black eyes peered at him—Gipsy eyes to a certainty, though Ira had never seen a Gipsy before.

"Here are the pennies," said he, "but my fortune is told already."
"I don't believe it," said the Gipsy coming closer. "Or if it is, you can tell me whether I tell true or not. Eh! this hand holds an awl and a last, sometimes, and draws waxed-ends through leather."

"In other words, I am a shoemaker," said Ira. "Well of course you know you are right. Go on."

"But every shoemaker is not like you," said the Gipsy. "You read a deal in books, and you know the language they speak in far countries; and what do you do after lamps are lit?—write, write, write the things they put in books. Fate never meant you for a shoemaker."

"Ira laughed. "You are a shrewd woman," he said; "you know how to flatter."

"It's a hand that has a good many things in it," said the Gipsy. "Love among the rest. You like a girl very well."

"I like all girls," said Ira.

"But you love one," said the Gipsy. "Did you ever have your fortune told by a genuine Gipsy? If you have, you know that she will have the truth out of you somehow. Laugh at her pretences as you may. Perhaps this was why Ira, paling a little, said nothing, and so made confession."

"You saw her to-day," said the Gipsy. "This time Ira flushed.

"Why didn't you say what was in your heart?" said the Gipsy. "To love a girl, and never tell her so; is that the way you make your luck?"

"You have seen me talking to a young lady, Mistress Gipsy," said Ira.

"The stars saw it!" said the Gipsy. "Listen! she likes you; but she'll never marry a shoemaker."

"The shoemaker knows that," said Ira.

"Other men work hard, to win their loves," said the Gipsy. "You can be a great man. As for money, she has enough of that. 'Throw the last and the awl away. Go to the great city yonder. Come back to claim her when something is written after your name besides 'shoemaker.' Your lucky stars bade me tell you that—the stars that told me that you loved her."

"And this," said Ira touching his crutch beneath his arm; "must I throw this away also? Have the stars looked deep enough into hearts to know that?"

"If she is a true woman she will love you better for pitying you a little," said the Gipsy, and the voice fell and altered as she said it, and then both were still. Ira spoke first.

"Gipsy," he said, "since you can read my heart why should I endeavor to deceive you? I do love the lady of whom you speak. Some time I have fancied that were I what I am in all other things—just what I am, no more, but with a name of which she might be proud, that I could win her. But I shall never seek to do it. She is rich; I am poor. That sets a barrier between us for evermore. She is a dainty lady; I am a shoemaker. She is beautiful. There is no beauty in a man that I could ever see, but strength; that left me long ago. I am too proud to ask all and give nothing; and though no other woman ever may touch my heart, only these changes could make me ask for hers: that she should become poor as I; that she should have no shame in my humble calling; that between us two should be only pure love, no pride on either side. And this can never be between a beautiful heiress, to whom social position is everything, and a lame shoemaker, who comes of people neither rich nor great, who will never be either himself; and if he climbs at all—he is very proud, Gipsy, and that he cannot help—would not do it for the sake of a girl who could not love him just as he stands now, or who would blush to own that love. Read the stars again, Gipsy, and find a richer, fairer, and more worthy lover for her, and leave me, as life will, the unknown cobbler, who will keep the memory of the loveliest woman he has ever met in his inmost heart forever, but will never woo or win her, unless such changes come to him as only come in fairy tales. What do the stars say, Gipsy?"

"That man's will cannot alter them," said the Gipsy, and in a moment more had flitted away into the shadow of the trees.

Ira did not go home to supper that night, nor did he see any one to speak to until morning. He made his way to the top of a green hill that basked in the moonlight that evening, and sat there all alone.

The lights in the village shown out like stars come to earth awhile and grown grosser. Overhead the real stars shone with their pure diamond light. But the radiance that caught his eye the oftentimes was that which fell through the white-curtained window of an upper room in Miss Wharton's house—her own room—where, as he knew, she sat on solitary evenings—not many, for the heiress had hosts of friends, as what heiress has not? And the dwelling was often full of guests and resonant of music and laughter, and the sound of merry voices and of dancing feet. The light burnt long that night, and a shadow passed between it and the curtain—a graceful, girlish shadow, with its head bent down upon its bosom as it was used to bend. Yet Ira Harlowe, as he arose to go homeward, when at last the light was out, and the shadow went to and fro no more, said to himself, "It is well. There can be no true happiness in love while the shadow of Pride or of Shame falls athwart its pathway."

The next day Ira worked at his bench in the old spot under the red bean vines on the porch, and Miss Wharton's shoes were made as daintily as shoes could be. But she did not ride past on Dame Durdene, or stop at the gate that day, or for many days after. A servant came for the little boots at last, and paid their price with a little air of condescension peculiar to servants in rich people's houses when they are away from home; and Miss Wharton seemed to have vanished from the gaze of the shoemaker.

er as though she had never sat with him upon the porch, and talked of poetry and music and romance, and thought that without black eyes and golden hair, and a dimple in his chin, no man could be handsome.

Summer went and winter came. With winter the house in which Miss Wharton dwelt while skies were blue and breezes warm, was always empty—the village lost sight of her, as it usually did; but with the early spring there came no opening of the closed shutters, no preparation for such good company.

Instead, there came one day to the place a dry, dusty-looking man in rusty black, who posted a legal notice of some kind on the walls of the garden, and who, stopping at the tavern to dine, told the wondering landlord that the property was "in Chancery," and Miss Wharton in all probability a beggar. Why, the landlord could not tell, but something was said about a flaw in the old gentleman's will. That, of course, meant Lillie's grandfather.

The story fled like wildfire. Ira heard it when the bean vines were only half way up their support wires. Before they had blossomed, a stage stopped before the gate one day, and from it stepped a young lady in a very plain grey dress, and a plainer grey hat—Miss Wharton, and no other.

Ira was at the gate in a moment. He turned pale as he took her hand. She blushed from chin to brow. Then she said to Mrs. Harlowe, whose motherly figure had followed that of her son.

"Will you take a boarder? I have come to ask you. I want to be with the people I know, until I can look about me for means by which to earn my livelihood."

"If our plain way could suit you," began the farmer's wife.

But Lillie interrupted her: "I have no way now, you know. I am a poor girl who must learn to work. May I come?"

So it came to pass, Miss Wharton remained at the farm-house.

She dressed no more in silk attire, nor were there diamonds in her ears. She went about with the daughters of the house, and learnt of them to milk the cows, and churn the golden butter, and cook dinners for sturdy troops of farm hands.

Her hands were not so white, but her step was just as light, and her laugh as merry. In the evening she sang to them ballads that had filled the hall of fashion with their sweetness oftentimes; and she told the listening girls of things that she had seen and heard, of scenes amidst which she had dwelt, as a sister just returned to them might. And sometimes she sat with Ira in the shadow of the bean vines, and the two were wonderfully happy! And summer passed and autumn came, and winter was at hand when she said to him:

"Ira, I must learn a trade, you know. Teach me to do what woman may in yours."

He looked at her quietly a moment, and then said:

"Do you really mean it?"

"I really mean it," she answered. "Why not?"

So he taught her. And the next night he laid in her lap a book, new and bright and yet uncut, which he had brought with him from the city in the afternoon. She looked at the title and smiled.

"It is the story all the papers praise so," she said. "The book by the unknown author. I have wanted to read it very much. Is it really good?"

"Tell me," he said and left her.

And at her stitching, all next day, she kept the book beside her, and read it bits at a time; wept over it, laughed over it, and thought to herself, "Oh, a woman's heart, what a strange thing it is! How one could love the man who wrote it!"

The book lay open on her knee, when Ira came to her side in the twilight. "They were alone in the great sitting-room. All was very still and peaceful. Within the firelight lay red upon the walls; without, the pearly gray of sky and landscape mingled. Ira bent over her, and looked into her eyes. They met his, and looked sweetly. He sat down on the footstool at her side, and took her hand and held it. No word was spoken for a while. They heard the crisp crackle of the fire, the faint tinkling of the cow-bells from the dairy yard, the whistle of some homeward-going farm hand in the road without—all within was so still. At last Ira said:

"I wish I were a king, Lillie, to offer you my kingdom, but as it is, my dear, will you take me, with the nothing that I have besides?"

She answered: "Do you love me, Ira?"

"I have always loved you," he said. "You know that. There was a time I never thought I should ask you to be my wife. But now I do not think you will be ashamed of the shoemaker, or wince at the sound of his crutch. Else I should hope, that even now—just now—you would feel sure of it, and tell me so."

"Did I ever wince?" she asked.

"Yes, Lillie.

"She put her arms about his neck and kissed him. "It does not matter to me whether you are king or shoemaker now," she said, "and any step would be the dearest step in the world to me, that told me you were coming."

That night Ira told his mother that Lillie Wharton would be his wife in June. And when the June roses were in bloom they were married—simply and quietly, as poor folks should be. But after the wedding was over, Ira gave his wife a gift.

"The book I liked so," she said, smiling. "Only the author's name is in this volume," he said; and she looked and read, "Ira Harlowe."

"I would not win you by telling you so," he said. "I shall, they tell me, be rich and famous sometime. I hope so most of all because you bear my name."

I think she shed a tear or two. She was in a tremor of glad pride.

"It is you, then, that all the world has been praising, and you never told me."

"Are you angry?" he asked.

"No," she said, "for I have my own secret. I am a rich woman still. I never have been poor. Only that one house yonder, was ever taken from me. A codicil in grandpa's will, found only lately, left it to another person. I made the most of it, and had my pecuniary ruin published in the village; and I came here to learn the very truth about myself—to learn why I could not forget you—why, when great

men talked to me, I heard only your voice, as you spoke to me upon the porch there among the bean vines—why, through the sound of music and dancing feet, I heard your step and saw you beyond them all, above them all, better than them all to me. I know now—I have known a long while—that it was because I loved you. But if you must hate me for being rich, I will give the money away, and bind shoes forever. Are you so proud?"

"There is neither pride nor shame between us any more, darling," said Ira, "only love. Ah! the Gipsy told the truth. What is written in the stars man cannot set aside; you never meant to marry a shoemaker, nor I that you should, when she told my fortune by the water side."

"The Gipsy," she said, and looked at her husband shyly. In a moment she saw that she needed no confession—and she made none.

"Ah, Lillie," he said, "a woman cannot disguise herself so that a man who loves her will not know her; and he kissed her very tenderly."

Shall I tell you that he is fain as now, and that she is very proud of him? Shall I tell you what I think, despite all this, that they would be as happy, were they still making shoes under the bean vines in the porch? Perhaps I had better say nothing more about it, and bid adieu to them upon their wedding day, and leave all married lovers to finish the story to suit themselves.

WHEN TO BUY A FARM.—Very few persons seem to know that the months of June and July are the best in the year in which to look for or purchase a farm. At this season one can judge whether the land can or does produce good crops, for it is rich, the waving grass or grain will be an ocular demonstration of the fact, and if there is, according to the stereotyped assertion, an abundance of choice fruit, it can be seen at this time to the best advantage. The low lands will show whether they are really dry enough for pastures in Summer, and the upland its capacity for withstanding a drought. If there are any mosquitoes about they will generally make their appearance known at this time if ever, and by observing the children in the neighborhood one can determine whether the locality is healthy or otherwise.

Summer is also a good time to view the never-fading spring and the trout-pond near by, and a draught from the one and a lunch from the other are attractions which those who possess them seldom fail to bestow upon those who are like to become a purchaser. Even the weeds on a farm will assist a man in determining its value, for if nothing but stunted ragweed and five-finger are to be seen, then the land may be set down as poor indeed; but if the burdock and cudweed abound, it shows strength for crops of a higher order.

The pasture and meadow, orchard and garden, all show what there are and what there may be expected on them in these months; but earlier or later the aspect of things may change, the roads are muddy if ever; and the distance from the farm to the railroad station appears to be much greater than it actually is, especially to a stranger. In autumn the leaves are turning yellow, the grain has been gathered, the fruits are nearly gone; still the air is fresh and the landscape glowing with autumnal tints; but the valuable products of a farm, which are its crops, are mainly out of sight, being stored in the barn or in the proprietor's pocket.—[Exchange.

"In plain English," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "we ought never to attach the smallest importance to any speech or declaration of policy which comes to us from the United States." This is said *apropos* of the general expression of American opinion concerning Mr. Sumner's Alabama speech. Well, it is to a certain extent true. No one man's utterances can ever be taken as the voice of the American people, nor as of any practical importance, unless he be a man intrusted with official power to act. We do not recognize here the shades of responsibility which obtain in European Governments, and which invest different men or journals with such modifications of power that their sayings are to be regarded as "official," "semi-official," "almost semi-official," &c., phrases to be seen every day in European journals. When Congress passes a law, or the President issues a proclamation, or one of his Secretaries puts forth an authorized document, it may be regarded as of official import. All other utterances are but a part of public opinion.—[New York Times.

AT THE MAINE UNIVERSALIST CONVENTION the following resolutions on Temperance and Capital Punishment were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That whether we view the subject in the light of human nature, or past experience, or the principles of morality, we consider capital punishment inconsistent, detrimental to the best order of society and contrary to the teachings of Jesus; but we cannot but regard the recent attempts to revive this barbarous custom in our State with deep grief and unqualified disapprobation.

Resolved, That, regarding intemperance as the greatest evil of the age, we reaffirm, as a Convention, our devotion to the principles of total abstinence for the individual, and prohibition for the State.

Resolved, That by pulpits, platform and social efforts we will do all in our power to promote the emancipation of those enslaved by the passion for strong drink, and the abolition of the traffic in alcoholic liquors.

Resolved, That, esteeming it the duty of Christian men to vote as they pray, and viewing the ballot-box as one of the most appropriate and powerful instrumentalities that can be made use of in the interests of morality, we will neither vote ourselves nor encourage others to vote for any party, measures or men not practically devoted to the cause of prohibition.

The following, given on the authority of a druggist, is worth knowing, if true: A poison of any conceivable degree of potency which has been swallowed, intentionally or by accident, may be rendered instantly harmless by swallowing two gills of sweet oil. An individual with a very strong constitution should take twice the quantity. This oil will neutralize every form of vegetable or mineral poison with which physicians or chemists are acquainted.

The board of managers of the Soldiers National Cemetery, through the committee of arrangements, respectfully invite all the soldiers who were in the battle of Gettysburg, and the military, municipal and civic organizations of the country, and citizens generally, to participate in the ceremonies of dedicating the monument on the first day of July. Senator Morgan delivers the oration, Bayard Taylor a poem, and Henry Ward Beecher a prayer.

OUR TABLE.

ONCE A MONTH.—In the July number of this unique literary magazine will be found two more chapters of "The Mills of Tuxbury," and several complete stories, with an abundance of choice reading called with good taste. The present number commences a new volume; and in order to give the people an opportunity to become acquainted with their beautiful magazine, the publishers will send the first six numbers of this year for 50 cents. Each number of "Once a Month" contains 96 double-column pages of the best stories and entertaining and instructive reading to be found in any magazine in the country. The subscription price is \$2 a year.

Published by T. S. Arthur & Sons, Philadelphia.

PACKARD'S MONTHLY for July opens with a vigorous article by Olive Logan, on "The Nude Woman Question," followed by the first part of the "Courtship and Wedding of Gen. Tom Thumb and Lovina Warren," by P. T. Barnum, and by a severe scoring of Richard Grant White, by Jasper Hazen Johnson, under the title of "The Philological Quack." The other articles are all interesting.

Published by S. S. Packard, New York, at \$1 a year.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.—Arthur's charming magazine for the Little Ones—is out with a July number that will gladden the eyes of all the children who are fortunate enough to see it. The opening article is the amusing story of "Barbara Blue," told in verse by Alice Cary, and illustrated. The illustrations in this little magazine are always very fine, and its typographical execution is unapproached. Buy it for your children and you will confer upon them a lasting good.

Published by T. S. Arthur & Son, Philadelphia, at \$1.25 a year.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH contains a searching article on the "Eight Hour" law, and a few practical suggestions on "Women's Rights," several health tracts, &c.

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

CUBAN WAR MAP.—G. W. & C. B. Colton, of New York, have sent us a copy of their new War Map of Cuba, which is a very convenient article for reference, when exciting news of the progress of the revolution in that island comes to us daily. The same sheet contains a map of the West Indies, and the harbor of Havana.

GOOD HEALTH.—The July number of this Journal of Physical and Mental Culture opens with an article on The Eye and Sight, illustrated; followed by Taking Cold, Light in the Sick Chamber, Thinking, The Spine—its management, First Help in Accidents, Scarlet Fever, Management of Infants, Liquor and Health, and much more valuable reading, with a supplement giving rules for Treatment of the Apparently Drowned.

Only two numbers of this work have appeared, but these show that those who have the work in hand are determined to give the public something worthy of patronage.

Published by Alexander Moore, 21 Franklin Street, Boston, at \$2 a year. Sold by the New England News Co.

THE LADY'S FRIEND for July.—A beautiful engraving, called, "My Native Land, Farewell!" leads off the July number of this excellent magazine. Then we have the usual elegant fashion plate; and a fine illustration of the poem, "In an Attic," by Florence Verrey; followed by a number of engravings of ladies' bonnets, dresses, jackets, etc. The music this month is the Squirrel Polka. Among the literary contents we notice "Roland Yorke," by Mrs. Henry Wood; "The Luck of the Luckless," by Frances Lee; "Between Two," by Miss Elizabeth Prescott; "The Contested Wife," by Mrs. Hemery; "Two of my Schoolfellows," by Mrs. Ames; "Little Charley," by Mary J. Allen; editorials, novelties, etc.

Published by Deacon & Peterson, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, at \$2 50 a year (which also includes a large steel engraving). Four copies, \$6. Five copies (and one gratis) \$8. "The Lady's Friend" and the "Saturday Evening Post" (and one engraving), \$4. Specimen numbers sent for ten cents.

CRUDE NOTIONS OF SELF-DENIAL.—On this Henry Ward Beecher remarked in a recent sermon:

"Many persons say, 'I ought to deny myself.' They are going along in life very happily, and do not perceive any particular reason for changing their course, but they have read that a man must deny himself, and they say to themselves, 'What shall I deny myself in? I wish I knew how I could deny myself.' And they go to work and invent modes of self-denial. One person says, 'I will not eat any butter.' So he denies himself. Another person says, 'I enjoy a good coat as well as anybody else; but, being a Christian, my duty is to deny myself; so I will get linsey-woolsey and let the broadcloth go.' That is his self-denial. Men have no idea what self-denial is. They are floundering after something, they do not know what. They are searching after an opportunity for self-denial, not understanding that to deny one's self is simply to put down a lower feeling, in order to give a higher feeling ascendancy. You have an opportunity for self-denial every time you see a man. If you see a man that you dislike, put down that hateful enemy of soul. That will be self-denial. Every time you see a person in misery, and you shrink from relieving him, then relieve him. That will be self-denial. Do not say, 'I am so busy I cannot stop to see that little curmudgeon in the street; but stop. God says, 'You are all brethren,' and, ragged and dirty as that child is, it is related to you in the larger relationship of the eternal world; and you must not be so busy as not to have time to care for him. If your selfishness says, 'I cannot stop; I do not want to be plagued with these little ruffians of the street,' and a diviner element of the soul says, 'Stop! neither business nor pleasure has any right here; religion, humanity and duty must rule here; and if you obey the dictates of that divine element, then you deny yourself.'

"In honor preferring one another." This injunction suggests an ample field for self-denial. You that invent sack-cloth and hair-mittens to rub yourselves with, so as to get up self-denial and suffering; when you stand and hear your brother in the law, of the office next to yours, prating, what is it that makes you hold your breath? "Oh!" you say, "that is envy. I ought not to feel so." There is a blessed struggle. What is born out of it? If you rise superior to that comparison between yourself and him, and say, "I thank God that he is esteemed more than I am; I love and honor him, and I am glad to see his name go up, and it does not hurt me to have his name go above mine," then there is a glorious self-denial. What are the elements of it? Why,

putting down your own selfishness, and putting up the brotherhood feeling.

No man, then, need hunt among hair-shirts; no man need seek for blankets for short at the bottom and too short at the top; no man need resort to iron seats and cushionless chairs; no man need shut himself up in grime cells; no man need stand on the top of towers or columns, in order to deny himself. There are abundant opportunities for self-denial. If a man is going to place the higher part of his nature uppermost, he will have business enough on hand.

A. H. STEPHENS AGAIN.—Hon. Alex. H. Stephens, the emincator of the great doctrine that slavery was the corner-stone of the Southern Confederacy, has been publishing another long essay, trying to set history right about the origin of the rebellion and to raise an alarm over the present prospects of the country. He has come to be a mere mental machine for turning out absurd theories. It was not many months ago that he announced he had been studying the character of Gen. Grant with deep interest, and he predicted that if that officer was elected President of the United States, he would become another Cromwell or Louis Napoleon, and monopolize supreme power. So much for his prophecy; his history is no better. He contends at length that the real aggressors and beginners of the last war were the authorities at Washington, because they endeavored to relieve a Federal garrison besieged by rebel forces, who had been for months training their cannon upon Fort Sumter. The question is who broke the laws, defied the Government and made the contest inevitable? When the world comes to believe that Jeff. Davis, Toombs, Yancy, &c., were missionaries of peace and Union, it may agree with Mr. Stephens' views but not before.

We mention this feature of Mr. Stephens' essay as an indication of the value of his suggestions with regard to the future of our country. He pretends to believe that "we are drifting to consolidation and empire." For our own part, we hold to a nation's meeting its chief dangers, from whatever point they come, instantly and effectually, and thus maintaining its life at all hazards. It passes our understanding, however, to see these Southern politicians professing to be in mortal fear of consolidation, and yet pursuing the very course that tends to bring it on. Take Mr. Stephens' own State, Georgia, for instance. The General Government facilitated itself on the professed return of that State to the Union. It was glad to withdraw the troops, to give over the provisional government, and to see the State manage its own affairs like the others of the Union. But the men Mr. Stephens' friends got into power they illegally expelled a portion of the Legislature, and they have countenanced such systematic disorder and bloodshed throughout the State that it becomes a serious question whether Georgia, for the very sake of the safety of its inhabitants, will not have to be remanded to that system of military and provisional Government which Mr. Stephens' deprecates as consolidation. And there is no other cause of, or provocative to, consolidation in the whole of this country, except such as this we have cited in Georgia. The General

Waterville Mail.

WATERVILLE... JULY 2, 1869.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

B. M. PRITCHARD, & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 North Main Street, Boston, Mass. Agents for the Waterville Mail, and for the publication of the same in this city. Also, for the publication of the same in other cities. Address: B. M. Pritchard, & Co., 10 North Main Street, Boston, Mass.

LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS relating either to the business or editorial department of the paper, should be addressed to "The Mail," or "The Waterville Mail," and will be forwarded to the proper authorities.

Among Carleton's many excellent things in the line of photography, is his picture of the new engine, the "R. B. Dunn," of the M. C. Railroad. Its locality is on the track between the passenger and freight depots, taking the house of Mr. Lullwig in the background. It stands out so full of life that you can distinctly imagine the ring of the bell to clear the track. We have hung a copy of it near our table, to keep us in good nature towards railroad enterprises, and as a reminder of the benefits that accrue to a large number of the very best class of men, in the construction of railroad machinery. This picture of the first complete locomotive built by the company, bearing the name of one of their most distinguished presidents, has yet a marked fault in the omission of faces and forms of the men whose skill had produced one of the best and most beautiful engines that honors the broad gauge. A dozen of them—citizens known and appreciated—should have been put on record, to be remembered when their works do follow them. One of the very best of New England photographers would have represented them worthily, if permitted. This picture is one that should hang in the workshop of every practical mechanic in Waterville, or in the employ of the road. It is a special honor to the artist, who is admitted to the very first rank in his class.

The new clock is in its place in the belfry of the Unitarian church, and has commenced counting the hours of the universal time-table. It is a gift from Samuel Appleton, Esq., of whose well known generosity, it is but an ordinary token. Its central location renders it a great convenience to the village generally; and we trust that its hourly announcements, through many years, will bear to the ear of the donor tokens of gratitude and respect.

We can't help the confession that the nomination of Gen. Franklin Smith, of Waterville, as the democratic candidate for governor, brings us into more tolerable sympathy with that party, than conscience seems to warrant. The wonder is how they came to find him—for as we see the matter, he ought, in order to run well, to be more like the democratic party than the party is like him. So unlike Pillsbury, and Smith, and other bright lights who that party delight to honor, is it strange, that in our admiration of the good citizen and pleasant gentleman we had overlooked his politics? And then, to follow those broad mouthed candidates—why, we might safely challenge him to stump the State with Grant! Certainly we can never realize him as a democratic politician, till he responds to his nomination with a letter as long and as "bugleish" as the Lewiston Journal is expecting from Gen. Chamberlain. We can do no less than to beg our honored townsman to decline this nomination—our dilemma being to think more of the party or less of him, and we can't bear to do either.

After enjoying the acquaintance of the college boys during their four years residence with us, our citizens very naturally feel an interest in their welfare and watch their course in after life. We have therefore always made it a point to report their whereabouts and what-abouts, so far as we hear of them, and accordingly copy the following, relating to one of the graduates of last year, from the Lawrence (Mass.) American:—

The High School, which has been under the charge of Mr. H. C. Halliwell, of Bangor, a graduate of Waterville, since it was opened, is in a highly satisfactory condition. Mr. H. is a fine scholar and eminently adapted to teaching. The school under his charge is deemed to stand in the front ranks of High Schools in Massachusetts.

Among the young ladies who graduated at the late commencement at Westbrook, are Misses Helen E. Gibson and Mary W. Wing, both of Kendall's Mills. The first named read an essay entitled "Self Reliance," and the latter, one entitled "Sorrow." Each received the degree of Laureate of Science.

Great damage was done in Connecticut on Monday by a violent storm. Small streams were suddenly flooded, bridges and mills swept away, &c.

STATE TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.—About two hundred delegates appeared at the convention in Portland on Tuesday, which was presided over by Hon. Henry Tallman of Bath. John U. Hubbard, of Waterville, was named as Vice President from Kennebec, and Simon Conner, of Kendall's Mills, from Somerset county. At the opening of the session the president and several other speakers strongly urged an independent nomination for all officers, from Governor to representative. The following gentlemen were chosen delegates to the National Temperance Convention, which meets in Chicago on the 1st of September:—

Arthur Deering of Richmond, Joshua Nye of Waterville, H. K. Morrill of Gardiner, D. W. Roberts of Stockton, Dr. Morton of Kennebunk, John S. Kimball of Bangor, and J. W. Munger, of Portland.

When it came to the appointment of State committee, Frederick N. Dow, son of Gen. Neal Dow, resigned his position, as he considered the action of the convention detrimental to the cause of temperance; and Major H. A. Sherry, of the Bath Times, followed suit. B. C. Jordan and Dr. Morton also resigned, that the Convention might be free in choosing a new committee. The following gentlemen were appointed a State committee:—

Kennebec, J. H. Greeley; Penobscot, Sumner Basford; Cumberland, J. W. Munger; Androscoggin, B. F. Teague; Waldo, S. I. Roberts; Knox, G. Pratt; Hancock, Henry Osmond; York, B. F. Hamilton; Franklin, C. R. Packard; Sagadahoc, A. Deering; Piscataquis, A. J. W. Stevens; Washington, H. R. Taylor; Oxford, Wm. Bicknell; Somerset, D. Miel Allen; Lincoln, N. Winslow; Arrostook, Isaac Hacker.

Rev. W. P. Merrill offered the prohibition resolution of the Republican platform, which was almost unanimously laid on the table. The name of Hon. N. G. Hichborn, of Stockton, was reported by the nominating committee, and with great enthusiasm this gentleman was accepted as the gubernatorial candidate of the Temperance party of Maine. The State committee were directed to call county conventions to nominate County officers.

The following resolutions were adopted:—

Recognizing the responsibility we take in placing a candidate before the people for their suffrages, in opposition to the two great parties existing in the State, we deem it proper to make the following statement of principles:—

We are in favor of equal rights, and even exact justice to all. We are in favor of sustaining the public credit, and of encouraging our citizens to have the national debt and interest paid as fast as the resources of the country will warrant. We are in favor of State legislation to develop the resources of the State and to aid our citizens in their enterprises.

And believing that temperance will promote all these causes, and aid in all these endeavors, we are in favor of the total prohibition of the liquor traffic, except as authorized by the laws, and of a State Police as an efficient auxiliary towards that object; therefore,

Resolved, That we view with pleasure the peace and prosperity of our country, and acknowledge with gratitude our obligations to those patriots and wise statesmen who have been instrumental in procuring it.

Resolved, That we will aid by our influence and votes in sustaining the public credit by meeting all its obligations promptly and fully.

Resolved, That we are in favor of developing by State legislation, so far as is consistent with true economy, all the vast resources of our State.

Resolved, That we believe that temperance will conserve the true interests of our State and of our country; and that we believe in the total prohibition of the liquor traffic, and in a State Police as an efficient auxiliary to that end.

Resolved, That we confidently offer to the suffrages of our fellow-citizens Hon. N. G. Hichborn as a man who is fully identified with her industrial interests, and not without knowledge to her public services, and one also who has always been faithful to his trust wherever placed, a friend of the working-man, an encourager of manufacturing, and a man every way worthy the public confidence and support.

The following is an extract from a letter from Joshua Nye, Esq., dated at Groton, Mass., and read in the convention, regretting his inability to be present on account of sickness:—

I cannot see how we as temperance men can avoid the necessity of making an independent nomination for Governor. After the action of the Republican convention last week at Bangor we cannot feel that our manhood is left unimpaired. The resolution passed by that convention (the prohibition resolution) after the nomination of a man who is known to be a man of no means, and I have no doubt was intended as a mere sop or bait to catch the more timid temperance men of the State. A resolution could not have been passed last week, and we must have waited till we had been for a fair division of the party and a knowledge of its entire binding worthlessness.

THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION which met at Bangor on Tuesday, numbered 616, according to the report of the committee on credentials; but at their first ballot for a candidate for Governor only 546 votes were thrown, and on the second the vote dwindled to 330. Androscoggin County presented the name of Dr. Alonzo Garcelon of Lewiston to the convention, Arrostook named Gen. Franklin Smith of our village, while Hancock, Kennebec, Knox, Lincoln, Somerset and Waldo united on Chas. P. Kimball, of Portland; and this last named gentleman received 445 votes out of 546 on the first ballot and the nomination was then made unanimous. But Mr. Kimball positively declined the honor, and on the second ballot Gen. Franklin Smith was nominated, receiving 217 votes out of 330. The following resolves were passed:—

Resolved, That the Democratic party of Maine are unanimously opposed to the present Executive tariff system, so destructive to the commercial, shipbuilding and general business interests and prosperity of the country, and we reaffirm our adherence to the doctrine of free trade, the maintenance of the rights of the States unimpaired, uniformity in taxation including United States bonds; a uniform currency; opposition to centralization of power in the General Government, and in favor of an economical and just administration of public affairs in accordance with the principles of the Constitution of the United States; and we believe that the history and record of the Democratic party in Maine, a sure guaranty that in the event of their ascendancy they will settle all questions which agitate the public mind in such manner as to conduce to the welfare of the people.

Resolved, That our gallant soldiers and sailors, who fought the battles of the country from the tariff system, are entitled to the gratitude and support of the people.

Resolved, That we take pride in presenting to the people of this State Gen. FRANKLIN SMITH as our candidate for the high office of Governor.

In one of the ballots six votes were thrown for Chamberlain, but whether this is a fact more damaging to democratic discipline or the republican candidate we will not undertake to decide.

See advertisement of the **CLIPPER MOWER**, and see what testimony Gilbert presents as to its merits.

CUBAN AFFAIRS.—The tenor of recent despatches is to the effect that the insurgents are making headway, not so much in gaining battles, for there has not yet been any very serious fighting, as in winning over the public sentiment in the island to their side.

OUR TABLE.

CHAMBERS' INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE. New York: United States Publishing Company.

We have received a copy of this work which is issued in two handsome partly volumes containing together over three thousand pages. It contains a vast amount of information on an infinite variety of subjects of popular interest, and what we did not look for, numerous stories of great literary merit. The work is sold only by subscription, and agents are wanted in every county. Address United States Publishing Co., 411 Broome St., New York.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL for July 10th has for an Art Supplement a large picture entitled "Beware the Mirror," and is full of interesting reading, including a continuation of Victor Hugo's story, "The Man who Laughs."

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

THE MANUFACTURER AND BUILDER for June, like its predecessors, justifies the complaint made by a contemporary, that "it is too much pork for a shilling;" or, in other words, the publishers give too much for the money. It is a first class publication and we confidently recommend to all who desire a work devoted to the practical interests of industrial progress.

Published by Western & Co., 37 Park Row, New York, at \$1.50 a year.

THE SCHOOLMATE for July continues "Rough and Ready, or Life among the New York News Boys," by Horatio Alger, Jr., and gives several other interesting stories, with much other good reading matter, a dialogue, declamation, &c.

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

AN OLD FRIEND IN A NEW PLACE.—Mr. R. S. Boulter, who during a residence here of several years was known to the most of our citizens as a right down clever fellow and a reliable business man, has taken the Russell House, at old Orchard Beach, one of the most delightful summer resorts to be found in New England. The house has been fitted and furnished for first class boarders, and families will find a quiet home, pleasant rooms, and all the facilities for bathing, riding, &c. We have unbounded confidence that our friend, in addition to his other accomplishments, can "keep a hotel" and do it well. Go and see if he can't.

THE BOSTON JUBILEE—or a section of it—has been engaged by the Senior Class of Colby University, for their approaching Concert on Commencement eve. Gilmore's Band is to be present, with five more pieces than usual, and the inimitable Arbuckle as a soloist. Miss Annie Granger, a prominent soprano singer at the Jubilee, will be the vocalist. The present graduating class are evidently determined that the musical entertainment of '69 shall surpass all previous concerts; and of course they may reasonably look to be liberally patronized.

Our thanks are due to Col. F. M. Drew, Secretary of State, for a copy of the Maine Legislative Manual for 1869, a work comprising much statistical and other useful matter, compiled by the secretary of the Senate and clerk of the House by order of the legislature, and printed at the office of the Kennebec Journal.

The "Union Mower" has been well tried and well approved, far and wide, and is a safe machine to purchase. A. P. Marston sells them in Waterville, where they have been well approved by many good farmers. We refer to that advertisement.

THE MAINE CENTRAL YEARLY MEETING of Free Baptist Churches was held in East Dixfield this year on the 22d, 23d and 24th of June. The attendance was large and the sessions interesting. The report showed a prosperous condition of the order. The following resolutions on temperance were passed:—

Resolved, That we will still adhere to the principles of total abstinence from everything that can intoxicate.

Resolved, That the use of a beverage of domestic wines, cider, strong beer, and many of the popular biters of merchandise is a violation of the principles of total abstinence.

Resolved, That consistency and humanity require, that we not only resolve, but that we speak and act in conjunction therewith; and that we vote for such men only, for important offices, as are pledged to the principles of total abstinence, and will sustain them by their official acts.

Look, farmers, at advertisement of auction sale of property of the late Andrew Traflet. A good chance to buy what you want.

DR. BLAINE.—The honorary degree of L. D. was conferred on Hon. James G. Blaine, our representative in Congress, by Bates College, Lewiston, at its Commencement on Wednesday.

Rev. Mr. Shaw's parishioners, or a portion of them at least, made him a pleasant surprise visit on Tuesday evening and left him a nice study chair.

The monument to Dr. Holmes, as we learn from the Kennebec Journal, will be of Hallowell Granite, and the work is already in progress.

COL. ALFRED E. BUCK, a graduate of Waterville, has been nominated for Congress by the Republicans and Unionists of the first District of Alabama. He served in the army faithfully five years.

MR. W. H. LAMBERT, the principal of the Augusta High School, was highly complimented, at the recent examination, on the advancement of the scholars during his administration.

The Ocean Bank, in New York, was robbed on Sunday of a half a million dollars, by burglars; though it is hinted that they had inside help.

We refer the reader to the advertisement of the "American Mower," by Gerald and Allen, Kendall's Mills. Great promises are made for this machine, and without knowing anything of its merits, we advise farmers to examine it carefully, try it thoroughly, and then buy it—if they find it just what they want.

We do not wish to frighten people into sleeping with one eye open, but it is well enough to mention that we have, or had, a burglar among us. Mr. J. P. Hill reports that some one entered his house, by the cellar window, on Sunday night, and according to the room above stole ten dollars from the pocket of a vest hanging there.

The Kniffen Mower is a new machine in this vicinity, offered at the store of J. P. Caffrey. A trial in the field of Mr. Eames, on Tuesday, drew very marked praise from several pretty sharp-eyed farmers, such as Gideon Wells, of Clinton, Robert Crosby, of Albion, and half a dozen other good judges. Farmers should examine it before buying. It has rare qualities.

A Genesee, Illinois, paper, in a list of income taxes paid by its wealthy citizens, puts down Capt. Frank Stillson—a well remembered Waterville boy—at six thousand dollars. Guess the Cap'n is doing pretty well.

The SPRAGUE MANUFACTURING COMPANY are moving in earnest for a new cotton mill.

Three tug boats, loaded with recruits for Cuba, were captured by a revenue cutter, in Long Island Sound, on Tuesday night.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION OF YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS will be held in Portland on the 15th inst. A great gathering is anticipated.

THE GILMORE BENEFIT, at the Coliseum on Tuesday, was a great success, from which Mr. G. will realize, it is reported, about twenty-five thousand dollars.

We learn that the dedication services for the Memorial Hall of Colby University have been arranged for Tuesday afternoon, Aug. 10th. Rev. Dr. Bosworth, of Haverhill, Mass., will make the principal address.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for July is on Henderson's counter, fresh from the New England News Company of Boston. Buy it; it is a good number.

On our table lies an apple, bright looking, and fragrant and pleasant to smell and taste, that was found a few days ago, in the grass beneath the tree upon which it grew last year, by Mr. Moses Getchell of Winslow. It is a singular case of preservation.

Frank E. Nye of Waterville, son of Joshua Nye, Esq., who has just graduated at West Point, has been appointed 2d Lieutenant in the second U. S. Cavalry and James E. Porter, also of this State, to be 2d Lieutenant of C. B. 16th Infantry.

CLASSICAL INSTITUTE.—The semi-annual Examination will occur on the 8th and 9th inst., and the annual Exhibition will come off on the evening of the 9th in the Congregationalist Church at 7 1/2 o'clock. Music by the North Vassalboro' Band.

It is said that "Gilbreth's Knox" and the "Jones and Tozier Colt" will be at the trot in Unity on the 5th inst.—but not to enter for any race. The Colt is now three years old, and trots in 3 minutes.

The Agent of the Clipper Mowing Machine invites attention to the details of the trial of Mowing Machines at Swansey, N. H., as found advertised in another column.

MAINE GENERAL CONGREGATIONAL CONFERENCE.—The 43d annual session of this body began Tuesday of last week in Bangor. An amendment was made to the constitution, inviting ministers and others to participate in the deliberations, though only members shall have the right to vote. Delegates from other christian bodies made reports. Rev. A. Stevens, delegate from Vermont; Rev. R. S. Denon, delegate from Massachusetts; Rev. O. C. Thompson, delegate from Michigan; Rev. B. F. Perkins, delegate from Missouri; and Rev. C. F. Allen, delegate from the Maine Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, reported from their respective bodies.

The conference sermon was preached by Rev. J. F. Bingham of Augusta, from Luke X: 10. The theme was the struggle of the Christian minister with the worldly power of the world. The following ministers have died during the year: Rev. Messrs. B. C. Chase, of Dover, J. A. Perry, of Guilford, and E. Jones, of Minot.

It appears by the report of the Secretary that the whole number of additions to the churches by profession is 546; by letter 317; total 863; dismissals to other churches, and removals by death 677—increase 186; whole number of members 19,521; in Sabbath Schools 20,939; contributions \$38,336. Twelve pastors installed; three dismissed. Fifty-four churches have pastors; 108 have stated supplies; 78 are returned "vacant." About \$2000 was pledged at one of the meetings for the benefit of the Theological Seminary at Bangor. The following resolution on the subject of temperance was passed:—

Resolved, That we reaffirm our confidence in the justice and efficiency of the legal prohibition of the liquor traffic as an indispensable adjunct to moral effort in the promotion of the Temperance Reform, and again declare our solemn and steadfast purpose to seek not only to maintain the prohibitory principle in legislation, but also to promote its faithful execution.

Resolutions were also passed that the great and increasing frequency and facility of divorce from the marriage relation in our State, furnishes the most serious occasion for grief and alarm, and that great care ought to be taken by our ministers, not to solemnize marriage between persons, either, or both of whom have been divorced in contravention of the Scriptures.

The attendance upon this session of the Conference has been about five hundred from abroad. About one hundred and seventy-five ministers have been present.—Ken. Journal.

THE FAIRFIELD HOUSE, at Kendall's Mills, has lately changed proprietors, and is now in the hands of Messrs. Dow Brothers.

The Somerset Reporter says:—

They have put a new story on the ell part, making a number of new rooms, and repairing and refitting the house throughout and under the judicious management of the gentlemanly proprietors, with Mrs. E. Dow, the accomplished lady, at the head of her department.

ment, the travelling public, and all others who may call on them, will find a pleasant home, with good room, good beds, and a sumptuous table.

While we are sorry in common with everybody else to see that the firm of Drummond, & Co. propose to close their business, we are yet glad to refer everybody to the opportunities they offer for great bargains in their closing out sale.—[See their advertisement]

We refer those in want of medical aid, in the line of Dr. Pollard's speciality, to his advertisement. His extensive practice in this vicinity in years past, and the general confidence he has secured, are good endorsements of his integrity and skill.

WESTERN CORRESPONDENCE.

ALBION, EDWARDS CO., ILL., June 21st, 1869.

Dear Mail:—That portion of Illinois south of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, so long known by the name of Egypt, is now emerging from the darkness which has ever been attributed to it. The people having had the advantages of the Mississippi, Ohio and Wash Rivers, for the purpose of shipping their produce, were very slow to see and feel the importance of Railroad connection with the different sections of their country. But the opening up of Southern Illinois, by the Illinois Central Railroad, which has its southern terminus at Cairo, has engendered in the people an energy and enterprise, before unknown in this portion of the State.

There are now some half dozen projected Railroads through Southern Illinois. Three of which are under process of construction—one known as the Cairo and Vincennes Railroad, one as the Grayville and Mattoon Railroad, and one as the Shawneetown and Edgewood Railroad. These roads, according to the terms of their contracts, are to be finished within eighteen months; and when completed we shall have, in addition to our navigable rivers, direct Railroad communication with Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Cairo, and the South.

The climate is delightful, and the soil productive and well adapted to fruit growing. A fruit train is run daily from Southern Illinois on the I. C. Railroad during the fruit season, commencing in May on the ripening of strawberries and running until the winter fruit is all gathered in the Fall. These trains are composed of from ten to fifteen cars and each car loaded with from ten to fifteen tons of fruit. One hundred tons of strawberries from Southern Illinois daily, will I know, to my down East friends, seem almost incredible; but nevertheless it is true. Heretofore these berries have averaged the growers from fifteen to twenty cents per quart. This year the average price will probably be somewhat less.

I wish to say to all those who intend to settle in the West that they would do well to examine our country before going further West to settle in the wilderness prairies. Here we have good schools and good society. Edwards county is settled principally by English and Eastern men. The English are very sober, intelligent, industrious and economical; which, together with Yankee ingenuity and enterprise, makes a very desirable society. Our county is out of debt, and our county orders at par, which can be truthfully said of but few Western counties. The Grayville and Matton Railroad is to run through the whole length of the county, making Albion, the county seat, a point. This place has from 800 to 1000 inhabitants. The buildings, unlike those in most Western towns and cities, are large and substantial.

Our wheat crop is now being cut and promises a very handsome yield. We have small prairies and timber sufficient for building, fencing and fuel, and a plenty of good water. Wild and uncultivated lands in this county are worth from five to fifteen dollars per acre. Lands with buildings and improvements on them are worth from twenty to fifty dollars per acre. The politics of the county is republican two to one, and the people a temperance people. Although under the laws of this State it is almost impossible to prohibit altogether the sale of alcoholic drinks, yet our county officers will not compromise their temperance principles by sanctioning the Liquor Traffic; there is no licensed grocery in our county.

The house, and outbuildings of Mr. Bailey Donnell, in Bowdoinham, were totally destroyed by fire on Monday afternoon last, together with a portion of the household furniture, a chest of valuable carpenter's tools, fifteen tons of hay and other property. The loss is estimated upwards of \$2500; insured for \$1000.

On Sunday last the graves of the soldiers buried at the National Military Asylum at Togus, were decorated by the inmates of the Asylum. An appropriate address was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Ricker.

The numerous persons who have made applications for pensions and whose claims have been rejected will be glad to learn their claims can now be again opened. An examining board has been organized by the present commissioner to review these claims and where injustice has been done to correct it. Claimants will again be called upon for evidence to establish their rights under the pension acts, and it is believed that the result will be that many poor people who have hitherto been unable to persuade the commissioner of their right to pensions will now get them.

Austria has taken another step in the way of defining the relations of the State to the Church. Some days ago the government showed that it was determined to enforce civil penalties against ecclesiastical violators of the new constitution, and now it has nullified ecclesiastical power in another direction by forbidding the civil authorities to enforce ecclesiastical sentences.

Ex-President Johnson in his speech to the young ladies of a Tennessee seminary, rather congratulated himself that his early education had been neglected. Otherwise he thought he should have been a humdrum schoolmaster instead of a public man.

One of the most powerful labor organizations in this country has been formed by the journeymen shoemakers of Massachusetts, under the title of the Knights of St. Crispin. The guild now comprises about 50,000 members, 40,000 of whom are employed in the boot and shoe producing towns of the Bay State.

The R. M. S. church will make a strong effort to get some hold of the Freedmen for the advantage of their faith. An exchange says: "There are probably not less than a hundred colored men now in Rome preparing for the priesthood. Of course the majority of them will become the teachers of the Freedmen at the South."

HORACE GREELEY'S IDEA OF EDUCATION.—"I plead for the education of all in such a manner that each shall have several lines of defence between his chosen field of effort and starvation and beggary; so that if driven back from one of those entrenchments, he may rally behind the next. Let him freely aspire to be a lawyer, doctor or divine; let him cram Greek and Hebrew, if he will, till he is a walking Polyglot; let him revel if he can afford it, in abstruse, black letter lore, but let him first be so qualified that, in the always possible case of the world's declining to pay for his services and afford him a living at the bar, in the office, or at the desk, he may fall back in good order on his second line, and become a useful farmer, or a respectable mechanic."

CURE FOR LICE ON CATTLE.—We have repeatedly recommended the carbolic acid soap and compounds for the destruction of lice on cattle, and have used it for other animal parasites and have yet to hear of a case where it was properly applied and failed to give satisfaction.—[American Agriculturist.]

Cognac, the great brandy town, is said to be one of the wealthiest in proportion to its size, in the world. In 1868 it exported above nine millions of brandy, almost all of which went to England. The value of this liquor was a little more than nine million dollars, or just about at the rate of a dollar a gallon. The promise of the present year's crop of wine is good. The population of Cognac is about 24,000.

A curious story is told of the rescue of a blind horse in Indianapolis by another horse gifted with vision. The sightless beast had wandered into the river and lost his bearings. He was swimming helplessly in a circle when his companion discovered him, and having failed to lead him in the right direction by neighing, went into the water and guided the horse in total eclipse safely to land. The sight was witnessed and cheered by a large number of spectators on the banks.

That woman who told the concert audience that she tried hers in "butter," may take comfort. Grace Greenwood tells the story of a timid young hero, worshiper who once met Miss Martineau, and Mrs. Somerville at a literary soiree. She dared not speak to such exalted beings, but noticed them at one time in a quiet converse, and drew near, hoping to catch some of the deep wisdom: "I'll tell you what I mean to do," said Miss Martineau, laying her hand emphatically on the arm of Mrs. Somerville. "I mean to have my white craps shawl dyed brown, to wear with my brown satin dress." Then answered Mrs. Somerville impressively, through the ear-trumpet of Harriet Martineau: "I think you cannot do better, my dear."

In one of Dr. Ayer's lectures he states that Chemistry confers more practical benefit on mankind than any other science, yet from no other source could more be so easily obtained. The arts and economies which chemistry would teach, if more thoroughly and generally studied, would speedily exercise a most beneficent influence. He freely confesses that he is indebted to this science for the virtues of his remedies, and advises that the practical application of chemistry to medicine, the arts, manufactures, and agriculture, be enjoined upon our colleges and schools.—[Wrightsville (Pa.) Star.]

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—My Wheeler & Wilson has been in almost daily use, Sabbath excepted, for over ten years, doing the work, both coarse and fine, for a family which, for seven years, consisted of more than forty persons. During the whole ten years it has needed no repairs of any kind, and its condition is so good now that I would not exchange it for a new machine. So perfect in its running order that it has not required a second needle in over three years. Mrs. Wm. A. Oxbenton.

UNION POINT, GA.

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

The Arrostook Times of last week says: "The funeral ceremony of turning the first sod on the Houlton Branch road, was performed on Thursday last."

Wants on Sunday, to be removed, says the American, by painting them with Tincture of Iodine.

Sunday was a very hot day in Philadelphia, and in the afternoon a terrible wind passed over the southern part of the city, doing considerable damage. Buffalo was also visited by a severe storm on the same evening.

Chicago boasts of its big strawberries which have attained to that degree of size that they are sold at so much a fore or hind quart.

The Bangor Whig says between five and six miles of rails have been laid upon the Piscataquis Railroad, and work is progressing favorably.

The Rev. N. J. Wheeler, of Skowhegan, has accepted a call from the Baptist Church at Newport, N. H.

"Fleethill," the home of the late N. P. Willis, has been sold for \$35,000.

A remarkable missionary fleet, says an exchange, is the vessel Captain A. B. M.

Frederic Cozzens, author of the "Sparrowgrass Papers" is a who-ess liquor merchant in New York. He is rich and writes because he likes to. Lately he has taken to more earnest topics—prison management and the like.

Carlyle opens one of his essays with, "We are twenty millions on these British Islands, mostly fools."

"What are you doing?" said a London D. D., to a visitor from the country. "O sir, I am in the ministry now," was the somewhat exulting reply. "Ah, but, my brother," said the querist again, "is the ministry in you?" Rather an important question that.—[Advance.]

Parents often see their faults reflected in their children and want to break the glass. It would seem hardly necessary to remind them that the trouble is not with the mirror.

