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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 23, No. 05): July 30, 1869

Maxham & Wing

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## CONTENTMENT.

BY WILLIAM W. GRABBY.

Where is contentment to be found?  
Is it a plant of earth?  
Grows it upon terrestrial ground,  
Or claims it heavenly birth?  
'Tis not where gems of beauty bright  
Diffuse their sparkling rays;  
'Tis not where proud ambition's height  
Calls forth the meed of praise;  
'Tis not where pomp and glittering wealth  
Their dazzling charms display,  
Nor yet in beauty, or in health,  
Contentment leads its way.

In vain the son of men have sought  
Her smiles and charms to gain;  
Monarchs and kings in vain have fought  
This precious boon to obtain.  
But there's a gem of sacred worth  
Within the human breast;  
It smooths the thorny paths of earth,  
And leads to endless rest.  
'Tis love to God, and love to man!  
That only can bestow  
Contentment and true happiness  
On mortals here below.

## SQUIRE SUFFOLK'S SUBSCRIPTION.

Squire Suffolk was the richest man in North Grafton, and gossips said the stingiest. "As close as the bark of a tree," they described him, for in a country place like North Grafton a small fortune entitles one to rank with the Rothschilds. In the meantime let us hope that the Squire was not so narrow as they believed, since deponent saith that the father of lies is not so black as he is painted; and the Squire having made his money as a contractor, perhaps only carried his business habits into private life and contracted his views on charity till contraction was no longer a virtue. It was said that he kept bachelor's hall because a wife would be expensive; that he went to bed at twilight because kerosene was high; that he wore his shabby clothes of an old style—old, even for North Grafton—because broadcloth had gone up, and tailors had a disagreeable custom of coming down upon one; and furthermore, that he had pawned his silver to escape the grasp of the assessor.

How true all this was let Miss Catherine Poore answer. Miss Poore, who took in sewing and had made up more than one piece of fine linen for the Squire, and who during her vacations and hours of relaxation, purveyed for the parish or any needy body who came in her way—one human creature being quite as worthy as another of her aid and sympathy.

One summer morning Miss Poore tied on her straw bonnet—the identical bonnet she had bought with the money Squire Suffolk had paid her five years ago, and which bonnet she had sewed over with her own blessed fingers four separate times, in order to be as near the fashion of the day as respectability required—so one morning she tied on this work of art, and taking her purse, as a necessary precaution she believed, bent her steps along the blooming country road toward the imposing mansion of Squire Suffolk, on charitable thoughts intent.

Now Miss Poore was no blooming miss of twenty, with dimples coqueting with blushes on her cheeks, and eyes running over with lovely mirth, and the peach-bloom of youth throbbing like a glimmer over all. She was simply a plain woman of forty or thereabout, with a face in no way remarkable, except for its expression of kindness and good-humor; and these, be it said, are the faces that best outlive youth, and that catch at last the reflections of the spirit, and grow beautiful in the illumination of good deeds and pure thoughts. Miss Poore was just the one to beg for others and desire nothing for herself; just the woman to make a thousand plans for the welfare of others, and feel their frustrations as acutely as if they had been for her own personal happiness.

She was shown into the dining-room at Squire Suffolk's where she found him handling over a late breakfast, while the servant had just brought in on a silver tray.

"You make me ashamed of myself," said he, reflectively sipping his coffee by the aid of wrought silver tongs of an ancient design.

"I'm sorry. I hope to make you pleased with yourself before my visit is over," she replied.

"Then take this seat, Miss Poore, and drink a cup of this Mocha; it's my own importation. There isn't another such beverage in North Grafton, I'll venture to say."

"Thanks. I love Mocha, but it doesn't love me."

"That's odd, very odd of the Mocha; unrequited affections, eh?"

Miss Poore laughed, but she was thinking rather of a family in North Grafton who drank cold water every morning at breakfast, only indulging themselves in the luxury of tea on Sundays, in order to keep in countenance the father who needed it to assist him through the year and tear of the day, and who disdained any dainty which he must enjoy alone.

"It is the country pastor, the Rev. Herbert Hasent and family, who lived, or rather suffered, on a salary of five hundred dollars a year, and what extras were to be obtained by fitting stupid boys for college. She cleared her voice then, a little nervously, for action.

"Mr. Suffolk," said she, "I have come on a matter of business, and I may as well get over it at once and leave you at your breakfast in peace."

Some dim idea of sewing-work flashed through his mind, while he involuntarily ran over the items of his wardrobe.

"I don't see," he began.

"Oh, please don't refuse till I tell you. With the aid of several charitable societies we are fitting out some young clergymen as missionaries to the Feejeees."

"Oh, the missionaries be hanged!" he interrupted, scenting danger perhaps for others besides the missionaries. "I beg pardon, Miss Poore; but—the devil—it seems to me that charity begins at home."

"I've no objections to that, only don't make her too much of a home body; a little neighborliness is good."

"Eh? They'll be eaten alive, those young fools. It's downright unchristian to send them out merely as food for the savages. I won't lend a hand to such cruelty."

"Very well," said crest-fallen Miss Poore, rising to leave.

"No, it's not very well—begging your pardon again. Sit down, sit down. Now it stands to reason that if the call was a worthy one—that is, if I believed in it, why—the fact is, I should be as ready as the next one. There's your minister now, the Rev. Mr. Hasent—never was a poor devil better named—he hasn't a cent to bless himself; his wife wears calico in December; he buys fuel by the barrowful—so my gardener tells me; he wears patches into the pulpit; they live on beans and oatmeal! Why doesn't some one raise a subscription there? I would come down with something handsome—upon my word I would!"

And here the Squire tossed off his cup of Mocha, well satisfied that he had stayed her off with his specious humanity. But Miss Poore was valiant, and not to be worsted in the encounter.

"You speak feelingly," she said; "it does you credit, I am sure, taking out her tablets. What a luxury it is to be able to give where your heart dictates and your judgment ap-

proves! Acting upon your suggestion, I will open a subscription for Mr. Hasent at once, and headed by your name, I am certain it will meet with great success."

This was a turn of affairs the Squire had hardly anticipated.

"You won't get a cent, mark my word."

"I shall make the effort, at least. What shall I put you down at? A great deal depends upon that."

"I should think so. Why, my dear lady, you won't get a sixpence of these clodhoppers. Come now, I won't put my name down, but I'll agree to double all you collect. Now isn't that handsome?—I guess I've heard the last of that story," thought the merry Squire.

"Thank you," said Miss Poore. "Then you'll see me again. Good morning, Mr. Suffolk."

"And she was away through the blossoming lanes again without a thought for anything but Mr. Hasent's comfort and the Squire's offer."

"How very good it was of the Squire!" she said to herself; "he isn't so mean as people believe, after all, if you only work the right vein. Heigh-ho! what a godsend it will be to Mr. Hasent—a little ready money for the necessities of next winter; a new gown for little Belle, who hasn't been at church for weeks; a jacket for Tom, who is irremediably out at the elbows."

What comfort, what heart's ease was laid up in that blank subscription list! Oh, if the days were each a year long, and all the farmers' geese laid golden eggs! What a pity it was that so many close-handed people lived in North Grafton! There was Mrs. Adams and Capt. Jackson; they were both well-to-do, but to what wretched extremes they carried economy! Well, but now that she was passing she might as well go in.

"Good morning, Captain Jackson. I'm raising a subscription for poor dear Mr. Hasent, and I want your name."

"You want my money, you mean?"

"Certainly; yours, and that of a good many other good people. How pleasant it is to have something to give away!"

"I should think very like; but I haven't got a cent ahead myself; never was so poorly off in my life."

"Dear me, what a pity!" sighed Miss Poore. "Now we all thought you were forehanded. How surprised the neighbors will be! Did you lose in that fire?"

"I haven't lost anything. What put that bee in your bonnet? I haven't got a cent, though, to give to any prating parson—not I."

"Very well. Then I must go and try Mrs. Adams. The world has used her well; perhaps she is grateful enough to give her mite."

"A precious little mite you'll get there. Why, my dear woman, she's closer than a glove to the hand. She wouldn't give a cent to save her soul, provided she has one. Come, I'll venture to double what she gives; it won't venture a hole through my bulwarks, I will be bound!"

"Good morning, then; perhaps you'll see me again."

And Miss Poore was off to Mrs. Adams. She found that lady just turning a loaf of plum cake out of the oven.

"Done to a charm, isn't it?" said the satisfied housekeeper. "You know I took a premium on bread last year."

"I'm sure you ought to have one on cake, if it's as good as it looks. I wonder if Mrs. Hasent tastes such a thing once a year?"

"Not often, I guess," laughed Mrs. Adams. "She's too slack to beat the eggs—catch her."

This didn't look promising, surely.

"She is not well, you know; she's an invalid. She has been denied the greatest blessing God can bestow, of which you and I seem to have store. Isn't it a pity that she should be deprived of so much besides?"

"Oh, but there must be a screw loose somewhere; either they're wasteful or something."

"Bless you they haven't anything to waste; they don't know the meaning of the word. Why, Mrs. Hasent has worn that chocolate calico for three years running."

"Well, you know invalids don't wear out clothes as fast as active bodies like me and you, Miss Poore. Now it's my opinion, between us two, that Mrs. Hasent might sit up and do her housework as well as her neighbors, if she chose. Law, think of the parson pothering about and cooking breakfast! I'd like to see the morsel of bread I would eat of his making!"

"I guess if you were starving you would not ask who made it. I tell you it's a suffering household."

"I suppose all this talk means that you are out begging for them? Law sakes! it's as much as a widow can do to make both ends meet. What with ten tons of hay and a barn swept off by fire, and a likely calf drowned in the freshet, I'm rather out, you see. Law, this is the world, and the other's the country."

"That's true; and we sha'n't any of us reach that country if we are not open-hearted toward one another. But Captain Jackson, he warned me that I shouldn't get the widow's mite here. He was so morally certain that he offered to double whatever you gave, thinking, no doubt, that it wouldn't hurt him to double nothing—quits in his line, to be sure."

"Ha! ha! did he? Well now that's a good one! I never expected the Captain would be so generous. I'd like to twist a few coppers out of the rusty old skinflint. It'll make him lose flesh. Now I think of it, I've got a ten-dollar bill that I was going to send away; but I suppose the Hasents may as well have it, and then, too, Captain Jackson will have to fork over a twenty!"

"Thirty dollars is a very fair beginning," thought Miss Poore. It did not seem exactly necessary for her to quarrel with the motive, when the action was so acceptable; and therefore her business carried her back to Captain Jackson's.

"Again!" cried he, looking a little blank. "Where's the widow's mite? mighty small, isn't it?" attempting the facetious.

"Well no; it's very good of her. She was just going to send it away. It's a ten-dollar bill, Captain!"

"Thunder! You don't mean it? Let's see it. It isn't counterfeit, is it? Did it give her a cramp? How did she weather it? She must be on her beam ends! Dear, dear, and I agreed to double it? Well, I've doubled the capes and a good many other dangerous points, but bless me if this isn't double trouble. There's a double-doom, at all events, and gold is 'p, you

know. I'm the last man to abandon a promise."

Very good trophies to begin with were the ten-dollar bill and the doubloon. The story of how they were obtained raised a laugh in many a farm-kitchen, and a hearty laugh opens the heart and the purse by one impulse. Miss Poore left a loop-hole to no one. She painted Mr. Hasent's difficulties so graphically, she related her experiences so humorously, that few could say her nay. It would have been like going to an entertainment and then refusing to pay the price of admission. Besides, none could resist Miss Poore; and who would be outdone by Mrs. Adams and Captain Jackson? No one cared to compete with those worthies; and then wasn't Squire Suffolk to double the whole amount, after all was said and done?

That was a pill which every one was anxious to administer to him and they did their prettiest in the way of compounding it. The more nauseous the better; swallow it he must, if it make him black in the face, and strangled him into the bargain.

Into every house in the place went Miss Poore and her subscription paper. Where money was scarce she accepted produce, and borrowing a team drove into town, and drove her bargains as shrewdly as Reynard himself, only more honestly. Barn-yard fowls, and game that the neighbors' boys had brought down for the benefit of the parson and the discomfiture of the Squire; butter and eggs; lambs-wool and sheep-skins; bags of grain, and fruit and vegetables—all was grist that came her mill.

One morning going into town, she met the Squire himself in his smart gig, mounted behind a tall, chestnut-colored horse, for the Squire's one extravagance was horse-flesh, said the gossips again. He reined in, however, when he recognized her, and asked if she had taken to farming, said he wanted to let his farm on the halves, would she undertake it? and threatened to waylay and rob her when she returned homeward with the funds in hand.

"You've some fine lamb's-wool there," said he, alighting to examine it. "Card and Spinner have engaged a hundred-weight of me at a premium. Here I'll drop them a line, and you can take this up to them if you like, and say I sent it, as an installment; they'll pay you cash down."

"But—do you know what the money's for?" hesitated Miss Poore. She couldn't make up her mind to this unfair advantage even in the cause of the Church.

"Certainly I do. It's to ruin the Squire and enrich the parson. Shall I have to mortgage the farm, do you think? In that case I sha'n't ask you to take it at the halves."

"A persistent little brigand!" laughed the Squire, rolling along over the country road and enjoying the breezy morning, the odor of wild blossoms, the gushes of bird-song that palpitated on the air in an ebb and flow of harmony, enjoying such substantial pleasures.

"It's your money or your life with her. She wouldn't disfigure the old place either, she wouldn't. Blood will tell; she's got the high and mighty ways of the Jerrolds, and they bought their lands of the Indian Sax-hems—nothing much older than that, I fancy in this country—if they did part with them to the devil, so to speak. Heigh-ho! I thought danger was over when a fellow reached the fifties, but I do believe that, like the measles and whooping-cough, it goes harder with the adult."

And thus the Squire pursued his way, sometimes humming a strain of that old tune,

"Lovely Zittina, list while I play—  
Brigands abroad, I may not say,  
But thy bright eyes if the brigand should see,  
Thou art the bandit, the captive is he!"

All through the summer days Miss Poore pursued her scheme, and into autumn; early in the dewy morning before her day's drudgery began, and again after it was finished. If she took a holiday to herself, it was only in order to swell the subscriptions. The neighbors caught the infection, and the children picked berries and went nutting in the season to pile Miss Poore's market wagon. Women who had nothing else to bestow, took their knitting with them when they went out to tea or pleasuring, and gave the results. Ruth Brown made yards of tatting, like a trace of hoar-frost, while she gossiped about the neighbor's crops, the last singing school and the young man with the golden mustache who came to buy grain of farmer Gould and said sweet things to his daughter; while a reminiscence of this smart young man with the golden mustache and the tender thoughts he had said to Kate Gould, appeared in the disguises of graceful leaf and opening bud, in satin stitch and lace-work embroideries, undertaken in the cause; and if they did not sell the better for this it surely was no fault of Kate's; she had put her best into them.

And it was Maggie Stone who surrendered the premium of a gold eagle, which she had taken at a by-gone county fair, very much as one surrenders an eye tooth, only because one would feel infinitely worse to keep it; and Nell—not to be outdone—offered her ear-rings, and found that they were pinchbeck.

It seemed as if one and all were bent upon begging Squire Suffolk, for on the first day of November the amount had reached three hundred dollars, and the subscription list was closed except to the Squire.

Accordingly one afternoon Miss Poore put on her work of art, and taking her treasure with her, proceeded to the Suffolk place. It was a bleak autumn day, a fore-runner of sleet and storms and pinching wintry weather, and Miss Poore, wrapping her threadbare shawl about her, was glad at last to find herself before the blazing fire in Squire Suffolk's drawing-room. It seemed to her at first as if he never would allow her to come to the point. Either he had forgotten all about the affair, or meant to wear out her patience; but that was simply inexhaustible. In the meantime, he entertained her with a detailed account of his estate, as if he were the steward and she the master; with the increase in his crops and prices; with the story of his youth and school days; of his first beaver and swallow-tailed coat; of his awkward first love; and when he paused, it occurred to Catherine that she knew him perhaps better than he knew himself. She wondered at this strange familiarity which was growing upon her; and when at length she pulled out her subscription list, it was with a quaint reluctance of manner not at all like Miss Catherine Poore's usual promptitude. "Was she afraid he would fail to fulfill his obligation, and so disappoint her

hopes? Was it because, having acquired a sort of friendliness for him, she feared lest he should prove the niggard?"

"Three hundred dollars," said he. "You have done finely!"

It plainly wasn't a very stunning affair to him, or he met an emergency with consummate coolness.

"Yes. I have it here in ready money. You shall count it, if you will."

"Three hundred dollars! Why, child, I haven't so much on hand." She had feared it would come to that. "I never keep it about me, you know, he pursued. 'I don't like to put a premium on murder, to make it worth the servant's while to put a dirk through me any time after dark.'"

She left her seat then and prepared to go home. She was quite miserable at that moment. To be balked thus! Six hundred dollars would have gone so far with the Hasents—they needed it so sorely! Only yesterday she had seen Tad's stockings peeping through his shoes; and then the doctor had ordered luxuries for the mother; but it was one thing to order and another to obtain. Here would have been luxury and plenty. She did not realize all this, had enough truly, but it was yet not enough to make her so despondent. She felt as if some disaster had overtaken her which money in itself had no power to alleviate.

"I will send to town to-morrow," said the Squire, "and you shall have the money before night. Will that do?"

"Do!" The tears stood in her eyes, the reaction of feeling was so intense. You cannot understand what it was to this woman, who loved her neighbor as herself, who made his welfare, spiritual as well as material, a personal thing, a happiness, the business of her life.

She called in at Mr. Hasent's on her way home. There was no cheerful blaze in the grate. Mrs. Hasent sat bolted up in bed darning, while her husband made the toast and tea, and lighted a solitary lamp. Miss Poore looked about her and thought of all the changes to come; of the comfortably clad children; of the warm winter fires; of the new suit that should replace the shabby black of the father's; of the tea and partridges for the mother—and then she bid them good night, and her gladness illumined the path before her so that she seemed to walk in noonday.

She went about her work as usual next day, never allowing her gaze to wander out expectantly, till a sharp ring brought her to her feet, with her nerves all quivering in the flesh, as if the points of innumerable pine were stabbing her through and through. It was the money from the Squire, in crisp bank-notes, the full three hundred dollars—but what else? What was it that made Miss Poore's hand tremble like an aspen, that sent the tears dropping slowly one by one, and made her flush and pale before this scrap of paper?

"My dear Miss Catherine.—The stingiest man in North Grafton offers you his hand and heart. As it is the first time in his life that he has been guilty of such generosity, pray encourage him and heal him of his infirmity."

And so Mr. Hasent's heart and home were gladdened with the six hundred dollars, and this gladness rebounded upon the Squire and Catherine Poore; and there was a great wedding, for North Grafton, in Mrs. Hasent's best parlor, and everybody had a new gown for the occasion, not excepting the hostess herself, whose new gowns were like angels' visits—few and far between.—[Harper's Magazine.]

Mrs. Winslow a man.—If babies are regularly fed, bathed, and comfortably dressed, and in a pure atmosphere, they will be quiet and healthy. The ignorance of women on these subjects is truly lamentable. We have seen children a year old that have never tasted water, when they should have had it a dozen times every day from the hour of their birth. We have found fathers who worked hard all day, complain bitterly of being disturbed at night by crying children, hence the common use of Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup, which only tends to increase the irritable condition of the nervous system and permanently weakens the brain.

Young mothers no doubt imagine this Mrs. Winslow is some experienced, humane old lady who loves little children, knows just how to soothe them to sleep and pilot them through all the pitfalls of infancy, when in fact, this abortive syrup is compounded by some ignorant man in whiskers, broadcloth and boots, who lives and fattens on his ill-gotten gains, while babies are sent by the hundred to untimely graves, or made idiots and lunatics for life.—[Elizabeth Cady Stanton.]

Obviously all that the opposition in the French Chambers want is the substitution of a regime of constitutional freedom, by which the ministers would be responsible to the deputies and not to the Emperor for personal government—but practically a large minority are working for a good deal more. Their numbers include men from all parts of the electoral field, and from under all flags, but the ablest are essentially hostile to the dynasty. It is the Emperor they want to unseat and not merely the ministers. Read in this light, the tactics which have been played since the session began, are intelligible enough. There is no mistake about it, that for every step taken by the Emperor two will be demanded of him.

The Belfast Age has the following railroad items: "The working survey from Unity to Clinton Station has been completed, and the whole distance has been reduced to 33 miles. The grading of the line between Unity and Burnham has been undertaken by a Province man and he has commenced work with a large force. The grading between Brooks and Unity is progressing rapidly. A responsible New York firm has made proposals to furnish the balance of the iron at cash quotations, and to take in payment two-fifths in preferred stock at par.

The Russian government are said to be actively engaged in preparations for the Universal Exposition which is to take place at St. Petersburg next year. More than five hundred laborers are actually employed on the work, and this number will be soon increased, as the czar intends that the buildings shall be entirely finished and ready for occupation on the first of May, 1870.

## OUR TABLE.

"ONWARD," Mayne Reid's magazine, commences a new volume with its July number, which, like its predecessors, is full of spicy reading for "Young America." And this mention of "Young America" leads us to copy what the editor repeats in this number, that his magazine is not intended for children, but rather for the young manhood of America, including also its young womanhood. He also protests against the idea of setting it down as a repository of sensational romance, merely claiming that it is a teacher of the true, and pure, and noble, in literature and in life. Its teachings, too, are of native origin, and not brought from across the sea.

One of the most interesting articles in this number, especially for young ladies, is a continuation of the editor's treatise, on Croquet, with notes and commentaries—which treatise, by the way, is issued separately in a neat and handy pamphlet. All the publications of Capt. Reid can be had through the American News Co., who are sole agents for the trade.

Published by Capt. Mayne Reid, New York, at \$3 00 a year.

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

A Year and a Day, part 3; Recollections of Lord Byron; Sketches in Polynesia—The Tiji; Morris's Poems; A New Theory of Earthquakes and Volcanoes; A Story of Eulenburg, part 1; The Church Bill in the Lords.

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

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 50 cents a year.

LETTERS OF ACCEPTANCE.

MR. HICHBORN'S.

STROXTON, July 21, 1869.

GENTLEMEN, I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of the 29th ult., informing me that at the State Temperance Convention that day held in Portland, I was "unanimously nominated as a candidate to be supported by the temperance men of Maine, for Governor of the State for the ensuing year." Accompanying the same is a copy of the resolutions adopted by the Convention.

Like prudent men of another time, when breaking away from the usages and conventionalities of the hour, the Convention wisely made a full and clear declaration of principles by which the Temperance men of Maine are willing to be governed.

First, "We are in favor of equal rights, and even and exact justice to all."

In this I understand the Convention to include the broad and comprehensive plan of reconstruction, by which our beloved country, war-worn but not destroyed, indebted but not bankrupt, is again to be united upon the basis of justice, and equality before the law for all races, colors and conditions of men. This temperance men everywhere indorse, believing as they do, Temperance and Liberty to be true elements of good to all men.

Second, "We are in favor of sustaining the public credit," &c.

To this proposition I trust every true American is willing to assent. Without public credit the nation is comparatively powerless against internal commotion or external force. Added to this is the farther fact, that heavy public indebtedness is a never failing burden upon the industrial energies of the people, never to be tolerated a moment beyond actual necessity. To accelerate this let rigid economy in State and Nation be the imperative demand of every laboring man.

Further, the Convention declares in favor of development of the resources of the State, by the aid of wise and friendly legislation.

This, I trust, is allowed to include agriculture, commerce, manufactures, &c.,—all of which are pressing themselves upon the attention of the men of Maine, with unusual significance at the present time.

Too long have the advantages and opportunities of our State been overlooked. And to-day the inquiry is, shall agriculture, so long neglected, be fostered, aided and dignified as it deserves?

Shall the special industry of Maine, so useful in building up her extensive coast, be returned to her in its former vigor and utility? Shall her skilled mechanics, so essential to the strength of the State, be retained at home, encouraged and employed? Shall her sailors be increased and educated for both State and National defense? And shall the sails of Maine ships again whiten every ocean? Shall her extensive water power, so ready for work, be summoned to service everywhere?

Shall the railroad system of the State be so perfected as to improve and cement all the industries within, and to share all the advantages naturally accruing from without?

These and kindred subjects, including the moral and intellectual well-being of the State, together with a faithful, practical remembrance of the sailors and soldiers, who sacrificed that the nation might live, are questions, we might say, now pressing upon the minds of Maine for favorable solution.

And, for all these purposes, Temperance men feel that the most valuable production of a State or nation is its men; and the greatest destruction that can befall any people is the destruction of its manhood. And the surest and swiftest destroyer of nations, now suffered to exist, is the selling and drinking of intoxicating liquors! Impressed with these convictions, Temperance men seek first the salvation of the manhood of the State; feeling that this secured, and all else follows as a natural result. And to this end they ask the entire abolition of the traffic in alcoholic liquors as a beverage. They will seek by all moral means, aided by whatever of legal force the exigencies of the case may require. Practical results they purpose to reach, and certainly by the mildest possible means.

Viewed from these standpoints, I trust temperance men will no longer be charged with entertaining but "one idea." Theirs is a

foundation plan, not only for the advancement of good, but for the destruction of evil. And here, I trust, they will meet no antagonism from existing political parties. Most assuredly the true men of all parties cannot desire other than the ultimate good, and the destruction of whatever lies in its pathway.

In this, and to these ends, and these alone, fully appreciating the sacrifice involved, in distrust of my own ability, but fully confident of the final triumph of the principle at issue; in malice towards none who may differ in opinion with myself; and confidently bespeaking charity of all from whom I differ, I accept the honor of the nomination tendered, asking upon the whole temperance movement, the "considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God." "Let us have peace."

N. G. HICHBORN.

GEN. SMITH'S.

WATERVILLE, July 20th, 1869.

Hon. C. P. Kimball, President of the Democratic State Convention.

Sir, Your official notice of my nomination as the Democratic candidate for the office of Governor of the State by the recent Democratic State Convention, is received.

I accept the nomination with less reluctance, because having been made without solicitation on my part, I am relieved from any responsibility for it.

I have examined the resolutions passed by the Convention, and find nothing in them to object to. I have also resorted to the resolutions of the Democratic State Convention of 1868, which express more in detail what I understand to be the issues presented by the Democratic party to the people of the State. The history of another year has given additional force to them.

I cannot doubt that if the principles thus announced should prevail in the councils of the State and nation, they would impart a new energy to the capital and industry of the country. Nor can I doubt that the disregard of these principles by the party in power has had an unfavorable effect upon all the regular business interests of the country.

It should not dishearten us if we do not triumph this year. The fact that we are in a minority makes it more necessary to keep



## Waterville Mail.

W. M. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, JULY 30, 1869.



## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

B. M. PATTENBELL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, (and 20 Park Row, New York) B. R. Allen, Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. P. Howell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 40 Park Row, New York; and T. O. Evans, Advertising Agent, 129 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the WATERTVILLE MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required by the office. Advertisers are referred to the Agents named above.

LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS relating either to the business or editorial departments of the paper, should be addressed to "MAXHAM & WING, or WATERTVILLE MAIL OFFICE."

The Hay Crop is now nearly all in the barns. The quantity, proportioned to last year is variously estimated by different persons in different sections—some setting it more and some less than last year. One thing however is unquestioned, that the quality of the present crop is better than last year. There was a great deal of rusty hay last year, especially here's grass. Farmers took warning, and cut earlier this year; in which they were greatly aided by the increased number of mowing machines and horse rakes; the weather also favoring the effort. So we may safely say that farmers will be able to keep more stock and in better condition than last year. The amount of the old crop on hand will also do something towards this end.

Thus far pastures have been unusually good. Cows have done well in the way of butter and cheese, and young cattle, colts and sheep have grown fat. Last year pastures were poor, even where the growth was abundant, and stock failed to grow fat where feed seemed good. There will be fat beef and mutton in old Kennebec, and plenty of good butter and cheese.

Mr. Phillips's concert, at the Congregational church, Friday evening, though by no means failing of an audience, resulted in less profit than was looked for. This was owing to the occurrence of a shower just at the wrong moment. But the house was comfortably filled by an appreciative audience, to whom the sweet songs were both a musical feast and a spiritual unction.

STEAMBOAT NAVIGATION is to be resumed between Waterville and the lower Kennebec. Mr. Walter Getchell, of our village and Capt. McLaughlin, of the Clarion, have altered the little steamer Augusta, shortening her so that she can pass through the lock at the capital, and she will be in running order in about a week. She has good accommodations for passengers and freight and will be put upon the route as soon as there is water enough on the river at Fort Point. Would it not be perfectly fair and just to expend a small portion of the national grant for improving the navigation of the Kennebec river above Augusta dam?

A NEW PASSENGER DEPOT for the Portland and Kennebec Railroad is to be built in our village immediately from a design furnished by Mr. F. H. Fassett, of Portland. It is uncertain at present, whether the building will be of wood or brick, but it will furnish all needed accommodation for the public. Contrary to expectation, it will occupy the site of the present depot, but will extend to Temple Street. It is to be 60 feet in length, with 60 feet of veranda at each end, making 180 feet in all, and the width will be 25 feet. The track will be raised a foot or two at this point and the foundation of the new building raised also, and a good and convenient driveway provided so that it will be easy of access. A large and commodious freight house will also be built north of Temple Street, a building that has long been demanded by the increasing business of the road. The company have abundant territory here and are evidently determined to spare no labor or expense to have the public well accommodated.

METHODIST QUARTERLY MEETING—Waterville and Kendall's Mills.—There will be services at the Vistry of the new church on Pleasant St., in Waterville, Saturday evening next, at 7 1/2 o'clock. The usual "Love Feast" on Sabbath morning, commencing at 9 1/2 o'clock. Rev. Dr. Webber will preach at the usual hour in the forenoon, after which there will be a Baptism in the Vestry and Communion services. Services as usual in the afternoon and evening. The Sunday School will be omitted.

Rev. Dr. Webber will preach at Kendall's Mills in the afternoon.

CATTLE MARKETS.—The Boston Advertiser reports that the number of cattle at Cambridge and Brighton this week, though not as large as last week, was yet in excess of the demand, and that prices of beef were about half a cent a pound lower, while on lambs there was a decline of about one cent on a pound.

Two fine showers on Tuesday and Thursday, were just in season for potatoes, grass, corn, and everything else.

## CROPS IN KANSAS.

Messrs. Editors:—I have a brother residing in Leavenworth, Kansas. In a letter just received from him, dated July 13th, he speaks incidentally of the truthfulness of that section of our country, and is quite enthusiastic in his praise of its agricultural resources. He says:— "This is the garden state of the country—the Eden of the world. The flood at Chapman's Creek is about the distance from this place that Utica N. Y., is from Boston, that is, about 875 miles. It is the far western part of the State. The whole West has been deluged with rain this year. But no wheat is rusted in Kansas. She will beat all the states this year. Her soil will stand drouth or wet better than any I have seen elsewhere."

MEMORIAL HALL.—As this beautiful building approaches completion our confidence increases that it will fully satisfy the friends of the University. The material of which it is constructed was wisely chosen; the design of the architect though simple is yet highly picturesque; and the work, with few exceptions, has been executed with great skill. The Chapel and the Memorial Hall proper are very nearly completed; and a large force is at work upon the Library room, which will no doubt be in presentable condition at Commencement time. While it is one of the handsomest structures to be found in the country, it has been built, we think, with good economy—the whole expense coming inside of forty thousand dollars.

The folly of carrying concealed weapons in this quiet community was strikingly shown in the case of a Mr. Cumming, stopping for a few days in Mattawamkeag, who was seriously wounded last Sabbath, by the accidental discharge of his revolver while in church.

In this vicinity we have had no thunder and lightning to speak of this season; but other localities have been visited by severe tempests. Several persons have been killed in this State and considerable damage done to property. A terrific shower passed over Dexter on Friday last, during which the lightning struck in several places. Two barns with their contents, were burned by lightning in Auburn, on Tuesday.

MR. F. W. BALLARD, Secretary of the Security Insurance Company of New York, proves to be a defaulter to the amount of \$63,000. He had surreptitiously borrowed the collateral securities of the company for purposes of speculation. Mr. Ballard has always held a high position among insurance men. He was a member of the National Executive Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association and attended the recent convention in Portland, and he was warmly interested in Sunday Schools. How much easier to preach than to practice!

The amount of deposits in our new Savings Bank has reached \$30,000, by 230 depositors. Isn't this doing pretty well? The funds are all invested and drawing interest; and what is even better yet, the entire management is in most excellent hands.

DR. POLLARD, who has been spending several weeks in this place, in the line of his profession, left to-day for Readfield, where he has taken rooms for a few weeks at Col. Craig's. Among the many worthy men who travel in the practice of medical "specialties," Dr. Pollard is one of the few who uniformly commend themselves by a modest and gentlemanly faith in their own remedies. He evidently believes they effect many cures,—and we happen to know that many of his patients are brought to the same conclusion.

"THE MINSTREL'S PROPHECY," the original burlesque operetta by two young ladies of our village, will be performed at Town Hall on Tuesday evening. It has been in rehearsal by a choice company of young ladies, whose musical and dramatic talents, in the amateur line, have delighted good audiences of our villagers; and a favorable reception, both of the company and the play, is a matter of course.

A valuable horse, and of a breed profitable to raise in these days of horse thieves, was the one lately stolen in Poland,—which, according to the Mechanic Falls Herald, saved himself to his owner by positively refusing to budge another inch.—Having a "way" of this kind, the fit did not come on, till the thief had proceeded several miles with the horse, buggy and harness, each stolen from different owners. All were found together, with marks of a severe struggle between horse and thief in relation to a lesson of submission which the former had often refused to take. His vice proved a virtue for once. The introduction of this breed of horses would save a deal of hemp out west.

The Lewiston Journal says of the game of croquet, "It is a pretty sight to see the game played by children." What does the man mean to insinuate? Passing the house of one of our gentlemen of leisure, some time ago, we saw the proprietor and another six-footer playing at croquet "all alone by themselves, and nobody looking on"—and we thought that was "a pretty sight." Every one for their taste, Mr. Journal.

One who reads many newspapers will not be inclined to dispute the ultra temperance men when they charge a large share of the crimes of the country to intemperance. We could fill columns every week with the details of crimes and disasters that have this origin. One of the latest is that of the murder of a wife, a woman of 75 years, by her husband, aged 70 in Chicago. During a fit of drunkenness, and without any warning, he approached her in the garden and stabbed her with a dirk, killing her almost instantly.

## OUR TABLE.

THE ECLECTIC for August has a lifelike portrait of Prof. T. H. Huxley, and contains the following articles:—

The Religious War of France; Scientific Education; Prof. Huxley's Lecture; "History of European Moralities; Earthquakes; Huxley's Five Great Monarchies of the Ancient East; (concluded); The Secret of the North Pole; Opening of the Albert N. Yuma; William Stein and his Times; Part II.; Only Seven Years Old when She Died; He Knew He Was Right, Chaps. XXIX., XXX., XXXI.; The Central Asian Question; Playing with Lightning; Professor Huxley's Poetry; Literary Notices; Science; Art; Varieties.

The Eclectic contains the cream of the foreign quarters, magazines, etc., and is published by E. R. Pelton New York, at \$5 a year.

HOURS AT HOME.—The July number of this excellent monthly failed to reach us, but the August number comes to hand with an abundant supply of good wholesome reading. It contains Summer Life in the Lebanon, by J. Augustus Johnson; Oliver and the Second Empire, by Prof. Wm. Wells; On the Steps, by Eugene Schuyler; The Armies of the World, by F. Dracoll; Living to Use, by Dr. E. H. Gillett; Neander's Last Birthday, translated from the German; Soul-Life and Earth-Life, by Rev. C. H. A. Buckley. The two stories, Miss Manning's Compton Friars, and Miss Pritchard's Christopher Kroy, are continued, as are the Sunbun-bank Papers and Prof. Porter's essays on Books and Reading. J. T. Headley begins a series of articles on Folly's Pond, in the Adirondack region, and the hermit who gave it a name. There are two poems, My Palace, by Mrs. M. B. Dodge, and a Hospital Fragment, by John Earnest.

Published by Charles Scribner & Co., New York, for \$3 a year.

PACKARD'S MONTHLY.—The August number of this live young men's magazine has the conclusion of Barnum's entertaining account of the Courtship and Wedding of Tom Thumb, and many vigorous articles on a variety of topics. Buy it, try it, and keep doing so. Published by S. S. Packard, New York, at \$1 a year.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE for August has for a frontispiece a fine engraving of Lady Jane Grey and Roger Ascham and there are the usual number of patterns and designs for ladies' work. It is filled with choice reading, including numerous good stories, and the "Hints to Housekeepers" are reasonable and of much value.

Published by T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

EVERY SATURDAY for this week contains a highly eulogistic article on Victor Hugo and his new work, "L'Homme qui rit," by Algernon Charles Swinburne; "Belinda a Sofa," a story from the Argosy; a biographical sketch of "Martin Feroel," the eccentric French naturalist; "A Story of the Moscow Railway;" "The Two Bravos," a lecture to ladies, on ventilation and the desirability of breathing fresh air, by Charles Kingsley; "Robert's Capital Hit," part 3; "Children's Literature of the Last Century," by Miss Yonge; "Foreign Notes."

Every Saturday, a journal of choice reading selected from foreign current literature, is published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$5 a year, and sold by all periodical dealers.

THE SCHOOLMATE for August gives us two more chapters of "Rough and Ready, or Life among the New York Newsboys," by Horatio Alger, Jr.; with a declaration and a dialogue, as usual, and much other instructive and interesting reading. The Schoolmate is a great favorite with boys and girls.

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

ONCE A MONTH for August opens with a very interesting article on "Orbitoids of Animals Life," which is illustrated, and contains two more chapters of "The Mills of Taxbury," an original story of great interest. This work increases in value with each succeeding issue, and its form makes it a very handy travelling companion.

Published by T. S. Arthur & Sons, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY for August is embellished with a fine view of the "Blue Ridge from near Luray, Va.," and "The Last Rose of Summer," illustrating Moore's well known poem. There are also numerous wood engravings accompanying interesting articles. The number is a very good one, full of excellent reading.

Published under the auspices of the M. E. Church, by Hiltcock & Walden, Cincinnati, Ohio, at \$3.50 a year.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR, Arthur's delightful magazine for children, is always full of charming reading for the juveniles and beautiful pictures. Its literature is pure and wholesome and it cannot fail to elevate and refine wherever it goes.

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

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE, devoted to Knowledge, Virtue and Temperance, comes to us for July with a change of form and other improvements. It is now a handsome octavo, is certainly well filled, and is a power for good. It is very cheap, too, for the amount of reading being afforded for one dollar a year.

Address S. S. Wood, Newbury, N. Y.

A writer in the Lewiston Journal, who has been a guest of the Phoenix Hotel, Concord, N. H., speaks in high terms of that house. In several other papers we have seen highly commendatory notices of the Phoenix. This hotel is kept by our late townsman, John L. Seavey, Esq., favorably remembered as the proprietor of our Elmwood Hotel. His many friends will be glad to hear of his prosperity.

MR. CHARLES BURLEIGH, a Waterville boy but now one of the prominent energetic business men of Fitchburg, Mass., has recently started an enterprise in the mountains of Colorado, which promises to be very successful—that of working into those rich deposits vertically, by means of his patent drill, instead of horizontally, as has been the usual mode. The Colorado Tribune makes the following mention of him:—

"As announced in another article, Mr. Burleigh returned to Colorado yesterday from the East, and we are pleased to welcome him again. He is a representative of the class that our Territory needs—men with the sound sense to perceive the wealth of the country, and the courage and energy to dare to put their money into it, knowing that it will be returned tenfold in due time. He is a man of deeds and not words, one of the people themselves, who carries all the recommendations he needs in the looks of his countenance. He intends to stop at Georgetown all summer, and is going to erect a fine residence there at once. In conversation we learn that there is a prospect of one or two more tunnels being started into the Georgetown mountains this summer, using drills of his patent."

The Georgetown Miner says that the Burleigh tunnel is now driven at the rate of three feet a day, and that the Terrible tunnel is driven ten feet a week with one of Mr. Burleigh's drills.

PLUCKY.—The Dexter Gazette hoists the name of Hichborn for Governor, and pitches into fellows twice its size, a half dozen of them at once.

## WEST WATERTVILLE ITEMS.

E. G. Crowell, Esq., is making preparations to build a store near Mr. B. F. Otis store, on Church St.

Mr. Blaisdell is putting an addition on his buildings opposite Hutch's block for a warehouse.

L. D. Emerson is putting up a good stable for his Jersey Heifer.

The firm of Hubbard, Blake & Co., continues the same style as heretofore. Messrs. L. D. Emerson & C. E. Folsom retire. E. P. Blaisdell, M. M. Bartlett & D. Safford are admitted. The firm will continue as in the past one of the best in the State.

The Savings Bank at this place is prospering finely, but the extent of deposits and business is unknown to—Yours. B. R.

THE BIDDEFORD UNION is out with a new dress—thus making that better which was very well before.

Another collision is reported on the Erie railroad caused by a misplaced switch. Two men were seriously if not fatally injured. The managers of the road tried to suppress the report.

THE MATCH FACTORY of Mr. Benj. Bunker, at Kendall's Mills, was burned on Monday afternoon, with all its contents, the workmen having barely time to escape with their lives. Loss about \$4,000,—insured in the Bangor Mutual for \$120; and in the New Haven Home, for \$500. Mr. Bunker is a young man who had just started in a good business, and the loss bears rather hard upon him.

THE SKOWHEGAN REPORTER has enlarged its borders, and thus its readers get more of a good thing than formerly. Bro. Smith makes a capital paper.

A DEMOCRATIC COUNTY CONVENTION is called to meet at Augusta on the 18th of next month, to nominate candidates for Senators, County Commissioner, and County Treasurer.

SUDDEN DEATH.—We learn this morning, just as our paper goes to press, that Mr. Joseph Eaton, of Winslow, a well known business man, son of the late Hon. Joseph Eaton, died this morning about 1 o'clock. He had been slightly unwell for a few days, but retired as usual, and some fifteen or twenty minutes before his death his wife noticed a peculiarity in his breathing, and calling some of the family, he was found to be dying. He leaves a wife and child.

A PRIZE FIGHT was allowed in the vicinity of Bangor last Thursday.

SALMON may yet be restored to the upper Kennebec. Mr. C. G. Atkins, our energetic Fish Commissioner, we are pleased to notice, is attending to his duty, and has directed the construction of fishways at the Augusta dam, at our dam on Ticonic Falls, and at Skowhegan.

The citizens of Hallowell are moving for the rebuilding of their bridge across the Kennebec.

POST OFFICE CHANGES.—H. C. Chandler, Esq., has been appointed post master at Pittsfield; and Charles Jewett has been appointed post master at Clinton, in place of Zimri Hunter who had held the office eight years.

JOHN CHINAMAN is coming to Yankee land, but no other than voluntary emigration is to be allowed.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for August—a capital number, full of entertaining and instructive reading, and profusely illustrated—is for sale at Henriksen's, fresh from the New England News Company of Boston.

THE FRENCH CABLE has been safely landed and as in working order. The event was appropriately celebrated at Duxbury on Tuesday.

Two persons were baptized at the Bay, last Sabbath, by Rev. Mr. Ladd, pastor of the M. E. Church in our village.

THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT at Hallowell was dedicated on Tuesday, Gen. T. H. Hubbard, of New York—a son of Hallowell—delivering the oration.

SCHOOL MEETING.—The Agent of District No. 1 has posted a warrant calling a school meeting to-morrow evening (Saturday) at 7 1/2 o'clock, in the Town Hall, to consider the propriety of changing the plan of the proposed new school buildings; to see if the district will vote a larger sum of money for these school houses than was appropriated at the annual meeting; to determine whether the money shall be raised by assessment instead of by loan; and to fill the vacancies in the building committee. These are important matters to consider, and there ought to be a full meeting.

COUNTY INSTITUTES to be held throughout the State, have been arranged for by the State Superintendent. The first one will be held in our village on the 30th of August under the management of Prof. D. H. Crutten, of New York, assisted by Dr. N. T. True, of Bethel. One is appointed in Unity on the 11th of Oct.; in Skowhegan Oct. 18th, and one in Augusta, Dec. 27th.

Governor Senter, of Tennessee, recognizes the political influence of woman as is shown by an extract from a recent speech:—

Ladies, a word before we part—when the day for election arrives, get up early, prepare a good breakfast, have the shaving water and towel ready, let nothing but smiles and cheerfulness possess you, and when the good man starts for the polls, go with him to the gate, put your arms about his neck, kiss him, then ask him to vote for Senter.

The crop reports from Wisconsin and Iowa continue to predict abundant and with one exception, early harvests. Corn is a little backward, but if the frosts held off, this crop will be large.

REV. MR. ROBIE, pastor of the Congregational Church in our village,—who went away a single man a few weeks ago, and returned on Tuesday of last week with his bride of a fortnight—was welcomed with a pleasant surprise party at his boarding house, where his people had provided a bountiful entertainment. In addition to the hearty congratulations of his parishioners, Mr. and Mrs. Robie received other tokens of their regard—more substantial if not more highly prized—in the shape of elegant silver ware, etc.

Real estate is taking a sudden rise in a section of Main-st. that has always been unjustly "kept under." The West store, opposite the Mail office, belonging to Mr. C. F. Hathaway, has gone up nearly two feet, which brings it at par with Maj. Marston's new building on its north side. Both these lots are very closely occupied in all other directions but the upward, on which line both have yet a little spare room. The Mail office is also "coming up," as its patrons will doubtless be glad to hear; so that our next paper will date from a stand-point two feet higher than the present. Landlord Morgan is a progressive man.

DROWNED.—A son of Mr. Simpson, who lives near the school house in Winslow village, was drowned on Thursday while bathing in the river. He got into deep water, and was not observed by his companion till too late for his rescue.

THE INTOLERANCE OF IRISHMEN.—The privileges and opportunities offered by the United States to the oppressed and friendless of all countries, have been embraced by no people with more alacrity than by Irishmen. As they seldom or never return to the old country, we must conclude that they have bettered their condition by the change.

We have yet to learn of a single instance in which their poverty or ignorance has been considered by them as a reason why they should not avail themselves of the protection afforded by law, or where they have declined the civil or political rights with which, after a short residence, the law invests them.

The Irishman admits that he flees from a land of oppression, and from the operation of laws that are unequal and unjust. Once here, he enters upon the enjoyment of the largest exercise of civil and religious freedom, and forthwith arms himself with the ballot with as much complacency as he would if the same had been his natural birthright. He should be among the earliest and most zealous advocates of an extension of these rights and privileges to other unfortunate people not more ignorant nor less worthy than themselves. Up to this time however, any natural expectations in this direction have not been justified by the facts; on the contrary, Irishmen as a class have been most intolerant of the rights of others, and have shown more opposition to granting the protection of law to negroes, Chinese and others than any other of our citizens either foreign or native. Their hatred of the negro is positively malignant and has been manifested not unfrequently by the most brutal and disgusting outrages upon his person and property.

And now the Chinese are coming to our shores they show the same illiberal spirit and the same disposition to persecute, that they have ever shown toward the negro. They act precisely as though they thought no foreigners had rights in America, except themselves.—This spirit of bigotry and intolerance is not only quite unbecoming in men who have invoked the protection of our laws, and enjoyed the benefits arising from our free institutions, but is positively disgusting as indicating a lack of gratitude as well as common sense.

Considering that the Irish have always been accounted a generous, hospitable and tender hearted people their conduct in this regard is almost inexplicable. The fact that they have been caught in the toils of the democratic party, and have been made to imbibe their insane prejudices, affords the only rational explanation for their ungenerous action.

The action of the Irish Republicans recently assembled at Chicago goes far to show the truthfulness of this conjecture. Here was a body of Irishmen, intelligent enough to break the shackles with which democracy had bound them, and begin to think for themselves. Meeting in convention they show by their utterances and resolutions that they had become emancipated from the chains of ignorance, intolerance and superstition, which characterized the race while in the leading strings of democracy, and boldly proclaimed themselves in favor of extending to others of whatever race or color, the inestimable rights which they had so freely enjoyed themselves. We hail this meeting as heralding a brighter day, when experience and education shall bring to Irishmen the knowledge that their true interests lie in the direction of universal freedom and equal rights to all.—[Port. Press.]

INFINITY.—It has been often said that the mind of man is incapable of comprehending the infinite. This may be true in a certain sense, because we may entertain reasonable doubts whether we really and fully understand anything. But for my own part, as far as the visible universe is concerned, I feel much less difficulty in comprehending its infinity than in conceiving that it can possibly be finite.

As to space: Can we by any effort imagine the existence of a boundary, a blank wall, an impassable limit, where there is no further extension of space? Where a winged messenger or angel, sent on the errand of penetrating deeper into space, would have to turn back because there was no more space to penetrate? No; we cannot figure to ourselves such a final limit to the extent of the universe, such a ring-fence enclosing all things created. It is far easier both to grant and to understand that space must be infinitely extensible.

Then again, as to time: We cannot conceive its actual stoppage. The events by which we measure time, the motions of the heavenly bodies might alter, nay, might even cease; the planets might all fall into the sun, suns might congregate or group together, making new heavens and new earths, still there would be a change, a progress, which is only another mode and manifestation of time. Even supposing (what is impossible to suppose) that no more motion or event took place in the universe—that the great All were still, stagnant, and dead—time nevertheless, that is to say eternity, would not cease. Immortal beings would yet possess and enjoy an everlasting now of life and happiness. Here also we can more readily admit the infinite than conceive the finite.

The improved condition of our financial affairs under Mr. Bowdoin's policy as evinced

by the reduction of the debt and the decrease of expenditures is having its influence in Europe as appears in the proposition from a German house in Frankfurt to loan our government \$300,000,000 at five per cent., which the Secretary has of course been obliged to decline. His view is that we may, within a year, borrow all the money we want at four per cent, or certainly at four and a half per cent, and the present indications seem to be, though it is not intended to speak in his name, that he will next winter advise such a loan for the purpose of paying off the five-twenties due now, or whenever the government chooses to consider them.

CLOSED UP BUSINESS.—The Mutual Fire Insurance Co., at Hallowell, having met with losses which has exhausted its funds, the Directors have voted to pay up the liabilities of the Company and stop business.

SAD ACCIDENT.—FOUR PERSONS DROWNED WHILE SAILING.—The Lewiston Journal informs us that two young ladies named Turner, of Charleston, Mass., who were visiting Auburn, and two sons of Rev. Mr. Libby of that city, were drowned in Lake Auburn, in that place on Saturday. They were sailing in a row boat which sank. Two other persons in the boat escaped.

DON CARLOS, who has begun a struggle for the Spanish crown which threatens to plunge that unhappy kingdom in civil war, is a son of Don Carlos the Pretender and is now 51 years of age. On the 18th inst., he succeeded in evading the vigilance of the French police who were placed to watch his movements, and although hotly pursued made good his entry into Spain. Successive telegrams have proved the fact that his party is of considerable magnitude and dispersed throughout the country. His political opinions are Bourbonized to the last degree, and his advent to power would be a greater curse than the people of Spain have yet been called upon to bear.

CURE FOR CONGRESS.—Dr. Ladd and Mr. Peters, the late candidates of the two parties for Congress, were watching the manipulations of the musico-medical man who has for a week past been vending in our streets "Flagg's Instant Relief" to the devoted supporters of those gentlemen, when Peters says: "Doctor, can you cure a man who has been a candidate for Congress? If you can my friend here would like a bottle." "Oh, yes, easily," was the answer. "Can you cure a man who has been to Congress?"—quoth Ladd. "Oh, no!" was the reply. "There is no cure for a man who has once been there; he is beyond recovery!" The two candidates "smiled" at Peters, expense.—[Bangor Whig.]

PREMIUM LIST OF NEW ENGLAND FAIR.—The premium List of the New England Agricultural Society, for its Sixth Annual Exhibition to be held in connection with the Fair of the Maine State Agricultural Society, at Portland, Me., on the 7th-10th of September next, is now being circulated throughout New England. The List is a liberal one, embracing premiums for all the departments of New England agricultural and mechanical industry, and we notice with pleasure that the premiums for trials of speed of horses, do not absorb the larger part of the sums offered in premiums, as has been in the case at some former Exhibitions of this Society.

The list will be sent to all who apply, by addressing Col. Daniel Needham, Groton, Mass., or S. L. Boardman, Augusta, Me.

ALL ENTRANTS MUST BE MADE to Samuel L. Boardman, Augusta, or U. S. Hotel, Portland, Me.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—My Wheeler and Wilson Sewing-Machine (No. 3277) has done the sewing of my family, and a good deal for neighbors, for fourteen years and three months without any repairs. One needle served to do all the sewing for more than four years.

W. A. HAWLEY.

Syracuse, N. Y.

A miraculous escape occurred in Huntington last week. Sanford Ross of that place, while moving, discovered a hand rake standing in front of his machine, and lifting the cutter, reached down to remove the rake, when he discovered a boy just beside it. He carried the blades over, and upon turning around saw his own four-year-old boy asleep in the grass, who but for the providential occurrence of the rake being visible, must have met with a horrible death.

There is enough told, to keep us remembering the wickedness of the human race; let us have good stories also. Three or four little boys went in swimming last week at Norwalk. Only one, William Bessey, could swim even a little. A lad named Finney got beyond his depth and was drowning. William swam to his relief and pushed him so far in shore that the lad was saved, but William was exhausted, he sank and was drowned. He was eleven years old, the son of a widow. He deserves honorable mention everywhere and a noble monument to his memory.—[Port. Adv.]

The venerable editor of the Piscataquis Observer, published at Dover, who never saw a railroad or a train of cars, is pleased at the progress which is making on the Bangor & Piscataquis Railroad. The contractors assure him that cars will be running to and fro by September or October next. Soon the eyes of the old gentleman will be gladdened by a sight of the iron horse from his office window.

T. K. Beecher tells of hearing four great church bells in Elmira, which "smote the air alternately and in contrast." Yet they differed in pitch far less than three semi-tones. His ear is acute who can detect any excess of range below F sharp or above G sharp. Four great bells so nearly alike that one might ring for all four and not five men in the city could tell which one was ringing. As with the bells, so with the churches and their doctrine. They all rank between F and G—Faith and goodness. Some sharp the faith it trife, others sharp the goodness. But sensible, honest and praying people cannot get very far apart.

The Bowdoinham Baptist Sabbath School Convention will be held with the Baptist Sabbath School at East Winthrop, August 17th, 1869, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M. An address will be made by Rev. C. M. Herring of Gardiner.

S. C. HARLEY, Esq., County Attorney, who resided in Hallowell, died yesterday, of heart disease, while sitting in a chair in his office at Augusta.

## DISSOLUTION.

The late firm of Furber & Sanders was dissolved by mutual consent on Thursday, July 27. The business is continued by the senior partner, J. Furber, at No. 100 State Street, Boston.

WATERVILLE, July 30, 1869.—3 w c







