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Maxham & Wing

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SLEEP SOFTLY.

No mother's eye beside thee wakes to-night,
No taper burns beside thee lonely bed;
Darling, then sleep, hidden out of sight,
And none are near thee but the silent dead.

How cheerily glows this heart, yet glows in vain,
For we are undepressed beside it sit alone;
And listen to the wild and beating rain,
In angry gusts against our casement blown:

And though we nothing speak, yet well I know
That both our hearts are there, where thou dost keep,
Within thy narrow chamber far below,
For the first time unwatched, thy lonely sleep!

Oh no, not thou!—and we our faith deny,
This thought allowing:—thou, removing from harm,
In Abraham's bosom dost securely lie—
Oh! not in Abraham's—in a Saviour's arms—

In that dear Lord's, who, in thy worst distress,
Thy bitterest anguish, gave thee, dearest child,
Still to abide in perfect gentleness.
And like an angel to be meek and mild.

Sweet rest of wheat, committed to the ground,
For we are here; and bear more precious ear!
While in the heart of earth thy Saviour found
His place of rest, for we will not fear.

Sleep softly, till that blessed rain and dew,
Down lighting upon earth, such change shall bring,
That all its fields of death shall laugh and sing,
Yes, with a living harvest laugh and sing.

—Archbishop Trench.

MY VOCATION.

CHAPTER I.

It was not strange that people should say I married him for a home; I was homeless enough when he took me, God knows. Worn and tired, too, with years of teaching. It had been hard—harder than you can know. I had racked me, body and mind. I had tried me, soul and spirit, until at last I almost hated the faces of the children! All my youth, ever I had any. Nothing remained that could charm, unless it was my hair, heavy and dark and soft to the touch.

"Why do you not leave it? Why do you not marry?" friends would question me. They did not know—how could I tell them!—that I loved no one who asked me, until John came. And then, though they had urged it upon me, they whispered among themselves that I had married him for a home! Perhaps because he was years older than I. Perhaps I did not know. It troubled me, and yet what did it matter, since he knew.

So I left the school. The great gate clanged after me for the last time, and I could have cried with joy. Then I went to be John's wife, and to take care of little Bennie; for he had been married before.

At first I wished it were not so. At first it gave me a pang to think of this woman who had been to him all I could ever hope to be—perhaps even more. When he asked me to be his wife, in the grave, quiet way that seemed even then so strong, so restful, he told me this. It was like him, the way he spoke of her—the young wife who had made his home so bright for a little time, and then had gone away leaving this little child. It was as if I would like to be remembered if anything should take me now from him. But I was new in my great possessions then. I was jealous of invasion or prior claim. And I cried that night when he left me because he said, "It has been the one hope of my life to go away and meet her. Until I knew you, Esther, I did not think that anything but the child could hold me here. I should like to stay awhile now, to brighten your life a little if I can. But I do not ask you to help me to forget her. Help me to be more worthy to meet her."

Yes; it was a strange request, perhaps, and many women would not have taken the little he had to offer. But I would rather have had that one corner than the whole heart room of any other man. Still I did cry. When we went home from the church, where we were married, the first object that met my gaze was her picture. I knew it must be her, though I had never seen her face. The tears sprang into my eyes. John saw them. "Esther!" he said, and the tone of his voice, like his face, was troubled and perplexed. And then I sobbed. I who should have been happy, this one day if never again! He was not impatient with my childishness, as many men would have been. He was disturbed and hurt only—most of all for me.

"You will not mind, in time," he said, gently. "But now—shall it be long in Bennie's room?" "Wait, John, wait." The blood urged in and out of my heart. It took away my breath. I went away from him and stood before the picture. It was a sweet young face, younger than mine, with that pitiful look in the soft blue eyes that seems often a premonition of early death. John had told me about her. How happy and frolicsome as a child she was. But this was one of the saddest faces I ever saw. Did it cross her mind at that moment, poor young mother, that she was to go away and leave her baby and John? There came over me such a pity for her with the thought, such a shame of myself, that I caught Bennie in my arms and made a great vow with my face hidden in his curls.

"We will go to her some day, dear John," I said. "Bennie and you and I," and there was never anything more said about moving the picture.

I think Bennie did not seem the same to me after that. My heart had warmed towards him from the first for his father's sake; but he was nearer, holier now—the little child whom God had entrusted to my care while his mother dwelt with the angels. If I could only do by him as she would have done.

It was such a kingdom—that old house! I had laid aside my sceptre, but I had put on a crown. The street had crowded close against the door. The world could look in at the windows. But behind it, shut in by a crumbling wall, was an old garden, with crooked paths bordered by box that reached almost to my waist; with a couple of mis-shapen apple-trees that had somehow outgrown the limits of the whole place. They bore a glorious promise of blossoms in early summer, and later a scant fruition, speckled and sweet to the taste. Over the wall and clambering upon the houses on one side, woodbine and dainty clematis ran wild, and under the shadow of the same old wall bloomed narcissus and sweet old-fashioned pinks.

And it was mine, all mine! My home, where John and I would live, please God, for long, happy years. Where we would die. When he had gone away to his work, and Bennie was building wonderful fairy castles upon the floor, I used to walk the length of the low sunny rooms, repeating the words to myself. Once, Dolly—my one maid—came upon me suddenly as I paced the upper rooms.

"Have you lost anything, ma'am?" "No, Dolly, no," I said. "I have found it." And so I had.

I sewed or read or taught little Bennie when I had arranged the affairs of my kingdom; sitting in a low chair by the window. Sometimes the people hurrying by glanced in. I wondered if they knew that I was John's wife; that this was my home—my very own! Sometimes when the school-bell rang and the chil-

dren crowded the sidewalk, I would seem to hear again the dull drone of the scholars over their lessons. Again with tired feet I would pace up and down the familiar room. The world would narrow to those four high walls, and life seemed only a burden—to be rolled off at last. Then, with my face close to Bennie's he would wouder at my sudden tears.

II.

THREE years of the peaceful life that I had planned—then John fell ill. And the door once opened, troubles of which we never dreamed flocked in. He was not like to die; but week after week he lay quite still or crept about the house. He even gained slowly after a time. But he could not hope to work for months to come, and some craft of men, some wickedness of which I need not tell, seemed about to pull our house down about our heads, and make us beggars. Then, as if we were not desolate enough, peace went. I could not rest day or night for the question—what should we do? What should I do? To go about the house day after day in the old accustomed ways—to sit long hours pushing a bit of steel through endless seams—all this I did; but oh, I was wild with anxiety and alarm.

I had put Bennie into his bed and read him to sleep one night, as usual. Some simple story it was, forgotten now. I only know it touched my heart, and bore me for the moment beyond my cares. When I had finished and the child slept, that poem of Uhland's floated into my mind:—

There is a land where beauty will not fade
Nor sorrow dim the eye;
Where true hearts will not shrink or be dismayed
And love can never die.

I said the words over softly to myself as I paced the floor. Through the half-shut door I could see John lying upon the sofa dimly outlined in the darkness; but with a ray from the gaslight outside falling across his white face, and touching his thin gray hair. Was there nothing I could do to help him!

Then it came to me—my vocation! I could read. I had had a gift of recitation from a child. At one time I had even given some attention to elocution, with a hope of something better than my dull school life. Other women took to the platform, why should not I? Was it helplessness for John that made me strong with the thought, or was it the sudden mighty uplifting of forgotten ambitions?

To some, prophecy. To some, speaking with tongues. To me—this; strange that I should not have thought of it before! The German poem dropped from my lips and my thoughts. I went out, and kneeling down by John, told him all my desire—my hope. I remember how dark and still the room was. How that one ray of light touched the girl's face upon the wall. I fancied it seemed less sad to-night. Yes; I could help him. Surely she must rejoice!

"It was a girl-dream of mine," I said at length, laying my hot cheek on his. "It is a gift, given me I never knew for what, until now."

He did not speak. Did it pain him that I had girl dreams unfulfilled? Oh, it must not! "You see, John," I began again, "it is like—let me tell you a story, as though you were Bennie: Once upon a time there was a little spring that burst out of the earth. Oh, such a little spring as it was, dear! And it was years ago. No one thirsted. No one saw it but one. So this one laid over it a stone, and it dried away and was forgotten! Something wet lay on John's cheek. Oh, he must not think I was sorry at the sealing up of the fountain! And when it dried away (are you listening, dear?) even the place was forgotten, because all manner of pleasant plants grew over it. Not weeds; but lilies, like those that bloom in our garden in the summer. And hear's case. Yes; most of all grew hear's case, quite hiding the spot where the little spring had been.

"And after a long time the earth was dry and choked; but no one remembered the spring until a careless hand—a little hand like Bennie's—pulled away the stone, and the waters poured out—a flood! Oh, John!" I cried, "it is this desire of mine! Let me try! there is nothing else that I can do."

"You can do? But it must not come on you. Only be patient a while longer. Only wait. I shall be out soon now. Have patience, Esther. Yes; it is hard, I know; harder than doing; but mine is a brave girl!" he said, stroking my hair.

I drew my head away. Something like wilfulness stirred in me. "Only wait!" I could not. I would not.

"John, I cannot!" I wished the words back. Yet I would not recall them. He put me aside, and rose up. I could not see his face, though he stood in the window. His back was towards me.

"So you have set your heart on this, Esther?"

"Yes, John," I answered faintly.

"When I married you I hoped to make your life an easier one than it has been." His voice trembled over the last words.

"O, John!" I crept close to him. I laid my head against his arm. One moment more and I should have spoken. "I will do anything that seems best to you," I would have said. He gave a little sigh. I fear with that he laid away many hopes and all the plans that he had formed.

"I will help you, if I can."

I raised my head quickly. "Do you mean?"

"Yes, dear; you may try."

I clung about his neck, and laughed and cried together.

"Even if I have to go away from you a little while," I said at length. "You'll trust me, John?" He turned his face to me, the light fell on us both. I had never thought him handsome until then. "Trust you? Trust my wife!"

And that was all he said.

into cold expectant faces I could have fallen. I could have died there, but for the eager pained eyes that met my own, the worn face, whiter than mine, I knew so well. I could not fail with John before me! One swift thought of him, of Bennie, and my mouth was opened. Then all the flush and warmth that I had thought gone with my youth came back to me. The faces before me were as clay. I moulded them with my hand. I breathed into them the breath of life. A brief moment and it was over—the hour of intoxication and triumph. Followed by the chairman of the lyceum committee, waited upon by some of the dignitaries of the town where I had read, I retired to the ante-room. They were courtly, gracious gentlemen, and when John with his dear eager face all aglow stood in the doorway, I noticed for the first time that he was bent about the shoulders—that he dressed in an old-fashioned way.

"Ah, your father," exclaimed one of the gentlemen who held my shawl. There was something more than surprise in the stare that followed the words. It brought all that was good in me to the surface. I walked straight across the room and put my hand into his arm. They to judge of John! "It is my husband, gentlemen," I said, as they hastened to congratulate him upon my success.

"Well, John," when we had left them and were on our way home. I was not satisfied yet; I desired that he should praise me. "Did I do well?"

"Oh, very well;" and though we were out in the darkness I was sure he smiled on me. I felt it in his voice, but my vanity still craved something more.

"Were you not surprised?" "No; I always knew you could do anything you tried." It struck me that there was an echo of sadness to his voice. How could it be when I was wild with excitement and delight!

"Do praise me, John. Tell me that I was pretty to look at, that I succeeded as no other woman ever did!" And then I astonished him by bursting into tears. We were on the train going home. The lamps over our heads had flickered and gone out. I hid my face on his shoulder and sobbed. There was a taste as of ashes to the apples I had grasped.

He soothed me. "My good girl," he said. I remembered afterwards how, when others turned my silly head with praise of the beauty that came back to me, with praise of my talents and success, I was to him "My good girl who is trying to help her husband." Faint praise, I thought sometimes. But I knew afterwards that it was the one anchor that held me, as it was the one reminder of what I had striven to do.

Of course my home was no longer now my world; no longer first in my thoughts even. I realized this with a pang sometimes. I saw John one day fingering the leaves of the ivy that had made our parlor so bright through all the long winters. It had run in a kind of revel over the windows. It had perched itself upon the tops of the pictures, and thrust its shoots out from every corner. It was dead now. I had forgotten to tend it. I made as though I did not see him when he touched it, and when he had left the house I tore it down. I had no idea the room could seem so bare as it did when the grasp of the dead fingers was loosened.

And yet no one could say I neglected my home. It was well kept and orderly. Nothing was gone but the charm of love; and that is everything! Suddenly, too, I realized that Bennie was six years old. Almost a man, I told him. So I did not hold him in my arms, or tell him stories any more. Indeed he did not ask it after a while; but when I walked the floor and read aloud, as I did every day now, he would stand away into a corner with some old toy held tight in his little hands, and stare out at me with wondering, almost frightened eyes. It was John who comforted him when he was hurt in these days, into whose arms he crept when the shadows fell at night, while I—oh, I won golden favors of the world.

IV.

"Here is a round of engagements for you." It was the bristly-haired little man presiding over that place of destiny, the lyceum bureau, who spoke. I had called at the office by request.

"But where?" "Oh, West, the best field for a novice. It is a six weeks tour."

Six weeks! I must think of it. I must talk it over with John.

The agent stood before a desk, sharpening a pencil. He cut it carefully but briskly to a point while I pulled at the glove in my hand, and did not speak.

"Sorry to hasten your decision," in that rasping tone so confusing to women unused to the sudden combinations and hasty conclusions of business—"But there is a lady in the next room who will take it if you do not. You have only to sign your name here," designating the spot with his finger.

His words whistled through my head like the wind. I was thinking my own thoughts. The desire to give it all up, to creep back into the old happy life, to be hid from the world, rose strong within me. There was no longer any necessity for my work. John's health had come back to him. Our troubles had flown away as they came. My pride fought with this desire.

"Let me think of it a moment," he shrugged his shoulders, but with a "Certainly madam," returned to his desk.

I was weary from my long walk. I was trembling with nervous excitement. For an instant everything in the room seemed rushing by. I put out my hand and clutched the window-sill. I leaned my head upon it and did not try to think. Only to wait until the roar—did it come up from the street?—had ceased. When everything was stilled—even to my heart—I said to it, "We will not go;" and then there came a thought of him, who buildeth a tower and counteth not the cost—of him who putteth his hand to the plow and looketh back. I took up the pen and wrote my name. Then I came out into the street feeling as though I had bound myself with chains.

I almost hoped John would forbid my going. I almost hoped he would blame me when I told him what I had done. But he did neither. "I have thought of Bennie and of you," I said. But I could not meet his eyes for mine would fill with tears. Try as I might, I could

not blot out the picture of John and Bennie here alone through all the long winter evenings—of the lack of comfort, the possible contingencies of sickness and death!

But no; I would not think of it. I was called to a higher sphere; I had answered the voice. I had put my hand to the plow. I would never look back.

"There is Dolly," I went on, in the cold, hard tone of attempted composure that sounds so much like indifference. "She knows my ways. She is faithful, and six weeks will soon pass."

Oh, how endless and dark they stretched out before me, even as I said the words!

"Do you really desire to go?" There was a great pleading in John's voice. I hardened my heart against it.

"Yes;" but the word struggled in my throat.

"Because you know you need not; and—and we shall miss you. Shall we not, little man?" He bent over Bennie, who leaned against his knee.

"She's gone away," affirmed Bennie, in that slow, solemn tone peculiar to children, and without looking at me.

"No;" said John. "But we shall be very lonely if she does go."

"She's gone away," reiterated the child, and he was right.

V.

The applause still rang in my ears. I could hear the rustle and tread of the crowd, the hum of voices as it retreated. I had read in the theatre of a Western city, and now in the green-room awaited the carriage that was to take me back to the hotel.

It was a pretty sitting-room—fitted for some star doubtless—all white and gold, with lilies upon floor and hangings, with lily cups upon the chandelier that lit up the mirrors, where I could see repeated again and again my weary face. A soft white shawl, a meshed lace-like head-covering, a pair of gloves, a bouquet—I had thrown them all down beside me, and lying back in the depths of an arm-chair, waited.

"You are tired to-night," said the gentleman upon the divan opposite, as he consulted his watch.

"Yes! More tired than I can tell," I answered, closing my eyes. He left me a moment.

"It was a stupid mistake of mine," he said when he returned. "I should have ordered the carriage earlier."

"Pray don't disturb yourself. It will soon come, I don't doubt."

"If I could bring you anything. Let me see, there should be—yes; there is some wine here."

He unlocked the cabinet as he spoke and took out a decanter. I shook my head. John and I held queer old-fashioned notions.

"But I insist," he said; "You must take it. You are ill."

He poured out the wine. I drank it down. "Strange that we should have met here to-day," he said. "I've never once seen you since—Don't mind; I forgive you long ago. I kept your letter too—the tenderest saying of a man ever had from woman."

"Pray don't speak of it. Why bring up what has been years forgotten?" My face was warm and conscious, I knew; though I tried to speak coldly. Perhaps it was the wine—it burned in all my veins. Perhaps it was the flowers. How strong their perfume was!

"Why not? I ought to have overcome any pain I had years ago. And you—you never cared, you know."

I felt his eyes upon me; but I would not open mine. It came to me like the far-off stretching out of hands, that I ought to rise and go away; that it was not good for me to be here. I tried to think of home. I tried to think of John, from whom I had heard nothing now for many days; but both were vague and indistinct. Nothing was real or near to me but the heavy perfume of the flowers and the face of this man watching mine. He had been walking the room as he spoke; as he came near now he leaned over my chair. He bent down and touched my hair—the hair that John had stroked!

I started to my feet. There came to me at that moment such a vision of my husband—not handsome or fine in dress as this man; but strong and true of soul!—as no woman ever had before!

"I want to go home," I gathered up the wraps at my side. The flowers fell to the floor. What were the sickening, sweet things to me? "And so you shall," he answered in a light tone as he laid his hand upon my shawl.

"I want to go home to John!" and this time I did not fear to meet his eyes. His hand fell from the shawl. Without a word he turned and led the way down the narrow stairs to the street. The carriage was waiting.

At midnight I was on my way home.

With my face once set I could have flown, had wings been given me. I could not bear with the slow motion of the train—the slow drag of time. Sleep I could not. Was it the wine that burned so like fire within me? that brought strange fancies as the night wore away? I clung to the seat, laughing aloud, as we fairly bounded over the road. I could have shared my delight as with face pressed against the window-pane I watched the dizzy, spark-lit darkness rushing past.

Through all the next day I seemed to sleep and dream. Still we went on; but now I had ceased to care. Some one spoke to me. It was a woman, gentle-faced and young. Bennie's mother I thought, and yet I knew she was in heaven.

"You must be ill?" she said.

"Oh no; I'm going home—to John!" and then I slept again.

It was dusk when I crept up to the house. When I pushed open the heavy door I did not heed the darkness within. It was a pleasant shade. I seemed to have been walking under a scorching sun, though my feet were crusted with snow. I groped about the rooms searching for something—I had forgotten what? I stole up stairs. There was a dim light, a little figure bending over it, the face hidden by the thin gray hair. I remember—no; I remember nothing more.

VI.

It was pleasant, and soft, and cool—this somewhere where I lay. I would open my eyes. Oh no; not yet. I would think. My heart gave a great bound. The eyes opened

of themselves, and there was John's dear face, smiling down upon me, and Bennie's little hands creeping into mine.

I think I know how the son felt whose father met him while he was yet a great way off. Oh, when they put the ring upon his finger how it must have shamed his soiled hands! And when they hung the chain about his neck how it must have weighed him to the earth! And when they set before him the fatted calf killed in his honor, how the first morsel must have choked him!

"I am not good enough to be your wife," I sobbed; let me take Dolly's place."

But John comforted me.

THE EARTH'S INTERIOR.—The report of the tidal committee of the British association, read at its annual meeting, contained an interesting passage with regard to the degree of elastic yielding which the solid earth experiences under the tide generating influences of the sun and moon. It is quite certain that the solid earth does yield to some degree. It has long since been a favorite assumption of geologists that the earth consist of a shell of solid rock from 20 to 50 miles in thickness, enclosing an interior filled with molten material, lava, metals, etc. This hypothesis is now shown to be absolutely untenable, because, if it were true, the solid crust would yield with almost as much freedom (on account of its thinness and great area) as if it were perfectly liquid. Thus the boundary of the solid earth would rise and fall under the tide generating influences, so as to leave no sensible difference to be marked by the water rising and falling relatively to the soil; showing that if the earth as a whole had an average degree of rigidity equal to that of glass, the tides would be very much diminished from the magnitude which they would possess on a perfectly rigid globe, with water like that of our seas upon it. This consideration, the committee reports, makes it probable that the earth has considerably more average rigidity than a globe of glass of the same size. The mathematical calculation shows a somewhat startling result, to the effect that a globe of glass of the same size as the earth, if through-out exactly of the same rigidity as glass on a smaller scale, would yield like an India rubber ball to the tide-generating influences, thus leaving very little opportunity for change in the relative heights of water and land. The precise agreement of the actual tidal movement with estimates founded on the supposition of a perfectly rigid globe, renders it probable that the earth is in reality vastly more rigid as a whole than any specimens of surface rock that had been experimented upon in laboratories. Dr. Soule, ten years ago, in speaking on this subject, had suggested that probably the great pressure in the interior produced in the material, which might be of the same substance as surface rocks, a greatly increased rigidity in positions at great depths below the surface. Now observations from so low a latitude as that of Cat Island are available for comparison with those of the tides of our own coasts, the committee believe it may advance hopefully to this part of the inquiry, which accordingly, it proposes to make a primary object in the calculations next to be undertaken.—[London Times.

Ledru Rollin is reported to have said, lately, of England in his graphic way.

The English breed foxes on two millions of waste crown lands, while the agricultural laborers are so low down in the scale that they can hardly be called human beings. They toil from sunrise to sunset for from five to ten shillings per week. They rarely marry; they cannot afford to do so. They cannot read nor write—not more than 10 in 100. They fill the rural districts with illegitimate children.

They should, with England, as with every other nation, constitute the backbone of prosperity and power. They are her disgrace—perhaps her danger. Again, though England is said to be the richest and most powerful nation in the world, she cannot feed her people. Were it not for emigration, what, think you, would become of her boasted power? This is the safety valve. She drives away her skilled laborers—those who still have enough spirit left to desire to better their social condition. Those who have not neither do her honor nor yield her profit. They remain with her only to burden her. Small fear need England have of foreign invasion. Her rock-bound coasts are her best protection against that calamity; but if, through the withdrawal of foreign trade, the decay of her coal and iron mines, and her terrible taxation, never decreasing, her ships would have to rot in her harbors for want of that employment which, in time, shall be given to another nation or nations; if her million paupers should increase to two, and if her people, without a voice in the making of the laws they are called on to obey, find that the only right a true born Briton possesses is the right to starve in a country where the privilege of work even is denied him, and rise in blind fury against such ingratitude, then you will see something more terrible than the invasion of England's coasts by a foreign foe. Why, the criminal population of London alone, daily on the increase, is sufficient to resist her entire army. It lurks in the dark alleys, it saunters up fashionable streets, it sometimes menaces the banks, it visits the churches; it is an army at least 100,000 strong. It is conscienceless, bloody, reckless—so that it does not become lawless. The jails only partially check, they do not stop its increase. It is a frightful danger. Any man who can believe in the continuance of the power of a nation which possesses all these elements of decay, which enacts all this injustice, which is the victim of all these sources of degradation, can have studied history to little profit, and have no faith in God's immutable laws of improvement and progress.

The Reporter says two Swede families arrived in Gardiner last week, and signify their intentions of settling either there, or in Pittston, and have made purchases with a view to that end.

The Lewiston Journal says rents are exceedingly scarce. Somebody must build fifty houses in Lewiston and as many more in Auburn.—The law of supply and demand ought to work in that direction very speedily.

A SARATOGA correspondent says that "plaiting fingers on the pinzazs" is more popular than dancing.

[For the Waterville Mail.]

EDUCATION.

"Education is the glory of man." But few have ever doubted the truth of this assertion, and fewer still have untiringly striven to reach the height of mortal fame, or human glory, by the power of education.

Days come and go; years glide away; we live and act, but how? Generally upon impulse, to satisfy the cravings of our natural propensities. Yes, live, act and die, are buried and forgotten. Why are we forgotten? Simply because our life action is not worth remembering.

It is not the form, the countenance, the step and the voice of man that are made immortal, but the mind. It is not the man we remember, but the man's deeds;—these deeds are but the outward workings of the inward man, the mind. If we would be remembered, if we would live in the minds of those who live when we are dead, if we would have our present life action tell for good in the future, then let us develop our minds by teaching them how to act.

How can we accomplish this? I answer, by properly conducting ourselves. But what is education? It has been defined as "the glory of man." So it is, but this definition does not make it clear to all. Many people think it is a certain amount of book learning. Book learning may be included, but book learning is not education. A man may repeat verbatim all the languages used in Harvard College course of study, and not be an educated man. An educated man is a man whose mind is trained to know its place; a man whose daily life is daily power; a man who has not only a knowledge of books, but a knowledge of the ways of men, and the works of nature; who knows how to combine these various kinds of knowledge in one great mass of intelligence, in such a manner as to influence the minds of men.

A man may be educated, who never attends school, another may apply himself to the study of books, and the instruction of teachers for many years, and still be uneducated. Why is it? Because the former acquires knowledge which can be applied to the present wants of men, and the latter only a *form* of knowledge which can never be applied to anything. We need, and ought to have, the school and college education so amply afforded in our country, but it must be obtained for a purpose, not merely for the name of the thing, or it is, no education at all.

A young man once graduated with high honors from college, and returned to his home, feeling that he was a man, capable of taking his place among men. One day, while making a great display of what he called knowledge, to a neighbor's son, who was a playmate of his childhood, and who had been deprived of the advantages of education, his father rode along in his carriage, and said, "Charles, I have just bought seventy-five turkeys at \$1.12 1-2 each, and what did the lot cost me?" (The old gent was proud of his son, and was anxious to let people know that he was educated.)

Charles figured and puzzled for a long time but in vain. At last he said, "father, we never had any turkey rule in college." Then the neighbor's son answered the question. He had never attended school only in the old district school house, but he had learned a "turkey rule" every day of his life. Our education is to be obtained by learning something daily, that will apply to something. It is the duty of every person to develop and cultivate the mental powers to the highest degree of which they are under the circumstances susceptible, but this development and cultivation should be for a noble purpose. Whether in the shop or on the farm; whether in the pulpit or at the bar; whether we are receiving our education from books and the instruction of man, or from the works of nature, we should continually strive to march steadily on in the great road of true education, determined to procure an education, not for the name of it, but for the good it will do us and the world. Our aim should be to procure that education which is made up of strong mental, moral and physical powers.

For the Mail.

GRASSHOPPERS.

After hearing and reading very much about grasshoppers, lately, I am inclined to give my views in regard to them. There seem to be three classes of grasshoppers the present season. The first made their appearance the last of April or first of May; the second came from the white froth or spittle on this grass, in June. (All farmers are aware of this fact.) The third class, which are the most numerous, came in July and August

Waterville Mail.

E. H. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... SEPT. 8, 1871.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

The following parties are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions for the Mail and will do so at the same rates required at this office:

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ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS relating to the business or editorial departments of the paper should be addressed to MAXHAM & WING, OF WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE.

Republican Nominations.

FOR GOVERNOR,
SIDNEY PERHAM
OF PAIR.

KENNEBEC COUNTY.

For Senators,
REUBEN FOSTER.
JOHN MAY.

For Clerk of Courts,
WILLIAM M. STRATTON.

For Register of Deeds,
PRENTISS M. FOGLER.

For County Commissioner,
ASBURY YOUNG.

For County Treasurer,
ALANSON STARKS.

OUR STATE ELECTION, on Monday, though it offers no elements for marked excitement, is yet one of considerable importance. All the ragged fragments of party that can be raked together are rising in mutual sympathy against the united republicans; and a show of relative gain in the name of democracy, while it would have no meaning at home, might have an injurious effect in other States. It might also, to some degree, renew the courage of a party that is evidently beginning to feel that without some "new departure" its days are numbered. There are no new issues to call out republican voters. The same old and well tried platform, that sustained them through the dangers of the rebellion, with the banner of freedom and equal rights for all, borne openly in front, comes up with no newly tinkered planks. Its old friends have faith in timbers that have weathered the storm, and expect to go quietly to their annual victory at the ballot-box. This victory is no doubt sure enough for our own State, but some other States are not equally safe. The first gun of the fall campaign echoes with thrilling tones among the sister States that have not yet spoken. The first gun should be a loud one—just such as the western States have found rolling upon them from the East for a long series of years. Maine is no doubt able to wake them again to duty with the old familiar sound, and if she fails to do so it will be more from want of energy than interest. She knows her duty, and very slight signals would be necessary to rouse her to do it with an emphasis.

Let every voter remember the day and its duties himself. Right principles need no monitor, but are a monitor to themselves.

LATER!

Developments daily accumulate that suggest to the republicans, though at a late day, the importance of a thorough and energetic rally. The organized liquor dealers of N. York and Boston are pouring their money into democratic channels to defeat us. A portion of the millions plundered in N. York has been devoted to the democratic campaign in Maine, with the hope of stunting the republican majority looked for by the States that follow her lead. These discoveries have induced the republican State Committee to issue a circular, urging upon the voters "full duty during the few remaining days!" Let Waterville and the neighboring towns wake up. Permit no narrow sectional wrongs to get in the way of plain, honest duty. Find the ballot box, every man, on Monday; and see that no careless neighbor lags behind. Wait for no waste of words, but "up and at it!"

TURN OUT! republicans, to the preliminary caucus Saturday, 5 o'clock P. M., at Town Hall. Never mind your little local wrongs, when the public interest is at stake. Go into a good fight expecting to win. Monday will be a busy day in Waterville, notwithstanding the work begins at the eleventh hour. Come to the caucus and help lay out the work.

A "Citizen's Caucus" will meet at the West Village this evening.

The republicans of Augusta have been started all at once by the spring of a little democratic trap, that calls itself the Working Men's Reform Party. Everybody seems to understand it; and yet there is danger of its working some mischief between two parties so closely balanced as they are in that city. The republican caucus, Wednesday evening, cast 344 votes—nominating with great unanimity J. P. Wyman and Samuel Titcomb for representatives; of course all will be right at the capital of the State.

The Cold Water Templars meet Saturday, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

FAIR AND HONORABLE.—It gives us great pleasure to announce to the little batch of the citizens of Waterville who reside in the eastern corner of the town, that the annual meeting next March stands some chance to be called at the old Town Hall, where it will be remembered the voters used to meet part of the time previous to the advent of the present honorable board of selectmen. It is reported that the generous chairman of the Board has intimated that it is not unlikely that they may conclude to think over the matter of deciding to be in favor of a change. It is thought no more than fair that every fifth meeting should be at the east village, and the one just called being the fourth at the "Western Center," the next may possibly be here. This however will depend upon our good behavior during the coming half year. Several good reasons have prompted this change; the first of which, suggested by selectman Libby, the Nestor of the board, is that such a promise will greatly increase the republican vote on Monday; a second by selectman Rice, that by careful measurement, he finds that he lives nearly half way here now; and the third, from the politic chairman, that there may, sometime or other, be one or more successors of the present triumvirate, who will need a little tuition in the lesson of doing as they have been done by,—which lesson has lately leaked out from one of the Sabbath Schools, so that the Board have got an inkling of it. It gives us the greater pleasure to make this announcement, because we have always been the ardent friends of the present Board,—except in the matter of voting for them or saying anything in their favor,—and we hope and trust that at least one or more of them may live to meet the voters of the town in the great and joyful re-union of eighteen hundred and something. [The Board will fill the blank.]

It gives us no pleasure to announce that our well-known townsman, Mr. G. B. Broad, has removed from Waterville to Portland—though it is a very good place to go to, and he is worthy. Twelve or fifteen years of untarnished record should commend him to the right hand of fellowship from the business men of Portland. Many warm friends in Waterville part with Mr. B. and his pleasant family with regret. They will find his place of business at 27 1-2 Market St.

MESSRS. Brown and Hilton, of North Anson, have recently bought of N. F. Gerald, of Kendall's Mills, his noted three-year old colt (Gibberth Knox) for \$1400. This colt weighs 1100 pounds, and gives great promise of speed.

The Republicans of Fairfield had a red-hot time at their caucus—which resulted in the nomination of Cyrus K. Foss, Esq., for representative. His opponent had the honor of being beaten by a worthy competitor, whose election will give Fairfield her full strength in the legislature.

RIGHT!—The people of Kendall's Mills—perhaps we should say Fairfield—in return for the compliment of having one of the new locomotives of the M. C. Railroad christened the "Fairfield," have presented the Company with three beautiful silk signal flags. [How many shall we get for the venerable "Waterville?"]

MR. E. H. JORDAN, our efficient and courteous telegraph operator, has accepted an invitation to go up higher with a pleasant increase of pay. He leaves this week to take a responsible place in the office of the Telegraphic Superintendent of the Marietta and Cincinnati Railroad, and will be stationed at Chillicothe. His friends here, while they rejoice at his good fortune, and all the more so as they know he has promise of further promotion, will yet part from him with regret, for he was a favorite with all.

REV. F. HAWES, of Philadelphia, out on his summer vacation, was in town last Sabbath and preached to his former parishioners of the Congregational Church in the afternoon. His ringing voice has lost none of its old charm, and his people were pleased to hear it and to once more take him by the hand.

CONDUCTOR GRAY is once more seen on our streets daily, having resumed his old place on the Bangor mail train.

A BOOT and shoe factory is to be established in Bath. The parties interested mean business.

We wish somebody would establish some kind of manufacturing in our place and "mean business."

MRS. SETH CHANDLER of Lewiston, on Saturday, opened the cellar door by mistake for another door, and fell down stairs, breaking her wrist, and otherwise injuring her.

Never make your doors so that they may be thus mistaken. Many persons are injured in this way.

THE CRUISE OF THE GREYHOUND, graphically narrated by one of the survivors, is partly in type but we are compelled to defer it until next week.

MR. H. C. BURLEIGH, who took two horses to Portland, to compete for prizes at the Forest Park, fell among a rough class of jockeys, who tampered with his "Lady Burleigh," making her so sick that he was compelled to withdraw her and pay the forfeit. She was matched to trot with Daniel Boone. Mr. Burleigh's "Gentle Annie" won three heats out of four in a match with "John Gilpin"—time 2:50, 2:45, and 2:46 1-2.

Under the recent rains, the fields all about that were so brown and bare, now reflect the eye with their greenness and give promise of good fall feed and golden butter.

Rev. Mr. Ladd, of the Methodist Church in Waterville, baptised in the church three adults and youth and one child last Sabbath.

OUR TABLE.

EIRENE, OR A WOMAN'S RIGHT. By Mary Clemens Ames. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. This story, which is a good one remarkably well told, was originally commenced in Putnam's Magazine, and has but just appeared in complete form. This book, the best of the season, is full of wholesome sentiment and will impart to the reader a healthful and purifying inspiration, and the Independent says of it—"Here is at last something which promises to be a genuine American novel, racy of the soil, and yet of such high universal interest as to claim adoption into the general literature of the English language."

For sale by C. A. Harrickson, Waterville.

"PALACES AND PRISONS" is the name of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens' new novel, now in press, and to be published in a few days by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. It will command a very large sale, for "Palaces and Prisons" is an entire new novel from the pen of this talented American authoress, and is superior to her world-wide celebrated work, "Fashion and Fame." The scenes in this novel show great dramatic power, and the characters are strongly and strikingly drawn, and are worked up with the skill and power for which this authoress is so distinguished. From the first page to the last the reader will be enchanted by its absorbing interest and charming style; and when that last reached the volume will be laid down with regret that the story is concluded. It will prove to be the most popular book that Miss Ann S. Stephens has yet written. "Palaces and Prisons" will be issued in a large duodecimo volume, and sold by all booksellers at the low price of \$1.75 in cloth; or \$1.50 in paper cover; or copies will be sent by mail, to any place, post-paid on receipt of the price of the work in a letter to them.

The perils of a hunter's life in the Alps are graphically described and finely illustrated in the sketch entitled, "Between Life and Death," in the *Illustrated Christian Weekly* for this week. "What the Yankees are doing in the East," tells us of the Robert College at Constantinople, founded by C. R. Robert of New York, ten years ago. With it are given views of the College, and portraits of the founder and Rev. Dr. Hamlin, the president. A charming illustrated poem, entitled "The Kitten's Sermon," will speedily interest the children. Two fine engravings are given with the article on the "Temple at Jerusalem," showing the Temple restored and "Christ casting out the traders." The publishers desire agents with whom they will make liberal arrangements. Address them at 150 Nassau-street, New York.

TILTON'S JOURNAL OF HORTICULTURE for September is full of interesting and seasonable articles for those who cultivate fruit and flowers. Its "Notes and Gleanings," from home and foreign sources, contain numerous facts and hints of great value; and, as usual, there are some elegant embellishments.

Published by J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW for July has the following table of contents:—Shakespeare; Darwin's Descent of Man; Austria since Sadova; Jeremy Taylor; Music—its Origin and Influence; Maine's Village Communities; Alexander Dumas; Economic Fallacies and Labor Utopias; The New School Boards.

"LABOR REFORM" is the cheap and delusive watch-word, adopted by the enemies of the republican party. Of this we have the following warning:—

"Beware of another device! It is called Labor Reform! This is an organization attempted to be brought into life in this State by the money of the Liquor Dealers' Association of the cities of New York and Boston. Every intelligent man knows that the Republican party is founded on the idea of protecting free labor; that it has grown into gigantic strength on that idea! To break down the Republican party is to break down the shield and strength of the Free Labor in all the land. If you desire to hand over your civil government to the control of the party that has made New York City a den of thieves, vote the democratic ticket! But if you desire to maintain good government, economy of expenditure, the reduction of your National Debt, stand by the Republican flag!"

THE PENOBSCOT MUSICAL ASSOCIATION will hold its 24th annual session in Norumbega Hall, Bangor, commencing on the 25th inst. Prof. L. H. Southard will have charge. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club will be in attendance, with Mrs. H. M. Smith, and Messrs. Wm. J. Finch, F. C. Packard, John F. Finch, and Frank Sprague, of Boston, and all the eminent local talent.

A DISASTROUS FIRE occurred in Richmond on Sunday morning last, which destroyed thirteen dwellings and stores on the south side of Main street and on White and Church streets. The fire broke out about midnight in a shoe-stitching building on White St. and burned till daylight before it was subdued. Thirty buildings were on fire at one time, and the men were obliged to leave the engines to protect their own property. Loss over \$20,000; insured for \$11,000.

Other insects are very numerous this season, as well as grasshoppers. Wasps abound in great numbers, and also millers of various kinds.

HON. JOHN A. POOR, a well known citizen of Portland, and prominent in all the large railroad enterprises of the State, died suddenly of heart disease on Tuesday morning. He was in the 66th year of his age.

C. C. CORNISH, Esq., of Winslow, an able and reliable man, is the republican candidate for representative in the district composed of Winslow, Clinton and Benton.

Our country does not monopolize all the railroad accidents. One recently occurred at France, similar to the one at Revere, by which ten persons were killed outright, and many injured; and one is reported in England by which 16 persons were injured and four killed.

The building committee of District No. 1 have purchased a lot on Pleasant street, a few rods below School St., on which they have commenced to build a school house. It is of wood, 28 by 38 feet, two stories in height; but we judge that they will need an appropriation, additional to the \$1200 voted, before they will be able to finish it.

One-eighth of the National debt has been paid off since March, 1869, under a republican administration.

THE NEW ENGLAND FAIR was held at Lowell, this week, but all we get from it thus far, through the dailies, is "agricultural horse trot."

BROWN UNIVERSITY accepts the resignation of President Caswell, but hesitates about opening its doors to women at present.

WATERVILLE UNION SABBATH SCHOOL held its second session at the Free Will Baptist Meeting House in the South part of the town, on Wednesday last. The attendance was quite small, but a good degree of interest was manifested by those present, and the following questions were discussed:

How can the Sabbath School be made more interesting? Opened by E. R. Drummond, Esq.

How shall I prepare to instruct my class? Opened by Rev. Mr. Dinsmore, of Winslow.

How can all be made to feel that it will pay to attend the Sabbath School? Opened by J. B. Bradbury.

What is the relation of the parent to the Sabbath School? Opened by Elder Russell the pastor of the church with which the Association met.

How can a Sabbath School be sustained through the year in sparsely settled districts? Opened by J. B. Bradbury.

The President of the Association, Dea. W. A. F. Stevens, Rev. Mr. Ladd, and Mr. Gardner, of the village; Mr. Nathan Taylor, the Superintendent of the F. W. Baptist School; Mr. Mark Valentine, of Sidney; Messrs. Nathan Perry, Joseph Mitchell, and others, participated in these discussions, and the talk was earnest and practical. The last question had a special interest for the Free Will Baptist School, which has never been maintained only in the warm season; and at the close the members present felt so much encouraged that they voted with great unanimity to make an earnest effort to have it continued through the winter hereafter.

A "Question Box" was passed at the close of the discussion, and answers to the interrogatories presented were made by the individuals to whom they were addressed.

The session of the Association was a very pleasant one to all present, and visitors from the village found themselves so hospitably entertained that they left feeling that it had not only been good for them to be there, but that they would be very glad to repeat the call.

The third session of the Waterville Union Sabbath School Association will be held in this village, commencing with a children's meeting at the Baptist Church, at six o'clock Sabbath evening, Sept. 17th, to be followed by addresses to the people generally, and discussions, Question Box, &c. The following Monday afternoon, at 2 1-2 o'clock, and evening at 7, sessions will be held at the Congregational Church. Subjects of importance and of interest to the public will be discussed; while all who are interested in the Sabbath School in the vicinity are expected to be present. A special invitation is extended to those who are not specially interested in this work. Speakers from out of town are expected. (Programme next week.)

The prayer meetings at 6 1-4 o'clock on Sabbath evenings have been resumed at the Rooms of the Y. M. C. Association,—the weather having become too cool to hold an outdoor meeting at that hour.

PEOPLE'S BANK is in the new building just completed, and we know that Cashier Percival rejoices at the agreeable change. The new rooms are large, airy, conveniently arranged, and elegantly finished, and are to be handsomely furnished. When completed they will be a long way in advance of any other banking rooms in our village.

GRASSHOPPERS.—Public attention has been turned to these insects this season, and in a communication on our first page an observing farmer tells what he has seen. We also copy an article on "Snake Spittles," on our fourth page, which conflicts with one opinion held by our correspondent. Let our young friends read these two articles; and perhaps the Professor of Natural History in Colby University will be kind enough to give us a chapter for our next paper which will settle some of these disputed grasshopper questions.

We were not aware that Senator Hamlin had great strength in the pathetic; but the following from the *Sacramento Record*, shows that he made it moist for them at his recent serenade in that city—

"The venerable statesman appeared, sustained by General Alfred Rindington, and returned thanks in a brief speech during which he referred in a touching manner to the early acquaintance and affection existing between himself and the General. The latter was much affected and wept visibly, while the eyes of many of the bystanders were moistened."

TEACHER'S INSTITUTE at Kendall's Mills, commencing Sept. 18th. It will be under the direction of Mr. C. B. Stetson one of the ablest institute workers in the State.

THE CORN CANNING establishment is in full operation at Kendall's Mills.

A monster Clam Bake was held at Fort Point, on the Penobscot, under the management of the directors of the Wassamkeag Hotel Company, on Wednesday. It was a christening of the splendid new hotel just finished at Fort Point. We were unable to take advantage of the polite invitation sent to us.

We invite attention to the advertisement of Portland Business College.

Serious riots have occurred in Dublin and it is thought that the end is not yet reached.

One case of cholera is reported at Liverpool.

A frightful explosion occurred in a coal mine in Lancashire, England, on Wednesday morning last. The number of persons killed, was about seventy, and the scenes about the mouth of the mine were heart rending.

The Republicans have carried the city of Wilmington Delaware, making a gain of about 600 votes over last year.

Why are handouts like guide books? Because they are made for two wrists. Oh!

(For the Mail.)
HOLD YOUR TONGUE.

What for? Because it is running the wrong way,—running your neighbor. We ought to say "Hold your tongue" to every person we hear speaking ill of others, if not vocally, we ought to say it by paying no attention to what they say. By all means we should hold our own tongues and not inculcate their evil reports. How mean you are, who do not hold your tongues, but exultantly defame, libel and slander your neighbors!

Think for a moment what you are doing: Are you speaking words which tend to lower another and raise yourself in the minds of people? If so, you are the meanest of meanings. Supposing your neighbor has failings, it is not right for you to build yourself up on those failings. Look at yourself and see if you, too, don't have failings. Is it any of your neighbor's business if you have failings, as long as your failings do not interfere with him?

Is it any of your business how many failings your neighbor has as long as he attends to his own affairs and lets yours alone? No! Then hold your tongue, and let your neighbor alone. If you cannot speak well of a person, speak not at all, unless it is for the public good that you speak ill. No, Mr. and Mrs. Master and Miss Gossip, you have no right to gossip as you do. It is none of your business, how others manage their own affairs. Just "paddle your own canoe," and let me and every other person sail along the stream of life as we will unless you can lend a helping hand in time of need, unless you can caution us when we are sailing the wrong way. I say caution us, yes, that's the way to do—not continually circulate the story of our wrong. It makes no difference whether you believe what you say of others to be true, or not, you are in the wrong all the same. Why just let reason guide your thoughts a moment: Just think what you are doing. How many there are who suffer disgrace, just because your tongue is forever running them! Why don't you hold your tongue, you slanderer, gossiping, defaming creature! Remember, this life is one of the just and chief rights of nature; all other natural possessions are of little account when compared with it. The value of this life is the reputation of its owner. Have you any right to detract from that reputation. No! Beware how you trifle with the reputation or character of your fellow men.

Always speak to a person, not of him, in regard to his wrongs or else "Hold your tongue." D. W. I.

A CONTRAST.

LOOK ON THIS PICTURE.—A ruling prejudice may be as strong in death as a ruling passion. The earnest way in which some folks hate the colored people affords really a curious subject for study. The other day, Mr. J. S. White died, leaving \$70,000 to the University of Vermont at Burlington. This would seem to show him to have been a benevolent man, for he bequeathed this money to aid indigent students; and yet this legacy was given upon the express condition that no colored student should ever receive a dollar of it,—the colored students, as matters now stand, being precisely the class most likely to be indigent, and need pecuniary assistance.—[N. Y. Daily Paper.]

AND ON THIS.—A poor colored woman in New Haven has recently bequeathed between \$2,000 and \$3,000,—money she had saved by a life of toil in washing and scrubbing,—for educating any poor colored student who might enter Yale Divinity School to be a preacher; and if no colored student is presented, then the money may be applied for the benefit of some white student.

"Do you think," asked Mrs. Pepper, "that a little temper is a bad thing in a woman?" "Certainly not, ma'am," replied a quite gallant philosopher; "It is a very good thing, and she ought never to lose it."

A CURE FOR THE BLUES.—A paragraphist says in one of the medical papers that "laughter and music is good, and we do not doubt that they have a good effect on those who are depressed in spirit; but how is a man going to laugh when he don't feel like it? and it is not always easy to get a dose of inspiring music. A still better prescription is to seek the society and moral support of people who are not blue. When a clock has run down, it stops. It cannot start itself—somebody must wind it, and touch gently the pendulum till it swings freely in its accustomed track. So, when hope has departed from the soul, and all looks dark and discouraging, the touch of a strong, healthy nature cheers and invigorates, and starts into action a faculty that has run down and stopped. If you are blue, then go to one who is not blue, and let him apply the sparks of his own life to your despondent nature.—[Exchange.]

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps renews the old dictum that "women dress to please the men." But Miss Miriam M. Cole steps forward, in the *Woman's Journal* and denies the charge, declaring that they dress for each other's eyes. Says Miss C.:

"They fear each other's criticisms and ridicule more than anything living. To have Mrs. Luffy say our velvet is cotton-back—our laces imitation—our dress an old one turned wrong side out, and bottom side up, and re-trimmed to hide old seams, is all but death itself. To have Mrs. Pompous survey us from head to foot, and compute the probable cost of outfit, and she can do it to a dollar, is wretchedness of the deepest dye. The veriest butterfly flitting can disturb the serenity of the busiest bee by saying, 'What under the canopy possesses you to think a square neck becoming, when your neck is so scrawny and sawy?' Little honey will be made that day—it will take all the strength of that most industrious insect to keep from imitating the turtle. Put a bit of fringe where last year your dress was stylish in ruffles, and Beau Brummel, even, will not recognize the ancient garment. Half cover it with fringe, and Beau's lady-love will detect the subterfuge and strait; and Oh, the pity that will shine through her sidelong glance at it."

AN APT TEXT.—John Brobst was recently drowned at Schuylkill Haven, Pa., while under the influence of liquor. The family, being members of Rev. Mr. Yeiser's church (Lutheran), he made it the occasion of a sermon preached on August 6th. His text was taken from Exodus 21: 28, 29:

"If an ox gore a man or a woman, that they die, then the ox shall be surely stoned, and his flesh shall not be eaten; but the owner of the ox shall be quit. But if the ox were wont to push with his horn in time past, and it hath been testified to his owner, and he hath not kept him in, but that he hath killed a man or a woman; the ox shall be stoned, and his owner also shall be put to death."

He applied this to the liquor-seller.

GOOD NEWS FROM THE PACIFIC!—The Republicans have carried California with three to five thousand majority. Now, Maine!

While there is much misery and sin in the world, a man has no right to lull himself to a sleep in a paradise of self-improvement and of self-enjoyment, in which there is one Adam, a perfect specimen of humanity—that is, himself. He ought to go out and work—fight, if it must be, wherever duty calls him.

It is very dangerous for any man to find any spot that is sweeter to him than his home.

You think justly, you feel rightly. Yes, but your work, produce it. Men of wealth, men of talent, what are you doing for God in God's world?—[F. W. Robertson.]

The Unitarians of New Hampshire, at the recent convention, passed resolutions condemning the practice of raising money for religious and other purposes by means of the raffles and similar methods, as being in plain violation of correct principles of morality, and also of the laws of the State concerning lotteries.

GLADSTONE in a speech at Withby Saturday, expressed joy that Englishmen can now look upon Americans as friends and said "We may now indulge in the hope that all controversies between the two people are settled."

THE Oracle says on the evening of the 25th ult., Mr. Oscar Vannah of Nobleboro', started from Waldoboro' to return home with a load of corn, but had got only about a half a mile out of the village when, being intoxicated, he fell from his wagon and the wheels passed over him, injuring him very severely if not fatally. He still lives, though in a critical position.

MALLURD AND BUTLER's extensive tannery at Fayette Mills, was burned to the ground Saturday night at 11 o'clock, together with one dwelling house and out-buildings. Part of the bark belonging to the tannery was saved; partially insured: cause of fire unknown. The large buildings belonging to the Dunn Edge Tool Company caught fire and would have been consumed, but for the timely arrival of a large body of Kent's Hill students, by whose aid the buildings were saved, thus preventing a repetition of the conflagration that occurred here some 12 years ago.—[Port. Press.]

The Maine Conference of Unitarian churches will hold its annual meeting in Farmington, commencing on Tuesday evening, Sept. 19, with a sermon by Prof. Everett, D. D.

THE receipts of the Maine Missionary Society for the month of August, amounted to \$874.53.

The Governor has recommended the appointment of Joshua Nye of Augusta, as the Delegate to represent the State of Maine in the Centennial Celebration and Exhibition to be held in Philadelphia.

The republicans of Vassalboro' on Saturday evening nominated Mr. James C. Pierce as candidate for representative to the legislature for the towns of Vassalboro' and Winslow.

ELI JERSON, Esq., of Weeks' Mills, was nominated by the Republicans as candidate for Representative to the Legislature, Saturday, for the classes towns of China, Albion, Clinton Gore and Unity Plantation.

ON Saturday the following gentlemen were chosen town committee by the republicans of Vassalboro': E. W. Bush, Geo. A. Robbins, Orrick Hawes, Alden Lord, Robert Austin.

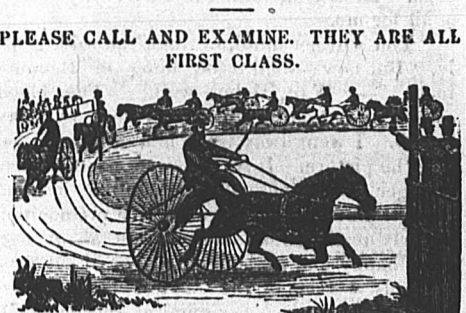
The administration is said to have fully decided to proclaim martial law in York and Spartanburg counties, South Carolina.

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GILBRETH KNOX
Hawesboro' at Vassalboro' Park, Providence, of 1 half mile in race 1.10 1-4, quarter 34 1-2 seconds.
His latest colt, **HONEST JOHN**, won the 4 year old purse at Waterville.
His 3 year old colt "Knox-them-all," sold for five thousand Dollars.

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