
THE PRESS.
THURSDAY MORNING, AUG. 13, 1874.
Cumberland County Republican
Convention.

The Republicans of Cumberland County are requested to send Delegates to meet in Convention in Reception Room of City Hall, Portland, **Thursday, August 20th, 1874, at 10 o'clock A. M.,** for the purpose of nominating candidates for 4 Senators, Sheriff, County Treasurer and County Clerk to be supported at the State election in September.

Also to choose a County Committee, and to act upon any other business which may properly come before said convention.

The basis of representation will be as follows:—Each city and town will be entitled to one Delegate and one additional Delegate for every 50 votes cast for Sidney Perham for Governor in 1872. A fraction of 35 votes additional to the full number will entitle the city or town to an additional Delegate.

I give the following delegation and apportionment:

Baldwin.....	3	Naples.....	3
Brigton.....	7	New Gloucester.....	4
Brumfield.....	7	Newport.....	3
Cape Elizabeth.....	9	Otisfield.....	3
Casco.....	3	Portland.....	48
Canaan.....	4	Rockport.....	3
Deer Isle.....	7	Raymond.....	3
Falmouth.....	4	Scarborough.....	3
Freedom.....	4	Sebang.....	2
Gorham.....	7	Shirley.....	2
Gray.....	4	Westbrook.....	6
Harpswell.....	3	Widmouth.....	6
Harrison.....	3	Winthrop.....	5
Total.....			164

Vacancies in delegations can only be filled by actual residents of the town which has the vacancy.

The County Committee will be in session at the Convention room at 9 o'clock on the day of the Convention for the purpose of electing delegates to the delegations.

TOMAS HANCOCK, Gray,
T. G. HUTCHINS, Cape Elizabeth,

I. U. FIER BILLINGS, *President*,
 DANIEL ELLIOT, *Brunswick*,
 WM. T. SMALL, *Chairman*, *Portland*,
 L. B. CHAPMAN, *Secretary*, *Dedging*,
 Republican County Committee.

Gossip and Gleanings.

Canada is going to have a military college, now that the Fenians are all dead.

"A good workman is known by his chips," eh? And so is a good gambler.

Miss Anthony, in the view of the Brooklyn Argus, is a Rochester dumb belle.

There is nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream, excepting the luscious watermelon.

An Iowa saloon-keeper has an engaging frankness about him. He has a sign on the front of his establishment bearing the suggestive legend, "Nose Paint."

Colonel Forney wrote a European letter on the steamer Illinois. The letter is four columns long, and treats altogether of the centennial. Wherefore we may breathe again; or does not this establish the fact that Colon

Den Butler is charged by the New York *World* with writing poetry—one poem in honor of John Calvin and another in praise of William Penn. But that is nothing. There is a butcher in this city who kills twenty sheep every day, and writes one poem to his sweetheart between every two victims of his gory knife; and it is pretty good poetry, too.

George Sand.

The Paris correspondent of the *Arcadian* sends the following interesting souvenir of

ne whom he considers to be the greatest of living women. I saw George Sand to-day. He had evidently come in from the country in business, and was going round to the various museums to while away time. I met him in the courtyard of the Louvre, and could not help being struck by the contrast between the man and the woman. He had come over here. You know not very long since she was still beautiful, although she was short, fat and ugly—*Ne me tenez pas pour moi*—but now she is old and ugly. Her features are so wrinkled and her face so lined that I can hardly believe it is the same woman. She has lost her quondam brilliancy, the expression of her countenance is still fine, but there is grief written on every line of it, and what is still worse, that indescribable *Je ne sais quoi* which indicates disappointment. She seemed to me to be looking

reappeared, somewhat somnambulistic, late, as though her eyes indeed saw well, but her thoughts were far removed from all that surrounded her. She went over the Louvre, thence to the Versailles-Lorraine exhibition, and in the evening she attended a scientific lecture. So I learned by the papers. She is up at 2 o'clock, she is ever ready to get up at 2 o'clock, and until 1 o'clock; then she breakfasts, reads, drives, sees her friends and does all those things she has to do. Eleven o'clock she holds her in bed, and they tell me she falls asleep as soon as her head touches the pillow. To my mind she is the greatest female genius of the century. I have never seen her so happy, but *elle m'est pas sympathique*. I was once introduced to her, but although fascinated by her charming conversation, I was not as

much pleasure with her as I expected to be. Her manners are very quiet and unpretending, but she has a kind of searching, unsteady gaze, and a sort of eager way of questioning people, which is not altogether pleasant. In conversation against your will, the secrets of your heart—which is very unpleasant, to say the least of it. Her last novel, "Ma Sœur Jennie," is one of her best, so they say. I have not read it. Some months ago she wrote some fairy tales in the *Revue*, which were absolutely charming. She is a great naturalist, and has a very keen eye with which she catches the flowers of all kinds in a very scientific manner. She is in correspondence with all the botanists of the world, and has published some works on this science which are worth reading. Age and George Sand do not agree

together. She knows she is getting old, and she hates death, she fears it. She has no religion, no immortality, she has no soul, and after her fashion, is religious. Many times during her queer career has she left the world and gone back to her old convent. At Neully, the superior of which is still her best friend. "Ah! my friend," said she once to me, "believe me, it is no happiness to possess an imagination like my own—a person who cannot stop thinking and rest my poor brain, and I can rarely do so." She is writing a book now on that poor little wretched morsel of a prince, Louis XVII. It will be a sad, terrible book; but, after all, only the narrative of the lives of thousands of children, not royal, indeed but paupers, who were happiest un-

Dir. Result of a Midnight Experiment.
A fair lady-member of a Capitol Hill boarding-house, excited over reminiscences of Rubenstein, and the announcement of the proposed new Republican organ to be started in New York City, resolved to purchase one for her own use. To this end an avenue music store was visited, and as a consequence the aforesaid boarding house was invaded soon afterward by two smart colored gentlemen, who, leaning on their lusty shoulders an organ, which was quietly deposited in the young lady's chamber.

That evening after the different members of the household had retired to their various and virtuous couches, and silence reigned

over the Hill, the neighborhood's favorite party spot, by a lively organicist and a handsome young man who had just come back to Old Virginia Shore. "One nervous lady boarder awakened her husband with a kick under the pillow, and cried in his startled ear that 'there's a comet had struck,' while the sable hash-jerker, who dreams away the night in the wash-house, startled by the unwonted sound, cried, 'Fore de Lord, de argents comet come now!' and the young man, who has the earthy heart of a horse, whose necessities compel him to keep a well-filled demijohn in his bedroom, thinking that the female crusaders had foundered out his little weakness and were about to violate the privacy of his domestic chamber, hastily jumping from his marital couch, to thrust his supply of gin and milk between the

who was calmly and quietly wending his way with difficulty to his room, consequent upon his attendance at a wine supper, surprised at the appearance of several white-robed boarders in the corridors, (for by this time the entire household was thoroughly alarmed,) and thrust his hand to his weary brain and shrieked forth, "Great God, what's going on at this hour?" "What's going on?" said the first, "I am not quite so much mystified from the house. Now, I am all in great confusion. Shrieks and noises and cries of wonder and distress, filled the air, but above the din was heard the organ's strains, which had changed its tune and was belching forth, "Oh, Salvation," in an astonishing manner.

Finally, however, an investigation disclosed the cause of this confusion, and a com-

The household is now in peace, for a placard in the dining-room commands all musical exercises to cease after nine o'clock P. M.—*Washington National Republican.*

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