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3-6-1868

The Waterville Mail (Vol. 21, No. 36): March 6, 1868

Maxham & Wing

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Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 21, No. 36): March 6, 1868" (1868). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 236.

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AT REST.

"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."
Oh! weary heart upon life's rugged mountains,
Where trembling feet but slowly find their way,

BEEF-TEA.

We were walking together, my sister and I, in the autumn fields. Mary's hands were full of asters and golden-rod and bright maple leaves, glowing in the sunset light. She was smiling, fair, and happy; I, very dismal and gray.

Waterville Mail.

VOL. XXI.

WATERVILLE, MAINE. . . . FRIDAY, MARCH 6, 1868.

NO. 36.

slowly homeward—Mary cast down, sorrowful, and in tears; I with a heart full of mingled despair and sweetness, saying over and over to myself, "For come he would yesterday."
An hour afterwards Mary knocked at my door and said, "Will you come down to tea, Agnes?"

The next day aunt was gone again. But before her fitting she told us that she supposed this would be the critical day. If the fever abated, or if they could persuade him to take something to keep up his strength, all might yet be well, his noble constitution might even yet conquer. Then kissing us solemnly for goodby she said, in her saddest, weariest voice: "I shall not be back till night, dears; perhaps not till to-morrow. You must not tire yourselves out in any way. Agnes looks pale. Take care of her, Mary; though, indeed, we may all be forgiven for pale, sorrowful faces when we think of this dear and valued friend so nearly passing from us."

"After examining it:—"You didn't look at the date, fool! 1846, how do you suppose it could have passed all this time if it is counterfeit?"
THE RILLS OF CHILDHOOD.—Our young readers may be interested in the following article, as it teaches them the importance of little things in forming their character for life:
I have just been watching the little rills jumping and skipping merrily along, and it made me think of the talk a good doctor once had with some of them as he was travelling over the Alleghany Mountains.

reading niece that to save herself from imbecility, she kept a debtor and creditor account of sentimental indulgence and practical benevolence, with occasional memoranda running thus: "For the sweet tears I shed over the romantic sorrows of Charlotte Devereux, sent three basins of gravel and a flannel petticoat to poor old Molly Brown."
A QUAKER ANECDOTE.—When the Erie canal was first started, the subject of investing in it was discussed in a Quaker business meeting, of the men. It was opposed by an influential member—no other than Elias Hicks—on the ground of its being a speculation. Among other objections, he went on to say—"When God created the world, if he had wished canals, he would have made them." Thereupon "a weighty friend" (one of their terms) rose up, and said slowly, in the intoning voice, in which they always speak in meeting; "And Jacob dig-ged a well," and sat down.—[The Advance.

PLEASANT TALK vs. GOOD LOOKS.—However much Mr. Carlyle and others (who, by-the-by, are themselves rather voluminous in their literary works—and what are those but speech set down in writing?) may depreciate talk, it is certain that it is the possession of this faculty which places that gulf between us and the brute creation, which Mr. Darwin finds it most difficult to bridge over. It is talk which initiates all our ends; to Love, to Friendship, to almost always the tongue which is the Gateway. The preservation of a young woman from the pursuit of a mad bull, or the rescue of a fellow-creature from drowning, are opportunities that do not take place in real life so often as in novels. The manly yet conciliatory expression of an opinion, the eloquent eulogy of a pursuit, or the witty defense of a pastime; in short, a few well-chosen words, well spoken, upon any subject, form the best introduction to our fellow-creatures, and do more to attract them to us than any natural advantage, except, indeed, the personal beauty of a woman. It is the knowledge of the power of this latter charm which makes pretty women commonly such foolish Talkers. They have only to show their faces to win at once, not only the attentions of the wise and witty, but (supposing at least they are of the masculine gender) the wise and witty themselves. Why, then, they argue, should we cultivate the powers of speech, when our eyes and lips are more eloquent than others' tongues? A question, however difficult it may be to answer now convincingly, to which they will one day receive a terribly conclusive reply.

