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Maxham & Wing

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THE SOLDIER AND THE NURSE.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

We stood where the iron horse goes by,
Smoking and snorting along the track;
Bearing our soldiers away to die,
Or bringing their banners with honor back.

The hurried tread of a thousand feet,
Coming, coming from all around,
Across each field and down each street,
We heard approaching the holy ground.

The ground made holy by good good byes;
By parting blessings and tears and prayers;
By true hearts' costliest sacrifices,
The yielding of all that by love was theirs.

Erect and tall as a stately pine,
Stalwart and graceful, with royal brow,
With glorious eyes and a tender smile,
His bronzed cheek wearing a fevered glow—

With form like that of a Greek athlete,
With bearing like that of a prince of blood,
With dark face bearded, and truehard heart,
A youthful brave in his grandeur stood.

His mind was softened, his quivering lip,
The liquid light of his spirit eyes;
And tender words that were soft and low,
To the plaint of love were his fond replies.

A sweet-faced woman was by his side,
Grateful, right, with her hands and hands;
Waiting in terror the dreaded sound,
Of the Colonel's voice in the last commands.

Oh! what a face was she lifting up,
Pale as a lily, and stained by tears;
Stamped with devotion and utmost love,
Blanched by sorrow and anxious fears.

And he—as he gazed on those sweet blue eyes,
Lifted forgetful of all save him,
A spasm as if it were dying pain,
Contracted his heart, and his eyes grew dim.

"Beloved!" he said—then he paused and choked,
And, bending, he touched with his lips her cheek,
"My darling, my life, should I not return—"
Poor heart! there are words that no tongue can speak—

There were choking sobs in her round, white throat,
There was clinging of weaned hands;
Long clinging kisses, the engine's sound,
And then—the rending of heart-wrought bands—

Alone at his post in the marshy field,
The picket is musing of home and love;
Hark! the relief—but his coming is late,
The picket is summoned to duty above.

A year has gone and the widow stands
Where mourning and anguish and death are rife;
Giving her strength for her soldier's sake,
Giving to mercy her pure young life.

Deep is the grave in her broken heart,
Deep is the woe in her tender eyes,
But blessings from wounded and dying men
As a rich reward for her sacrifice.

[From Harper's Magazine.]

OLD AUNT MATILDA.

It is now a good many years since Matilda Hastings was a young girl spinning wool in her mother's garret of a summer afternoon. The sunshine streamed in at the curtainless southern window and made a golden path along the carpeted floor, up and down which she ran by the side of her big wheel, piecing "roll" upon "roll," and singing:

"We are marching forward to Quebec,
And the drums are loudly beating,
America has gained the day,
And the British are retreating.
America has gained the day,
And the British have departed,
So open the ring and choose another in
That you think will prove true-hearted."

Strange to say, only one word of her song had in her mind any meaning attached to it, and that word was the last, which dropped from her tongue again and again with a deliciously tender thrill. As to that great day when the British came to the worse, and the United States held up their heads under flying colors, she thought nothing about it; she thought only of her sweet heart, Nathan Armstrong, who but he was the man for her? true-hearted and altogether lovely!

Ah, how poor and plain and worthless seemed all the young fellows of the neighborhood in comparison! No blue eyes but his had such tenderness in them, no tongue but his such truth upon it, no courage was so stout, and no morality quite so sincerely moral. She had a slender gold ring on her third finger that he had given her, and she had a good many dried roses in her bureau drawers; that had one time after another been shipped out of his hand into hers.

They were not engaged—that is to say, not by any positive pledges given or taken—but Nathan had kissed her a great many times, and it was always understood that he should go with her to church of a Sunday evening, and to the quilting and the evening party, and once he had said to her, as at parting they lingered under the wide-spreading apple tree by the door-yard gate, "Will the time ever come, Tilly, when we shall always be together?" and she had not said him nay.

He had not been long home from college at the time our story begins, and once or twice since his return matters had not gone quite so smooth as they used; still, there had been no quarrel. A little arrogance, or the like of it, on the part of Nathan, and a little smugness, or the like of that, on the part of the girl—not quite resentment, but something that just for the moment hovered toward it. These trifles, however, did not affect the general stability of the relation between them.

He was made specially at home in the house of Widow Hastings upon that sort of understanding that somehow comes about without words, and came and went when he chose—breakfasting or supping if it chanced—quite as one of the family.

Mrs. Hastings was, in her motherly way, almost as fond of the boy as Matilda herself; for though he was a little wayward and impulsive, and given to airy things upon occasion with something too high a hand, he had many generous and noble qualities, was healthful in body and mind, young, ambitious, and more than commonly good-looking.

These were causes enough for liking him without our supposing that she superadded the fifty acres of land that had been set apart for him, or the thousand dollars that were invested for his benefit in the neighboring city—Cincinnati. We may, and will, therefore, leave such a supposition quite out of the case, merely suggesting that there possibly are mothers in the world with whom these considerations might have weighed.

It was a pleasant thought to the poor widow, certainly, that her Tilly was going to do so well; and if she was a little proud of it withal, why she had right to be so; and as her girl spun in the chamber she spun below stairs, only her threads were drawn from a material more subtle. She had sometimes spun her threads so long that they easily entangled themselves among the horns of the elder Mrs. Armstrong's sheep and cattle, and drew them off as Natty's portion! An agreeable pasture, and harmless enough, as it turned out. She was a poor widow, as before said, renting her little plot of garden ground and the few acres she cultivated, and the desire of her life was to see Matilda better situated in the world than she had ever been.

Not that they had not enough of common comforts; she was thrifty and managing, and her girl, as well as she, did her part cheerfully, and was content to wear a washed and ironedingham to church, and to make the summer bonnet answer for the winter too.

Ah, they were happy days, the days when they dreamed dreams and saw visions, for they

were more like sisters, these two women, than mother and daughter. Mrs. Hastings was young at forty; and Matilda was old at nineteen. Sometimes, as they sat in the glow of the firelight of a winter evening, it would have been hard to tell which Nathan was courting as he tossed his gay trifles of talk from one to the other.

Strange to say the match was regarded favorably by the Armistead side of the house—more especially by Mrs. Armstrong, who, in her provident zeal, had already put aside, under lock and key, much fine linen, both for bed and table, marked with the initials M. H. A. wrought cunningly by her own loving hand.

"Natty," she would say much oftener than was prudent, for there is nothing like a little offhensiveness with regard to these affairs if one be desirous of helping them on—"Natty, when are you going to bring Tilly home?" And in one way and another she would make allusion to his private and personal feelings and expectations with a taking-for-granted manner that roused upon him sometimes, and made him reticent to obstinacy. She was not wise in this, and it contributed its share toward costing her trouble in the end. The other motherly plied him some too, though not so directly, and between them he had taken the bit in his mouth and was ambling a trifle, just for the pleasure of having his own head. Matilda was unconscious of all this as she spun in her chamber that day, though even then circumstances were combining to change the amble to a curvet.

She had a sweet seriousness in her heart and in her eyes, and something like a shadow flitted now and then across her thoughts. But Nathan was coming that evening to drink tea with them, and afterward to walk with her in the lane; and she made the wheel fly fast that she might finish the stint imposed upon herself and so gain time, after the early milking, for the dressing of her hair, and the careful arraying of herself in the dimity petticoat, clock stockings and sky-blue lawn, all of which lay already so neatly folded upon the snow-white coverlet of her bed. Should she wear a rose in her heavy braids, or a knot of violets colored like her dress? This was the question that was uppermost in her thoughts as she reeled up the last skein preparatory to fetching home the cows.

The reel had snapped, and the thread was just being tied round the skein, when the mother's eager, girlish voice was heard calling from the foot of the stairs, "Tilly, Tilly! look out of the north window and see what you will see!"

She ran fast enough, and coming back to the head of the stairs the next moment cries anxiously, "Oh, mother, what shall I do? The cows are not even fetched home, and then there is the milking, and then my hair is to be done, and all my things to put on! What made him come so soon, I wonder?"

"A pretty wonder, to be sure! as if you didn't know well enough. Girls didn't make believe so much when I was young!" and then she tells her that the cows came home of themselves, and are already milked, and that she has nothing to do, but comb her hair and slip on her dimity petticoat and blue lawn.

Matilda had run back to the window again by this time, and was busy peeping out. Nathan had never looked so smart. She hardly recognized him at first, indeed, in white trousers, a rose in his button-hole, and such a shimmering new hat! He was come for a purpose this evening—that was plain. Her heart was all of a flutter, so that her long hair tumbled down over her pretty white shoulders as often as she would it up, and she could not clasp her belt till she had tried over and over.

When all was completed she stood on tip-toe before the small looking-glass, not half satisfied—she was looking such a fright—her cheeks on fire, and the handkerchief across her bosom of a tremble. In vain she tried to hum, "We are marching forward to Quebec"—the tune ran into quavers and broke off in spite of herself; and as she set aside her wheel, helped by a little busy delay to regain her self-possession, the "wheel" came rattling to the floor, and the spindle turned itself about and punctured her arm till it bled smartly, and pained her not a little into the bargain.

At last she came down stammering and blushing. "We were not expecting you so soon, Nathan," she said, "and that accounts for my not being ready to see you."

"Oh, it makes no difference!" Nathan answered, playing with his watch-key; "I have been entertained by your mother all the same."

He did not smile, nor speak with that lightness that would have given the words another meaning than they of themselves expressed; and as the large eyes of Matilda rested upon him her hot cheek grew cold in an instant.

"I did not mean to say you had missed me, or any thing of the sort," she said directly looking down and picking at the frill of her apron—"I only meant to excuse myself for what seemed bad behavior."

"Excuses don't amount to much that ever I found," says Nathan, still twirling his key, and tipping his chair with rude independence.

"Why, Natty, Natty, what has come over you?" says Mrs. Hastings, lifting her hand playfully; "I have a great mind to box your ears for speaking so to our Tilly—don't you see you almost made her cry?"

"Made her cry! What for, I should like to know? Here, Tilly, here's an orange to make up," and taking one from his pocket he tossed it into her lap.

She thanked him coldly, and laid the orange aside on the table as though it were a gift she did not much prize. He had called her Tilly before, only when they were alone, and then with timidity and tenderness of meaning, not at all with the off-hand indifference with which he had spoken it now. It all comes of his going to college, she thought.

"Don't you like oranges?" he said, after a little. "I thought everybody liked them that knew what was good."

"Maybe I don't know what is good?" she answered; "anyhow, I don't care much for them."

"I do," says Mrs. Hastings, trying to make matters better. "Aunt this a beauty? Where did you get it?"

"Oh, Uncle Tom brought out a whole lot of 'em this afternoon."

"Indeed! your uncle Thomas is at your house then? Any of the folks with him?"

"Yes, Aunt Mary, and one of the girls."

"Which one?" says Mrs. Hastings—"the youngest?"

Matilda, for some cause, she could not have told what herself, had fixed her eyes upon him when he said one of the girls, and was still looking at him. His eyelids flitted of themselves, and his smoothly-shaven cheek colored visibly as he replied that it was Lamsie who was come with her mother.

"Lamsie? I didn't know there was a Lamsie?" says Mrs. Hastings, as she straightened the table-cloth and adjusted the tea-things; "and I'm sure I thought I knewed all your Aunt Mary's girls. Which one of 'em is it?"

"The oldest, I believe," says Nathan; and then he says, including Matilda with his glance, "she is going to stay out a week, it she can put up with our country fare so long, and I hope you will have a chance to get acquainted."

"I hope so," said Mrs. Hastings; but Matilda felt as if the tone were patronizing, and said nothing.

"They were all pretty little girls," says Mrs. Hastings, "the last time I seen 'em, but that's four or five years ago, when your Aunt Sarah was buried; and I reckon some of 'em are almost young women by this time?"

Nathan made no reply to this question, for it was meant for a question, and Mrs. Hastings went on directly: "I remember your Aunt Mary had bows of crape on her mourning bonnet that day, the first time I had ever seen crape made into bows, and it looked strange, very pretty, though. Your aunt is a gay woman for her years, isn't she?"

Nathan says he doesn't know so much about that; town folks always seem gay to country folks, he believes; but he does know that she is a good housekeeper.

"I dare say!" Mrs. Hastings replies with admiring emphasis; and then she asks if the girls take after her.

"Oh, you must see and decide for yourself. But I doubt if this one who is out now knows so much about house-work that she can't learn something of you and Tilly. By George, what delicious cake!"

He was standing up now, and had taken a slice of the pound-cake which Mrs. Hastings had just put on the table, and was eating it. Matilda remarked that in speaking of his cousin Nathan seemed less communicative than common—thats he said he believed Lamsie was the oldest, as though he didn't know; and again, that instead of calling her name, he said this one who is out now, and somehow she did not like the sound of it.

"Why?" says Mrs. Hastings, pleased to see him enjoying her cake, "I was just going to ask you and Tilly to take a turn round the garden, and then you can't wait?" And then she says she is afraid he is a spoiled boy, and that she shall have to take him in hand one of these days; for she is sure no one else can ever manage him! Intending that she shall understand, doubtless, that she will take him in hand when he is married, and that Matilda will not be able to get along with him in her overmuch gentleness and sweetness.

But the girl had spirit enough in her own soft way, if she had known it, though it is not likely she was altogether ignorant of the fact. Be that as it may, she had no fears of the sort indicated. What she does fear is that matters are not going quite as she would have wished—hence all the fond scolding and familiar gaiety.

Nathan seemed to hesitate over the suggestion of a walk in the garden; took out his watch and looked at it as though he were not quite sure he had the time to spare, and in the end, said in an indifferent sort of way: "What do you say, Miss Tilly, shall we go, or shall we not?"

"As you please, Mr. Nathan," she had not risen as she spoke, nor did she lift her eyes, and her manner of pronouncing Mr. Nathan was just that least bit sarcastic.

"Then Mr. Nathan pleases to go," he said; "shall I have the honor?" and he proffered his arm with a sort of mock gallantry that was not offensively, but, in the circumstances, certainly not altogether agreeable. She rose with more compliance than pleasure in her manner, and they went out together.

"Mind you don't forget yourselves and walk too far!" Mrs. Hastings calls after them.

"Trust me for that!" replied Nathan; and he laughed as though nothing were more unlikely.

Matilda was still further offended, and became severely grave. Nathan seemed not to observe the gravity, but chattered on about this and that, never once lowering his tone or touching even the tips of her fingers. Indeed he walked now before her and now behind her, taken up apparently as much with the sunflowers as with herself.

"Why don't you say something?" he inquired, after a while, standing suddenly before her.

"Because I have nothing special to say," she replied, endeavoring to pass along.

He spread wide his arms, and then she turned and walked the other way.

He came after her now, saying petulantly, "I didn't ask you to say anything special," and then he pulled out his watch again. It was not the silver one his father had given him when he came of age, as Matilda observed; but a shining new one of gold, with a glittering chain attached that was almost as large as her little finger, and set off by seals and charms without number. She observed all this in silence; another time she would have taken it in her hand, and pleased herself as well as him by admiring and praising it. As matters stood she was not in the humor.

They walked down the path nearly the whole length of the garden without speaking, and at last Nathan made some forced remark about the flower-borders—they were blooming with unusual brightness—"What charm did Matilda exercise upon them?"

"Poor common culture—that was all—she had no charm!"

Then he said, as though he had not heard her self-depreciation; "It is no wonder they bloom with such hands to tend them."

And then he did take her hand. She drew it away the next moment, for she felt as if she had in some sort solicited his tender notice, saying she only wished every thing she had loved had repaid her as well as her flowers.

"Nonsense, Tilly! What puts such sentimental stuff in your head? Has some one of your admirers been reading Byron to you?"

And he put his arm around her waist and made a playful attempt to kiss her. It was not the deed but the manner of it that caused check and brow to flush with so sudden and reproachful a red, and her eyes to lower themselves so haughtily.

"Beg your pardon, Miss Hastings," says Nathan; "I will not offend in that way again." And he fell to cutting off the heads of the hollyhocks with his riding whip.

If he had lingered beside her a single moment—if his apology had been less off-hand, and if he had not gone slashing at the hollyhocks as he did, she would doubtless have made some concession; but as it was, she could not get her own consent.

The hour was cold she had watched and waited for so fondly—Nathan was beside her—they were in the twilight shadows of the garden, and withal, the tears were gathering to her eyes in spite of all she could do. She turned away her face and busied herself with gathering a rose in order to get the better of her emotion.

"Is that the way you tend your flowers?" he said, coming back to her, for he had seen the tears. And then he said, "There are some days, Tilly, when every thing goes wrong, isn't there? Now every thing has gone wrong with me all day; mother has been teasing me, I told her as much as that I wished she would let me alone; and with that she got cross and fell scolding me, and now you must be cross with the rest."

"Oh, I am not cross, Nathan, I am only sad!" And she turned smiling to him, as she tucked the rose in her braids.

Things were in a fair way of being smoothed between them now; but, as he had said, there are days when nothing will go right, and this was one of them.

"Oh, not that way, Tilly!" he cried, abruptly withdrawing the rose from the crown of braids in which she had set it—"that is too high!" and he replaced it so that it quite drooped against her neck.

"There, does that please you?" she asked, when it was done, smiling with as much brightness as she could—her rose had always pleased him till then, no matter how she wore it—a fact she could not forget.

He made no immediate answer, but without ceremony pushed the hair away from her forehead; then, after observing her attentively, said: "Well, yes, better."

"Indeed!" she replied; and then, with that reproachful generosity women know so well how to use, she said: "However my hair is, yours is certainly arranged to perfection; I never saw it so very pretty and becoming."

"Is it though? I'm glad you think so; for I was particularly anxious to look well this judgment."

"You would have looked well enough in my eyes any way, you know," she answered, well pleased, and suppressing the anxiety had reference only to herself.

"Oh, you're very good to say so, Tilly; allow me to make my profoundest bow," and smiling gayly, he stooped and touched his lips to her hand. And then he said, "I forgot, really, that I was not to offend in that way any more!"

"You have not offended," Matilda answered, but in a tone and with a manner that told plainly he had offended her in some way.

"Well, I am fated for to-day," says Nathan. "Suppose we go in!"

She stood still in the path for one moment—her great, solemn eyes fixed on him as if they grew there. Was this, then, her Nathan?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LATE MARRIAGES.—Our article in a former Press, in relation to early marriages, has provoked the request of a female friend who desired our opinion concerning the fitness of old bachelors for matrimony. In reply we would say, never marry a confirmed old bachelor. The habits of such a man are too rigid, and of too long standing to allow an assimilation of his disposition with your own. Infelicitable in all his notions, he will demand of you the whole work of concession; nay, you must become as unreasonable as himself, or you can never expect harmony in his society. A man who has hung for years, like a pendulum, between his love and hatred of woman—between his motives of marriage and his ideas of prudence—is an unsafe companion for any well informed delicate young lady. He will continue to swing at extremes, and will hit her, at each vibration, "without rhyme or reason."

Rather than marry an old bachelor, we seriously advise any young woman to accept the hand of a man who has lived successively and honorably with seven wives, even though he should bring with him a number of [good] children. Such a man knows the worth of woman, and understands how to treat her with the tenderness and consideration to which she is entitled—a treatment which is always an indispensable condition of conjugal and domestic happiness.—[Maine State Press.]

THE INTEGRITY OF THE PEOPLE.—Mr. Wilson, in a recent speech in the Senate, made an elaborate defence of the manhood of the American people, and their moral power to uphold free institutions. One passage is very noteworthy, as a reply to those who think the people are growing corrupt:

"It has been more than hinted that the people are growing more corrupt. Sir, I do not believe it. I believe the history of the world can furnish no such example of fidelity to country, liberty and justice as has been furnished by the great mass of people of this country during the last four months. The whole power and patronage of this government, its corrupt and corrupting influences, have been freely used, and dishonorably used, all over the country, to purchase, seduce, corrupt the masses of the people, and the people have emphatically spurned these bribes. They have shown to the world that they cannot be bought nor sold, nor corrupted by such influences.—There are a few corrupt men who may be bought or sold, but the masses of the people of this country are increasing in intelligence, are increasing in virtue, and they vote more intelligently every year of their lives. The country to-day is safer in the hands of the masses of the people than it was in the beginning of the century, when we had restrictions, when we required men to hold property in order to vote."

Stewart, the drygoods millionaire, knowing that a certain article was rising, sent to a Boston merchant to buy up everything of the kind at the hub. He overlooked the putting up of the own prices, however, to correspond to the rise; the Bostonian found it out and bought half of Stewart's own stock at two cents a yard less than the market rates before the merchant prince found it out. Stewart had to buy his own goods at an advance.

The new style of short dresses are "mighty deceiving." A benevolent old gentleman, a little near-sighted yesterday, for remarking familiarly, "Well, sis, your ears cold this morning?" The party addressed turned on the old fellow fiercely, with a "decent puppy" "brute!" "old villain!" &c., and he found that instead of accusing a school miss, he had addressed a lady in the full bloom of womanhood.—[Argus.]

KIND TREATMENT OF A HORSE.—On Thursday, a team belonging to Pratt & Wentworth, heavily loaded with tons, while passing through Congress Street, became embedded in the snow. The humane driver instead of lashing his horses, procured a shovel and cleared away the snow from the runners, then stepping up to the shaft horse, he said: "Now Billy, we are in a bad fix; do all you can,—will you?" The horse, apparently understanding the appeal, rubbed his head against the driver, as if in assent. The team was successfully started without a blow being struck. A well-known gentleman in State Street, having witnessed the scene, was so pleased that, on returning to his office, he immediately addressed a note to the owner of the team, enclosing a ten dollar bill, with a request that it be given. "To the driver who treated his horses so kindly."—[Watchman and Reflector.]

There are many more apologies for farmers, but the real farmer is systematic, and with his family, farm, stock and buildings comes fully up to the "gorgeous" picture the subscriber is so much at war with. The farmer is dependent on other occupations a pleasant employment, and more healthy than any other. The author's ancestors were farmers, and scarce one has ceased active labor much short of eighty years, of either sex.

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AIRING CHAMBERS.

This, says Hall's Journal of Health, may be safely done in winter time when the day is clear, at any hour between sunrise and sunset, but on cloudy and damp days it is better to kindle a fire and thus create a draft up the chimney. A bed should always be made several hours before sundown, before it has had time to gather the damps of the evening. It will refresh its greatly if, on waking up of a winter's night, we get out of bed, throw all the clothing to the foot and the next instant throw it back; this drives all the confided air away from the bedding without allowing it to get very cold; in addition the hands should be passed over the skin of the whole body two or three times; this operation is accompanied with a degree of refreshment and a feeling of purity on entering the bed again; which more than pays for the trouble, and it is often a great sleep promoter, enabling a person to fall into a sound slumber in a few minutes after having been tossing restlessly for hours.

Shut your mouth when going from a cold to a hot atmosphere, as well as the reverse: this simple operation brings the temperature of either cold or hot air to the natural standard before it reaches the lungs, by making it take the circuit of the head; whereas, if the mouth is kept open, it dashes down upon the lungs like a shock. Whether asleep or awake, we should accustom ourselves to keep the mouth shut; the advantage in our sleeping hours is that we don't snore; we don't have the nightmare; flies, bugs and spiders don't crawl down the throat and we don't tell tales in our dreams; the benefits in the daytime are that it induces a more healthful, deep, full and free action of the lungs, prevents innumerable chills and colds, and saves many a domestic sorrow.

In regulating the temperature of rooms there is no fixed standard, but ordinarily we are comfortable in a room, if at the height of five feet from the floor, in the center of the building, Fahrenheit's thermometer stands at 65 degrees. But in this respect no man should be the guide for another. Some require more heat than others, but there is one rule of universal application—a rule which admits of no exceptions, the world over, each person should notice what temperature keeps him comfortably warm, and thus be a rule to himself. But when a man has taken a cold, or is bilious; or if he stays in doors several days, he requires more and more heat, and if under such circumstances he would eat positively nothing for a day or two and keep on piling up the wood so as to keep up a continual slight perspiration, the cold would be cut short off, or the biliousness would disappear in twenty-four hours; in fact many of our aches and pains and ailments would disappear, if only we would keep warm, keep quiet, and drink abundantly of dry, hot liquid; but the great misfortune is that nine out of ten prefer to take some kind of medicine, however nauseous. They feel as if they could not spare the time to be sick, and would rather swallow a quart of the most disgusting compound if it only promises to "cure them" "fight away" with the result always, that they are not cured right away, but after dosing themselves for days and weeks with whatever Tom, Dick or Harry chooses to advise, they find themselves compelled at last to consult a physician when the time has passed for warmth and quiet to have any curative effect.

Many persons precipitate themselves into the grave by attempting to bravado an ailment to be up about in defiance of it. If anything at all is the matter with a man which is really distressing, he should at least have as much sense as a pig and go and lie down.—Pigs are not such fools as to move about in pain! It is a great deal better to lie down and grout.

The reader has, no doubt, observed many times that if in very severe winter weather he remains in the house several days, the body gets very chilly, while you are warming the hands and feet before the fire, the cold chills run down the back; or if you go even from the fire to the window to look upon the snow, disagreeable sensations creep now all over the body, and whether in these, or under any other circumstances, persons have an unpleasant chilliness, it is the result of a sluggish circulation, and an imperfect digestion. So little life giving air is breathed and so little exercise is taken that the blood grows poor and lifeless and cold—loses its heating power, and the body begins to freeze and die. But let a few hours be spent in the cool out-door air, in some exhilarating employment or pastime, and there is an entire change in the whole physical and mental condition; the fire of life kindles in the eye, smiles light up the face, and the man is himself again.

Kind Treatment of a Horse.—On

Waterville Mail.

EPH MAXHAM, DAN L. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... FEB. 15, 1867.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

B. N. PETTINGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York; E. M. Niles, Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. F. Howell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 23 Congress Street, Boston, and 55 Cedar Street, New York; and T. O. Evans, Advertising Agent, 129 Washington Street, Boston, are authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required at their office.

ATWELL & CO., Advertising Agents, 174 Middle Street, Portland, are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisers abroad are referred to the Agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS

relating either to the business or editorial departments of this paper, should be addressed to "MAXHAM & WING," or "WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE."

INTERMARRIAGE.

The action of our legislature upon the subject of intermarriages between whites and negroes, which was introduced by an attempt to repeal the existing prohibitory law, has been the cause of considerable talk among their constituents. This discussion has revealed the fact that very few persons knew of the existence of such a law. It was one forced upon our State when it bowed the knee to slavery, and as it had no real power at home it was only necessary that its existence should be known to the slaveholders. Now that the South no longer legislates for the North, and the fetters of the negro are broken, it was thought that this relic of barbarism might be very properly wiped out. The result showed that the old spleen against the negro is yet held by the majority—not that there is any fear of this kind of intermarriages, for everybody knows that this law counts not a straw against them,—but that there was danger that the repeal of the law would weaken the vote of the republican party. Here was the trouble; and the only effective argument that we can see in the published discussion was to this point. It was made very distinctly by Mr. Whittier, of Vienna, had an additional idea, but mistook the side on which to use it. He contended that there were natural laws governing this matter, against which we have no right to legislate,—forgetting that the proposition was to remove legislation from interference with these natural laws. We believe we give the full force of the arguments made by several gentlemen, when we say that they consisted of fearful shudderings at the idea of having a negro marry their daughters. This worn out argument was very appropriately hit by Mr. Oak, of Garland, who said that the beauty of it was that any man could use it, and it made no difference whether he had brains or not.

Mr. Hale, of Ellsworth, took the lead in urging the repeal of the law. He was ably supported by Mr. Stevens, of Augusta, Mr. Morris, of Portland, and others. The substance of the arguments was, justice to an oppressed race, and consistency with the new conditions imposed by the late revolution;—the professions of the republican party demanded this proof of their sincerity.

So far as relates to the prevention or promotion of intermarriages between blacks and whites, this law amounts to nothing. It only makes a vice of what might otherwise be innocent—only renders children illegitimate that would otherwise be born in legal wedlock, thus preventing their inheritance of property honestly theirs. It helps to disgrace the colored race, and thus keep alive the spirit of caste, that had its birth in the wrongs of slavery. When men urge that the laws of nature forbid these marriages,—draw lines between races and nations—they may be right, but they forget what nature is doing. They do not see how the God of nature is just now tearing away the barriers that men have labored to build up. They fail to discover that the overthrow of slavery is bringing the black and the white to the same ballot-box, and more remotely to the same church, the same table and the same bed. They fail to see the Chinaman and the New Englander gathering at the same gold mine, and binding themselves together by the strongest and most enduring of all bonds—the bonds of pecuniary interest. They do not see how railroads and telegraphs, and all the growing facilities of commercial intercourse, are mixing up races and nations of men. They shut their eyes to facts, and to save a few votes to their party, urge that God has made laws to prevent the very results he is now so visibly working out in spite of the efforts of men.

We care not for the law, only that it was conceived in iniquity, and helps to perpetuate a wrong. Perhaps this legislature might innocently let it stand there; but when its repeal is moved, and the whole question openly argued, we see not how any republican could consistently vote against the measure. We confidently believe that those who did so will live to wonder that they were so far from comprehending the full length and breadth of the great truth that "all men are created equal."

THE AUBURN MURDER.—The substance of the confession of the negro, Clifton Harris, one of the murderers, we copy below from the Lewiston Journal. Plunder was the primary object in view in entering the house, though it is evident that the parties were prepared to proceed to extremities if circumstances required it. From certain hints in the Journal, we suppose that the implication of the white man rests not alone upon the testimony of the negro, but that the statements of the latter are substantiated by other evidence.

The negro proceeds at first to give an account of his movements Wednesday evening of the murder, substantially as already reported in these columns. He came to this city with Mr. W. H. Keith's horse and sleigh, alone, visited several friends, obtained a pint bottle full of whiskey, and fortified himself with four drinks during the evening, leaving this city to return home about nine o'clock, where he arrived near the hour of ten. Mr. Keith lives about half a mile beyond the place of the murder. After taking care of the horse he went to his room at Mr. Keith's, and soon all was quiet in the house and all peacefully sleeping but the negro who, excited with liquor, was awaiting the hour of midnight, appointed as the time to execute the bloody work.

The prisoner alleges that he soon met his accomplice after leaving the house, which he did stealthily, without making any noise or creating disturbance in his stocking feet, carrying his boots in his hands.

The parties (the confession goes on) at once proceeded to the rear of Mrs. Kingsley's house, well aware that there, then, were only the two old ladies, quietly and unsuspectingly asleep within.

The negro alleges, his accomplice, armed with a hatchet and knife, he himself having no weapons, went ahead through the rear entry door leading into the shed, into the house. When the negro returned with his cap, he passed through the doors which had been opened by his accomplice, into the kitchen, and from thence through the door into the sitting room, where he heard proceeding from the room where Mrs. Kingsley slept, the door being open, the shriek and cry, "Polly, Polly, come here." Polly being the given name of Miss Caswell who was sleeping in the room K. The accomplice meantime seems to have entered the room of Mrs. Kingsley.

The negro states that the accomplices on reaching the sitting room, as the former afterwards ascertained, laid his hatchet upon the lounge and proceeded at once to Mrs. Kingsley's bed room opening into the sitting room, finding her peacefully sleeping. He immediately moved to her bedside and seized her with his hands. Just then it was, she shrieked and cried, "Polly, Polly, come here" and the negro appeared on the scene.

The accomplice seized a chair and struck Mrs. Kingsley with it over the head, demanding to know where the money was. At first Mrs. K. said that "her daughter had all the money with her down to Lewiston." The negro then appeared upon the stage, and the demand was repeated, when she indicated that it was at the head of her bed, in a closet at that place.

The negro then opened the passage way in every part, but could find nothing. The money was really in a trunk on a bureau in this room beyond, and there was a second door in the passage way opening directly into the room. The negro missed it, supposing that the passage way was only a closet, while it was both a closet and a passage way. While the negro was searching for the money, Polly Caswell, aroused by the cry, came out into the sitting room, and proceeded to the mantel piece where she was trying to light a lamp.

The accomplice, hearing Polly coming out, left the bedside of Mrs. Kingsley, the latter being partially insensible, and passing out of the bed room—leaving the negro there—stealthily tip-toed up behind Polly, who stood back by the mantel-piece, and struck her on the head with, as is supposed, the hatchet. This felled her to the floor; and the accomplice left her supposing she was dead.

The accomplice then returned to the bed room, and demand was again made for the money, but no response received. Mrs. Kingsley was still alive, but perhaps in a swoon. Her pockets and the closet were again searched.

At this point Polly, who had been left for dead, by the mantel piece, was discovered up and moving across the floor towards her room, her white night clothes making her visible in the dim moonlight. The negro went out to take care of her, and seizing a chair, struck her and at last felled her in the door-way, where she was found.

Returning to Mrs. Kingsley's bed room, the negro found that the accomplice had made way with Mrs. K. by stabbing her in the neck. The negro was then sent for a light—all the transactions above detailed having been in the dark. He proceeded to the kitchen, but in trying to obtain a match, he upset the match-box and it turned out that neither of the murderers could light a lamp. Having satisfied themselves of this, after some immaterial incidents, they set down together upon the lounge in the sitting room and talked over the money matter.

After sitting there a short time, the negro said "It is of no use to stay here, we can't find the money. Whereupon they both arose and left the house by the back door.

The negro asserts that when he entered the house he had not the least idea that murder was contemplated, but when the work was commenced he says "he did his part."

The negro says there was no attempt to set fire to the buildings. The detective was satisfied previously from the inspection of the pile of burnt wood found in the shed, that it was simply something taken from a stove.

There was no light in the house during the execution of the terrible tragedy, and no attempt on the part of the murderers to wash themselves there or divest themselves of any clothing.

It was about 2 o'clock A. M., when the murderers finished their work.

THE AUBURN MURDERERS. Clifton Harris and Luther S. Verrill, had their preliminary examination before Judge Smith, of the Lewiston police court, on Thursday, and were committed for trial at the April term of the S. J. Court for Androscoggin county. Harris, the negro, plead guilty, and Verrill not guilty, and waived an examination.

THE SPRING TERM OF Waterville College commenced on Wednesday of this week. We understand that new members have entered several of the classes.

OUR TABLE.

OUR SCHOOLDAY VISITOR for February, which it commends itself to the parent, will not fail to please and profit the child. It contains numerous pleasing stories, some very instructive articles, a lively dialogue, a piece of music, etc., etc. There are also several pretty illustrations.

Published by J. W. Daughaday, Philadelphia, at \$1.25 a year; 1 to clubs.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM.—This is the title of a nice little juvenile, published in Philadelphia, which it is claimed, gives more reading for the same amount of money than any other publication of the kind in the country. It is edited by Grace Greenwood, who by her charming stories has rendered herself a favorite in almost every household in the country. It is issued monthly, in number of sixteen pages each, with frequent illustrations. The February number, the first we have received, is filled with an attractive variety for the little folks, from which we take the following samples of the "anxieties" of Young America:—

"Little Roland R.—a fine three-year-old specimen of Young America, had been perversely and persistently naughty one day and at last in the early part of the evening, his sorely tried mother said to him—'Now, Roland, remember! I shall whip you when we go up stairs. It don't matter whether you are bad or good the rest of the evening, I shall whip you.'

Roland was sobered. He reflected and looked at the matter on all sides; then seeing a way out of the difficulty, he looked into his mother's determined face with an insinuating smile, and made his proposition—'Mamma, let us don't go up stairs!'

The little son of a famous American artist in Rome was taken by his parents to witness the Easter illumination of St. Peter's. At sight of that wondrous edifice gleaming and flashing from base to summit, and looking like some mighty fairy show, the child was seized for a moment in rapturous bewilderment, then exclaimed—'How beautiful!—how beautiful! Oh, mamma! I don't believe it!'

Published by Leander Hippincott, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, at 60 cents a year with liberal discount to clubs.

AN INQUIRY.

Messrs. Editors.—It is currently reported on the street that the Ticonic Water Power Company are going to "dam the College Rips." I desire to know whether any beside Freshmen need be alarmed? SENIOR.

CATTLE MARKETS.—There was a fair supply of cattle and sheep at market this week, and the Boston Advertiser reports as follows of the condition of trade and prices, at the close:—The weather continues unfavorable to the preservation of meat, and from a somewhat careful look about the yards this afternoon, we conclude that the market closes on a downward tendency. Probably 13 to 14 1/2c will buy just about the same quality of beef as last week; but we think 12c will for better cattle than it would last Wednesday. Daniel Wells sold 16 oxen, to dress 900 lbs. each, for 12c, 86 sk; 2 oxen, to dress 2200 lbs. at 12c, and 2 to dress 2000 at 12 1/2c per lb.; 3 oxen at 8 3/4c per lb. live weight, and one pair at 12c, 38 sk. He said he had sold no working oxen, because the buyers at this market will not pay within \$10 of home cost.

A LECTURE will be delivered at the Baptist Church in this village, on Wednesday evening next, Feb. 20th, by Mr. Charles M. Emery, a recent graduate of Waterville College, and now a member of Newton Theological Seminary. He has chosen an interesting subject, "Pain and its Repudiation as a Sin," and a writer, we are confident that here, in his old home, he will not fail to secure a good audience.

A FINE SKATING PARK was formed in the Gilman field, in the centre of our village, by the powerful rain of Saturday and the sudden freezing on Sunday last. It has been covered with a merry crowd of old and young, day and evening, ever since.

THE BANKRUPT BILL passed the U. S. Senate on Tuesday, 22 to 20; and the bill to establish civil government in Louisiana passed the House, 113 to 48.

A report that Juarez had been captured by the imperialists, in Mexico, is not credited.

LEAVITT'S PEAT JOURNAL—published monthly by Leavitt & Hunnewell, of Boston, and devoted to the dissemination of information relating to the production of fuel from peat—is the neatest and cleanest sheet, typographically, that comes to our table.

NEBRASKA is now a State of the Union, the bill having been passed over the President's veto.

"Dr. Chase's Receipts, or Information for every body," is the title of a very popular work which the agent is engaged in selling in this village and vicinity. A good medical receipt book, for reference in cases of emergency, is always convenient and can hardly fail, in any family, to be worth many times its cost. This work has been sold in immense numbers.

PORTLAND AND KENNEBEC RAILROAD.

At the annual meeting of the Company held in Brunswick on Monday, the old board of directors was unanimously re-elected as follows:

Richard D. Rice, Augusta; H. N. Jose, Portland; John B. Brown, Portland; Geo. F. Shepley, Portland; Geo. F. Patten, Bath; William D. Sewall, Bath; N. M. Whitmore, Gardiner; Darius Alden, Augusta; Philander Coburn, Skowhegan.

The reports of the directors showed a very satisfactory exhibition of the business and prospects of the road, and it was announced that unless some unforeseen circumstance should prevent, the company will be in a condition to declare a dividend upon its stock in July.

A HINT IN BREEDING.—Mr. Torr, the well-known breeder of Short-Horn cattle and Leicester sheep, in the course of some remarks at the recent letting of the latter, touching on breeding in general, said:

"The way to establish uniformity or family likeness is to begin by putting the best male to the best female, and to continue to put the best to the best;" secondly, "not to put opposite characters together, or the traits of both will be lost; but if any fresh characteristic is required to be imparted to the issue of present stock animals, this must be done by degrees, or by that discreet selection which will yield a little more wool, or size and substance, the first year, and a little more and more in the second and third generations, and so on."

THE MAINE CHRISTIAN CONVENTION, for which a call was issued a week or two since, by the Portland Young Men's Christian Association and the pastors of the several evangelical churches in the city of P., was organized for business in the Chestnut Street M. F. Church of that city, at 10 A. M., on Thursday the 7th inst.

Rev. President Harris was appointed to preside over the Convention, and Vice Presidents and Secretaries were appointed as follows:—**Vice Presidents.**—Rev. H. P. Torsey, LL. D., Kent's Hill; Rev. Adam Wilson, D. D., Paris; Rev. C. O. Libby, Wells; Rev. S. Barker, Orono; Revs. E. Martin, J. J. Caruthers, D. D., J. C. Stockbridge, D. D., Portland.

Secretaries.—Dea. E. F. Duren, Bangor; Rev. A. R. Sylvester, Kendall's Mills; Dr. Geo. S. Kimball, Dea. N. B. Curtis, J. A. Fenderson, Esq., Portland.

The attendance was very large, and the discussions and other exercises which were very interesting, it is to be hoped will be productive of good. Several prominent men from other States were present.

A State Central Committee was appointed consisting of Rev. Dr. Stockbridge and Dea. I. H. Coffin, Baptist; W. H. Fenn and Dea. T. R. Hayes, Congregationalist; Pastor of Congress Street Church and William Deering, Methodist; Pastor of Free Baptist Church, and J. A. Fenderson, Freewill Baptist.

A committee for calling similar County conventions was chosen—Rev. John Dinsmore, of Winslow, being selected for Kennebec, and Rev. C. Munger, of Skowhegan, for Somerset.

COUNTY CHRISTIAN CONVENTION.—In accordance with the recommendation of the State Convention recently held at Portland, a circular has been issued by Rev. J. Dinsmore and C. Munger, inviting the Christian Churches of Kennebec and Somerset Counties to send delegates, pastor and one layman, to a convention at Augusta, on Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 19th and 20th, at which "topics of vital interest will be presented for discussion and united prayer." The Convention will assemble at 10 o'clock A. M. The people of Augusta will provide entertainment, and the Portland and Kennebec Railroad Co. agree to furnish free return tickets to all attending the meeting.

CEREALS FOR EXHIBITION.—The Commissioner of Agriculture desires samples of the best varieties of wheat, corn, and other cereals, which he has been authorized by a joint resolution of Congress to collect, and send to the Paris Exhibition. It is desirable that small quantities of the best varieties of such products should be forwarded, by mail, in packages of two pounds or less, each distinctly marked with name, donor, local name, and county and State in which it was grown. Such packages, addressed to the Commissioner of Agriculture, can be sent without postage from any post office in the United States. The resolution makes no appropriation for this purpose; therefore parcels should not be sent by express in any case, unless at the expense of communities represented. The Exposition opens on the first of April, and collections should be sent within a few days to be in season for New York, and for transportation to Paris.

The letter of the French Emperor and his decree show very clearly that Napoleon's ideas of reform are not those of the liberal party in France. He takes from the Senate and Corps Legislatif the right to debate his speech at the opening of the session and reply to it, and in return confers upon them the right to put questions to the government; but this permission is hampered by so many forms and restrictions that it is worth very little. The decree is met with a cry of respectful dismay from all the liberal journals of Paris, whose editors, in addition to the loss sustained by the public liberty, see themselves in imagination already handed over to the tender mercies of the correctional tribunals. The decree of the 24th of November, 1860, of which the important sections have now been repealed, was the most important measure of reform ever granted by the Emperor, and the French people now see themselves losing instead of gaining ground. It is certain that this policy will hardly result to the benefit of Napoleon III., still less of the Prince Imperial.

Mr. George Peabody has made a donation of one million of dollars, in trust, the income from which is to be applied to the encouragement of education among the young of the destitute portions of the Southwestern States, without other distinction than need, opportunity and usefulness. He also gives \$1,000,000 in Mississippi bonds issued to the Planters' Bank, the proceeds to be added to and used for this trust.

Telegraphic news from Europe of the 10th and 11th inst. is received. It is stated that the Sultan has resolved to remove the disabilities under which his Christian subjects have hitherto rested, and is about to convene a parliament. General Kaleris sailed from Athens for the United States on the 8th inst. The reform demonstration in London yesterday is described as a grand affair, without a single disturbance. It is announced in Paris that the French troops will leave Mexico on the 25th of this month.—[Bus. Adv.]

Sanford Conover, alias Charles A. Dunham, was to-day convicted of perjury in the Criminal Court of the District. It will be remembered that he is the person who represented that he could procure reliable testimony to prove Jefferson Davis guilty of complicity in the assassination conspiracy, and that he brought forward a number of bogus witnesses who testified with great minuteness that they were present at interviews between Davis, Benjamin Surratt and others, when the plan of assassination was agreed upon. Two of these witnesses, being brought before the House judiciary committee last spring, confessed that the evidence given by them was false and was fabricated by Conover and learned by them previously to their going before the judge-advocate-general.

Conover, upon being confronted by these witnesses, boldly swore that their statements were false, and that he had no reason to doubt the truth of the evidence they gave before Mr. Holt. Upon this the charge of perjury was based. The proceedings against Conover were instituted by Mr. Holt, and his conviction gives general satisfaction. Sentence has not yet been pronounced.—[Bus. Adv.]

FOUND AT LAST, a remedy that not only relieves, but cures that enemy of mankind, Consumption, as well as the numerous satellites which revolve around it in the shape of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Influenza, &c. The remedy we allude to is Dr. WISTAR'S BALSAM OR WILD CHERRY, prepared by Seth W. Fowle & Son, Boston.

Maine Legislature.

On Thursday, in the Senate, an order was passed relative to the hawk and pedlar law. The joint order was suspended for the day, and several petitions were presented. A bill was reported to unite the towns of Danville and Auburn.

In the House, an order was passed relating to the preservation of the colors and battle-flags in the State House. The House insisted on its former action on the bill to incorporate the Portland & Western Railroad. The order relating to an investigation into the affairs of the Insane Hospital was amended and passed. The House by a vote of 56 to 73, refused to reconsider its vote refusing a passage to the interest bill.

On Friday, in the Senate, the order relating to an investigation into the affairs of the Insane Hospital was laid on the table after debate. Orders were passed relating to elections in plantations, and the establishment of military roads in the State. Senator Billings of Waldo appeared, was qualified, and took his seat. The interest bill was assigned for Wednesday.

In the House, orders were passed relating to the taxation of certain property, to loans, the publication of the laws, and the duties and compensation of the Bank Commissioners. A large number of reports from committees were made. The resolve to provide for a commission to examine the workings of the industrial schools for girls was amended and passed. The act relating to bills of exchange was amended and passed to be engrossed.

On Saturday, the business in both branches was mainly unimportant. The committee on Capital Punishment on the part of the House was announced.

On Monday, in the Senate the resolve for the appointment of a commissioner on Industrial Schools for girls was laid on the table. Other affairs were unimportant.

In the House resolves were introduced providing for a commissioner to investigate the affairs and management of the Insane Hospital, which, after a long debate, were passed to be engrossed. Resolves were introduced but not acted on in favor of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

On Tuesday, in the Senate, the bill relating to marriage between persons of different races was assigned to Wednesday at 12 o'clock. A large number of reports from Committees were made. An act relating to towns, their meetings, powers and duties, was discussed, amended and passed to be engrossed. The bill to increase the salary of the Governor was debated. The Senate adhered to its former vote fixing the sum at \$3000 and appointed conferees.

In the House, the resolve in relation to the Penobscot Tribe of Indians was debated and passed to be engrossed. Resolve in relation to the purchase of the Knox mansion in Thomaston was considered and assigned to Wednesday of next week. The contract with Messrs. Stevens & Sayward for the State Printing was approved. Five thousand copies of the reports of officers of Agricultural College were ordered to be printed. Among the reports of committees was one declaring legislation expedient on order relating to throwing edgings and refuse lumber into Kennebec river.

On Wednesday, in the Senate the acceptance and bond of Hon. N. G. Hitchborne as State Treasurer were referred. Legislation in regard to the liquor law was reported. A bill amendatory of the liquor law was reported. The reform school committee reported. The House amendment to the resolve in relation to industrial schools for girls was rejected and the resolve passed. A debate took place on the bill to remove the disability to marry between persons of different races, but no action was taken.

In the House the Governor's salary bill was considered. The House insisted and joined conferees. The hour of meeting hereafter was fixed at nine o'clock. Majority and minority reports on Assumption were made, the former in favor of the measure, and a report was made adverse to granting female suffrage. The bill to tax National Bank Stock was debated and laid on the table.

An afternoon session was held, before which, in joint convention, Gen. B. F. Butler appeared and addressed the Legislature.

HOW INTEMPERANCE CAUSES CRIME.

The officiating Chaplains of the Maine State Prison during the past year, (Rev. J. K. Mason, N. M. Wood and T. B. Tupper) in their annual report to the Governor and Council, say:

"We are more inclined to the view we adopt because of two very lamentable facts that are patent to all that are conversant with this or other prisons at the present day, viz: the youthfulness of the convicts, and the influence which intoxicating drinks has had in involving them in crime—three-fourths, at least, attributing their present ruin and wretchedness to the temptation and incitements of that. In the name of humanity, and of all that is good and noble, and true, were it of any avail, would we utter our most solemn protest against legalizing, at all, the sale of that, as a beverage, which contributes so largely to fill our prisons and penitentiaries. The increment of young men, some of them very young, during the last year, and largely from this cause, is truly astounding."

The Petersburg Index, speaking of the Harvey and Motley imbroglis, makes a statement, which, if true, marks a great improvement on the times when a copy of the Declaration of Independence, or the New York Tribune in one's trunk, was considered *prima facie* evidence of incendiarism:—

"There is no sympathy South for espionage upon individuals, or attempts to gag men's mouths by threatened loss of salary or removal from office, and our contempt for such petty, despicable, tyranny is the same, whether it be exercised by Congress or the administration." [Bus. Adv.]

FATAL ACCIDENT.—A correspondent at East Vassalboro' informs us of the sudden death on the 4th inst., of Mr. Francis Wing, an estimable young man of that place, by an unfortunate accident. He was assisting in transferring wheel-hubs from the manufactory of Wing & Co., and one of the workmen by the name of Crosby let fall a hub from the upper room, just as Mr. Wing was leaving the foot of the stairs below. The hub struck him on the top of the head, producing a fatal concussion. He lingered a few hours, and expired. Mr. Wing was about twenty-six years of age, and leaves a wife and child in the deepest affliction. [Maine Earner.]

Among the post-office changes made last week were the following:—Maine—Albion, G. F. Hopkins, vice Drake removed; Vienna, J. Merrill, vice Abbott resigned; Belmont, A. A. Taber, vice Alexander resigned; Denmark, A. Ingalls, vice Bennett resigned.

TRUE WORDS ABOUT HEALTH.—Doctor Harlow, Superintendent of the Insane Asylum, at Augusta, in his Report for the year ending December 31st, 1866, says:

"Glancing briefly at the causes enumerated as operating most apparently upon those who have come to us for treatment within the year, you will find *ill health* by far the most prominent. Every year we spend with those of 'mind diseased,' leads us more fully to the conviction that greater care and watchfulness over the physical part of our nature, would lessen surprisingly the number who annually fall victims to the worst of human ills. The rules of hygiene are so woefully neglected and disregarded by all classes and in all conditions of men, that it is no marvel to see the vast number of wrecks afloat on all sides.

The conventionalities of society are but stepping stones over which the young scramble to find themselves too soon in some institution for the insane or at the brink of an early grave. The various excesses of life in which the great majority indulge, prey most surely upon the vital forces, and implant within the clayey tenement of the soul, seeds which 'grow with the growth and strengthen with the strength,' until they ripen into cruel disease and merciless death.

The effect of the imtemperate use of stimulants upon the brain, is too well known to require any extended discussion. It is only necessary to look about and see the willing disciples of Bacchus crowding the avenues leading to asylums for the insane. Alcohol, Opium, Tobacco, and Cannabis Indica are each but file leaders of the serried ranks as they press to the goal. As the rocket, so the votaries of those pernicious substances by their brilliant coruscations along the upward track are but the prelude of the perpendicular descent of what remains when the glowing flame expires.

NAMES OF PLACES IN EUROPE.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, writing from Europe, makes this observation:

"In traveling on the Continent, an American is liable to make mistakes from not knowing the current method of spelling the names of places. It was sometime before I learned that 'Anchen,' which I frequently saw, meant Aix la Chapelle. And who would imagine that 'Fienze' was the Italian for Florence? The French name for The Hague is 'La Haye,' while the Dutch is something yet more different. The German way of spelling Cologne is 'Köln,' and of Munich, 'München.' Antwerp appears on the map as 'Anvers,' and Mechlin as 'Malines.' Here in Italy, Naples is 'Napoli,' and Leghorn, 'Livorno.' An Italian would not understand you in speaking of Venice. He writes it Venezia, and pronounces it 'Vaynez-tee-a.'"

Governor Holden, just arrived from North Carolina, brings information that the President has removed the union postmaster at Goldsborough, in the State, and appointed an ex-rebel in his place. The old postmaster was obliged to leave town to save his life, that was threatened by rebels.

The Portland Argus claims that a firm in that city received a shipment of flour in just 40 days from San Francisco, Cal., which is less time than averages for shipments from the West via Grand Trunk.

Advices from Mexico received by the Navy Department bring news of the embarkation of French and Belgian troops at Vera Cruz and the withdrawal of French garrisons from the interior of the country. Mexico is at Dolores, and has determined to remain neutral. French and Austrian soldiers were deserting to the republican ranks.

We know of no other particular in which the labors of women have been more alleviated by modern art, than they have been in the wash-room by the invention of the *STEAM REFINED SOAP*. Their superiority for all forms of laundry service is not questioned.

The Jury in the case of Mrs. Jane M. Sweet, of Kennebec, on trial at Saco, for poisoning her husband, brought in a verdict of manslaughter. Her defence was that Dr. Sweet was drunk and she administered morphine as an emetic.

The board of Trustees of the Maine Baptist Missionary Society will meet in Waterville, Feb. 25th.

STATE WOOL GROWERS' ASSOCIATION.

The undersigned, with the approbation of the Executive Committee of the North Kennebec Wool Growers' Association, and in their behalf, respectfully suggests to the wool growers of Maine the propriety of a State organization for the promotion of their interests. It is proposed that some one of the County Associations assume the duties necessary to carry out this plan. The N. K. Association is to hold its annual meeting at Waterville in April, and its annual Shearing Festival early in June. If this proposal seems to meet the views of those interested, in various parts of the State, this Association will take the responsibility of calling a meeting for the purpose stated, on one of the above occasions. Other County Associations, and all wool growers who feel interested in this proposition, are requested to communicate with the undersigned as soon as convenient. If any other place shall be judged preferable this Association will co-operate with any other that will assume the work.

EPH. MAXHAM,
Waterville, 15th Feb. '67. Sec. N. K. W. G. Ass'n.

At a special meeting of the Boston Board of Trade, on Monday, a communication was received from the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, asking information as to the "Bankruptcy Bill of the State of Boston."

A fire in Ottawa, Ill., on Monday, destroyed \$40,000 worth of property, of which is insurance for \$20,000.

An illiterate character has originated the following conundrum: "What is the difference between Ag the Gammatite, and a certain learned professor? The Gammatite was Ag as was the professor Ag-as-is."

A Maine paper says it is so chilly in some parts of New Hampshire that people look up their chimneys to see if the crows are coming home.

Punch announces as the latest and best conundrum: "If you saw the great Khan of Tartary laughing fit to kill himself, why might you be sure he was a Tartar? Because he would evidently be a *Merdy Khan*."

Ball's Journal of Health says: "If you are sick go to an educated physician in your own community, and do not make fools of yourselves, by sending money to strangers, who will engage to cure you of everything, but the malady of a soft head."

A "Philadelphia lawyer" gives the following definition of law and equity: "As common law you are done for at once; at equity you are not so easily disposed of. One is praisable and the other is laudable."

A. A. Kelley the "proprietor" of the North American gift concert of Chicago, has quietly left that city for parts unknown. The drawing was to take place on the 10th ult., but it didn't.

The mercury fell fifty degrees at Burlington, Vermont, in twenty-four hours, last Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Wingate, the venerable widow of the late Gen.

